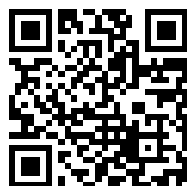
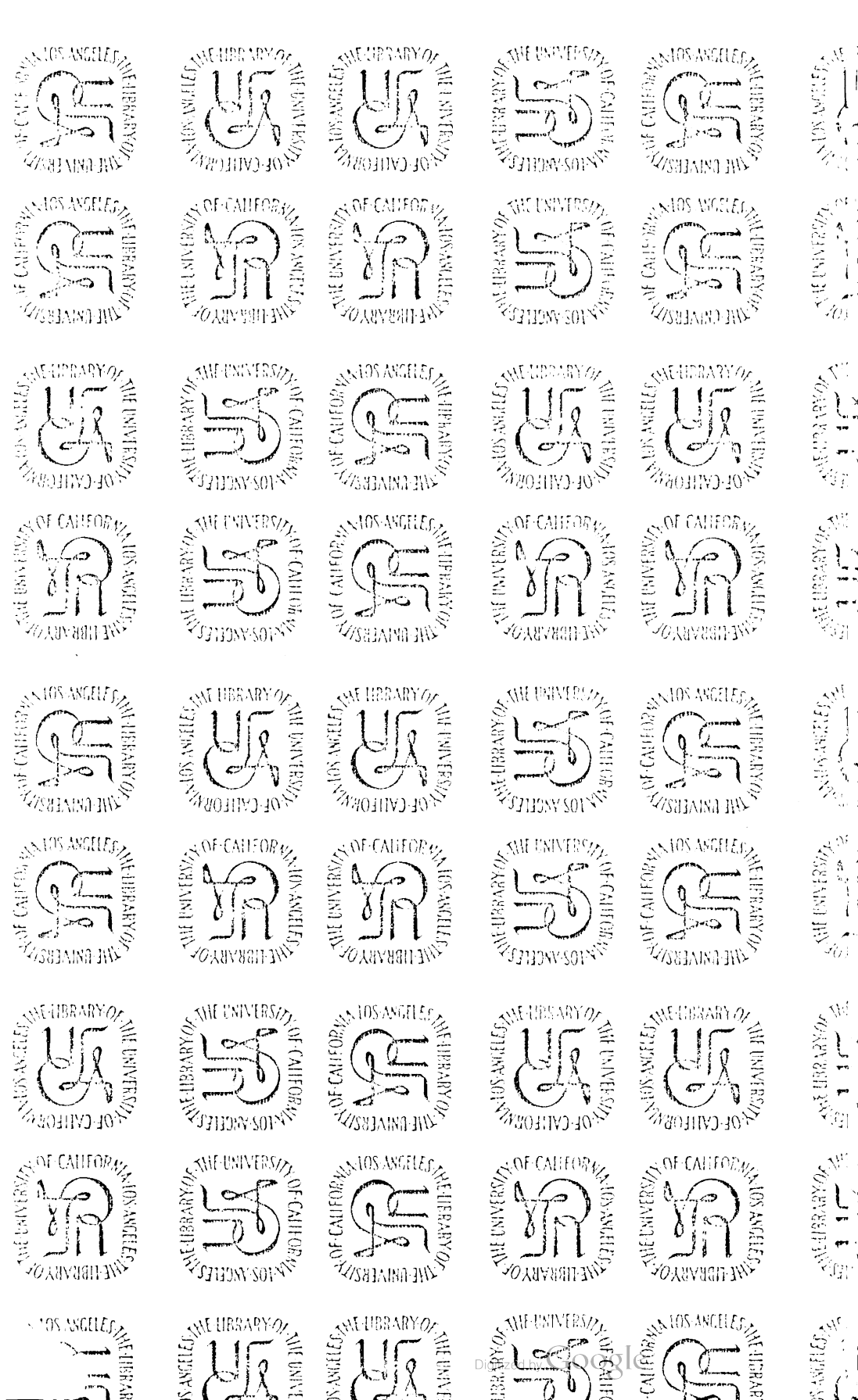

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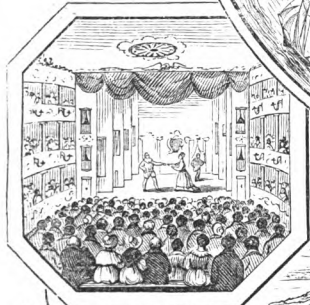


DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

in 1776, the year when the American Colonies declared their independence from Great Britain, the following were the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence: John Adams, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, James Smith, George Washington, and others.



EDITED BY
WILLIAM E. BURTON.
—
THE
**GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.**
—
Volume I.—1837.
—
CHARLES ALEXANDER,
PUBLISHER.



BURTON DEL.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM E. BURTON.

VOLUME I.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER.



By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just, and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfill an engagement;—such a man is a *gentleman*;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the high born and the rich.

DE VERE.

PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES ALEXANDER,

ATHENIAN BUILDINGS, FRANKLIN PLACE.

1837.

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

IN accordance with universal custom, we find ourselves compelled to perpetrate a Preface, as an address, written at the conclusion of a volume is somewhat anomalously termed. The confident "Preface" has driven the fawning "Dedication" from its ancient abiding place, yet a very trivial difference exists in their formation, and we doubt if any one is a gainer by the exchange. The English Dedication was generally a mass of fulsome panegyric, addressed to an influential lord or duke, and a few stereotyped phrases served equally well upon all occasions—the modern Preface is ever a boasting tirade of the wondrous success of the work; an egotistical ebullition, "horribly stuffed with epithets of" self-commendation, and equally as servile as the laudatories of the Dedication.

The first volume of the Gentleman's Magazine is now before the public. We feel no hesitation in submitting our work to the acumen of the critical few, because we have been encouraged by the countenance of the liberal many; and we honestly avow that we entertain the comfortable belief that success is the best criterion of merit. We made some big promises at starting, but, like Aranza's Duke, we "dare the worst spite to answer, if to the height we've not fulfilled, if not outgone all expectations." We do not wish to boast beyond the prefatorial prerogative, but request our friends to consider that we issued our prospectus in the very height of the commercial difficulties which yet affect the energies of the Union; and so severely did the pressure operate upon the literary circles, that various periodicals of acknowledged worth were compelled to be discontinued, and many houses of the first eminence in the publishing trade refused, for several months, to issue a single volume from the press. During this period of gloom, but not of despondency, the first number of the Gentleman's Magazine appeared; and, relying upon the experience of our publisher and partner, we feared not the result. We confess that when he mentioned the extent of the edition that he intended to print, we smiled at the warmth of his enthusiasm; but as he now assures us that it will be requisite to *double the number* upon the commencement of the second volume, we decline opposing his practical certainties, and shall refrain from entertaining any misgivings of what the play-bills term "most unprecedented success."

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We have labored much and diligently, but as our self-conceit has been tickled by the praises of our attentive brethren of the broad-sheet, our hard work has been rendered an easy "light o' love." There are some persons who imagine that European reputation is necessary to the establishment of a literary fame upon this side of the Atlantic—we are happy to inform these noodles, who confess their inability to think for themselves, and ignobly succumb to foreign opinions of our home manufactures, that various articles in the two first numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine have been copied without acknowledgment into English periodicals, and recopied by some two or three of the wise men upon this side of the Atlantic, and praised highly as specimens of English composition, although the said critics were unable to discover the merits of the articles in an American Magazine.

For our next volume, we are promised assistance by "men of great worth and note." The number of embellishments will be increased; the quality of the paper will be considerably improved, and the quantity of matter will not be curtailed. We contemplate introducing various novel arrangements into the succeeding numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine—a work that we are determined to place high upon the list of American periodicals, and confidently assure our subscribers that we are resolved not to relax in our exertions till we have rendered it worthy "a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States."

W. E. B.

Philadelphia, December 1, 1837.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 1.

JULY, 1837.

No. 1.

THE SCHUYLKILL PIC NIC.

"A silly story will sometimes make one laugh more than wit."—WALPOLIANA.

THE ladies and gentlemen who composed the firm of Jove and Company, and for many centuries carried on an extensive business on the Thessalian mountains, amongst other celestial matters, invented Pic Nics, or parties of Pleasure, wherein each person provided his individual prog, and threw it into a common stock for general participation. The impromptu meetings on the sunny side of old Olympus, or in the green vale of Tempe, were, in reality, joint-stock associations for the propagation of heavenly enjoyment. Mr. Jupiter found the nectar and ambrosia—Bacchus furnished wine and grapes—Dan Apollo brought the music, and Momus made the fun; while Mercury and Ganymede waited upon the company. Mrs. Venus, with the airs of acknowledged beauty, claimed the ladies' exemption from contribution, but the rest of the celestial feminines declared themselves utilitarians, and insisted upon poneying their share. Ceres gave corn and oil—Juno presented a peacock and a pomegranate—Pomona furnished fruits for the *dessert*, and Flora strewed her variegated offerings on the bright green sward.

Cervantes delineates the popularity of Pic Nics in the provinces of haughty Spain. Boccaccio's anti-plague party at Florence was but an extensive Pic Nic; and many such arrangements are mentioned in the old French romances. Pic Nics flourish in Europe—tourists congregate and plan meetings in romantic places. Swarms of rural diners are to be met with on the banks of Como's lake and the picturesque spots bordering the Rhine and the Moselle—the courtly shades of Windsor—the flats of Terracina—the hermitage on Mount Vesuvius, and the valleys of the Seine and the Tyrol.

The English cockneys rush from their Babylonian metropolis in thousands and tens of thousands, with their fat and red-cheeked wives and sweethearts, and infest the ruralities of Norwood, Richmond, Hampstead, and "Ornsey Vood." *Un badaud de Paris*, tired of the *café* on the *boulevard*, sick of the fumes of the *estaminet* of the *faubourg*, and the sameness of the *jardin de plaisance* in the *Champs Elysées*, collects his *bons amis* some fine Sunday morning (the Parisian's holiday), and chartered an omnibus to the Bois de Romainville, or a fiacre to Bagnolet; where, squatting on the grass, the jolly Gauls wash down their

garlic-scented viands with wine sourer than cider, or with thick Malmaison beer.

Pic Nics are becoming fashionable in America, and will be quite the rage, for we possess a rich share of the necessary ingredients—romantic rivers, Pennsylvania beef, warm-hearted sociability, Jersey peaches, beautiful shade-trees, tender lambs and lovely ladies, Bucks county fowls, puns and oysters, clear skies, pure air, and sparkling wine—all of them in perfection, and inviting to pleasure and Picnicking.

The Waddiloves, of the equilateral metropolis, proposed a Pic Nic. Mrs. W. was the very person to concoct a party of that sort—she was a small, smart woman, very good tempered, with a little snubby nose, largely pimpled, an easy husband, and a couple of pretty daughters. Mr. Waddilove had been a merchant, and had retired at the right time; but in giving up his counting-house he had degenerated into a quiet old man, proud of his daughters, and submissive to the superior tact and *nous* of his spouse.

The Pic Nickers met one evening at Mrs. Waddilove's, to settle the when and the where of the holiday, and to fix the individuality of the respective commissariats. A delicious plat of greensward, (for the Pic Nickers, like Nebuchadnezzar, must dine upon grass,) shaded by a few choice trees, and situated within an easy ride from the city, on the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill, was unanimously agreed to as the *locale*, and the event was to come off, as the racing gentry say, on the following Tuesday.

Mrs. Waddilove then suggested an excellent plan to prevent the confusion usually attending Pic Nic provender, where similar tastes too often produce similar results, and the dinners are all boiled beef and ham, or one entire course of lamb and salad. Mathews used to tell a story of a Pic Nic, where, for want of mutual arrangement, the visitors all brought the same dish—a leg of mutton: the consequence was that every body was obliged to eat his own leg. Mrs. W. had divided the requisites for the dinner into seven portions, to suit the number of gentlemen patronising the Pic Nic. Each division was written upon a piece of paper, which was folded up, and placed with its fellows in one of the young ladies' reticules; and every gentleman was expected to furnish whatever might be written upon the paper he should draw

forth. This arrangement met with universal applause, although, when drawn, the badly proportioned divisions excited some surprise.

Dr. Dodd Dinkey drew the first chance. He was a silent, reserved sort of old bachelor, of repute in the medical profession, but particularly famous for superior methods of mixing whiskey punch, and dressing lobster salad. His quota of furnishing, to his great dismay, amounted to

Thirty knives.
Thirty forks.
Six carvers and forks.
Four corkscrews.
Twelve large spoons.
Twelve small ditto.
Thirty large plates.
Thirty small ditto.
Twelve dishes, various.
Three dozen wine glasses.
Three dozen tumblers.
Salad bowl and celery glass.
Six salt cellars, full.
Two sets of castors, and contents.

Please not forget the vil.

"Where, in the name of—of—how distressing!" said the doctor.—"Where is a retired bachelor, like me, to—procure such a tavern full of—of—so many dozens of—of—dreadful, is it not?"

"Doctor, I'll swap tickets with you," exclaimed young Bustleton, who had drawn a paper labelled "Two Baskets of Champagne." The nervous old gentleman gladly agreed to furnish thirty dollars worth of wine, and Mr. Bustleton hired the knives, plates, and glasses, from one of the hotels, and paid about five dollars for their use.

The aristocratic Colonel A—— was doomed to provide the sandries—two bushels of ice, four large lobsters, pots of anchovies, butter, cheese, tarts, salad and other vegetables, and a furniture wagon and hamper. The colonel endeavoured to effect a swap, but without avail. Mutius Scævola Buggins, a young gentleman fresh from college, had drawn the items contained in the butcher's-meat department. He despised the idea of marketing—so vulgar, and all that—but might as well go the whole hog if he went at all—would put his ticket against any other's, and toss with him for the two. The colonel agreed, in hopes of being relieved from his share. Higgins twisted a half dollar; the colonel cried "head," but Liberty turned her face from him, and the butcher's-meat was added to the colonel's list of procurables.

Tom Gawckley, a fat, jolly fellow, with a wooden leg, was bound to provide the rest of the wine, and Mrs. W. had been profuse in her dictations; but he was agreeably relieved from the responsibility by an offer from Mr. Howard Smithers, who had drawn the easiest apportionment, viz. "Bread for the party, twenty napkins, and a very large table-cloth."

"Here, Gawckley," said the innocent, "my table-cloths are not large—so you get that, and I will get the wine, for my wine merchant owes me money, and it will save spending the ready rhino." By this sensible arrangement, he put himself in for

A dozen of sherry, brown and pale.

A dozen of Madeira.

A dozen of hock.

A dozen of bottled porter.

And a little brandy, in case of an accident.

Mr. Waddilove's ticket named—

Six roast fowls and ham, oyster-pies, and dessert.

The weary reader must pardon the minuteness of these details; the prosperity of future Pic Nics demands a full description. *Voila la carte!*

The catering committee broke up well pleased with their arrangements. Mutius Buggins declared that he would take his gun with him, and shoot some game for the ladies' lunch, and Gawckley promised to fetch his rod and tackle, and furnish a course of fish.

The Pic Nickers mustered at the appointed time and place. A fine, clear morning, gave additional brightness to the gentle stream that reflected the face of the blue sky in its pure waters, as it glided silently from its mountain source, between umbrageous banks and scenes of beauty that would charm a miser's soul. On a small bluff, delicately carpeted with the finest grass, and shaded by a few catawba and dogwood trees, the Waddiloves had pitched their tent. The furniture wagon, with the contributions of the male diners, was deep in the shade; and Mr. and Mrs. Waddilove were busily engaged in removing the various hampers, and displaying their contents. Miss Helena Waddilove, a fat faced pretty girl, was watching Mutius Scævola Buggins load his gun; and the young gentleman said something about bright eyes being more dangerous than double-barreled blunderbusses, and the young lady blushed, and said "Dont," as in duty bound. Miss Selina Waddilove, who did the sentimental, and spoiled a merry laughing countenance and wicked eye by endeavouring to look languid and romantic, was reclining on the greensward, "in social converse sweet" with the interesting Howard Smithers. This gentleman was particularly unfortunate in believing himself to be a wit of the first water—his pretensions to the title will shortly be perceived.

An open carriage reached the spot, and Colonel A—— handed out an elegantly dressed lady, of more than the usual height, and with considerable pretensions to excessive beauty. The widow Fynton greeted her friends, and, taking the arm of the colonel, sauntered to the river side. Dr. Dodd Dinkey, who, with his niece, a very young lady, had also arrived in the colonel's carriage, remained behind to give directions to the servants.

Our wooden-legged friend, Tom Gawckley, had arrived in the early morning, and was strolling "by the margin of fair *Schuykill's* waters," with his angle in hand, tasting the pleasures of a fisher's life. His feminine quota, a plump, middle-aged aunt, was assisting the elderly female W. in the preparations for dinner, and amusing the male W. by describing at large the accident that deprived her Gemmy of his leg.

A cheering cry, a dash through the green wood, a faint scream from Miss Selina—and a couple of horses bearing Bustleton and Miss Maria A——, gal-

loped on the lawn. The young lady was the colonel's sister, and exhibited a perfect specimen of the beauty that is to be found in the straight lines and squares of the little peninsula running between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Maria A—— had a clear oval face, delicately moulded, with large hazel eyes, well chiseled nose, and mouth of peculiar beauty—its rows of pearly whiteness glanced between the labial lovelinesses whose flexibility assisted the varied expressions of her animated countenance. Her small head was beautifully set upon her long and graceful neck—her finely shaped figure, decidedly petite, yet exquisitely rounded, was well developed in her riding pelisse, and a little foot peeped from beneath the drape as if it longed to gaze upon the polished whiteness of her taper hand, which was ungloved for the purpose of confining an errant ringlet of the richest chestnut hue.

"Ah," said Bustleton, "how d'y'e do, ladies? how like you this, our sport & pretty place, this,

'Beneath the shade of melancholy boughs
To while away the creeping hours of time.'"

"Melancholy, indeed!" said Smithers. "I was just telling Miss Selina—I've been here an hour, and nothing to eat yet, and that's behaviour I can't stomach—starving is not a thing for us to live on—it's only proper for the *passersea*."

"For the porpusses?" enquired Bustleton.

"Yes, they are used to it—but how do you like this place?—this is my favourite 'aunt."

The intellectual meant aunt, but his cockney memory had forgotten the aspiration.

"I admire your taste, and hope soon to know your darling uncle," said Bustleton with a grin.

The Pic Nickers paired off for a stroll, excepting the sentimental Selina, who declared herself too fragile to walk, and too languid for any thing but repose. The lady was reclining in a very Magdalenish attitude, and gazing on the gentle ripples of the stream, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," when Smithers squatted his blue pantlegs on the green grass, and wiped his forehead with a scalding hot-looking red silk handkerchief. He remarked that the weather was very *desultory*—but that the sun did not shine so hot in the shade. The lady was not romantic enough to contradict him. An awful pause ensued.

"Oh, Miss S. Waddilove!" at length exclaimed the swain, looking lugubriously, and placing his hand upon his abdominal region—"Oh, Miss S. Waddilove!"

The lady raised herself into a sitting posture, and expecting a declaration, had "ask papa" at the tip of her tongue—and wedding dresses and little children in her mind's eye.

"Oh, Miss S. Waddilove!" repeated Smithers, in a more earnest tone, "I am so hungry."

"Shall I fetch you an anchovy sandwich?" said the disappointed damsel.

"No, I thank you; I never eat *vegetables* before dinner."

A melancholy cry came from the river, and boom-

ed dismally through the air. Smithers jumped up, stared at Selina, and said "Lor." The yell was repeated—the elderly ladies came from the provision depot, and enquired into the cause of the alarm. Colonel A. and the fair widow hastened to the beach—once more the shriek alarmed their ears—it was like nothing human, and painfully disturbed the solemn quietness of the shady grove. Smithers said something about Indians, and the junior Waddiloves contemplated fainting; when Mutins Scævola Buggins roostered his gun, and swore to die in Helena's defence. Suddenly, Bustleton, laughing heartily, burst through the copse, and requested every body to follow him. Walking rapidly up the river's side for several hundred yards, they discovered poor fat old Gawckley in a most extraordinary posture, by the edge of the soft mud, making horrible contortions, and screaming lustily for help.

Bustleton and the Colonel released the angler, who gave the following account of his accident—"I was fishing here, and all at once, I felt a tremendous nibble, and found that I had hooked an almighty large fish. I threw back my right leg, and advanced my left, for the purpose of obtaining a firm position—but, unfortunately, the sharp end of my left leg, which you know is of wood, sunk into the soft mud up to the thick part of my thigh, and there have I been for half an hour, utterly unable to help myself, for I had sunk so low that I could not forward my right foot to support me—so I was obliged to keep balanced on my wooden pin, in a slantendicular posture, like Herr Clise on the tight rope, with my face close to the mud and the water, and my flesh foot cocked in the air—with an almighty sucker pulling at my line. I roared for help like all Boston."

"For help? Why, did you not say that you had more *succour* than you wanted?"

"It's no joke, Mr. Bustleton, to be wriggling about like a weathercock."

"A wane affair, but nothing to be proud of."

A glass of brandy quieted the piscator, and the colonel insisted upon tranquillizing the ladies' nerves with a glass of champagne. The foaming liquid soon had its effect—the eyes of the fair mutabilities, as one of the old dramatists terms our earthly angels, beamed with fresher beauty; Bustleton fired off a few jokes—the colonel recounted a story about an alligator fight on the banks of the Mississippi—and Smithers, who for some time had been thinking, or trying to think, suddenly burst out—

"I have made such a conundrum!"

"Let us hear it, Mr. Smithers."

"Why is an alligator like a tea cup?—You must all give it up, I know. Because one is a *crook-o-dile*, and the other is *crock-ery*."

A universal burst of indignation and dismay arose from the Pic Nickers, and gradually settled down in a proposition to duck the offender for his villainous perpetration. The struggling Smithers was carried to the water's edge, when the ladies were startled by a shot fired in the adjoining copse, and followed by cries of pain. Every body rushed to the spot, and beheld Dr. Dodd Dinkey holding his nose, and running

about as if in great distress, while drops of blood were visible on a white apron that he had tied around his black vest—Mutius Scævola Buggins was dancing after him, using the most deprecatory tones and actions.

Dr. Dodd Dinkey, priding himself upon the superiority of his lobster salad, had retired into the bosom of the woods, with all the necessary appurtenances, to complete his great work in silence. The Doctor had dissected a couple of huge lobsters, and was busily employed in dressing their poor bodies, having conquered the lack of chemical affinity in the ingredients. His dish was placed upon the stump of a tree, and his condiments spread on the ground about him, when one of Buggins' stray shot went completely through his nose.

"Would you turn our Pic Nic into a *slaying party*, Mr. Buggins."

"Why, my dear colonel, I was but hunting a robin," said the unfortunate sportsman.

"I say, colonel," exclaimed Bustleton, "if Robin Hood was not a better shot than our Robin Hunter, I don't think that his appetite often rode on a saddle of venison."

Another glass of brandy to bathe the Doctor's nose. Another glass of wine round, and all again was well. The ladies ran into the wood to chatter innocent scandal and gather wild flowers—the colonel challenged Buggins to shoot at a mark for a champagne supper for the party, and took ample revenge on the winner of the toss at the catering committee.

Bustleton picked up Gawkley's tackle, and jumped into one of the batteaux which the angler had provided, and resolved to have half an hour's fishing before dinner—but the owner of the tackle, indignant at Bustleton's behaviour, followed him in another batteau, and demanded the restoration of his rod and line.

"You must fetch them," said Bustleton, fixing his hook, and proceeding to fish.

Gawkley jumped up, and planting his wooden leg firmly on the end of the seat, stepped his live foot on the side of the batteau in which Bustleton was calmly sitting, apparently intent upon his angle. The boats were light—Gawkley was fat and heavy; his wooden limb compelled him to a slow movement; his weight bore down the sides of the batteaux, and, pressing outwards, drove them asunder before he could safely leave one to wholly enter the other. But for the sudden action of Bustleton, who fixed his paddle in the rowlock of the further boat, and prevented further abrasion, the luckless Gawkley must have suffered a slight impingement by the dissection of his corporeal particles, as Dr. Dodd Dinkey scientifically observed; or have been participated to the element's bottom, as Mr. Smithers very learnedly remarked.

Bustleton, holding on to the paddles, kept Gawkley bestriding a strip of Schuylkill that streamed between the batteaux. The fat gentleman wanted nothing but a tin glory round his head, and a bull's eye lantern in his uplifted hand, to appear the impersonation of the Colossus of Rhodes.

After several minutes rocking and rowing, Bustleton gradually drew in the off batteau, and terminated the

balances movement of the fat cavalier *seul*, by seizing him by the hand, and jerking him into the boat; the slight boarding was unable to support the sudden plunge of his wooden leg, which popped through the bottom of the boat with the sharpness of a rifle ball.

The water speedily bubbled round the ill-fated limb, and spread with frightful rapidity over the bottom of the batteau. Gawkley's dismay swallowed up his anger, but Bustleton coolly remarked, "Since you have put your foot in it, keep it there, or we shall be swamped. Hold on to the head rope of the other batteau, while I pull this one ashore."

In two minutes, Bustleton had paddled close to the land, Gawkley standing in a constrained posture, with his timber toe plugged in the hole to exclude the Schuylkill. Half a dozen vigorous pulls drove the light craft far on to the sloping beach—but the shock was too much for Gawkley, and knocked him off his unsteady footing into the bottom of the boat, already half full of the insinuating stream.

"Never mind," said Bustleton, "you are not the first tall fellow who has been floored by a *run upon the bank*."

"My leg—my leg," screamed the angler, as he crawled, or rather tumbled over the side of the boat; "I have broken my leg."

There was a general cry of commiseration; and the Doctor, forgetting his bandaged proboscis, ran quickly to the carriage for his case of instruments.

"Your leg broken, my dear Mr. Gawkley?" said the widow, with that tender solicitude which the ladies, God bless them, always display.

"Yes, madam," said Bustleton, "it is broken short off, and is now sticking in the bottom of the boat."

The agitation subsided; the fat victim suffered his good humour to predominate, and joined in the hearty laugh created by his ludicrous appearance.

The fragment was extracted, and presented to the owner. "I cannot regret the accident," said the colonel, "as it must place your *standing* in society on a new *floating*."

"Bustleton," said Gawkley, "you'll pay for my new leg."

"Certainly. Here is a ten cent corporation note."

"Ten cents! ten dollars, you mean."

"What more can you want for a damaged leg than a shin plaster," said the trifler.

"But my boat is full of water—you'll bale her for me, won't you?"

"Certainly not," said Bustleton; "I am not a house-keeper—my *baul* can't be allowed."

This simple joke roused Gawkley's indignation, and he jumped up on his sound leg, and hopping after the offender, dedged and bobbed amongst the Pic Nickers with such activity that he might be supposed to be dancing a one-legged hornpipe to the music of his friend's cachinnations.

Before the next half hour had expired, the Pic Nickers were circled about a huge cloth, which was freighted with the varied contents of the hampers. The champagne corks popped, and the generous wine fizzed over the ice—and there were solo sips, and duetto drinks, and trio tipples; and healths were pro-

posed before the cloth was removed, and glasses went round to volunteer toasts and sentiments.

"Buggins, my beauty," said Bustleton to the robin hunter, who was disgracefully hacking a choice piece of speckled sirloin, "do you expect to have any family when you marry?"

Buggins looked sheepishly at Miss Helena Waddilove, and said with a grin, "I should hope so."

"Then, sir, you may be thankful that you were not born a cow, for how could you rear any progeny when you are such a bad calver (*carver*)."

"Mr. Bustleton," said Mutius, "when I commenced cutting up this sirloin, I thought I was befriending—"

"Beef-rending, sir, you certainly are."

Mutius Scævola felt that he was making a bad hand of the business, and not wishing to scorch his fingers, he very wisely took his paws out of the fire.

"Maria," said the colonel, "how beautifully those simple wild flowers appear, modestly peeping between the tendrils curls of your ringlets. I wish ladies would patronize nature instead of the milliners, and wear those little spots of the earth's beauty instead of the scentless compositions of cambric, calico, and paint."

"I agree with you, colonel," said the doctor.—"There is a typical sympathy, an emblematical connexion between Flora's offerings and the rosebuds of humanity. Young girls should always wear real flowers, when they can."

"And pray, my dear dictator," said Mrs. Fyxtan, "what should we young widows wear?"

"Weeds, madam," exclaimed Bustleton, who would have his humour.

To remove the sting of this last remark, Bustleton sang a merry ditty; and then the fair Maria and the young Ellen performed a Rossini duett in a style that "would have drawn three souls out of a weaver." The gliding river went softly by, and the trees bowed their heads to listen, and the evening breeze hushed its murmurings before the harmony of woman's voice,

—worthy heaven's own choir,

When seraph harps sang sweetest.

The elderly Waddiloves, Dr. Dinkey, and the fat aunt, made a pretty *partie carré* over the strawberries and cream. Miss Helena romped with the Buggins, and philopœned the men with twin almonds—the colonel sang a stirring Anacreontic—and Miss Selina murdered A Merry Swiss Boy.

Smithers wished to have his share of the fun. He rubbed a piece of pound cake between his hands, and said in an important tone of voice that commanded immediate attention, and promised something worthy notice, "Why is this cake like one of the English kings? Because it is *all-of-a-crumble*—(Oliver Cromwell.)"

This insulting effort dispersed the Pic Nickers—Buggins and Helena went in search of more wild flowers—the colonel led the widow to the edge of the bluff to observe the glories of the western sky—Bustleton galloped off gaily with the arm of his dear Maria closely entwined in his. The musical laugh of the lady, a delicious second to his cheerful guffaw, shortly ceased to be heard; the conversation was car-

ried on in low continued whispers; his arm encircled her tiny waist, and with a lustrous eye and winning look, he told his love and asked her fond consent. What did the lady say? With blushing cheeks she turned her head aside—her heart was much too full for words—a gush of pearly drops—for joy, like grief, hath "fountains and its deep well-springs;"—a squeeze of the hand—a heart-close embrace—and the happy swain planted the first kiss of accepted love upon the pulpy lips of his future bride.

Mr. Gawkley, having his *residuary leg-at-ease*, very satisfactorily executed his will. Unable to leave the *petit-champ-a-manger*, he contented himself with emptying all the bottles within his reach. When a man is left alone, the wine comes round amazingly quick. Gawkley suddenly astonished the party by roaring out "Come, brave with me the sea, love," in real kettle-drum double D style, with an earthquake shake upon the C, beating time with his stump against the sides of the salad bowl. Poor Gawkley! the coloured gentleman who did the Pic Nickers the honour to wait upon them, placed him, when in a state of sweet oblivion, in the bottom of the furniture wagon, amongst the crockery, cold meats, waste ice, and empty bottles. He was left at his boarding-house, wrapped up in his own large table-cloth, and very considerably the worse for wear and for wine.

Mrs. Waddilove sent her marital nonentity to look after the carriages; and Dr. Dodd Dinkey and the fat aunt undertook to collect the stragglers. Smithers, rendered courageous by the Sillery, followed the sentimental Selina, and popped the awful question. The young lady, whose previous knowledge of the youth had been but small, gave him a flat refusal, and taking the arm of the youthful Ellen, requested never to be again annoyed by his presence. The repudiated simpleton put his hands into his pockets—looked at the setting sun—walked to the water's edge, and wondered if drowning hurt much—but recollecting that he had got on his volunteering pantaloons, he determined not to wet them that night. He concluded to go home alone, in melancholy guise—but as he was taking a short cut through the glade, he observed the colonel, with his pretty widow leaning most lovingly upon his arm. The sight affected the love-lorn swain, and he turned rapidly to the right—when he encountered Bustleton and his happy Maria, who were too busily employed in recounting their anticipations of domestic felicity, to waste their time upon the Smithers. "What fools these men are!" said he; "running after the women with their love nonsense! I wonder they are not above such stuff." Women are just like cats—especially kittens. They purr, and strut, and play, and frisk, and fondle till you begin to think them affectionate animals—when all at once they turn round, and scratch you like glory. Ladies and kittens are queer quadrupeds—that is, if kittens are quadrupeds; but, if they are not, ladies is, and that's catamount to the same thing." B.

Appearance may deceive thee—understand,
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.

THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

PART I.

THE CONTEST.

And waving his broad falchion high,
Cried "Where's the man that would not die,
For such a glorious land?"—*Aton.*

He came when life and hope were young,
And the pulse beat at thought of fame,
When high ambition's harp was strung
To glory's sounding name.

From Gallia's gay and sun-lit hills,
Clad in the laurel and the vine,
That droop their shadows o'er her rills,
And on her mountains shine—

With sense and feeling all alive,
To gain in arms a deathless name,
With heart and hand, alike to strive,
The youthful hero came.

He came unheeded and unknown,
On chivalry's strong purpose bent—
He heard our hapless nation groan,
In tyrant thralldom pent.

He heard from far the fearful sound,
A suffering people sent on high—
And his soul sprung, with ardent bound,
Responsive to the cry.

He made his vow at honor's shrine,
Then buckled on his warrior's gear,
And hurried o'er the ocean's brine,
To fall or conquer here.

To fall or conquer for a land
He ne'er had seen, nor more might see,
Urg'd by a power beyond command,
The love of liberty.

Fame best can tell the wreath he won—
That wreath is green and glowing yet,
Fame best can paint his glory's sun,
Whose light may never set.

Fame best can show him as he show'd,
Crown'd with a nation's poor applause,
Heart, sword and purse alike bestow'd
To aid her drooping cause.

Beside the Chief, in arms he stood,
The co-mate of that man of men,
Whose like, thro' evil and thro' good,
We ne'er shall see again.

Triumphant Peace, in smiles, at last
Beam'd o'er our starry flag once more,
And the young hero, perils past,
Rescued his native shore.

But many a voice, when for his home,
His vessel's steady sails were set,
Wafted the praise, o'er ocean's foam
Of noble La Fayette.

PART II.

THE PAGEANT.

Some about him, and some hang upon his car
To gaze in 's eyes, and bless him; maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy.—*Comper.*

Time o'er the world his rapid flight
With wild and reckless wing pursued,
And things that once were fresh and bright
Assum'd the sober mood.

The young grew old, the fair grew wan,
The blooming cheek was sad and pale,
And auburn tresses blanch'd or gone,
Told many a sorry tale.

And age, that show'd on all in truth,
The triumphs of his restless plough,
Despite the laurels of his youth,
Furrow'd the hero's brow.

But as he felt life gently wane,
His noble spirit fondly yearn'd
To see that gallant land again,
For whom his young heart burn'd.

E'en like the patriarch, he begun
To breathe his soft and tender sigh,
O, let me see my favour'd son,
Once more before I die.

And when at last he came to see
The land his valour help'd to save,
She rose in native majesty
To give him welcome brave.

Where'er he pass'd, where'er he mov'd,
 She hail'd him glorious, great, and good,
 And tears of joy for one they lov'd
 On freemen's faces stood.

Crowds throng'd his chariot as it roll'd,
 Proud in the deeds his hand had done—
 And all ambitious to behold
 The friend of Washington.

While thousands flock'd around his way
 O'er all the bosom of the land,
 That they might to their children say,
 That they had press'd his band.

Feast, pageantry, and dance, and song,
 All that from Art or Fancy came,
 Vied with each other to prolong
 The honors of his name.

From hill to vale—from lake to sea,
 From mountain tops to dells profound,
 Wherever dwelt the brave and free,
 The shout went pealing round:

Till the full burst of high renown
 Again his bounding galley bore,
 Rich with a gem from Freedom's crown,
 Back to his native shore.

PART III.

THE LAMENT.

There is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And triumph weeps above the brave.—*Byron.*

Ten years pass'd o'er with all their show
 Of chance and change—of care and strife—
 And who that lives and does not know
 How vain is mortal life?

They pass'd, as they are wont to pass,
 Tho' fill'd with grief, too quickly sped—
 And when their knell was rung, alas!
 The hero's soul was fled!

Like to a widow, sorely mov'd,
 In whose sad bosom we has slept,
 The land which he so long had lov'd,
 Lifted her voice and wept.

In dark and sable stole array'd
 She gave her sorrow utterance strong,
 And from each stream and forest shade
 She pour'd her mournful song.

Weep—the warrior's fight is done—
 Weep—the hero's course is o'er—
 Rising morn or setting sun
 Wakes him at its call no more.

Full of honours, years, and fame,
 He has sunk to soothing rest,
 In a great and glorious name—
 In a cherish'd memory blest.

Triumphs of the battle-field,
 Earn'd his sword a rich renown—
 But the buckler and the shield,
 Low in death he lays them down.

Poor, alas! the meed they give,
 Measur'd by that lofty name,
 Which might make it life to live,
 And give vital strength to fame.

That proud title, in whose view
 Others show a dwindled span—
 That which tyrants never knew—
 Friend of liberty and man!

Mausoleums vast may rise,
 Where the warrior's ashes sleep,
 But the good man never dies
 Tho' the earth his relics keep.

If, amid the desert, none
 Points the spot where rests his clay,
 The bright deeds his hands have done
 Flourish, tho' he pass away.

Hero! in thy glory, rest!
 Warrior! asleep, thy fight is o'er—
 Benefactor! ever blest
 Is thy name on either shore!

While thy memory comes—like skies
 Sending round their genial showers—
 O, may discord never rise
 'Twixt thy native land and ours!

Ever on thy hallow'd grave,
 Be the name of Peace impress'd,
 Noble—honour'd—good, and brave,
 In a world's approval rest!

SONNET,

BY CORNELIUS WERRE.

JULY.

Now the hot July hurries half-array'd
 From tending his green work on sultry hill,
 In bower and field—seeking the shrunken rill,
 Or cave, or grot, or grove of pleasant shade,
 But flings his length where huddled leaves have
 made

Cool covert for faint noon. Now not a bill
 Of happiest bird breaks the grave-silence still
 With call to his song-fellows; and not a blade
 O' the tall grass wags, so idle are the winds.
 The bee, with laden thighs, yet dares not stir
 For his far home; and the quick grasshopper,
 Though amorous of the sun, yet haply finds
 Deep shelter in green shades is better far
 Than burning in the blaze of the malign dog-star.

THE NEGRO QUEEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

AMONG the most remarkable periods which unfold their pages to us in the great book of time, there are some more particularly distinguished by their effect upon the ages which followed them. The sixteenth century is one of these. The separation of the two Christian churches is of great importance, especially as regards the political state of Africa and Asia during the years which succeeded the Reformation; and the quarrels of the Dutch and Portuguese at Japan and Congo, the intrigues of both in Abyssinia, and in the kingdoms of Matamba and Angola, exercised a fatal influence in increasing the difficulties afterwards experienced by Europeans in their attempts to introduce commerce and knowledge into those parts of Asia and Africa. Neither did the missionaries, very respectable men, no doubt, in other respects, always fulfil their duty as ministers of peace, excited as they were by the opposition which they sometimes encountered from their fellow Christians.

ZINGHA, Queen of Matamba, took an active part in the bloody strife which at this period afflicted Africa. Cruel and vindictive as the most savage of her nation, though a woman, and one too who had advanced beyond the knowledge of her times, she was apparently at first the tool of the missionaries; but she soon subjected them to her will, and forced them even to bend their necks to her formidable yoke.

ZINGHA, or NZINGHA, as it is pronounced in the Ab-boudi language, was the daughter of Zingha-N-Baudi-Angola, eighth king of Matamba, by his favourite concubine Changulla Caucamba. She was born in 1582. The horoscope of this extraordinary woman would almost make us believe in astrology. All the soothsayers of the country were assembled at her birth, and predicted that she would prove a monster of cruelty.

"O *ae! mama ae! na ae! o ae!*" (Oh, what a monster will this child be!) cried, with terror in their countenances, all who had observed the signs indicated by the lines of her face.

But she had other signs, which announced that she would prove a woman far above the common standard. Her father perfectly understood this, and gave her an education more warlike than African princesses usually receive. Baudi-Angola, who was of the sect of the Giagas,* often blessed his daughter with all the ceremonies of his sanguinary religion; and it was when surrounded with the dead bodies of new-born babes, that, as he drank the warm blood of the human victim, he invoked the blessings of Heaven upon Zingha's head. This dreadful ceremony was not belied by her conduct when she grew up. Being naturally of a cruel disposition, this kind of education imparted to her the ferocity of a tigress; and while yet very

young, she was called upon to furnish a testimony of her piety towards the blood-besmeared gods which she worshipped. Her father died, and his funeral was such as became an African king professing the religion of the Giagas. Two hundred innocent human beings were put to death and eaten at the funeral banquet; and the glory of the deceased monarch was celebrated during this *tombo*,† by the songs of the slayers, mingled with the cries and screams of the women, children, and old men serving as victims, many of whom fell by the hand of Zingha herself, who would sing praises to her gods as she pierced the bosom of a young girl and drank her blood.

Nevertheless, she assisted in these ceremonies with strong repugnance, as she afterwards declared. She had a horror of feasting on human flesh, and of libations of blood. But she was ambitious and vindictive: she would have both the throne and revenge on her enemies; and to obtain these she required strength, which, as she well knew, existed only in the people. She therefore flattered the passions and prejudices of the multitude. For a short time, however, she thought she might obtain support from the Christians; and here the extraordinary genius of this woman began to appear.

A few years before her father's death, Zingha bore a son whom she tenderly loved—for does not even the hyena love its young? The old king also was very fond of this child, because it was Zingha's—and he preferred Zingha to all his other children. Prince Ngolambaydi, heir to the throne of Angola and Matamba, fearing a competitor in his nephew, corrupted the slaves who had the care of the child, and the poor babe was stifled in a bath of hot water.‡ Zingha bitterly deplored the loss of her offspring—for she was a tender mother: but she made a vow not to shed a single tear until she had avenged this murder. Ngolam-

* *Tombo* means a sacrifice. The more honourable the victims, the more agreeable was the *tombo* to the sanguinary deities of the Giagas. See, for a description of these horrid rites, the second volume of a work by J. B. Labat, entitled "Relation Historique de l'Ethiopie Occidentale;" see also "Lettres Edifiantes," and all the travels in Africa.

† It is well known that prior to the introduction of Christianity, the ceremony of marriage was very little used at Congo and in the kingdom of Angola. None of the histories of Africa, not even those which give most particulars concerning the death of Zingha's son, say a word about the father of this child, or even state who he was.

‡ According to another account his eyes were first put out with a red-hot iron, and he was afterwards butchered; but the version of the hot water passes for the most authentic. This crime was the cause of many others of the most frightful kind, so true is it that reprisals are always worse than the original provocation.

* See "Relation des Royaumes de Matamba et d'Angola;" also, "Lettres Edifiantes;" and "Relation Historique de l'Ethiopie Occidentale," vol. ii.

baudi shuddered when he heard of this oath; for he well knew that his sister swore not in vain, and that she was as resolute as implacable.

Baudi-Angola left four children: Ngolambaudi, Zingha, Cambo, and Fungi. I have already stated that Zingha had received a warlike education: that of her sisters, Cambo and Fungi, was similar; but, whether from their not possessing an equal degree of energy and courage, or from some other cause, Zingha was the only one her brother feared when he ascended the throne.

Soon after the death of her father, she retired to a province at a considerable distance from Cabazzo, whence she excited the people of Matamba to insurrection. Ngolambaudi having detected several conspiracies against his life, punished the offenders with all the ferocity of his nation; and with a view to make a sort of diversion—believing at the same time that he was pleasing his subjects—he declared war against the Portuguese, in order to wrest from them the provinces of Angola, which they occupied. But what could hordes of undisciplined and naked savages, badly armed, do against troops so valiant as the Portuguese of that period? The negroes were defeated, their capital taken, and their king forced to seek safety in flight. The Queen, his consort, together with his two sisters, Fungi and Cambo, were carried away prisoners. As for Zingha, she owed her safety to her previous revolt. She was then far from Cabazzo.—Ngolambaudi soon discovered that he was the weakest party, and, like a true African, felt that dissimulation alone could afford him the means, if not of conquering, at least of recovering what he had lost. He accordingly sent ambassadors to the Portuguese viceroy at Angola; and these made magnificent promises in his name. A treaty was entered into—the Portuguese withdrew their forces from the country, and set the royal prisoners at liberty; but when Ngolambaudi was called upon to fulfil his promises, he eluded them under various pretences.

The war was about to be resumed. A new viceroy had just reached Angola. Don Juan Correa de Souza was, like a number of his countrymen at that period, a man of great talents, high honour, fond of glory, and unwilling to allow his noble country to be disgraced by want of faith in a savage negro. He therefore spoke with such firmness that Ngolambaudi was alarmed, and sent a solemn embassy to soften the viceroy; and knowing the talents, wit, and courage of his sister Zingha, he proposed to her a *fraternal* reconciliation, and entreated that she would save her country by going herself to negotiate with the Portuguese government. Zingha smiled on receiving this message: "Yes," she replied, "I will certainly go."

She had long been desirous of knowing the Europeans; for she was well aware that she should find civilization nowhere but among them, and that civilization alone could form into a nation the numerous tribes that peopled the sandy deserts of Africa. It was, therefore, from this secret motive that she undertook her brother's mission. A greater dissembler still than he, she pretended to place entire faith in his repentance, because the hour of her revenge was not yet

come, and the proposal made to her was an infallible means of accelerating the fulfilment of her vow.

She accordingly set out for Angola with a magnificent suite. Her brother had added to her usual train all the additional splendour which his vanity prompted him to give, in order that his sister might be treated with greater respect by those Europeans ~~who, as they~~ declared, had quitted their smiling and fertile Europe only from the hope of obtaining the precious stones and mines of gold buried under the burning sands of Africa. From Cabazzo to Angola, a distance of three hundred miles, Zingha was carried upon the shoulders of her slaves.

On her arrival at Angola, she was received at the gates of the city by the magistrates, attended by the militia and troops of the line under arms. At the same time, the artillery of the garrison fired a salute equal to that of the viceroy.

She had apartments provided for her in the palace of Don Ruix Avagazzo; and she and her numerous retinue were treated with the greatest magnificence at the expense of the King of Portugal.

On her admittance to an audience of the viceroy, she perceived, on entering the throne-room, a splendid arm-chair placed for his excellency, and opposite to it a beautiful foot carpet, upon which were only two brocade cushions. She immediately understood that this latter accommodation was intended for her; and this difference, which seemed to indicate that she was considered a mere *savage*, displeased her much. She however said nothing; but on a sign which she made, a young girl in her train knelt upon the carpet, and placing her elbows upon the ground, presented her back to her mistress, who seated herself upon it as upon a chair, and remained in this posture during the audience.

In the conference which followed, Zingha displayed superior talent and sagacity. She excused, without meanness, her brother's want of faith, and begged for peace—but with dignity; observing to the viceroy that if the Portuguese had obtained the advantage on account of their superior civilization, and by means of a discipline unknown to the Africans, the latter had in their favour the circumstance of being in their own country, and in the enjoyment of resources which all the power of the King of Portugal could not procure for his subjects. She surprised the council, convinced the viceroy, and concluded with a line of reasoning worthy of the most able diplomatist. The viceroy strongly insisted upon a yearly tribute from the King of Matamba, in order, as he said, to bind this prince more strongly, he having already violated his engagements. But this clause was too humiliating for Zingha to agree to: her ambitious pride led her to defend the interests of the crown of Matamba, as if she already wore it, and she resolved to obtain it unsullied.

"My lord," said she, to the viceroy, "we will never consent to this condition; neither ought you to insist upon it from a people whom you have driven to the last extremity. If the tribute were paid the first year, peace would be violated the next, in order to free ourselves from it. Content yourself with asking at present, *but all at once*, to the full extent of what we can

grant you. To this shall be added the freedom of the Portuguese slaves, and the offer of a powerful king's alliance. This is all I can consent to promise you in my brother's name."

The treaty was discussed and concluded at the same audience. When it was terminated, the viceroy, as he led away the princess, remarked that the young girl who had served as a seat, still remained in the same attitude. He made the observation to Zingha.

"The ambassadress of a great king," she haughtily replied, "never uses the same thing twice. The girl who served as my seat, is no longer mine."

It was during this period that, being obliged to wait at Angola until the treaty was ratified, she caused herself to be instructed in the Christian religion, in order to attach the Portuguese to her cause. Several Portuguese missionaries, then at Angola, the seat of the African mission, and who spoke the Abboudi tongue, instructed the princess. She sent to desire that her brother would not take umbrage at this, because the object she had in view was to acquire a better knowledge of the Portuguese nation. Ngolambaudi, on the contrary, approved of her conduct, and Zingha was christened in the principal church of Loando, the Viceroy and Vice-queen acting as sponsors.* She received the name of Anna, which was that of the Vice-queen. Zingha then set out on her return, loaded with marks of honour and distinction by the Viceroy, who accompanied her several miles.

Ngolambaudi received her with apparent gratitude; but the brother and sister hated, and therefore naturally mistrusted each other. He assumed a kindness of manner which he was far from feeling, talked of embracing his sister's new religion, and even received the first instructions in Christianity; but in the mean time he was secretly preparing for war. He, however, sent his two other sisters to Angola to be baptized;† but scarcely had the two princesses returned to Cabazzo, ere he commenced his incursions on the Portuguese territory, thus declaring war without any motive. It is said that his sister Zingha having bribed the Singhisses, whom the king consulted, the prophet had foretold a decisive victory over the Portuguese.—The unhappy monarch was, however, completely defeated; and his sister having seduced his troops, they deserted him. He narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and had only just time to jump into an arm of the Coanza, swim across, and seek refuge in a desert island, whither he was followed by a few servants whom he thought faithful, but who proved to be ministers of death, in the pay of Zingha. Being blockaded in this island, he was soon reduced to the last extremity. The depth and width of the river prevented his departure on the side opposite to that occupied by the enemy; and the forests of the island were overrun with ferocious beasts of prey. In this ex-

tremity, he died by poison, not voluntarily taken by himself, but administered by his treacherous servants. He was buried in the island, and his obsequies were attended with the same sanguinary ceremonies as those of his father.

The moment Zingha received intimation of this commencement of her revenge, she hastened to Cabazzo; and, taking advantage of the people's affection for her, seized upon the crown, abjured Christianity, offered incense and sacrifices to the idols of her former worship, and made vows of blood and slaughter upon human hecatombs.

Her brother had, however, left a son. This child had been confided, by his dying father, to the care of the Giaga Kasa, a man of superior merit, and worthy of the trust. Zingha wanted the boy's life: it had become necessary, to make the crown sit securely upon her head; and she also required it in order that her own son, murdered by the boy's father, might sleep peaceably in his grave.

But the infant king was safe in the midst of a camp of warriors formed by the Giaga Kasa, who had assembled such of the late King's subjects as remained faithful to his memory. Zingha saw that stratagem alone could effect the consummation she desired; and she offered to marry the Giaga, stating that she had long loved him, and was anxious to place the crown upon his head.

Zingha was the loveliest of the daughters of her country, and the Giaga was at first tempted by the offer; but the safety of his ward rendered him prudent, and he declined it. Zingha might have employed force to carry her point, but she was fearful of a revolt among her new subjects; for she knew that her throne could never be secure while her nephew was alive. At length she suddenly came to a determination which no ordinary woman could have adopted.—She left Cabazzo and proceeded to her nephew's camp without retinue, and accompanied by only two or three slaves. She loaded the child with caresses, and seduced the Giaga. The marriage took place, and in the midst of the bridal festivities, she succeeded in enticing her husband and his infant ward to Cabazzo. There lay her strength, and she availed herself of it; for the moment they reached the great square of the city, she drew her poniard with one hand, as she led her nephew with the other, and stabbed the poor child to the heart; then taking up the body, threw it into the river which flows close to the city walls.

"I have done," said she, after this bloody feat, "that which the Singhisses commanded me to do: I have killed the son of Ngolambaudi, as he killed mine."—And casting her ferocious and blood-shot eyes around, she seemed to defy every one present. No one dared to speak: the people bowed their heads, and tremblingly submitted to this formidable woman. She was, moreover, greatly beloved by them, for she was valiant, and a woman of surpassing genius: in short, worthy to be their queen.

Free from the uneasiness lately caused by the rights of her nephew, she now ordered every individual to be executed who had the remotest claim to the throne, sparing only her two sisters, and one besides. Her

* Don Juan Correa de Souza. The name of the Vice-queen was Dona Anna Meneses.

† They received the names of their godmothers, Dona Barbara de Sylva, and Dona Garcia Ferreja.

‡ Singhisses are prophets who speak in the name of the spirits of the dead relatives of those who consult them. These men are greatly venerated in Africa.

motive for this act of clemency is unknown; it was, perhaps, because from their want of capacity she entertained no fears of them, certainly not from any feeling of humanity.

To secure her power, she made use of the Portuguese alliance, and her intrigues are fully related in every history of the kingdoms of Angola and Matamba. Being now seated on the throne without a competitor, it became necessary, in order to keep the crown upon her head, that she should command the love of her subjects. She knew that they hated the Christians; she therefore, by a baptism of human blood, made them forget her baptism of redemption, and revived the monstrous rites of the sect of the Giagas, scrupulously following the Quixiles,* and surpassing even the ferocious Tem-Ban-Dumba, their legislatrix.

Unable, like the latter, to sacrifice to her sanguinary divinities a new-born male infant of her own, she adopted one, which she herself killed immediately after the ceremony of adoption, in order to compose with the body an execrable ointment which was to preserve her from every misfortune.

Like all African women, she led an impure life, but in dissoluteness of conduct she surpassed them all. Yet she was anxious to be respected; and one of her officers having proved indiscreet, she ordered him to be executed, and his body thrown outside the ramparts, to be devoured by wild beasts.

A young girl who waited upon her, had the misfortune to become attached to a man upon whom the Queen had herself cast an eye of affection. Having discovered that the feeling was mutual between the youthful lovers, Zingha had them brought before her; and giving her poniard to the young man, ordered him to plunge it into the bosom of his mistress, to open her bosom, and eat her heart! The moment he had obeyed this cruel order, she turned to the wretched man, who perhaps expected his pardon, and looked at him as if to confirm this expectation; but she ordered his head to be severed from his body, and it fell upon the mutilated corpse of his mistress.†

Being at length freed from all fear of a revolt among her subjects, Zingha resolved to wrest from the Portuguese the provinces of the kingdom of Angola which they had retained. She forgot her obligations to them, as she had previously forgotten those of her Christian baptism; and declared war, upon the Viceroy giving her to understand that as a *Christian* she was tributary to the King of Portugal.

"I am tributary to no one," she replied. "Arms

* Quixiles are the laws of the Giagas, given to them by their legislatrix, Tem-Ban-Dumba. These laws are written in letters of blood much more than those of Draco.

† The cruelties of Zingha are related in great detail in the "Relation Historique du Royaume d'Angola," but they are so monstrous that I was unwilling to sully my pages with such disgusting enormities.—Thus I have omitted her butchering pregnant women, her mode of torture by the application of aquafortis and salt to the stumps of limbs which she had cut off, and a thousand other atrocities, the bare mention of which must make every human being shudder.

shall decide whether I am tributary to the Portuguese, or they to me."

She then openly, and by a public declaration, embraced the religion of the Giagas, and called to her assistance all the Giagan tribes in the interior of Africa. They lost no time in rallying round a queen, "whose arrow," they said, "always hit the mark." By rejecting, like these cruel anthropophagi, every feeling of humanity, she succeeded in becoming their sovereign, and from that period her power was formidable. In this manner she spent thirty years of her life, always at war, and always victorious. Though doubtless cruel and vindictive, she was great from her talents and heroic courage; and proved to the world that, in a savage and far distant land, there existed a being who preferred death to slavery. She was certainly too much actuated by the love of revenge; but the nation to which she belonged, and the age in which she lived, ought to be placed in the opposite scale of the balance. Passionate and revengeful like all negro women, she must necessarily, in a country where the absolute will of the sovereign is the only law, have carried these passions to excess.

One of the most powerful means she employed to govern, was that of pretending to be inspired, and to know, through a familiar spirit, every plot against herself and the state. During her residence among the Portuguese, she had conceived the idea of civilizing her nation; and this she carried into execution, imperfectly it is true, but in a sufficient degree to procure great advantages to the inhabitants of Angola and Matamba. Nature had endowed her with remarkable quickness of perception, and the Missionaries, who were constantly near her person, state that it was wonderful how she contrived to dovetail into African manners whatever she had observed to be advantageous in those of Europe. Her subjects venerated her, and considered her almost a deity. One day, after her return to the superstition of her fathers, a slave who worked in the garden of the hospital fled precipitately on hearing that the Queen was coming. Father Antonio de Gaëte, then at Cabazzo, having asked him why he did so:

"Because," he replied, "I had stolen something from one of my companions; and if the Queen had only looked at me, she would have discovered it, and have had me punished; for she has a spirit that informs her of every thing."

Having imposed this belief upon the nation she governed, she made the infliction of personal vengeance serve also her projects of ambition. She carefully collected the bones of her brother, placed them in a portable shrine covered with plates of chased silver, and attached a Singhisie to their worship. On every important occasion she pretended to consult the spirit of her murdered brother!

Her vengeance, as I have already stated, was terrible as the thunderbolt from heaven. It was often not confined to a single individual, a single family, a single village, or a single city: a whole province was often ravaged with fire and sword, and utterly depopulated. In this manner she revenged herself upon the chief of the province of Sone, who had ventured to call her a

despicable woman. Another chief paid the same penalty, for having uttered a single word; two hundred and thirty of his officers perished with him, and their bodies were shared and devoured at a feast of rejoicing.*

It is customary at Angola, on the death of a man of consequence, for one of his concubines to be buried with him, in order to serve him in a better world.—The master of the Queen's household died at a period when Zingha entertained a strong passion for his son. Two concubines belonging to the deceased, disputed the honour of accompanying him to the grave. On being made acquainted with this singular dispute, Zingha summoned the two women before her, that she might adjudicate on the case. She designated the victim; but perceiving the son of the deceased cast a look by far too tender upon the woman whose life was to be spared, she recalled, by a sign, the officer directed to execute her commands, and coldly said,—“Take this woman also, and throw her into the grave with her companion.”

Zingha was of an extremely warlike disposition. At the head of the numerous Giagan tribes, whom she had enticed into her dominions, she constantly overran the provinces opposed to her, like a raging torrent, ravaging and destroying every thing she met with, and converting the most fertile countries into deserts. The Portuguese at length resolved to drive her into the interior of Africa. But they employed Zingha's own means, and did not at first openly wage war; they contented themselves with raising up enemies against her among her own allies, and succeeded even beyond their most sanguine hopes.

The life of Ngola-Aary had been spared at the massacre of the royal family: the Portuguese now proclaimed him King of Dongo, and promised him their support, if he would declare war against Zingha. He did so, and the Portuguese, thinking they had done sufficient to alarm the African Queen, offered her their assistance to subdue Ngola-Aary, provided she agreed to pay a tribute to the King of Portugal. On this occasion Zingha gave a proof of a great and noble mind.

“I am a queen,” she said, with bitter anger, to the Christian envoy; “and your Viceroy has insulted me. How dare he, who is but a governor, talk thus to me, who am an independent sovereign? Has he vanquished me, that he should presume to demand from me a tribute to his king? No, sir, I am not vanquished,” she continued, repeating the last words several times, and striking the ground with a javelin, which she always carried in her hand; “I have valiant troops, I have courage, and I will fight to the very last. As for the tribute, tell your governor that if he will have one, he must ask it of my corpse, for he shall never have one whilst I am alive.”†

* To drown the cries of the unhappy victims of a tombo in the camp, Zingha had all the military instruments in her army played at once; and to clear away the blood stains, she employed means which no one else would have imagined: she had the blood licked up from the ground by her slaves.

† See “*Rélation Historique de l’Ethiopie*,” vol. iv. p. 63; also “*Lettres Edifiantes*,” and “*History of Angola*.”

The Portuguese knew her well, and perceiving that war was inevitable, levied troops, overran the banks of the Coanza, attacked the seventeen islands in that river, two of which they took, and blockaded the Queen in the island of Dangy. It was here that her unhappy brother had died, poisoned by her agents.—But she felt no remorse. Being soon reduced to extremities by the musketry of the Portuguese—the negroes having no fire-arms—a flag of truce was sent to her, giving her twelve hours to surrender. She surrendered!—never! Having called her brother's Sing-hisse before her, she directed him to interrogate the spirit, which replied in a manner to raise the courage, not of the Queen, for her's was never shaken, but of the persons around her, whose dismay was but too evident. This took place in the evening. The night passed, and on the morrow the Portuguese saw not a human being on the island, neither did they hear the least noise. They at first suspected some stratagem; but having at length penetrated into the island, they found it abandoned; only near the tomb erected to the memory of Ngolambaudi, lay the bodies of four young girls, whom Zingha had butchered as a mark of gratitude to her brother's spirit. She herself had left the island during the night, and, with her followers, swam across the river at a place which appeared so impracticable to the Portuguese, that they did not place a guard there. By forced marches she reached the province of Cacco in safety.

Zingha was furious at these reverses, and went even into the remotest deserts to raise up enemies against the Portuguese. She ravaged those of her own provinces which they occupied; retook Matamba; had Queen Matamba-Muongo, who had defended it for the Portuguese, branded with a red-hot iron; and raging, like a hyena from the forest, with hunger and thirst of human flesh and blood, became the terror of the most valiant.

It was at this period that the Giaga Cassange,* taking advantage of her absence, seized upon the provinces that remained to her, ruined the cities, burnt the houses, and did that which his cruel sovereign was doing elsewhere. On receiving intelligence of this fresh aggression, Zingha returned by forced marches, and drove the Giaga from her dominions. He retreated, valiantly fighting the whole way. It was now that Zingha displayed the whole strength of her character, and showed the world what she was. She felt that in order to maintain her power over the barbarous tribes whom she governed, it was necessary that she and the Europeans should be united in one common interest; she therefore sought the means of making peace, and forming an alliance with the Portuguese. There was only one mode of effecting this, and she resolved to adopt it. Her late victories had placed her in a situation to obtain honourable conditions of peace; and she hinted that she might possibly return to Christianity. The Portuguese viceroy, who had orders from his court to obtain, at any price, Zingha's

* The Giaga Cassange was a very extraordinary man. The missionaries, in their histories, termed him an unbelieving heretic, and relate a great many stories of him utterly devoid of truth.

conversion, whether *sincere* or *feigned*, immediately sent to her several missionaries and an ambassador.—The capuchin, Antonio de Gaète, received her abjuration, and reconciled her to the Church. Zingha, convinced that the barbarous manners of her subjects would never be softened except through the religion of Christ, now embraced that faith with a determination to adhere to it. She yielded to the King of Portugal, by treaty, her just claims to the kingdom of Angola; and this monarch concluded with her an offensive and defensive alliance to maintain her upon the throne of Matamba. At this period Zingha was seventy-five years of age.* She issued an edict, abolishing the abominable religion of the sect of the Gigas, and their frightful superstitions. This extraordinary woman now conceived the most noble projects for the improvement of her nation; though by nature sanguinary and cruel, she was, nevertheless, a great ruler, and could display the most elevated virtues in juxtaposition with the most execrable crimes. Without losing her throne, she performed that which no other would have dared to attempt. She struggled against a people who wanted to subdue her nation, displaying a degree of energy which showed the force and stamp of her mind, and the immense effect of her influence; and this she did because her heroic soul made her consider it a duty to the crown she wore. She was striving arduously to introduce civilization into her dominions when death overtook her, on the 17th of December, 1663, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. The nature of the disease of which she died was little known at that period; according to father Antonio de Gaète, it was a neglected inflammation of the lungs.

Queen Zingha quitted this life with high feelings of repentant piety, leaving her nation half civilized and inconsolable for her loss.

"On reaching the palace," says father Antonio, "I found the deceased Queen dressed in the most costly of her royal robes. She was lying on a litter covered with cloth of gold, the ends of which were fastened across her bosom by a clasp of precious stones. On her head she had a small helmet, surmounted with a crown of gold, and adorned with feathers of various colours. She had several rows of coral beads and large pearls round her neck, and rich ear-rings. Her arms, up to the elbows, and her legs from the knees to the feet, were covered with gold rings enriched with jewels, and elephant's hair ingeniously platted—the latter being considered one of the most splendid ornaments in the country. She had on her feet small sandals of red velvet fastened with coral buttons; and was surrounded with flowers.

* Zingha, before her last peace with the Portuguese, being anxious to try another alliance, entered into a treaty with the Dutch; but she soon got tired of them and returned to the Portuguese. The missionaries pretend that it was because the latter were *Catholics*. The fact is, Zingha, having tried both, deemed the Portuguese much better allies than the Dutch. This certainly might have been the case at the period alluded to; for it was about the time when the Dutch obtained leave from the Emperor of Japan to trade in his dominions, on condition that they would spit upon the crucifix and the image of the Virgin Mary, and trample them under foot.

"About the middle of the day she was conveyed to the audience portico, where she was placed upon a state bed, and exposed to public view. The bed was covered with a cloth called Gabu, manufactured in the country. She was almost in a sitting posture, with a rosary in her hand, and leaning upon a cushion, which one of her pages, who might have been taken for a statue, supported during several successive hours without making the slightest motion."

The same author relates, that the moment she appeared, "the people, seeing her in her state dress with the crown upon her head, showed the strongest marks of joy; they imagined that she had risen from the dead. But when they found that she did not give them her blessing, which she was in the habit of doing whenever she appeared before them, they burst forth into lamentations and cries of distress, rolled themselves upon the ground, tore their hair, and covered their heads with dust,* thus displaying their grief at the loss of their incomparable queen."

Zingha was always magnificent in her dress. She usually wore stuffs manufactured in the country from the bark of trees. Their texture was so fine that it surpassed that of the most beautiful satins of Europe. She always wore two pieces, one of which went round her body, and the other served as a mantle. But on days of ceremony, her royal mantle was formed of the richest brocades of Asia; and she wore a crown of gold over a sort of helmet. Her arms and neck were loaded with magnificent pearls, chains of gold, and coral beads; and her legs were encircled with anklets of gold. Her sceptre was a rod covered with red velvet embroidered with pearls, and adorned with small bells of gold and silver. Sometimes, but seldom, she wore a Portuguese dress, "in order," as she said, "to become entirely a Dona Anna."

She was fond of hunting, and preferred the most perilous kind. She kept in her "apartment," as father Antonio terms it, though it was but a hut more ornamented and better fitted up than others, the spoils of lions and tigers killed by her own hand; and these she took great pride in showing.

She had three hundred women to wait upon her; ten were always about her person, and were not to lose sight of her for a single moment.

She always took her meals in public. A large mat was spread upon the ground, and covered with a tablecloth of European linen. Zingha seated herself upon a cushion, and used, as may easily be imagined, neither knife nor fork. She gave large pieces of meat to her officers and female attendants, who, from respect alone, and whether hungry or not, were forced immediately to swallow, to the very last morsel, whatever she gave them. Father Antonio saw as many as twenty dishes served up, even on ordinary occasions. "There were," he says, "lizards, locusts, crickets, and often mice, roasted with the skin and hair on." Zingha offered him some, but he declined the honour.

"You Europeans," she observed, "know not what good eating is."

* See "Relation Historique de l'Ethiopie. See also "History of Queen Anna Zingha," by Father Labat, and also that by Father Antonio Gaète.

Sometimes she dined in great state, and after the European fashion. She had then gold and silver plate admirably wrought, and was waited upon by her officers, with the same ceremonial as was observed at the courts of Spain and Portugal. This, however, occurred but seldom; for notwithstanding her decided taste for learning that of which she was ignorant, she was not fond of restraint, or of things not in general use.

She had no stables, because there were neither

horses nor mules at Matamba and Angola.* Instead of horses, she had robust slaves, who were kept in particular huts, under the direction of a superintendent: they were used for the same work as horses. The activity of this race of men is so great, that they sometimes carry a heavy burthen fifty miles in a day.

Zingha, though cruel and sanguinary, had soared into futurity. Had she been born in Europe, she might have proved a Catherine II., an Elizabeth, or a Catherine de Medicis.

* It is only as a luxury, according to every traveller who has visited this part of Africa, that the Portuguese have mules brought to Loando.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE BIRTH OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THERE is nothing more silly than a belief in fortune-telling, whether we consider the thing itself, or the description of persons who profess the art—an art to which no one of character or education ever pretends. But such belief is scarcely less dangerous than silly, especially amongst young persons of the humbler classes. By exciting false hopes, it leads to false steps; and unsettled habits, anxiety, disappointment, dishonesty, ruin, and untimely or ignominious death, have been directly or indirectly its consequences. Many are induced to have their fortunes told from mere idle curiosity; but a lucky guess, or a prediction accidentally verified even in part, may take such hold of the imagination that reason cannot resume her former sway—besides that it is inexcusable to give encouragement to a race of profligates, thieves, and children-stealers. A revolting instance of this encouragement is to be witnessed at Epsom races on the part of many elegantly dressed females, and the mixture causes a considerable detraction from the brilliancy of the scene.

The following anecdote strikingly shows how difficult it must sometimes be to detect imposition. It will remind the readers of Hamilton's "Memoirs of De Grammont" of some passages in that work.

A little more than sixty years since a fortune-teller in Paris was roused from his bed at the dead of night by a loud knocking at his door. On opening it he perceived standing before him a man muffled up in an ample cloak, with a large hat slouched over his face. "What do you want?" said the fortune-teller, somewhat alarmed. The stranger answered sternly, "If you are what you profess to be, you can tell me that." "I can tell nothing without my cards," replied the other. They both walked in, and the fortune-teller, having shuffled his cards, and laid them out, after a pause, observed with a tone of deference, "I perceive I am in the presence of an illustrious person." "You are right," said the stranger; "and now tell me what

it is I wish to know." The fortune-teller again consulting his cards, answered—"You wish to know whether a certain lady will have a son or a daughter." "Right again," said the stranger. After another pause, the fortune-teller pronounced that the lady would have a son. On which the stranger replied—"If that prove true, you shall receive fifty pieces of gold—if false, a good cudgelling." A few weeks after, about the same hour and in the same manner, the stranger re-appeared, and before he could speak, the fortune teller exclaimed, "You find I was right." "I do," said the stranger, "and I am come to keep my promise." So saying, he produced a purse of fifty louis, and departed.

The stranger's mode of proceeding seems to have been designed to put the fortune-teller's skill to the severest test. The circumstance of his coming alone, and at such an hour, makes it probable he had not communicated his intention to any one; whilst his carefulness in concealing his person and face, and his extreme caution to afford no clue to the discovery of himself or his object by conversation, were admirably calculated to render imposition impossible. The history of the case is this. I heard it about seventeen years since from a gentleman in Paris, who learned it from Volney, the celebrated traveller in the East. Volney had it from the fortune-teller himself, who applied to him for some Syriac expressions. On being asked for what purpose he wanted them, he confessed his trade; and Volney finding him a remarkably shrewd person, inquired of him the story of his life. He said, that when he was young, he had a great turn for expense, very slender means, and an inveterate repugnance to any thing like drudgery. After long puzzling himself to discover some mode of life, by which he could unite certain profit with continual amusement, he determined to set up as a fortune-teller. He commenced by taking a lodging in the obscure quarter of the Marais, and practising in a small way in that

neighbourhood, where the blunders of a beginner would not be of much consequence. At the same time he never failed to be in daily attendance about the court, and spared no pains to make himself familiar with the personal appearance and private history of every person of the least note there. After two years of practice amongst the small, and of study amongst the great, he thought himself qualified to begin business on a grand scale, and having, by bribery of a servant, procured a proper customer, he tried his art in his new sphere with great success. His fame, and of course his gains, increased rapidly, and it was when he was in his zenith that the adventure above related happened. He explained it thus. Whilst shuffling his cards, he purposely let two or three fall, and in rising from picking them up, he contrived to catch a sufficient glimpse of the stranger's countenance to discover that he was no less a person than the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Philippe Egalité, and the father of the present King of the French, who was actually the child in question. He took not the least notice of

the discovery he had made, but pretended to ascertain the fact from the contemplation of his cards. Having overcome this difficulty, his practised acuteness made the rest easy to him. It was publicly known that the Duchess was near her confinement, and he had heard the Duke was anxious to have a son; he therefore confidently guessed the object of his visit, and, after the manner of his tribe, hazarded the prediction which he thought would ensure him the most liberal pay. He did not expect the proposed alternative, which obliged him to be on his guard, and he had actually only just returned from learning the news at the palace, and was scarcely in bed, when the Duke arrived, whose faith must have been confirmed by the fortune-teller's anticipation of his intelligence.

If the story be true, it is not probable that a man like the Duke of Orleans, having experienced such an instance of fortune-telling, would be satisfied without recurring to it, and it may possibly be that such excitement of ambitious hopes contributed to his, as to Macbeth's, untimely fall.

MY VAGABOND DAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL DELINEATION.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

I LOST my parents when I was about twelve years old, and the care of my education devolved upon a maiden aunt, an individual belonging to a species which generally speaking, may be divided into two classes—the cross, crabbed, feared, and detested; and the fond, indulgent, disobeyed, and dearly beloved. Unfortunately for me and many others, mine was of the latter class. In her youth, (I speak it with reverence,) she had been a soft-hearted baggage, much given to the tender passion, and always dying of broken vows. Consumptions were as common with her as colds with other people; and every month the standing conversation at the county meetings used to be poor Miss ——'s new disappointment, and expected demise.

I do not know how it was; I believe the thread of my aunt's existence was made of Indian rubber, and possessed the faculty of stretching to the tugs of fate, when that of other folks would probably have snapped short. She contrived to get over all her trials and all her consumptions; and the first I recollect of her was a little fat, sentimental lady, dotingly fond of nursing children, and sighing over blighted anticipations. My poor, dear aunt! She was godmother to all the brats in the parish, and would often apply for the office before they were born, or thought of.—Amongst other worthies whom she bore to the font,

was the ill-starred carcass of her darling little nephew. Happy had it been for her had she drowned me in it, like a blind puppy; for, when the clergyman splashed the holy water in my face, I set up a shout, which made the old ladies augur bad things, and declare their firm opinion that I was never born to be a Christian. Sooth to say, their predictions, for many years of my life, were not far from the mark.

When I was twelve years old, as I have said, my aunt possessed the whole and sole title to me. Her fortune was ample; and she took me to a beautiful weeping-willow sort of a residence in one of the most romantic spots of England, where she continued to cultivate her mind with poetry and novels, and hang over the budding talents of her protégé. They were, indeed, the pride of her heart; had never been submitted to any tuition but her own; and she looked upon my proficiency with perfect astonishment. I could almost say my catechism, read Jack the Giant-killer with fluency, and my hand-writing was pretty nearly legible.

From this period till I was fifteen, I contrived to drink the fountain of my aunt's knowledge to the lees, and, perhaps, could have given her some trifle in return, for I was a youth of high spirit, and very fond of seeing the world, from which her repeated consumptions had shut her out till she was too old to

profit by it. Alas! I could almost be serious when I ask what is likely to be the fate of a boy (supposing him not to be an absolute lout, who will be the same under all circumstances) brought up at a home in the country, without companions and without restriction. It is morally impossible that he can be any thing but a vagabond. His first friends are the groom and the cow-boy; his first pursuits are bird's-nesting and rat-catching; and his prime emulation is to rob orchards, and be thought a clever fellow by all the thieves in his neighbourhood.

I know not whether my taste for notoriety of this description might not, in some degree, have been encouraged by the peculiar line of study to which I was directed. At all events, I am anxious to make it appear that it did not come entirely by nature. My aunt, it must be known, having somewhat outlived the admiration of mankind as they existed, had thought fit to remove her views into an ideal world, in which she was less likely to meet with mortifications. She was a great admirer of romance, and had a happy knack at realizing to herself whatever she read. There was not a knight in the whole history of chivalry whom she could not describe, even to the tone of his voice, and the colour of his eyes; and I am pretty sure that she carried on intrigues with all the Seven Champions of Christendom at the same time. I have seen the dear little woman sit for hours on the ottoman, in the middle of the drawing-room, in perfect abstraction, showing evidently, by her actions, that she was presiding over a tournament, and crowning her favourite knight; and then she would stretch forth her hand to be kissed, and raise her handkerchief to her eyes, till some wicked vagary of mine awakened her to all the miseries of reality. It was no wonder, then, that she wished to make a cavalier of me, and held up all these itinerants of old as models for my imitation. Alas! I was doomed to be another proof of the futility of encouraging characters for which the world has ceased to afford their fair field of action. If we light a fire without providing a vent for it, we must not be surprised to see it finding its way through cracks and crannies which were never contemplated; and thus it was that, being unable to subdue kingdoms, I had very nearly become a highwayman.

The part of the country where we lived was thinly inhabited, and the families were chiefly great folks, who entertained with much state and formality. There was nothing cordial in such intercourse, and my aunt went but little amongst them. Her twilight assignation with Amadis de Gaul was worth all the lords and ladies in the land; and consequently, when I became a little too old to rob orchards, and had imbibed a talent for killing game, I felt rather shy of begging leave to exercise it. The gamekeepers soon found it necessary to keep a sharp eye upon me, and I to devise means to elude them. The choice circle of my acquaintance, and the extravagant supply of money with which I was constantly furnished, enabled me to entertain a pretty numerous band of harefinders and idle rogues, who would watch the game, and give me notice when I might get a sly shot and run away.

This, for a time did very well; but, at last, I was caught, and complaints were made to my aunt, who patted me on the head, and thought me a dear forward boy for my age. The precocity of my genius began to give her an idea that my tender mind was now capable of receiving the rudiments of more abstruse learning, and a private tutor was procured to initiate me into the mysteries of the Latin grammar.

That the taste and prudence of my good aunt, however, may not be unjustly impugned, I must conscientiously state, that the personage who had the charge of making me a scholar and an ornament to society was one of my own choosing. He was a clerical gentleman, lived hard by, and was equally with myself under the ban of the neighbouring gamekeepers. Our first meeting had occurred under a hedge, where we were both skulking from our pursuers, and we began our acquaintance like persons who were destined to be friends and brothers. My fellow fugitive was rather purry, and thick-winded, and gave himself up as a lost man. "My dear," said he, "if you would only slink down the hedge and fire your gun to mislead the keepers, at yonder corner of the field, I could drop off in another direction."—"But what is to become of me?"—"Why, you must run, my dear, as if the devil was after you."

I do believe that, in spite of my evil propensities, I always possessed a crooked sort of generosity, and the reverend gentleman's plan was executed with a dexterity which saved us both. From this period we became close allies. He sold me a lame hunter, and the art of fox-hunting was added to my other accomplishments. He likewise took me to a boxing-match, asked me to dinner, and enjoys the credit of having occasioned my first drunken fit. Such was the philosopher whom I presented to my gentle aunt, and as his manners possessed a good-natured, though somewhat hypocritical suavity, and his expressions of fondness and admiration for me were quite exorbitant, he, of course, became my guide and example. Arrangements were made for my going every day to pursue my studies at the parsonage. It was a poor forlorn cottage, surrounded by brambles and outhouses, and attracted particular attention from the howling of half-starved dogs. Anatomical specimens of almost every species of the canine race seemed ready to snap off your fingers for sheer hunger; and two or three home-bred colts, which were crawling about in the bare field, behind the building, and were to be worth worlds of money by and by, were upon an equally scanty regimen. The kennel woad, no doubt, have devoured the stud at a meal. A posse of ragged urchins, who ran away at the first sight of me, proved that the vicar's speculations in horse-flesh were at any rate not sufficiently successful to find them in shoes and stockings; and the dilapidations of the tenement hinted grievously that unless fortune made some speedy revolutions in his favour, it would waive ceremony, and tumble about his ears.

I entered the temple of my future fame with feelings of real satisfaction that I was chosen to be the humble instrument of its salvation; and, that the favour should come without alloy, I determined that

its high-priest should have as little trouble with me as possible. I was a man of my word, for, at the end of the year, I was still sticking at *hic, hæc, hoc*; a leisurely progress which was adopted from motives of pure delicacy, knowing, as I did, that it would puzzle my master exceedingly to go much farther. In other respects I got on pretty tolerably. I broke in the colts, and was much celebrated as a whipper-in. I was moreover, a dead hand at setting a snare, and had fought several meritorious battles. My tutor was deservedly proud of me.

There was, I fear I may say, at the age of sixteen, but one single feeling of my heart which indicated that I was born for better courses. My preceptor had been married twice, and there was a little forlorn niece of his first wife who had no home but the one he afforded her. She was about a year younger than myself, and the delicate bloom of her beauty, and the downcast melancholy of her soft dark eye, made me frequently lament that my time had not been otherwise employed. She had no companion, for her uncle's present wife was little better than a maid-servant, and his children mere infants, and I wished in vain that I could have supplied the want. What was there in such an uncultivated ruffian as I was to give pleasure to a being of gentle feelings and well-stored mind, for such it was, in spite of all her disadvantages? I knew she must despise me, and I seldom spoke to her for fear of committing myself. Sometimes I resolved to amend my life, and educate myself; but my habits of idleness and vagrancy had gone too far, and I despaired of ever emerging from them.

I contented myself, therefore, with making my nets and snares in silence, whilst I watched this interesting creature's employments. Not a moment of the day was wasted. Her chief care was to teach her savage young cousins, and the intervals were devoted to acquirements of whatever was useful and elegant. I was incapable of judging her success in things that were not absolutely self-evident, but I felt, from the intelligence of her eyes, that she could fail in nothing: her drawing was magic, and she sang like a little nightingale. Sometimes, when her melancholy strain was ended, she would turn round, and catch me staring, with my mouth wide open, and my senses in a trance, and then she would turn timidly away, and blush, as if she fancied she had been doing wrong. I never even had courage to express my delight, and my cheek burned at my own insignificance. I loved to be with her, but I felt relieved when I was elsewhere; and this feeling increased to such a degree, that at last I did my utmost to avoid her society. I might have been compared (for an elegant comparison was more than I deserved) to a mad dog, which was dying of thirst, but dared not approach the water.

It was not likely that matters could go on in this way without producing some speedy crisis—and the serenity of my enjoyments was doomed to undergo a shock of considerable violence. In the luminous circle of my acquaintance there was no one more valued than a gifted personage whose name was Jasper. I forgot his other name. He was by profession an engineer, and directed his studies to that branch

of his calling, which may be understood from his surname of Jep, the Tinker. In the course of his travels for the benefit of science, he had gathered together a fund of knowledge, which made him much looked up to. He was the first person who discovered the correct method of stealing a goose, which he did by driving it about, by degrees, till it was out of breath, and past giving the alarm. If report spoke true, he was likewise the discoverer of the readiest means of disposing of a sheep, by choking it with its own wool. In his periodical visits to our neighbourhood, he was generally accompanied by a badger and two or three of the best terriers in the county, which, with his wondrous eye for a hare-sitting, first gave me a yearning towards him. He was besides, a man of stalwart frame and begrimed visage, which made him awful to be looked upon, and a very proper companion for the marauding expeditions upon which I employed him.

One sunshiny forenoon in the autumn, my friend called upon me with the usual intelligence of a hare-sitting. Now, Jep, like other geniuses, had a sad contempt for his toilet, and made his appearance in his old red waistcoat and variegated leathers, loose at the knee, and fastened up with packthread. His stockings were different colours, and his shoes were not fellows; and his hat had lost the rim, and looked for all the world like one of his worn-out saucepans. Nevertheless, my admiration was for Jep's *intrinsic* qualities; and, as we had some distance to go, I took my horse, and desired him to jump up behind me. As ill luck would have it, we were delayed considerably on the road; first by a long conversation with a friend in the house or cage—and afterwards by the drowsiness of my companion, whose constitution always required gin at the sight of the Dog and Duck. My friend was a man of nice taste, and his mixture was at one time too sweet, and at another time too hot. He was, moreover, a man of anecdote, and had long stories to tell the landlord of his last campaign to the quarter-sessions. The little boys collected round us, with their hands in their pockets, and sniffed in the wonders that fell from him with fearful satisfaction; and each new comer seemed to inspire him with new matter of discourse, till I began to be well-nigh tired of my envied situation, and threatened to gallop off with him, gin and all.

"Now, it must be understood, that the road made an abrupt angle round Mr. Jasper's hotel, and I never halted there with him without considerable fear of being detected by some sudden apparition of my relations, who occasionally came to visit my aunt, and give disagreeable advice respecting the mode of my education. The most terrible of these visitors was my aunt's brother, a man of grand equipage and austere character. He was thought by the family to have made a great figure in the world, associated with none but lords and ladies, and brought up my cousins, male and female, in a fashionable *hauteur*, which made me regard them with a perfect panic. If there was a carriage-load of mortality which would have given me more serious perturbation than all the rest, it was, undoubtedly, this awful brood of my kith and kin, and, as my passenger gulped down the remainder of

his glass, whiz! round came the four horses, the open bannouché, and the whole tribe; six inside, two in the dickey behind, and two on the coach-box. At first, I thought to hide my head, but the foe was too sharp-sighted, and I was assailed, from all quarters, with my christian name, and how d'y'e do, and how is my aunt, and a great many other kind inquiries, which had almost been the death of me.

In the mean time, my fellow-traveller had slipped gradually over the horse's tail, and stood bowing and scraping with his hat in his hand, but, unluckily, the evolution was not performed with sufficient despatch and the bowing seemed a tacit admission of our good-fellowship. My uncle, all the time, had been making his observations, and did not speak till he invited me, with a look of complainant indignation, to take a seat in the carriage, adding, that he trusted my friend would be kind enough to excuse me, and take his airing by himself. By way of a happy climax, as I was thrusting myself headlong into the admiring circle, blinded as I already was with astonishment, the landlord stepped up to remind the "young squire" that the gin and water was eighteen-pence, which he would add to the *old score*.

During our drive to my aunt's, scarcely a word was said. My uncle maintained a dignified silence, and my cousins did not know what to make of it. I tried to assume an air of nonchalance, and inquired gaily after their lapdogs and Canary birds; but every speech was a blunder, and the monosyllabic answers brought down my courage like so many pop-guns. At last, when all my resources had failed, we came to our journey's end, and I was left to stammer civil things to the party about my great delight, and so forth, while my uncle led my aunt, with much solemnity, to a conference in an adjoining room. I guessed very well what was going forward. In every pause of my civility, I could hear my uncle's voice proceeding in a sort of dead march, and, in one of the higher notes, I could plainly distinguish the word "tinker," and presently afterwards, "eighteen-pence," and "a score at the alehouse." The colour deepened in my cheeks, and my cousins began to titter, which they ascribed, with perfect good-breeding, to the pleasantry of my jokes, till I heard my tutor announced, and was summoned to appear before the conclave. My gentle aunt was sitting with her handkerchief to her eyes, my uncle with a sheet of foolscap paper in his hand, (which I afterwards found to be the muster-roll of my delinquencies,) and my tutor thrumming upon the crown of his hat, as though he were beating time to my approach.

"Pray, sir," said my uncle, who opened the proceedings, "will you oblige me with an account of the manner in which you usually spend your time."

My tutor cast an appealing look to me through the corner of his eye, as much as to say that I had more reputations than my own to take care of. I saw my cue, and was determined, if a lie would serve him, to give him the full benefit of it; it was not, however, given in that slap-dash manner in which it ought to have been given, but bore a strong family likeness to lies in general.

"Why, sir," I stammered, "I read Latin before breakfast, and Greek before luncheon, and history before dinner, and mathematics before supper."

"And Hebrew before bed-time," rejoined my uncle. "Very well, indeed; I am glad to find you so industrious. Pray, what Latin authors are you reading now?"

I felt a little puzzled; at last, I ventured upon Homer and Xenophon, and Blackstone's Commentaries.

"I beg pardon," said my tutor, whose thrumming faculties were completely congealed, "he means Cæsar's Commentaries."

"Yes, sir, I mean Cæsar's Commentaries."

"Oh, of course," replied my uncle, "and Horace and Virgil, and Cicero, and the rest of the Greek philosophers. And now, as a specimen of your history, can you tell me who was the first Roman Emperor?"

I saw my tutor's lips move, and could distinguish that the name was in two words, so, for fear I should be thought at a loss, I bounced out at once with "Oli-ver Cromwell." My uncle smiled a ghastly smile, and my aunt sobbed aloud, and my tutor wiped his forehead, as much as to say, "It is all over!"

Thus ended my examination in history and the classics, with which my uncle was so well satisfied that he declined troubling me with mathematics, and straightway proceeded to my acquirements in other matters, for which he resumed the sheet of foolscap.

"You have no doubt," said he, "made some pleasant acquaintance in the neighbourhood?"

I did not know exactly what to answer, and so I said, "Yes, sir, very."

"I am very happy to hear it. Will you be obliging enough to tell me who they are?"

This was a question neither classical nor historical, but I found it equally puzzling, and replied, that I did not exactly know who they were.

"Very likely," said my uncle; "I will endeavour to assist you."

With that, came a list of worthies, with their characters, and additions, so circumstantially detailed, that there was no possibility of disowning them, and I was reluctantly compelled to plead guilty to Billy the Skulker, Jemmy the Smasher, Dickey the Swiffler, and a whole host of gentry, to whom whipping and the stocks were mere every-day amusements, and for whom the gibbet had no terrors.

My aunt sobbed louder and louder, and my tutor waxed warmer and warmer, and my uncle broke up the conference by wishing them joy of their protégé and pupil, who certainly did ample credit to the foresight of the one and the learning of the other. Having, as he thought, sufficiently opened his sister's eyes, he strode with a stately step into the room where I had heard the rest of the party laughing at my expense, and in a few minutes, I had the happiness of seeing the barouche bear them off, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. I looked after them till they were fairly out of sight, burning with indignation at the disgrace I had undergone, and determined to be revenged on my uncle, by becoming a greater vagabond than ever.

When I had come a little to myself, the first sound I heard was the suave voice of my tutor, breathing the words of comfort into the ear of my aunt. "My dear madam," said he, "he was taken perfectly un-awares. The most erudite man is unable to answer such abstruse questions upon the spur of the moment, and I am firmly of opinion that he is a much better scholar than his uncle.—Come here," he continued, addressing me, "and tell me who was the first Emperor of Rome."

"Alexander the Great."

"There, madam, I told you he knew all about it—and as for his passion for field sports, you may be assured that they have always been the preparatory theatre for the display of great and daring minds. William Rufus was an excellent sportsman, and so was Nimrod, and so is the Duke of York, and so were all the heroes that ever lived. Nobody ever taxed them with the characters of the assistants they employed, and your nephew is no more tainted by the failings of Jeremy the Smasher than by the faults of his dog. Take my word for it, that, if his fine disposition is curbed all hopes of a chivalric career must be at an end."

My aunt could not, of course, help being convinced by these conclusive arguments. She dried her eyes, called me a sweet fellow, and declared her firm determination that my uncle should never persuade her to make a spoiled child of me.

With such fond encouragement, and the discoveries which had hardened me against any farther detection, I was not disposed to lose any time in my projected work of vengeance. That very evening I despatched the coachman and stable-boy with invitations to an "at home" in the hay-loft, in order to arrange a descent upon Lord ——'s preserves, addressed to Jep the Tinker and Billy the Skulker, *cum suis*.

The company did not arrive till it was quite dark, for the sight of their faces made honest men button up their pockets and open their eyes, which it was thought might be very hostile to our evening's amusement. The first to mount the ladder was the Smasher, who made his appearance with a cudgel like the club of Hercules, which, he politely assured me, was at my service, either in my neighbour's woods or on the King's highway.

The Smasher was a stout, resolute fellow, who had gained much celebrity in the prize-ring, of which several honourable scars and distortions of visage bore ample testimony. His lip had been split into a supernatural grin, and one of his eyes, which had been torn open, had been sewed up smaller than the other; but, perhaps, the most praiseworthy part of him was his hand, of which several of the knuckles had been knocked up into his wrist, and still exhibited the impression of his adversary's splintered teeth.

The next who came was the Swiller, a protuberant gentleman of loose costume, straight white hair, and salmon-coloured visage, which shone in the light like shot silk. He was hostler to the Dog and Duck, and made his *entree* with two enormous flagons of ale, which were added to the *old score*.

After him came the Skulker, who trod the left as if he were afraid of putting his foot into a trap, and

flung down a sackful of netting, the very sound of which made him jump as it fell: the Smasher jeered him with a horrible curse, and he flung himself down in a dark corner to scowl, with a pair of runaway eyes, at what was going forward.

Jack the rat-catcher followed, and was succeeded by Joe the dog-dealer; and at last arose through the trap-door, like a spirit of darkness, the gaunt longitude of Jep the Tinker, attended by his two sable terriers, one of which was called Imp, and the other Fiend. He brought additional supplies of netting, and apologised for his late appearance by assuring us that he had been watching Lord ——'s keepers to their beat for the night, and had been setting wires all round Darkle Dell and Dead-Man's Corner, which he supposed would be the scene of our exploits. Jep, I have said, was much revered, and we immediately began to debate upon his suggestion.

I do not think that any one who had an eye for the picturesque could have forgotten this tattered mansion Congress. The only light was from a lantern stung up to a beam which passed over us, and the only seats were irregular piles and trusses of hay, on which some sat and some reclined, round the two flagons, which formed the pivots upon which turned all their wit and all their invention. I, myself, stood manfully in the midst, with an honourable pride that my green plush shooting Jacket and black head must give me very much the appearance of the bandits who, from time immemorial, had been held up to me as the objects most worthy of imitation.

There was much discussion relative to the eligibility of Dead-Man's Corner over the other choice spots; and the dissentients, amongst the foremost of whom was the Smasher, seemed, I thought, to argue the point with rather an unaccountable earnestness. It was alleged by the Tinker that the keepers were gone in another direction, that there was more game there than anywhere else, and that it was farther from any habitation of man. All this was allowed, but still the Smasher hung back, and the Swiller swore "May I be swamped if he is not afraid of Mark Simmons, who was found murdered there!"

The Smasher retorted that he feared no man, dead or alive, and, as a proof, he would lay any moderate wager that he wrung the Swiller's neck in less time than that gentleman would occupy in drinking a pot of beer. The wager, however, was not accepted, and, at the request of some of the party who had not heard the particulars, the Swiller enlisted our council with the episode of poor Mark's murder.

"Mark," said he, "was gamekeeper to my Lord, hard by, and a right stout fellow he was, only he had not much of a head at drink, which was a pity you know. It is now, I think, five or six years, come next racing time—"

"Five!" exclaimed the Skulker, "I remember it well."

"Ay, ay, Billy, so you must—I remember you were ducked that day for picking pockets, and came to our house for something warm to stop the chattering of your teeth.—Well, five years ago, come racing time, there was a little fair held on the green here, and

Mark came down to buy a fairing for his old mother. He was not used to go pleasuring without her, but this time we had queer weather, and the old woman was laid up with the rheumatism; so Mark was obliged to go about to the little stalls of finery, and choose for himself. It was odd, to be sure, to see how awkwardly he handled the ribands and the laces, and two or three of us began to laugh and cut jokes upon him, and Mark laughed too, for he did not care what a few little fellows said to him, though he was uncommonly touchy to a man of his own size. After a while Jem Smasher came up, and he began to laugh too, and we followed him about from stall to stall, making game of him, till we saw him spend the whole of his week's wages, and save nothing for drink. He was just packing up his little parcels very carefully, when Jem Smasher whisked them all out of his hand into the dirt, and asked him why he spent his money upon the old devil when he could buy gin with it. Mark never stooped to pick up his parcels, but rolled Jem head over heels, in a manner that was quite pretty to see. I and Jep Tinker seconded the Smasher, but Mark said he wanted no second at all, so at it they went."

"Ay, tell us all about it," said Billy the Skulker, "for I was not there."

"No, Billy, I do not see how you could, for you had run away with the old woman's cap and ribands, and were selling them in another part of the fair. Well, at it they went, and Jem stood about as much chance as he does of dying in his bed. In about ten minutes we were obliged to carry him to the Dog and Duck, with that pretty notch in his lip and a few more in his skull, which kept him upon his good behaviour for something more than an hour. At the end of that time he began to swear, which was the first news we had of his being alive, and poor Mark, who had watched over him all the while, looked as happy as if every word had been a blessing. He treated us all as long as the landlord would give him credit, and sat till past midnight. It was the first time he had ever staid out so late, and he said the old woman would be frightened, so he shook hands with Jem Smasher, (who was now pretty well recovered,) and every body went his way home.

"It was a fine moonlight night, and I stood awhile at the door smoking my pipe with Jep Tinker, who was to sleep in the stable, when Jep suddenly cried, 'Whist! What is that?' I took the pipe out of my mouth, and listened; it was somebody crying out with a loud voice, but at a great distance, so that we could hardly distinguish the words, but Jep swore it was 'Murder.' It seemed to me to be just in Mark Simmons' road, and Jep thought so too; and we both agreed it would be a pity if any harm should come to such a brave, honest, forgiving sort of a fellow."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Smasher, who did not appear to have much relish for the recital. "You dreamed all this when you got drunk in the stocks—the night wears, and we ought to be moving."

"No," said the Swiller, who had not forgotten the wager about wringing his neck, "it is too soon by an hour. Well, Jep was exactly of my way of thinking,

and so we took a brace of good hedge-stakes and off we set. The cries soon died away, but we were pretty sure that they came from somewhere about the corner of Blackthorn Bushes, and as soon as we had got into them, Jep, who was running ahead of me, fell flat over something that was lying across the path. 'Sblood,' said he, 'what's that?' I stooped down and groped. 'Devil take me,' said I, 'if it is not a dead body!' We carried it between us into the moonshine, and, sure enough, it was Mark Simmons with his brains knocked out."

"Ay," said the Smasher, with a fearful grin, "he found a harder fist than mine, for, you know, I stood no chance with him."

"Ay, ay," returned the Swiller; "he must have found something harder than your fist certainly, but I am not sure that the sight of him was half so bad as the screeching of his old mother when we took him home. I wish you had only seen her, when she was left a lone woman, wandering about the dark lanes and bye places in search of her son, who was all the time lying quietly in the churchyard. But, you know, you had sudden business in a distant part of the country, and did not return till the day she was buried herself. It was a sorrowful sight, wasn't it? Well, I suppose the murderer will never be discovered now, but I hope the first time he goes into Blackthorn Bushes, or Dead-Man's Corner as it is now called, Mark's ghost will jump up to thank him, that's all."

The Smasher seized a horn of beer, and flung it into the story-teller's face with a boisterous laugh, which formed the prelude to the tale of the stocks before mentioned. This was succeeded by another very excellent one by the Tinker, and his, in turn, by three or four others, till our party grew so entertaining that even the Skulker took courage. Before he had fairly started, however, he thought he heard some one coming up the ladder to the loft, and he never had heart to return to the thread of his story, which has, no doubt, long since been attached, with himself, to a thread of a very different description.

All these notable histories gave me a great ardour for deeds of darkness. I felt more proud of my band, because I found they were more finished miscreants than I took them for, and I was determined that they should have an equal respect for the qualifications of their leader. With this view I manfully determined that they should not give me credit for being afraid of a ghost, and declared my positive intention of commencing operations in Dead-Man's Corner. The hour had arrived—the beer was finished, and my lieutenant (Jep the Tinker) said that nothing remained but to settle the watchword. The word which my tutor had been all day looking out in Lemprière's dictionary, and which previous circumstances had made me least likely to forget, was *Julius Cæsar*, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to get it put for my uncle's next visit—*Julius Cæsar*, therefore, was the word. Each man shouldered his cudgel and his share of the apparatus, and we marched warily forward, in as dark a night as ever gladdened the heart of a highwayman.

This was my first nocturnal violation of the law,

and the novelty of the expedition, the character of my associates, and the dismal story of the place to which we were proceeding, filled me with a degree of romantic horror which was quite delightful. Why, thought I, as we passed stealthily by the muffled cart, like mutes in a funeral, should I not be able to live in the woods with this brave band and a few more devils incarnate, till I rival the reputation of those great men of the Alps and the Apennines in Spain, and the Pyrenees in Italy. Why should I not be the terror of the country, and set the laws at defiance, and take my uncle prisoner, and let him know that I can be a brave man, however he may doubt the likelihood of my being a learned one? I was resolved to take it seriously into consideration; but, in the mean time, the cart halted, and we had arrived within a field of Dead-Man's Corner.

Dead-Man's Corner was the termination of a large wood, which came sloping and narrowing down till it formed one of the sides of a small clover field, into which the hares were poured at feeding time, as through a spout. To this spot we bore our netting in great silence, running it along at the foot of the hanging, as it is called, and making it fast at the opposite gates of the field, so as to cut off all retreat. This being accomplished cleverly, the lieutenant set forward upon a circuit, to turn his terriers in at the farther hedge, having directed us to take our station at short intervals, and knock the game on the head before it had time to expostulate.

I should doubt very much whether I was the only one of our party (having, as we had, to stand our ground singly) whose blood tingled at the fancied approach of the keeper, or who feared to turn his head lest he should encounter the glaring eyes of poor Mark's ghost peeping over his shoulder. For several minutes the silence was awful, and I almost feared that the Tinker had turned traitor, and was gone to tell the enemy where we might be found. Who knows, thought I, but he may have sold us at so much a head? Who knows but we may sleep in the Round House to-night, and be whipped through the village to-morrow? Who knows—but my reverie was cut short by a light tituping sound at no great distance. It stopped, and I heard a similar approach in another direction. Presently the sounds increased, and I heard them every where. The hares were coming upon us in myriads, and my heart beat so high, and I became so nervous, that I question whether I could have been more alarmed by the charge of a troop of lions.

At last, the terriers, which had been taught to run mute, having scientifically brought up all the stragglers, made a dash at the main body, and on they came. The rush was so great that the net, in many places, was borne down, and the cries were like a concert of hurdy-gurdies. Every man had his hands full of work, and sprung about as nimbly as the terriers, who knew their business too well to be slow in stopping the alarm. I myself scrambled about as though I had been mad, tumbled over dogs, hares, and men, and was bruised from head to foot, and frightened out of my wits. I thought we had done enough for one night, and so thought the Smasher, who evi-

dently spoke under the influence of great terror, but the Tinker and the rest were not satisfied. "Zounds," said he, "there is a flock of sheep penned in the field. You will not go without some of them, squire?"

The squire, however, was merely a chivalric thief, an appropriator of the *fera natura*, and happened to have no taste for sheep-stealing, which was reluctantly abandoned.

"Well, if we mustn't, we mustn't," muttered the engineer; "but, nevertheless, we'll have a few of these hares that have jumped over the net, unless they contrive to jump back again."

"You cannot get them out of the wood," said I, with increasing anxiety to be gone.

"We'll try, though," replied he. "Do you go, Jem Smasher, and open Mark's Bloody Gate. You know where it is."

The Smasher shrunk back.

"I told you so," added the Swiller; "let me go."

"Do, Dickey, and we'll drive the flock of sheep through the cover. If that does not stir it up, nothing will."

The manoeuvre was much applauded. The net was re-adjusted, and we proceeded in a body to the sheep-fold, which, after we had divested the old ram of his bell, we laid open, driving the flock, as well as the darkness would permit, towards Mark's Gate. It was a service of some difficulty, and we were obliged to employ all our band upon it, excepting two, who chose to watch the nets rather than enter the wood. One was the Smasher, who had objections which he did not trouble himself to explain; and the other was the Skulker, who had a remarkable antipathy to steel traps.

We brought our forces safely to the Bloody Gate, and, when we had scattered them well through the bushes, set the dogs on to drive them down the hanging. The poor animals were wofully alarmed at such unusual proceedings, and bounded in every direction like wild things, the dogs still pressing them nearer and nearer to the net. Many of them were hung by their wool in the brambles, making noise enough to rouse the country, and our apprehensions caused us to follow up the rest at a rate which tore our clothes from our backs, and almost skinned us alive.

At length our journey was performed, and our party, men and sheep, dashed at once into the clover field, amidst the crying of a world of hares, and the more tremendous exclamations of "Julius Cæsar!" My hair stood on end, and I gave the word to run for it; but it was too late, for the rattling of cudgels had commenced, and I received a salute on the crown, from some unknown hand, which laid me sprawling. This was just the thing for me—a thump always made me courageous, and I was on my legs in an instant. I could not, however, follow up my enemy so well as I wished, for we were in the midst of the flock, which were bouncing between my legs, and tripping me up, every instant, with the net in which many had entangled themselves. The rest fared no better than I, but rolled about and swore and banged away till the watchword was totally forgotten, and not one of us knew friend from foe.

Amidst this Bedlamite confusion, and baaing, and squealing, and barking, (for Imp and Fiend enjoyed the fun too much to remember their instructions,) I was flung a somerset, which deprived me of my cudgel, and, in the next moment, I found myself locked in an embrace which had nearly finished my career. I was too good a pupil of the Smasher's to be at a loss how to act, and I commenced operations upon my opponent's countenance, which speedily suggested an alteration in his tactics. I was released from his grasp, but, at the same time, received a visitation on the eye, which, I felt, had marked me for a month at least. In a furious attempt to retaliate, I found my eyes were fated to be a match, and three or four more blows, placed *ad libitum*, nearly smothered me in my blood, and felled me the earth, with the weight of my adversary full upon me. I felt that he was double my own size, but it would never do to be taken prisoner, and I struggled desperately. He was an unmanly fighter, and beat me on the ground long after I was incapable of resistance, and, indeed, I think, long after I had ceased to be sensible of what was going forward. How the war ended I know not.

My first sensations of life were awakened by an uneasy sort of motion, like that of being carried upon some one's back, sometimes with my head and sometimes with my heels downwards, just as it happened to suit the convenience of my companions, and occasionally by a variety of bumps and jolts, as if I were being thrown over hedges, and eventually rattled over a rough road in a cart without springs. My ideas upon the subject, however, were extremely dim; and all that I could collect and surmise was, that I had several bones broken, and was probably on my way to the cage.

After a time, I felt myself removed from the cart and flung down upon a bundle of straw, in which situation I was agonized by the glare of a strong light which was held to my face, and seemed to pierce my brain, without enabling me to distinguish a single feature of the figures which were swimming around me. The words which were buzzing in my ears were equally unintelligible; and the neck of a bottle, which was forced into my bleeding mouth, appeared to spout liquid fire down my throat. I believe I made an endeavour to cry out, and the restorative was abandoned just as I was at the last gasp; after which I sank into a kind of drunken torpor.

The light was taken away and the voices ceased, and I was left to puzzle out, as I best might, whether I was dead or alive. The next four or five hours were, in idea, the most eventful of my life. I know not whether I was asleep or light-headed, but my imagination pictured me in the cage, with "Live and Repent" painted in large letters over the door, and all the little dirty children in the village peeping at me through the iron bars. Presently the appalling coach and four of my uncle and cousins drove up, and I was again saluted by my christian name, and all the kind and killing inquiries which I had undergone in the morning, without the same energy of replying. I endeavoured to hide myself under the straw, like a rat, but it did not answer. My uncle surveyed me with

a cool smile and a dignified hem! "So, Mr. Oliver Cromwell," he began, "you have brought yourself to much honour! I wish you joy of your temple of fame! Your aunt cannot, of course, think of enjoying so much undue credit as the company of a gentleman who has been peeped at through the gratings of the cage, and who will probably be immortalized at a cart's tail; therefore it is possible that this may be the last time we meet—I wish you good morn'ing, sir, and a pleasant whipping." With that he pulled off his hat, made me a low bow, and desired the coachman to drive on, amidst the multitudinous "good byes" of my cousins, who had all the time been remarking what a funny little cottage I lived in.

A host of strange, disjointed visions of dungeons, chains, and courts of justice, followed each other in indescribable variety. Sometimes I was in the pillory—sometimes "on board a tender"—and afterwards chained to Billy the Skulker in Botany Bay. Finally, I was stripped and tied to a cart's tail opposite to the scene of my glory, the Dog and Duck. All the world was present to enjoy the performance, and, amongst the rest, my tender-hearted aunt, to whom the unchivalric catastrophe of the cat-o'-nine-tails was horror beyond measure. My tutor, however, was at her elbow, with a piece of his usual conclusive reasoning. "My dear madam," said he, "if none of the knights were whipped, you must remember that *all* the saints were; and I submit it to your excellent understanding whether it is not better for your nephew to be a saint than a knight. In my opinion he is the glory of your family."

My aunt, of course, was struck by the justice of the remark, but, being willing that I should become a saint as cheaply as possible, gave him a sum of money to bribe the executioner, (who was no less a personage than Julius Cæsar himself,) not to discourage her innocent boy in his saint-like pursuits by whipping him too hard. The ambassador (as he would no doubt have done in reality) conveyed the treasure to his own breeches' pocket; and the noble Roman, whose arm was strengthened at the particular request of my uncle, prepared to do his duty. The little boys huzzaed, and the cart began to move; when, as a climax to all earthly misery, my tutor's young niece, of whom I have before made mention, came screaming in to save me. The anguish of such a disgraceful exposure before *her* was more than nature could sustain; and, had I not been shaken into a sense of the delusion, I think I should absolutely have died in convulsions.

My first endeavour was to rub my eyes and jump up; but I could do neither, for my arms were too stiff to be raised, and the torture which I underwent from the exertion assured me that several of my ribs were broken. I stared eagerly round. It was broad daylight; and, to my inexpressible delight, I discovered that I was not in the cage, but in my aunt's own identical hayloft. I called as loudly as my strength would permit, but no one answered, and I was only aware that I had an attendant by a faint hysterical sobbing close to my ear. "Who is that?" I inquired.—"Do not disturb yourself," replied a beautiful but tremulous voice, "it is only me." Every fibre of my body

was instinct with instantaneous vigour. I sprang upon my legs as if nothing had happened, and beheld the lovely being whose visionary appearance had made such an electric termination to my fancies. "Jessie," I exclaimed, "is it you? Is it possible that you think me worth ——" I could say no more, for I had exerted myself too much, and dropped helpless by her side; but my heart was swelling with a sensation, to purchase which I would willingly have been broken upon the wheel. She raised my head upon her knee, and promised that, if I would not agitate myself and increase the mischief which my frame had already suffered, she would tell me all that I was going to inquire about.

That I may not disarrange the order of events, I must commence with certain particulars which I afterwards learnt from the Tinker.—It appeared that our battle at Dead-Man's Corner had been a piece of choice amusement confined entirely to our own party, who had no enemy to contend with but the evil conscience and faint heart of the Smasher and the Skulker. These respectable persons had, in fact, mistaken the rush of the sheep from the wood for a sortie of the game-keepers, whereupon ensued the war-cry of Julius Cæsar, and the consequent variety of fractured heads. My own particular opponent had been no other than the Smasher himself. The error had not been discovered till all had ran away excepting the Tinker and the Swiller, both of whom were as brave as lions, the first by nature, and the second by drunkenness. This valiant remnant of my band, having come to a proper understanding, first shared the spoils, and then commenced a search for their leader, whom they conveyed home as before described. Neither of them, however, chose to be the object of cross-questioning, by alarming the house. The Swiller, therefore, went his way to hide the treasure, and the Tinker to consult his worthy friend, my tutor. My tutor happened not to sleep at home, being, probably, on a poaching excursion of his own; and before it was light, the maid-servant had carried the intelligence to her young mistress, who, she was quite sure, would be pleased to hear any news of young master.

"I thought," continued my trembling little nurse, "you would not be angry at my interfering, and so—and so—I came to sit by you till some one might venture to awaken your aunt."

"Hush, dearest Jessie," I cried, with a courage I never before felt; "let her dream of Don Quixote till dinner-time; for, indeed, I am not hurt, and cannot be happier than at this moment."

"But the doctor will be here."

"Impossible; he lives nine miles off."

"I sent for him as soon as I came to you, which is nearly four hours ago."

Her little fingers were employed in parting the hair from my wounded forehead, and she reclined over me with eyes which, had I dared, I could have fancied almost affectionate. Most willingly would I have persuaded the surgeon that nothing ailed me, for, situated as I was, I could have been well content to leave my bones to set themselves at their leisure; but the truth was too palpable, and I was removed carefully

into the house, whither my young nurse volunteered to precede me, and prepare my aunt for the dilapidations which her innocent had undergone. This office was performed with such tenderness and address, that my aunt, who, as she afterwards said, having brought me up from my birth, must have known much more about my bones than any doctor in the land, permitted them to be put to rights without her interference, and suffered me to be withheld from her arms till I was placed comfortably in bed. Luckily for her, and me too, her sensibilities were equally divided between grief and gratitude; for had not the beautiful Jessie been there to support her, and receive the embraces which she never failed to bestow *on some one or other*, in all cases of excitement, it is possible that my newly-cemented frame would have proved very insufficiently barricaded. Jessie, indeed, had, during her short conference, so ingratiated herself with my aunt, who had before learnt something of her character, and on whom first appearances had always a very wonderful effect, that I soon found we were to enjoy her gentle heart in partnership. 'Jessie,' she declared in the intervals of much hysterical weeping, 'was the very being who had been seeking to solace the lonely hours when I was occupied in my studies;—never, in future, should they be separated;—she would adopt her; she would love her as her own;' and, in short, dropped expressions which gave me reasonable ideas that the adoption was not without a very interesting reference to the prostrate knight who had suffered so honourably in the late fray.

Three days flowed on in uninterrupted happiness; for, though I was still unable to turn in my bed, my pains were constantly dispelled by the presence of Jessie, who grew more and more essential to my aunt's peace of mind, and assisted her in the great work of imbuing my spirit with a more legitimate feeling of romance. Whenever my aunt turned over the leaves of the enchanted tome, my eyes grew stedfastly upon the countenance of her blushing companion, whilst my heart applied to her all that was described of virtue, and love, and loveliness. When it was Jessie's turn to read, my gaze was still more intent. Her voice had a melody beyond imagination, and as her manner varied with the various feeling of her story, the sentiments which the poet had given to his sweetest creations seemed identified with her own. I was overwhelmed by a thrilling intensity of bliss, which oppressed me almost like a load of grief. I longed to do something to deserve her. Had I been a knight of old, I would have fought dragons by the dozen—have slain giants without respect to age or sex—have faced the three-headed dog himself.

Three days, I have said, we passed in this interesting manner. At the end of that time, my tutor found his way home, and came in hot haste to offer his consolations, and still the tide of sorrow with his firm opinion that the fracture of my ribs was an exceedingly lucky circumstance, inasmuch as they would be twice as strong in future, and, beyond a doubt, would never break in the same place again. My aunt had not taken this view of the case before; and when he referred to the tilting days, in which cracking a rib

was no more than cracking a joke, her mind resumed the calm which had been ruffled by the repetition of my woes, and she was enabled to turn to the other object of her solicitude, and claim the fee-simple of the timid beauty, who was hanging her head by his side—a meek and tacit reproach to fate, which had provided a guardian so unworthy of his charge.

My tutor showed no disposition to mar his niece's fortune, by objecting to this proposal. Indeed, I believe he did not know very well what to do with her, for, by the interposition of Providence, as he described it, one of his clerical friends had, a short time before, broken his neck over a five barred gate, and the rector (with whom he had been feasting upon the occasion,) being a sensible fox-hunter, and a great despiser of Latin, Greek, and Divinity, had obligingly prevailed upon him to fill the vacancy; a desire to which, he said, he had assented the more readily from his conviction that my education was completed to the utmost of his ability, though he certainly had felt some compunction for poor Jessie, to whom the new residence would probably have appeared rather dull and uncomfortable, being in a distant part of the country, which was only inhabited by foxes and vermin of that ilk. My aunt embraced her as her own, and after a few more tears and agitations, amongst which my own were by no means the least powerful, the arrangement was finally made.

In a few days my preceptor, his wife, and progeny, with the whole establishment of dogs, horses, kine, and swine, went off in a drove together to take possession of the new living. I cannot say that their departure caused me any particular emotion except of pleasure, for I was now Jessie's acknowledged protector, which I could not feel myself while there was any other claimant at hand. She had already become familiarized to her situation—had learnt to call me brother, which was the nearest relationship I had mustered courage to propose; and was finding out all my aunt's loveable points as fast as she could. Every thing was going on completely to my satisfaction, when I was startled by the announcement of my friend Jep, the Tinker. Jep entered upon tiptoe, a mode of progression which he had contracted from long habit, in consequence of the creaking of shoes being particularly hostile to some of his avocations. Disquiet seemed written upon his sooty visage in remarkably large characters, and I inquired with some trepidation the cause of his visit.

"They wanted me to tell my errand down stairs," said Jep, "but I thought you would not like me to trust them."

"Well, Jep; what is it? a hare sitting?"

"Worse than that, Squire;—the devil is sitting, and I doubt he'll hatch some rare mischief: Billy Skulker is in *quod*, and sentenced to be whipped."

"For what?"

"For stealing geese."

"What is that to me? I was not of the party?"

"No, Squire; but the varlet swears you must get him off, or he'll peach about Dead-Man's Corner."

I know not which was greatest, my fear or my rage;

I stared at the lieutenant, with my fist clenched, and my hair standing on end.

"Ay, Squire," continued the Engineer, "I thought you would not altogether approve of it—I told him it was not gentlemanlike—if it had been me, I'd have taken my lacing honourably. Nobody should say that I ever peached, and I would not do such a blackguard trick if any one was to give me a guinea for it."

"The scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "go back and tell him I grieve that I have not power to do him service, or he should, most assuredly, be whipped according to his merits."

Jep was a man of mettle, swore I acted like a true Christian, and conjured me, by the success of the last speculation, not to think of *leaving off business*. He recommended me, by no means, to be daunted by the apostacy of the Skulker, for the rest were all true men, and would stand boldly by my side in triumph or in fetters, just as it might happen. They pronounced me to be the best captain alive, and the Smasher confessed that I was the hardest hitter of my weight that he had ever met with. "As for Will Skulker," Jep added, "let him *split* and be hanged; it is but three month's imprisonment for us, and if you don't care, I'm sure I don't: I'd as soon be in *quod* as not."

Boldly as I conducted myself in the presence of my lieutenant, I will not deny that as soon as he departed I found myself shivering with the most horrible alarm; but I still felt that to have bought myself off from the consequences of a threat would have been a meanness far worse than any of the follies I had yet been guilty of. Under this impression, I contrived to keep up an appearance of equanimity, but my frame was in a fever—my nights restless—and my poor dear aunt made sure that I was going to die. The everlasting idea of being disgraced in the eyes of Jessie was beyond my powers of endurance, for I seemed to love her in proportion to my savage, uncultivated state. My feelings had never known the moderation of reason, and had I been led to believe my exposure inevitable, I know not to what rash act I might not have been impelled. This intense disquietude increased daily, and it is scarcely possible for those more injured to the world, and capable of seeing the simplicity of my fears, to conceive the extreme agony I suffered. I almost began to think poaching a bad trade, and resolved that I would some day endeavour to amend.

Several days elapsed without producing the expected visitation of justice—I was beginning to think of quitting my room, and to fancy that my fears had been delusive, when I was informed that John the constable was desirous of seeing me, and before I could make inquiries or decide which way to run, in he walked without ceremony. John was a butcher in the neighbourhood, a sleek, stall-fed ox of a fellow, with a good-natured, but, as I fancied, an official aspect, which had never pleased me; and as soon as the servant had quitted the room, he began fumbling in his pocket for something which I suspected might possibly turn out to be a pair of handcuffs—I had no weapon at hand but a long old-fashioned candlestick, by which

my aunt and Jessie had read me to sleep the night before. I snatched it from the chair on which it stood, and was meditating a tournament; previous to which, however, I thought it prudent to open a parley, and inquire his business with me. John produced an ominous looking paper, which startled me infinitely more than the sight of a pistol would have done. He told me it was a *subpoena*, which my extensive knowledge of the law conjured immediately into a summons to take my trial. My agitation showed clearly the mistake I was under, and John could scarcely help grinning—"Why, lord, master," said he, "don't you know what a *subpoena* is? Jep the Tinker could have told you that, for I have just given him one, and he knew all about it. But then to be sure he was an old friend of mine, and as good a lawyer as any on the Bench, for I have taken him up a dozen times at least."

"You shall not take me up, I promise you."

"Lord love you! I a'n't going to take you up—you can't get that bit of fun at Dead-Man's Corner out of your head. Ay, ay, you see I know all about it, squire. It was I who took Bill Skulker before the magistrate when he went to peach against you."

"Did he so?" I exclaimed.

"To be sure he did. But the magistrate only laughed, and said he would take a private opportunity of inquiring into the business, and ordered Billy back to be kept comfortable till next market-day. Billy, however, had no fancy for the cat, and kicked up as much dust as if he had never walked behind a cart in his life; and so, says he, 'If you'll let me off this time, I'll peach a murder.' This, to be sure, was another story, and so we made a bargain with him, and e'cod! he sold us his best friend Jem Smasher, for murdering Mark Simmons."

"Is the Smasher taken up?"

"Ay, ay—safe enough. He showed no more fight than a lamb, and talks of hanging us if it was going to last for a week. Lord, squire, with our new drops, and two or three good fellows to pull your legs, it's no more than a flea-bite."

The man's professional indifference to blood made me shudder; and, in the dreadful fate which was impending over my late associate, I entirely lost sight of the dangers of my own implication. I made myself master of all the circumstances, and found that I was *subpoenaed to give the wretch a character*. Alas! had it been in my power to give him a character, I felt that it was necessary to obtain one myself before I could hope to be believed—I who had listened with applause to the tale of the hayloft—I who had stood side by side in midnight depredations by a proved and half-acknowledged murderer. The rational thought which had been denied to every action of my past life, pealed upon my brain like accumulated thunders all at once, and the terrors for the consequences of what I *had* done dwindled into mere infantile chimeras when I turned to all that I *might* have done. I begged my visiter to say no more of Dead-Man's Corner, and, adding a cogent reason from my purse, signified that if he had nothing further to communicate, I did not wish to detain him.

I need not describe my state of mind till the assizes

took place. The case of the Smasher was to be brought forward on the last day, and early in the morning I entered the county town, amidst the largest crowd I had ever witnessed. With considerable difficulty I obtained admission to the Court, and hid myself in a corner as well as I could, panting with anxiety, and wondering what I was to do now I had got there. Alas! there was no one to whom I could apply for information. I scarcely knew a gentleman in the world—certainly not one in the Court—and my raw, wild-beast-like shyness was an effectual bar to my conversing with strangers. The only persons I knew were those whom I wished to avoid—gentlemen of the fancy, (amongst whom I have before stated the Smasher to have been a prominent character,) poachers, pickpockets, and thieves of every gradation, who hovered round me like demons in a nightmare.

As soon as order was obtained, and some preliminaries adjusted, the judge called for the prisoner, and immediately the clank of irons announced his approach. I shall never forget the effect which his pale, staring visage produced upon me. His courage was gone, his mind seemed confused almost to idiocy, and, when the business of the trial required that he should speak, his voice laboured forth in a deep guttural tone, which appeared the very soul of agony. I had never before seen nature in its utter extremity, and the sight of it frightened me. I scarcely know what passed in the early part of the proceedings. There was a long energetic speech from one of the counsel, which at times appeared to strike every decent person present with horror, but there was an internal buzzing of my ears which prevented me from following him. The first thing which I particularly remarked, and the first thing which made any impression on the prisoner, was the entrance of the Skulker. He was dragged in by a constable, and looked round him to see if there were no means of escape. In his way to the witness-box he had to pass close by the Smasher. I saw the latter clench his fists firmly, and his betrayer saw it likewise, for he sprang on one side like the jackall from the crouch of the tiger. His testimony was a shuffling, equivocating account of the tale of the hayloft, to which he had scarce breath to give utterance. Every now and then it was broken by long pauses, which perhaps were equally resorted to for the accession of courage and the invention of a lie.

The account which was dragged out of him of his thievings and his whippings very materially shook his credit; and, to the satisfaction of the whole court, he was at last convicted of a palpable falsehood, for which the judge ordered him immediately to be whipped through the town. The wretch dropped upon his knees and screamed for mercy, but in less than a quarter of an hour he was heard yelling very audibly on his march, amidst the hootings of the mob. This circumstance, however, produced but little advantage to the prisoner. The testimony of the other witnesses was too strong for him, and a case was made out but too conclusive. He was now called upon for his defence. I could see that he made a strong effort to collect courage, but it was unavailing, for he was obliged to grasp firmly by the bar before him, to pre-

vent himself from sinking. At first he was not audible, and when he was so, the poor wretch's attempt to divest his address of any disrespectful slang terms, which were the only language he could talk, plunged him into an ocean of mistake and confusion, which extracted a murmur of pity from all present. He endeavoured, as is usual in such cases, to establish an alibi. "Have you no witnesses to call?" said the judge. The Smasher looked vaguely round.

"I don't see any body, my lord. I thought the young squire would have been here, but I suppose he can't come."

The imputation of having deserted my old companion, guilty as he was, was stronger than my fear or my shame. I stepped forward, with a determination of, at any rate, not being classed with such scoundrels as the Skulker, kissed the book which was tendered by the officer, and ascended into the witness-box like a soldier to the forlorn hope.

"God bless you, squire!" cried the Smasher, penetrated by the sight of a friend amongst so many who were hostile to him—"God bless you! I thought you'd come to speak a good word for me."

My heart rose to my throat, and seemed as if it could only be kept down by main force. I turned my eyes rapidly round the court to prevent them from filling with tears, and betraying any appearance of unmanliness. The first face I encountered in the grand jury-box was that of my uncle: it was flushed with confusion, and his lips were compressed with an expression of anger and irony which seemed, as I had dreamt, to congratulate me on the credit I reflected on my family. At any other time I should have been appalled, but my feelings were now too forcibly drawn into another channel. The sound of my voice, when my examination commenced, gave me a degree of courage, which increased as we proceeded, till I was enabled to answer with a propriety which rather surprised me. Character I could give none; but something, I fancied, might be said in palliation of the want of it. My strangeness to courts of justice, perhaps, caused the infliction of death to appear more terrible to me than to persons more experienced in the world; and I was inspired with a feeling of eloquence which burst forth, however rude the medium, impetuously, and apparently without intention. Its aim, I am told, was to apply the blame of his misdeeds to myself, and to insist that, had he not been incited to them by encouragement from those upon whom he depended for support and example, he had possibly never turned either to peaching or prize-fighting. My heart swelled with every thought—my vehemence increased—my frame shook as if with the recoil of every sentence—and words came to my assistance which till then had been strange to my mouth, and almost beyond my comprehension. Never, I believe, will it be my fate to excite such interest as was riveted by this burst of boyish agony. The spectators gazed upon me with an appearance of commiseration and friendliness mingled with their attention; and the judge himself seemed to forget the rules of the court, till the found I was in danger of committing myself.

"Young gentleman," said he, "this is irregular. I

admire your candour and your spirit. Seek other companions and other occupations. If I mistake not, you will turn them to good account."

"God bless you, squire!" again exclaimed the Smasher, in a voice which showed that in spite of his fears he was deeply affected—"God Almighty bless you, I knew you would speak a good word for me—I knew you would!"

I struggled to make my escape from the court, and effected it with difficulty; for I was unable to trust my voice in petitioning for a passage, and the crowd gathered round me almost to suffocation.

As I was rushing out of the door, my uncle seized me by the hand. There was a degree of kindness in his countenance which he had never before manifested towards me, and apparently a corresponding cordiality in his words. Whatever they may have been, I heard them not, and extricated myself from his grasp without uttering a syllable. I rushed straight to the inn where I had put up my horse, and remained in a conflict of the bitterest thoughts till the noise of the departing rabble informed me that the trial was concluded. I asked but one brief question. The Smasher was sentenced to be hanged on Friday.

I mounted my horse in silence, and galloped rapidly towards home, with a forcible endeavour to expel the agony of thought. It was a fine spring evening, and when I pulled up in the meadows at a short distance from the house, the thrushes were singing sweetly over Jessie's bank of wild-flowers, and Jessie herself was strolling pensively along in expectation of meeting me. The scene and the beautiful being presented a contrast to the last few hours which melted at once the rigid horror of my soul. I leaped from my horse, and, for the first time, catching her in my arms, suffered my tears to fall unrestrainedly upon her bosom. She guessed the cause too well, and asked not a single question, but suffered me to weep on, and press her more firmly to my heart and to my lips. "Sweet Jessie," I cried, "if I were not sure that you love me, I should envy the fate of the miserable man from whom I have just parted. Promise me, Jessie, that you will love me!" Jessie made no promise—she spoke no word—she only blushed, and trembled, and wept with me, and looked as though she asked if such a promise was necessary. "Oh, teach me," I again exclaimed, "teach me to be worthy of you, and I will obey you like a child!"

"Then promise me," she whispered, in a tone of timidity, as if doubtful of offending—

"To give up my evil habits," I added, "and the companions who have disgraced me?"

"Oh yes!—yes!"

"From this moment, as I hope for Heaven!"

Sweet Jessie—my own—my dearly loved, have I not kept my promise?

"Pity my wounds," the patch'd impostor cried:

"I'm scarr'd from top to toe—do but view me.

"Ah! would that in the battle I had died!

"I'm quite a spectacle."—"Yes, I see through ye!"

THE MADMAN'S LAMENT.

MAD was I, say you, worthy Master Leech?
 Well! you have cured me—yet I thank you not;
 I would my brain had rather been too hot
 For all your cooling balms—even out o' th' reach
 Of medicinal art. I was limb-fast,
 But my free spirit flew aloft ungyved.
 I was the world, not of the world; the vast—
 The mighty ocean throb'd in me audibly;
 Her giant waves for freedom rear'd and strived,
 And while they heav'd, and foam'd, and howl'd
 within me,
 I laid me down and laugh'd! I was happy then.
 Now, for those dear delights I can but moan,
 And fondly hope that I may once again,
 Topple the despot reason from her throne. C.

A SONNET.

BY HORACE SMITH.

ETERNAL and Omnipotent Unseen!
 Who bad'st the world, with all its lives complete,
 Start from the void, and thrill beneath thy feet,—
 Thee I adore with reverence serene;
 Here in the fields, thine own cathedral meet,
 Built by thyself—blue-roof'd, and hung with green,
 Wherein all breathing things in concert sweet,
 Organ'd by wings, perpetual hymns repeat—
 Here hast thou spread that book to ev'ry eye,
 Whose tongue and truth, all—all may read and
 prove;
 On whose three blessed leaves—Earth—Ocean—Sky,
 Thine own right hand hath stamp'd Might, Justice,
 Love—
 True Trinity, which binds in due degree,
 God, Man, and Brute, in mutual amity.

THE PILGRIM FATHER'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

I've trod the last step on thy strand,
 And now am on thy wave,
 To seek a home in some far land,
 But haply find a grave!
 I reckon not where my bones are laid—
 Who wraps them in their sheet;
 I reckon not where my grave is made,
 If trod by human feet.
 My mother, England, still thou art,
 And I would be thy son;
 But thou hast flung me from thy heart,
 With many a worthier one!
 I love thee, oh! too much to say,
 And like a lover yearn;
 For though I turn my eyes away,
 My heart I cannot turn!
 The sea runs high, the ship dips low,
 The wild waves overwhelm—
 The crew are lash'd above, below—
 The helmsman to the helm;
 Rage on, rage on, thou wreaking wind—
 Roll on, thou weltering sea;
 Ye cannot be more hard, unkind,
 Than man hath been to me!
 I heed not these rude tempest gales,—
 Their rage will soon be spent;
 I heed not these storm-riven sails,—
 My heart is deeper rent!

The storm will pass—the angry main
 Will know a day of calm,
 But who will make thee whole again,
 And give thy wounds a balm?
 Thy sons were strong, and brave, and bold;
 Thou wert the ocean's heart;
 But power hath drain'd their veins for gold,
 And sapp'd thy vital part,—
 They dare not think of what they were,
 Nor say what they would be;
 For England now herself doth fear,
 Who fear'd no enemy!
 Thy bow was strung at Agincourt,
 Thy lance did stain Poitiers,—
 Thy strength shall be a theme for sport,
 As now it is for tears.
 Here's one, for wine will give thee gall,
 And laugh at thy distress;
 And some shall triumph in thy fall,
 Who feared thy mightiness!
 Farewell! I cannot think of thee,
 And feel no filial fear;
 I cannot dread what thou may'st be,
 Without a shudd'ring tear.
 I weep not at the wreaking wind,
 Nor dread the awful sea,
 Though both are fall and hard unkind—
 I weep and fear for thee!

EXPERIENCES OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Dans les petites boîtes les bons onguens.

LESSON THE FIRST.

I. THE pride of ancestry is a ridiculous and empty vanity, and reflects most wofully upon our own unworthiness. Instead, therefore, of minding who or what our fathers were, let us endeavour to conduct ourselves in such guise that our children shall not be ashamed of their fathers. Sir Thomas Overbury told a young sprig of fashion who had been boasting of his ancestry, that he was like a potatoe—for the only good that belonged to him was under ground. Genealogy has been of service to science in old countries, in furnishing data to the historian, and determining the legitimacy of claims to contested lands; but by the same means we are able to perceive that the noblest titles are traceable to some outlaw or artisan. It amounts to the same thing in the end; a ploughman once told a peer, "I have as good blood in my veins as you have, *only I've lost the papers.*" Two small country squires were quarrelling, in England, about the antiquity of their families, when Squire Fitzsmith exclaimed with an air of triumph to his antagonist, De Brown, "I can prove that my family is more ancient and more respectable than your's; your people came in with the Conqueror, in one thousand and sixty-six, while it is recorded in the Domesday Book that I had an ancestor hanged for sacrilege in nine hundred and something."

II. Few persons know how to drink wine. Any man with a mouthpiece can swallow the fluid, but a very select minority are gifted with palates capable of appreciating the subtle beauties of "the Bottle Imps." We do not *drink* wine now-a-days. We pour it down our throats; brutalizing our taste and confounding perception in an incongruous mixture that would disgust a duck, instead of revelling in the individual flavour of some one bright beverage. A wine drinker, after the removal of the cloth, should confine himself to *one sort* of wine, and one only, if he values taste and a cool copper. But at our public tables, we drink a different wine with every different friend; and in private life we submit to the fashionable folly of tasting a variety to please the pride of the host, or the conceit of some numskull who fancies a particular brand, yet most likely knows not the difference between a Johannisberger and the Rudesheim. The real wine drinker takes a glass of some light dry wine directly after his soup. This custom is universal with the French, and is called *le coup d'apres*, and is considered so wholesome a practice that the physician is said to lose a fee by its use. A pure, light Sherry, sufficiently old to be free from the *odor de bota*, or smell of the wine skins, is a toothsome drink in the early part of the meal. If you would know the real flavour of sherry, chew it—fill your mouth with the contents of your glass, and let the liquor titillate your

gums, and search out the secret places in your palate. With meats and game, imbibe the light wines of the Rhine and the Moselle; detain them for an instant at your tongue's tip, and tickle them for their flavour.—The veritable champagne, *if you can get it*, is the safest wine, and decidedly the most wholesome if drank towards the end of your dinner, when the carbonic acid gas assists digestion; the French never drink Champagne during the meal. If your patronize the sparkling brands, swallow your wine ere the effervescence subsides, and let it rush and foam down your delighted gullet while the reassociated life is in its body. Do not wait for the death of the dear creature, for no false action can restore the flavor of the *mousseux*. Remember, that all wines are like fish—they cannot be swallowed too soon when once exhibited to the light of day. If you are nasty enough to eat cheese, you may restore your palate by a glass of orthodox old port—smack it well against the roof of your mouth. Then choose your wine for the dessert, and stick to that sort for the rest of your sitting. Madeira is a noble tippie, if grown on the south side of the island; it may be obtained of a better quality here, in America, than in any other part of the globe—let it trickle over your tongue in gentle rivulets. Claret is an innocent article for imbibition in the dog-days, but its delicate flavour is lost on a vitiated palate.

III. The seduction of female virtue is a poor business. No biped with the heart of a man or the feelings of a gentleman could be dirty enough to *rascalize* a fond, confiding girl, because he has the power to do so with impunity. I am not preaching about the immorality of the thing; no one ever attempted to deny that: but I wish my pupils to consider the seduction of a young girl as a mean, unworthy action. Suppose you admit a fellow to your table, and he repays your hospitality by entering your cabinet, and stealing your most valuable gem—is he not a dishonest, paltry scoundrel, worthy your severest execration?—Another fellow sneaks into the heart of a helpless feminine, and robs her of her richest treasure—the seducer is the largest rascal, for the thief risks a punishment, and may make something by his roguesy. What should we say of him who entered a flower garden, and kicked over the choicest flowers, and trampled them in the dust, leaving their soiled leaves to fade in premature decay, or drooping out a miserable existence, stained and dishonoured. How much more creditable is it to lawfully gather a choice flower from the parent stem, and place it in your bosom, enjoying its fragrance and cherishing its beauty, free from the stains of this world's mud. Woman is the flower of humanity—for our own sakes let us not debase her.

IV. There is a vulgar error afloat that it is wrong

to be helped twice to soup. Fudge! Ease is the essence of good breeding, and it matters not how fashionable society may be, you may do as you like if not annoying to your neighbour. If the soup is good, and the fish uninviting, go the second edition of the potage by all means. The man who cheated his stomach of another helping from fear of being thought impolite, would murder his father if it was fashionable to be an orphan.

V. Carrying a walking stick or hand cane is a good custom, and may be useful. If you get into a row, and find it imperative to do a bit of gladiatorial, fight your way with your cane; but if you value the character of a gentleman, never draw a knife—it is the act of an assassin, and betrays the worst of cowardice. Stabbing has become popular, I admit, but its glories will be evanescent. The good sense of the people must see the brutality of the custom, and the cutting and carving of live bodies will be left to the surgeons. Pugilism is a pretty amusement, but its public practice is not congenial, and if you fall amongst blackguards, you cannot ensure fair play. If you must fight, and a Quaker may occasionally be forced into a scrimmage, use your stick; and if you expect mischief, carry a green hickory cane, about the size of your middle finger; or a sprig of English ash. Let it be quite straight, and devoid of the curl at the thick end. When you have made up your mind to go to work, catch hold of your stick about a foot from the thick end; you will have more government over your weapon that way than any other; and, in case of a miss, you can recover your guard directly. The short end will give you the use of an additional weapon—an effective spur for the ribs of your adversaries. You will be enabled to present one of them with a poke and favour another with a thump almost at the same moment. It is useful also to peg with at close quarters. If you see one of your friends drawing his tooth-pick against you, hit it a crack with your shillelah, and knock it to smithereens. You may do a very decent fight with a stick of this sort; it is quite as deterrent as the Bowie knife, and destitute of its blood-thirstiness. Murder is a terrible anti-soporific, and the daily sight of your victim's widow and three fatherless children will not assist dyspepsia. Stick to sticks, and cut knives.

VI. The best cigars in the world are the old, black-looking, small sized Puerto Principés, but the real article is rarely to be obtained. The next best are the fat-bodied, light-coloured, squab Habanas, made by the widow Woodville. Many scheming dealers buy foreign tobacco *en rema*, and some of our best looking cigars are made of common Maryland weed, poorly cured, and covered with a smooth, lip-inviting leaf of Cuba culture.

VII. When you see an how-d'y-e-do acquaintance advance with a sneaking look, like a fawning spaniel, and hear him stutter out some indistinct apology about notes protested, hard times, and friendship, you know of course that he meditates a diversion upon your wallet. Before he can complete his request, burst him up by asking him to lend you a cool thousand for a week or two. If he is a loafer, and you wish to drop his

acquaintance, lend him an X; you will never see him again, and you sell him pretty cheap as loafers go.

VIII. Never marry a thin-lipped woman! Deceit and devilment lurk beneath a lean labiality. A bright eye, a rosy cheek, and other prettinesses of youth may entrap the heart, and blind the lover to the formation of the lips, particularly if the smile be winning and the teeth white, but beware! a cold heart, a long tongue, and lean lips are sure associates. Cross old maids, scolds, tattlers, prudes, vixens, and other vermin are invariably thin-lipped. The paucity of material in the labial development is amply supplied in the lingual; ergo, where the lips are poor, be assured that tongue is plentiful. It is not requisite that the mouth's doors should be labrosal as a Congo belle's; the blubber lip of the African accords with her nasal naughtiness and stunted brow; but where the red and white are delicately commingled, we expect a corresponding beauty in the mouth; and what beauty can the most besotted isamorata discover in a small colourless streak of exility? The workings of a ripe and red plump pair of lips, in animated speech, are as expressive as the glances of the charmer's eye. This is a startling assertion, you will say, but it is true. Mark, in future, learn, and be convinced. Kissing thin lips is positive nonsense—cold and comfortless—

Like frozen water to a starved snake;
But, oh, ye gods! the rapture of a basal salute from our heart's darling! to taste the nectar of lips full of life and love—pulpy as a sun-ripe peach—ruddy as the blushing rose—and formed

As kissing cherries tempting grow.

IX. Dr. Kitchener, when directing the concoction of lemonade, talks about quintessence of lemon-peel, and pyroligneous vinegar, and crystallized lemon acid, and clarified syrup or capillaire. Humbug! Lemon, ade, well concocted, is a pretty lady-like tippie—and it is to be made as palatable and pleasant as the sherbet that old Mahomet is now handing to his Houris in the seventh heaven, and that too without any of the doctor's fine materials. The lemonade generally administered at the hotels is enough to give a cayman the cholera—common steam sugar with its concomitants of sand and dirt—and half of the body of a lemon, which is mashed, pounded, and dabbled to the consistency of pea-soup, with half a hundred pipes in the way of peas. How reasonable people can insult their inwards with such a concentration of nastiness is to me beyond belief. A mud turtle would turn his tail to it. Some persons qualify it with a little brandy, which makes it something like the ghost of cold punch, but no more to be compared to genuine lemonade than the Roman gourmand's celebrated salacacaby is to a dish of stewed terrapins. To make a drinkable lemonade, get a pound of sugar candy, and dissolve it in half a pint of warm water (a good rule for all sweet drinks); add the juice of six lemons, and strain the whole into a large glass bowl. Place several lumps of clean ice in the centre of the crystal, and pour in a couple of bottles of good La Fite. Float a slice or two of pine-apple, and you have a superior facolation worthy a lover's hand and lady's lip, and the very thing for suction in a summer's eve.

AM I A COLD COQUETTE?

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

THEY tell me I am volatile,
 An adept in my art;
 Because I've many spots to fill
 Within my loving heart.
 They tell me I am fond of change,
 And, like th' inconstant bee,
 From sweet to sweet, I love to range,
 All fetterless and free.
 But would they look into my breast,
 Where young fond thoughts have met,
 See how their deep impressions rest,
 They'd say I'm no Coquette.

My heart from childhood's early days
 Hath in its uncheck'd flow,
 Scatter'd the sunlight of its rays,
 In a perpetual glow.
 With gushing tenderness it clung
 To all around, above;
 To every bud and flower that sprung,
 For it was made to love.
 And if with an unsparing hand,
 It gathers flow'rets yet,
 And loves alike the mingled band,
 Am I a cold Coquette?

There are deep tones within my heart,
 They've slept the sleep of years;
 Why should I wake them, but to start
 The unavailing tears.
 They are, as harps, too finely strung
 For stranger hands to sound;
 And careless fingers o'er them flung
 Would probe an unheal'd wound.
 If joy's realities are o'er,
 Bright fancies glad me yet;
 My bark of hope was wreck'd near shore—
 Am I a cold Coquette?

But if to love the sunny earth,
 The bright and glorious skies,
 The summer buds that spring to birth,
 In rainbow tinted dyes;
 And joy in all that care beguiles,
 And from the many claim
 Affection's fond and cheering smiles,
 And friendship's sacred flame;
 To hold them to my heart, and still
 Its sad but vain regret,
 Is to be weak and volatile—
 I am a cold Coquette.

TEMPER.

Of all personal and mental attractions, the two most permanent are undoubtedly smoothness of skin and temper—a sort of velvetness of body and mind.—As they both especially depend upon the digestion, that is one of the strongest arguments for attending to its state. For once that the actions of human beings are guided by reason, ninety and nine times they are more or less influenced by temper. It is an even temper only that allows reason her full dominion, and enables us to arrive at any intended end by the nearest way, or at all. On the other hand, there is no obstacle to advancement or happiness so great as an undisciplined temper—a temper subject to pique or uncertainty. Pique is at once the bitterest and most absurd enemy a man can have. It will make him run counter to his dearest interests, and at the same time render him completely regardless of the interests of all around him. It will make him blindly violate every principle of truth, honesty, and humanity, and defeat the most important business, or break up the happiest party, without remorse, or a seeming consciousness of doing what is wrong. It is pity that those who allow themselves to be subject to it, are not treated with a great deal more severity than they usually are; for, in truth, they are greater pests to society than all the

criminals who infest it, and, in my opinion, are often much more blameworthy. I have remarked, that persons much given to pique, are frequently particularly strict in the outward observances of religion.—They must have strange notions, or rather no notions at all of the spirit of Christianity; and the doctrines they hear must fall upon the most stony of places.—Nay, I have met with persons so insensible to propriety, as to avow without scruple, that they have left off attending a place of worship from some supposed affront they have received there. The concluding sentence of Fenelon's *Telemachus* is so much in unison with my sentiments, and is so well expressed, that I will conclude with it.

“Above all things, be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere, to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with the inclinations and aversions of a child, to the prejudice of your gravest interests.—Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons; it obscures every talent, paralyses every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable.”

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.—No. I.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

THE CONVICT AND HIS WIFE.

ONK evening, in the fall of the year 1828, I was returning home from a late supper at the house of a friend, and was much surprised to observe on approaching the Surrey side of Blackfriar's Bridge, a party of heavy cavalry picketed in the little square by the immediate side of the roadway. The polished accoutrements of the Life Guards glittered in the bright moonlight, and the dismounted men were standing in small conversational groups, or attending to the housings of their Hanoverian chargers. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the cavalry was intended as an escort to a large body of convicts, who, at midnight, were to commence their journey to the hulks or prison ships at Portsmouth, preparatory to embarkation for the penal settlements in New South Wales.

As I stood upon the rise of the bridge, gazing at the picturesque appearance of the troopers' temporary bivouac, the heavy bell of St. Paul's boomed out the midnight hour. Ere it had finished striking, the smaller steeples gave forth their chimes in every variety of tone. I was listening to the gradual declination of the sounds, when I thought I heard a female's cry for help, accompanied by hysterical shrieks. I climbed the balustrade, and looked upon the water, imagining that the cries proceeded from some person in danger; but not a boat vexed the bosom of old father Thames, as he glided rapidly through the proud arches of the bridge, and seemed to rejoice in the beams of the meridian moon, whose splendor imparted a life-like lightness to his deep and turbid waters.

The cries of distress were repeated. A cavalry officer dashed rapidly across the bridge—the word was given to mount, and in an instant, the Life Guards were formed by the roadside in marching order. A heavy but distant rumbling attracted the attention of my brother gazers, and a shout of "they are coming," was followed by a rush to the centre of the bridge.—I yielded to the excitement of the moment, and after a short run, found myself in the midst of a group of persons who were assembled to gaze their last upon their convict friends, and exchange a short but sad farewell.

The individuals composing this assemblage scarcely exceeded thirty in number, and were of a motley appearance and behaviour: several of the lowest of the scarcely human beings who infest the streets in the garb of females, were leaning against the balustrades, uttering the vilest profanity, and swallowing glass after glass of their favourite gin—they were waiting to wish a good voyage to one of their old friends. Two young girls of respectable appearance, were sitting on the

edge of the kerb stone, and crying bitterly—their father was sentenced to be transported for life, and they were left friendless to struggle through the world. An old man, sadly emaciated and poverty-stricken, with his hat pressed closely over his eyes, took short and restless turns on the pathway of the bridge, sobbing loudly, and shivering as the night wind penetrated the rents in his old and tattered garments. A couple of short, thick-set men, in long-tailed coats, breeches, and high-low shoes, evinced sympathy in the fate of a brother pickpocket—while some well-dressed swells, in white hats and top boots, were waiting to give a parting cheer to a prize-fighter who had escaped punishment for killing his man in the ring, but was "going to Botany" for highway robbery of an aggravated nature.

Several detached groups, principally of females, crowded to the centre of the bridge, as the carriage containing the convicts came in sight. It was a spacious, heavily-built open wagon, with sides of high, solid wood, and drawn by six horses. The prisoners, all of whom were under sentence of banishment for life, filled the interior of the vehicle, in a solid mass, and were secured by neck and wrist chains to bars of iron running from the top of the wagon's sides, keeping the convicts in an upright and constrained position, and preventing the possibility of escape. Police officers, heavily armed, rode in front and behind the wagon, and the detachment of cavalry brought up the rear.

When the wagon gained the centre of the bridge, a halt was made of some five or six minutes. It was to take advantage of this necessary or allowed delay, that the persons above described had assembled. The custom of halting upon the bridge is but a good-natured excuse, giving the prisoners an opportunity of a last farewell free from the crowd of idle gazers which would attend them at the prison gates, or in one of the more frequented thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The convicts' friends closed round the wagon, and the following mixture of frivolity and horror may be deemed a fair sample of the conversation.

"Hey up, Billee," whispered one of the pickpockets to his friend in the wagon, "you're a trump, and no mistake—if you'd a snitched about that ere ken as was cracked o' Heaster Monday night, you'd a lagged the biling on us."

"God watch over you, my girls," said an agitated voice from the end of the wagon, "keep from street walking and the brothel—if you are forced to work your fingers to the bone, do it with pleasure, but sell

not your soul alive. Starve, lie down and die in the kennel—do anything, however horrible, in preference to prostitution."

"Dear father," sobbed out the two girls, with their arms around each other's necks, "dear father, what are your poor little girls to do alone? Father, father, we do not mean to live."

"Get out, you old grumbler! what do you frighten the children for? Here, take a glass of this, my young uns, and see how quickly blue ruin will smother the blue devils."

"Father, dear father," said one of the girls, "if we steal anything, will they send us after you?"

"Hooraw, Charlee; don't snivel, my lad o' wax," said the friends of the pugilist. "They haven't knocked all the fight out of you yet. If ill-luck has given you a floorer, jump merrily on your pins, and let 'em see that you can come to time."

The old man in the tattered coat had crept under the side of the wagon, and as he raised his head to address one of the convicts, the light of the moon betrayed the thick, red blotches of intemperance that covered his face. "Robert—Robert—will you not speak to me?—will you part from your old father without one kind word?"

A youth—almost a boy—leaned over the side, and answered, with bitter malignity, "When was my father kind to me? Who has been my ruin, but my father? Who drove me to sin? who taught me to swear—to drink—to lie—to thief? my father! my wicked, drunken father? Why, then, should I speak kindly to my enemy—my cursed enemy, who has caused me to stand here a chained felon, in the very blossom of my youth?"

"Do not curse me, Bob!" said the old man, endeavouring to climb up the wagon wheel; "do not curse me, for your mother's sake."

"I do curse you for her sake—for the sake of my poor mother's broken heart. I curse you for my sister's sake—who was driven to infamy by your brutality. I curse you for myself; your son, whom first you taught to sin, and then, like a drunken fool, betrayed to punishment and shame."

"Do not curse me, Bob!" again whimpered the old man, who had climbed on to the nave of the wheel, and was extending his arms as if praying forgiveness from his convict child. The youth lifted his maimed hands, and smote the old man a heavy blow upon the head; he fell, stunned, upon the stones, and lay without a sign of life.

The women lifted up the wretched father, and poured down his throat a quantity of the liquid fire whose devouring flames had already scorched his heart. The little girls cried bitterly as the old man fell, for in the reproaches of the brutal son, they recognised the causes of their own despair.

Disgusted with the horrors of this scene, I crossed the road, and discovered a very different group on the other side of the wagon. A middle-aged man was standing in the centre of the pathway, and praying that the forgiveness of the Most High might be extended to his erring child. A young and delicate female was endeavouring to lift a baby sufficiently high

to reach the lips of its felon father—but she was too weak to accomplish her intent.

"Never mind, Emily," said a low, soft voice, "never mind, my love; I should have liked to have kissed my child once more before I said farewell for ever—and it must be said in a few short moments now."

I stepped forward, and taking the child from its mother's trembling arms, lifted it to the level of its father's lips. "Bless you, sir, for this act of kindness! and bless thee, too, my babe. Ah, my little girl does not recollect her father in the convict, or else she shrinks instinctively from the pollution of his lips."

"Harry, Harry, do not talk so—speak to me, comfort me, or I shall fall beneath your wagon wheels."

"Can I comfort the woman I have ruined—the heart I have broken—or the parent whose gray hairs I have disgraced? Emily, listen to my last adjuration! I am banished—transported for life. This is my death-night—from the moment that the wagon moves upon its journey, you will see me no more—I am no longer a living being in the eyes of the law. You are, therefore free—forget me—and you may yet be happy."

"Happy! oh, Harry, are you not the father of my babe? the husband of my virgin heart!—the only being I can ever love? Harry! Harry! oh, God, they are going on—I have so much to say. Harry! is there no hope? You must not—shall not go."

The word was given for the cavalcade to proceed. The heart-smitten wife clung to the wheels, and in the impotency of grief, essayed to stop the progress of the ponderous vehicle. With a gentle force, I tore her arms from their rude embrace, and bore her, in strong convulsions, to the side-walk of the bridge. The convict's father ran to her assistance, and kneeling on the broad flagway, bare-headed, in the cold moonlight, exclaimed in a tone of piercing agony, "God! God! why did I not share his mother's grave?"

The wagon moved rapidly on. A burst of anguish broke from the departing convicts, and the agonizing cries of a last farewell were mixed with the wild shouts and drunken laughter of the profligate rout, which broke into a loud huzza as the van, with its load of crime and wretchedness, rumbled heavily over the hollow pavement of the bridge.

The majority of the by-standers rapidly disappeared; and several minutes elapsed ere the suffering wife gave tokens of returning consciousness. "Harry," was the first word she uttered, and after a few moments of wild unearthly glaring, she jumped violently up, and endeavoured to climb the balustrades of the bridge, as if she meant to precipitate herself into the water that was rolling far beneath. I had snatched the baby from the cold stones, and with such an incumbance, was unable to compete with the mother's frantic struggles. I cried aloud for help. The father rose from his knees, and clinging to her garments, said in a low but earnest voice, "Emily, your child requires your life." She turned round, and snatching her baby from my arms, pressed it to her breast, and burst into a flood of tears. I accompanied the sufferers to their wretched home. My services were grate-

fully acknowledged, and the old gentleman requested me not to leave him in his dolor, for he felt that, if alone, the horrors of the night would drive him mad. I remained in conversation with them till the rays of the sun penetrated through the chinks of the shutters into the small uncomfortable room that served for the domicile of the father of the convict and his widowed wife. Mrs. Melton was young, and had been pretty, but the canker worm had blighted the blossom, and lines of wretchedness and care had changed the handsome girl into a pale and haggard wife. She was scarcely twenty years of age when she married Harry Melton, a medical student, of respectable family; shortly after marriage, her husband commenced practice upon his own account, with every prospect of success.

"Ah, sir," said Mrs. Melton, "I cannot depict the intensity of my bliss upon my wedding day. I adored my Harry with a passion amounting to idolatry—my affection assumed a devotion that was absolutely sinful. I hung upon his words, and studied his very looks; and in the absorbing worship of my love, forgot my parents—friends—the world—nay, for a time I almost forgot my God. I have been terribly punished for this error of my heart.

"For two years, two fleeting years, I was a happy, blissful creature; the fairy dreams of my youth were realized. My husband loved me, and as I hung upon his arm, and enjoyed the sunshine of his beautiful smile, I felt as if I could have defied the malice of the world. You must excuse my rhapsodies; I have no other joys but the remembrances of those sun-lit days.

"My mother shared our happiness, and my husband's father passed many joyous hours by our pleasant fireside. The birth of my daughter seemed to increase our general content. Harry, occupied in his profession during the day, returned in the evening, and forgot the world's annoyances in the caresses of his wife and child. Gradually, however, he became abstracted and confused—passed much of his time from home—and, finally, found constant excuses for night visits to patients living at considerable distances. I thought, and yet I scarcely dared to entertain the thought, that there was a formality in his kindness to me that savoured much of constraint, and an impatient tone in his answers to my inquiries about the names of his newly-acquired customers. According to his account, his practice occupied every moment of his time, yet our apparent income became daily less, and I was frequently compelled to borrow the price of our daily bread. It was painfully evident that my husband had formed some connexion that tore him from all professional avocations, and absorbed the means of supporting his wife and child.

"I longed, yet feared to tax him with his baseness, for I dreaded to disgust him with his home. I strove, by all the little arts affection knows, by all the fond endearments he once prized, to win him back to his domestic love—but all in vain. A sullen gloominess possessed him wholly, and he would frequently absent himself for many days.

"I mentioned my suspicions to his father, and he confirmed my fears. He had long known his son's

disgrace, and had frequently remonstrated with him, but without effect.

"I will not attempt depicting the agony of a young confiding wife, upon discovering the infidelity of the husband she adores. I will not mention the struggles of my pride, the natural pride of a faithful wife—of a devoted mother—with the performance of a duty which I had sworn to perform before my God. I yielded to my doom; and as I pressed my infant to my bosom, felt that I yet loved its father, although he had abandoned me for a harlot's arms.

"For one entire year, I submitted to this life of wretchedness. My poor mother died, and I was without a relative in the world, except my husband's father, whose love and kindness heaven can alone repay. Heavy debts were contracted with the tradespeople, and further credit was refused. I was compelled to discharge the servants: the unpaid rent procured a threat of distress from the landlord, and but for the support of my father-in-law, I must have starved.

"The ruin came at last. The landlord seized every thing for rent—and my father-in-law having exhausted his means in establishing his son, and contributing to the support of his neglected family, was unable to prevent the sale of our furniture. My husband had been absent from home for several days, and came not in the hour of misery to relieve the anguish his own acts had caused. His remorse, when he witnessed our destitution, banished the possibility of complaint; he left us for an hour; on his return, he removed us from the bare walls of our once happy home, to the comforts of well-furnished apartments; and placing a roll of notes in the hands of his parent requested him to attend to the welfare of his daughter and her child. All inquiries were vain respecting the sources of his supply—he remained more than usually reserved and gloomy, but never quitted home, except on a professional visit, and then he immediately returned to his seat by the fireside, nursing and caressing his infant child, but seldom exchanging a word with his father or his wife.

"He would, upon the least alarm, cast uneasy glances towards the door; and once, when a strange voice spoke roughly upon the stairs, he seized a knife from the table, and stood on his defence. His father and I exchanged glances, but did not dare express the burning nature of our thoughts.

"One morning, he surprised me in tears. It was the anniversary of our wedding day, and I could not help thinking of the blight my heart had suffered during the past year, and of the desolation of all my brilliant hopes since I had lost the love of him that formed my world. The recollection of the day affected him—he sat down, and buried his face between his outspread palms, and sobbed aloud.

"'Emily,' said he, after a while, 'I have sinned before Heaven, and against thee. I cannot palliate my crime, and will not ask for the forgiveness I do not deserve. If it shall please God to let my committed iniquity pass without present punishment, I may, by the correctness of my future conduct, prove how highly I esteem your love.'

"I need not tell you that I forgave him all; and clasped him to my heart as fervently as in the days of our untarnished love. I cannot describe the quiet but ecstatic joy that pervaded our little group that evening, as we again indulged in unrestrained communication; the wintry wind howled dismally, but the fire burnt cheerfully; and the wine (for our father had killed the fatted calf to welcome back the prodigal) went its merry rounds. Harry's brow relaxed its sad contraction, and he smiled upon his wife and child.—I was sitting with my babe upon my lap, and my right hand folded in my husband's clasp, when the door of the apartment was burst open. The officers of the police snatched my husband from my arms, and manacled him before my eyes. He was arrested on a charge of forgery.

"The remainder of my sad tale is easily surmised. Harry had long been dealing in counterfeit notes, and the beagles of the law had tracked him to his lair.—Unable to support the extravagance of the harlot who had seduced him from his home, he listened to her suggestions, and involved himself still further in crime. His sudden reformation aroused her anger; his desertion excited her revenge, and she herself informed the officers of his offence, and gave the principal evidence against him upon his trial.

"I did not suffer my husband to lie neglected in the damp jail, or to lack the necessary legal aid upon his trial. Every article in my possession, even the daily requisites of myself and child, have been sold to raise the means to serve him; but all availed not. The evidence was too conclusive; he was found guilty, and sentenced to an ignominious death.

"The jury recommended him to the mercy of the crown; his youth, the nature of the evidence against him, and the qualifying circumstance of a first offence, procured a mitigation of his sentence, which was commuted to transportation beyond seas for the term of his natural life. It would have been a kinder act to have killed him; this phrase sounds horrible from the mouth of one who loves him as I do—but I would rather that he should have suffered the ignominy of a public death than be condemned to live in the torture he must now endure. His proud spirit must each day suffer the agony of a thousand deaths—while the bitter recollection of his former life will drive the iron deep into his soul."

When the fair sufferer had concluded her relation, I quitted the house of mourning, promising a quick return. A ray of hope had burst upon my mind.—L—, the Under Secretary of State, had been my college chum. During the last general election, I had been of material service in assisting his return for a closely contested borough, and had in return received brilliant promises of patronage and reward.

I ran through the obscure streets surrounding Mrs. Melton's abode, hailed a hack from the first stand, and drove rapidly to the private residence of my friend. I caught him ere he had quitted his bed, and with enthusiastic earnestness detailed to him the events of the night; he smiled at the strange interest that I displayed in what he called a common-place affair, and informed me that nothing could be done. I conjured

him to exert his influence—to stretch the bond of custom—and for my sake, for the sake of this wife, the aged father, and the helpless child, to restore the offender to his home.

"I cannot wrest the laws, and by your own account the criminal deserves his doom. Well, well, I see that it is useless to argue while you are in such a hot-brained and chivalric mood; and as, in the present state of parties, I cannot afford to lose a valuable supporter, to say nothing about 'auld lang syne,' I suppose that I must interfere. I will instantly see the Secretary, and obtain permission to dispatch a messenger to Portsmouth, with directions to lodge the convict body of Henry Melton in the safe custody of the Portsmouth jailer till further orders."

"But suppose the transport vessel has sailed?"

"Then we must be content. But while this wind holds, no craft of any size will be able to leave the harbour."

"And what may be the ultimate result of this manœuvre?"

"An application to Council, backed by a friend in a corner, may procure an order for the confinement of the aforesaid convict in one of the prison ships stationed at the various dock-yards here in England. After a year's good behaviour, he may be removed to the Penitentiary; and should the annual report again be in his favor, he may, eventually, be discharged."

I followed my friend's advice to the letter, and succeeded in arresting Melton's departure from his native land. In a few days, I was informed that he was on board the Dolphin hulk, stationed at Sheerness dock-yard, for the reception of convicts. The wife, who, with the father, had been placed in comfortable lodgings, received the intelligence with frenzied delight. A new existence seemed to take possession of her frame; and, rising from the apathy of despair, she viewed the chance of a re-union with her husband as a positive certainty of no distant period. The father doubted the result; misery, with a severity not to be withstood, had asserted its powers over the sad remains of his life, and he gradually sunk into the grave.

Several months passed away. Parliament was dissolved; another election agitated the country—the contest was peculiarly severe, and the ministry dreaded defeat. My friend L— claimed my services, and presented me, in return, with a full pardon for my felon protégé, and an order for his immediate discharge from the prison ship at Sheerness.

When I presented this order to Mrs. Melton, she screamed with the agony of her joy; her agitation was awful in the extreme. She insisted upon being herself the bearer of the news, and resolved to set forth instantly; nor could all my remonstrances induce her to delay her departure beyond the evening, when, if she travelled by the mail, she would reach the dock-yard in the early morning. I determined to accompany this exemplary wife on her visit of holy love.—I made my arrangements accordingly; and as the evening approached, walked leisurely towards her abode, for the purpose of conveying her to the mail office.—A summer's shower compelled me to accept the shelter of a tavern; and to beguile the tedium of the mo-

ment, I took up the evening's paper. The first article that met my eye was an account of the death of the convict, Henry Melton, who was drowned while attempting to escape from the Dolphin hulk.

With a heavy heart, I hastened on my fruitless errand, and cogitated upon the means to be employed in imparting the information to the devoted wife. I felt sure that this sudden check to her joyous excitement would prove fatal; and, as I approached the house, I dreaded seeing her anxious, smiling face radiant with a lively hope which I was sentenced to destroy. But the revolting task had been spared me; an officious neighbour had communicated the event; and the poor widow, thus suddenly bereft of the completion of her long cherished hope—the object of her existence—fell senseless to the ground on reading the paragraph. The landlady had carried her to bed, where she had remained in a sort of lethargy, uttering neither sob nor sigh.

I sent for medical assistance, and proceeded to the bedside of the afflicted widow. She was not entirely insensible, for a pressure of the hand proved her recognition of my voice; but she spoke not, and her breath came forth in short and puffy suspirations. The surgeon came, but declined interference till nature had developed the course of her intentions; if febrile symptoms exhibited themselves, he was to be immediately summoned; but he believed that a flood of tears would prove the best leech, and afford the surest relief to the heart and to the head. In the retired part of the suburbs, where I had selected the lodgings of Mrs. Melton, it was difficult to procure sudden assistance; and, failing in several attempts to obtain a person to sit up all night with the still suffering Emily, I resolved to let necessity overcome the forms of senseless punctilio, and watch myself in the snug recess of an adjoining closet.

The hours passed tediously away. The night had far advanced when the loud and agonising sobs of the ill-fated wife announced that nature had found relief. I was about to visit her with words of comfort, when a slight tap at one of the windows attracted my attention. A faint call in the street demanded notice; I threw up the sash, and deep in the shadow of an opposite wall I observed a moving but ill-defined shape. A voice uttered my name, and with piteous entreaty, asked immediate admittance. I descended the stairs, and, with a vague feeling of dismay, opened the street door—the rays of the candle fell upon the pale and blood-stained lineaments of the convict Melton.

Before I had time to express my surprise at this apparent resurrection, he grasped my hand, and spoke of his Emily and of his child. "Are they alive? are they well? tell me, in the name of heaven."

I had no time for my reply. A shriek from the bed room announced that his voice had been recognised; his name was uttered in a tone that thrilled me to the heart, and the bleeding, toil-worn convict rushed up stairs, and fainted in the arms of his peerless wife.

I retired from the sacred privacy of this strange re-union; and, calling on the surgeon in my way, requested him to attend to the wounds of the unfortunate Melton. In the morning, I found the husband

in bed, but in a state of great excitement; his wife was officiously watching each glance of his bloodshot eyes, and endeavouring to anticipate each half-formed wish. Her eyes sparkled with an unnatural brilliancy; a look of painful, anxious care overspread her pale, attenuated face; and a convulsive sob, like a mighty hiccough, burst involuntarily from her overcharged breast, as she gazed upon the altered face of him she loved so well.

"Sit down, sir, and let me talk to you; let me thank you for your fatherly kindness to my poor girl before I die. I can die here—in the pure presence of my angel wife; but the thought of death was frightful in the deep cabins of the prison-ship, in the midst of blasphemy and crime. That ship—the convict ship—the receptacle of crime's embodiment—the ark of concentrated sin! When the Almighty destroyed the earth, by unfastening the windows of heaven, he placed the good man Noah, with his family, aboard the ark of salvation, which, floating over the waters of the deluge, bore safely the patriarchs of the fair and chastened earth. Our ship, crowded with the scum of jails, was fit only to float over the waters of Phlegethon, and people the regions of hell.

"Oh, God, how I have longed for this moment! how my heart has panted to be at home once more with you, my wife, my injured girl—once more to kiss my blighted rose-bud, my darling child. I have toiled for hours in the noisome slime and mud; chained like a wild beast, and exposed to the nipping frost and the burning heat of the mid-day sun. I felt not the fatigue that was wearing away my frame, for my mind was home here with my wife. While eating the scanty pittance of the wretched fare doled to the convict slave, I have fancied that I was sitting in the little parlour of my own pleasant home till the thoughts of by-gone happiness rose in my throat and choked me. Oh, the many, many weary, sleepless nights that I have passed within that floating jail—listening to the dull ripple of the tide against the vessel's side—to the melancholy jingle of the bell—or the measured tramp of the sentinel overhead; and if tired nature sunk into a fitful sleep, I dreamed that I was at home, in my own white bed, with my beloved wife and child—and when the illusions of sleep have depicted the well-known features of my darlings, I have yelled with joy, till my own screams have dispersed the visions, and I awoke to feel the wretchedness of sad reality.

"The winter passed away, and the spring scattered its beauties abroad, but I could not bear its gentle influence. The dullness of a wintry day suited the hellish melancholy of that floating grave; but the warm beams of the glorious sun, and the balmy air of the pleasant breeze, the green of the distant fields, the bubbling of the stream—all spoke of liberty and life. I was a chained and debased wretch—a convicted felon—doomed for life to slavery and utter wretchedness—and I determined to escape or die.

"My plan was soon formed. I was an excellent swimmer, and believed that if I could contrive to get overboard in the night without observation, I should be able to swim to a place of safety. When I had

fully arranged the minutiae of my escape, the springs of hope bubbled up in the depths of my heart with the delicious coolness of a new found fountain in the burning desert.

"An opportunity offered for trying my projected plan, and I resolved to make the attempt. My quiet demeanor and good conduct had procured me a release from the heavy gang chain, and the galling fetters attached to the refractory and mistrusted. A light ring, encircling one of my ankles, was the only token of my degradation, excepting the convict's gray jacket and dock yard hat. One of the principal officers of the hulk was confined to his cabin by illness, and as the surgeon slept ashore, the superintendent, knowing that I had been in the medical profession, desired me to sit up with the invalid. The convicts, except in extraordinary instances, are batted down under hatches at sunset. Late in the night, I reported the lieutenant as dangerously ill, and desired to be provided with a medicine which I knew was not aboard. The boat, the only boat belonging to the hulk, was manned, and despatched to the nearest landing place for the desired drug.

"I suffered sufficient time to elapse for the boat to make its landing ere I commenced proceedings; when, creeping gently from the officer's cabin, I succeeded in gaining the open poop. I fastened my hammock cord, which I had carried in my bosom during the whole of the day, to a belaying pin on the bulwark, and began to make my descent. I was nervous—agitated; my iron ring struck against the side of the hulk—I put down one of my hands to prevent a recurrence of the noise, and before I could again secure my grasp of the cord, fell from the high stern of the prison ship into the dark and rapid tide. The sentry heard my plunge, and directly I appeared upon the surface of the water, fired his musket at me, but without success. I struck out with all my energy—the ring of the marine's ramrod jingled in my ear as he loaded his piece, and in a few minutes his second shot took effect on the back of the left shoulder, and broke my collar bone.

"The ship's bell rang, and the heavy strokes of the dock yard bell repeated the alarm. I knew that no boat could pursue me from the hulk, and although scarcely able to move my left arm, I made rapid way through the water. The tide was running strongly up the harbour, and I almost felt the certainty of being able to gain one of the various landing places in the lower part of Sheerness, when a row boat shot from the guard ship of the port, and crossed the centre of the current that was bearing me along. For an instant I gave myself up as a lost man—a pleasure yacht, with a small skiff fastened astern, had cast anchor in the harbour that afternoon, and was moored scarcely a cable's length to the right. In a minute's time, I was holding on to the edge of the skiff, and hiding myself from the glare of a blue light which had been ignited on the bows of the guard boat, and with its meteoric glare illumined the whole surface of the water. As the fire expired, I ventured to peep over the edge of the skiff, and found, to my surprise, that the guard boat was making direct for the yacht. I imagined that

I had been discovered, but resolved to sink quietly to the bottom ere I would submit to be captured.

"As the guard boat approached, I fixed one of my fingers in the staple driven into the skiff's stern post for the reception of the under pin of the rudder, and lowered the whole of my body under water, clinging with my feet to the boat's keel, and turning my face towards the sky, thus barely keeping my mouth above the surface of the stream. In this posture I defied detection. The rowers hailed the yacht crew, and a drowsy voice enquired their business.

"A convict has escaped from the Dolphin hulk."

"With all my heart. What have I to do with that?"

"Your craft is moored in the tide way—he may have swung aboard."

"We have had no visitors to-night—nor do we want any."

"An angry altercation ensued—the boat's crew threatened to search the yacht, when a disturbance at one of the landing places attracted the attention of the officer in command, and the guard boat turned rapidly towards the shore. I soon quitted my painful and dangerous position; my wound ached intolerably, and my left arm dangled uselessly by my side. I felt that it was impossible for me to swim ashore, even if I could elude the vigilance of the many watchers who had been roused by the alarm bells and the report of the centinel's musket. It was necessary that something should be determined on, for the coldness of the water cramped my limbs; and as I clung to the sides of the boat in the midst of that deep and rolling tide, black as the waters of despair—I thought—and though I knew that it was delusion, yet I could not drive the thought from my fevered brain—that as I hung there between life and death—alone, beneath the midnight sky, without the cheering twinkle of a star's small ray—I thought that my father, my buried father, whose heart I helped to break, sat, wrapped in his grave clothes, in the boat to which I clung, and grinned at the misery of his murderer! I thought too, that she, the harlot Jane, for whose false love I sold my home—that she was pulling me by my felon badge—the iron ring about my ankle—and dragging me down—down—in the black depths of that hellish sea!

"Unable to endure these maddening thoughts, I rallied my remaining strength, and by a tremendous effort, succeeded in climbing into the skiff, but not without admitting a quantity of water at the same time, and attracting the attention of the sleepy watch upon the cutter's deck. I threw myself to the bottom of the skiff, which was shortly afterwards hauled up close under the counter of the sailing craft, and the head line secured upon deck. The darkness of the night prevented my discovery.

"For nearly three hours, I remained upon my back in the water at the bottom of the skiff, fearing to move, and uncertain what to do. The tide was still running up,—I determined to set the boat adrift, and trust to Providence for the result. The rope, twisted into a hard knot, resisted my one-handed efforts at unraveling; I had no knife, and was compelled to attempt

tearing the strands apart with my teeth. After half an hour's biting, I succeeded in separating the rope; the continued quiet aboard the cutter induced me to believe that the watch had turned in. The twinkling of the lanterns aboard the floating beacon at the Nore, began to pale in the hazy dimness of the gray morning, when I committed the boat to the mercy of the stream, and sunk down to the wet floor for concealment. The boat, carried along by the power of the flood tide, kept the centre of the stream for some distance, but, striking against one of the harbour buoys, it entered a side current, and upon cautiously raising my head, I found that I was being rapidly carried to the shores of the small isle of Grain.

"Immediately the boat struck the ground, I rolled gently over the land-ward side, and after plunging and wading for a few minutes, reached the solid ground. I walked hastily over the bleak, desolate spot; crossed the Scray or Colemouth Creek; and, having reached the main land of Kent, threw myself down amongst the long marshy grass, and slept soundly and securely till the sun had once more gained his western bed.

"Wounded and stiff, I dragged my feeble limbs across the country during the night, and hid myself from the sight of my fellow creatures in deep fens and dykes during the day; my dress would at once have told that I was a run-away convict. The iron ring had chafed the flesh of my leg to the very bone. Some young turnips, torn from the earth, were my only food for upwards of fifty hours, and I sought my midnight draught from beneath the green filth of the standing pool, or in the muddy currents by the river's side. For three long days and nights did I endure this maddening work; and such was my agitation when I neared the dwelling of my wife, that my senses would have failed me had it been necessary to have endured another hour's delay."

Henry Melton never recovered. The chafing of the iron ring produced a sore of a more serious nature than the broken bone. The badge was removed with the aid of a blacksmith, and every possible attention paid to the wound, but the appearance of gangrene rendered amputation necessary, an operation that Melton resolutely refused to undergo. I visited him one evening, and found by the glassy fixedness of his eyes, and the indescribable taint that is ever to be found in the chamber of a departing spirit, that his hours were numbered. He beckoned me to him: his breath was noisome, and his thin palms were clammy with the dampness of death.

"It will soon be over now," said he. "I care not for the anguish of my wounds—the pale cheeks and wrinkled brow of my poor wife, my father's death, the disgrace of our once honoured name—are worse than daggers in my heart. I do not wish to live, for I cannot bear to look upon the misery I have caused."

His weakness rapidly increased. He took the hand of his wife, who was anxiously but silently attending to her dying husband—"Emily, I have given you cause to curse my very name—forget it—let my memory rot in the grave; cherish not a recollection of

the mean, degraded wretch who voluntarily left an angel's arms to wallow in the stews of infamy and sin. You are still young—and in the love of one more deserving may yet find the happiness you merit.

"Let me lie in the green fields, near the surface of the cool and pleasant earth. Place me not near my father's grave, lest his bones should rattle with horror at the approach of his convict son. But I am not a convict now—give me my pardon—let me die with it in my hands—a free and unchained man."

He clutched the paper in his long and bony fingers; his jaw fell, and with a scarcely perceptible sigh, he yielded up his life.

The wife, who had been supporting the head of the dying man, gazed with a vacant look upon the work of death; grief had dimmed the power of her sight—she knew not that her husband's life had passed away, but continued her sad offices of affection, and with a gentle hand she wiped the moisture from his brow, and damped the fever-cracked and shrivelled lips. Her child, who, in compliance with her father's wish, had been seated on the bed, crawled to the outstretched hand of her departed parent, and tried to carry it to her little mouth that she might grace it with a kiss. The hand escaped from the child's tiny grasp, and fell with a dead heaviness upon the bed. That little action roused the attention of the devoted wife; a convulsive shudder agitated her frame—she cast a searching look upon the corse—her pale, transparent fingers rambled over the immovable features—the dreadful certainty of the death of her beloved one broke full upon her mind—a mighty and unearthly shriek told of the bursting of her heart, and she fell lifeless upon the dead.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE OCEAN

BY J. BIRD, ESQ.

Beats there a heart which hath not felt its core
Ache with a wild delight, when first the roar
Of ocean's spirit met the startled ear?
Beats there a heart so languid and so drear,
That hath not felt the lightning of the blood
Flash vivid joy, when first the rolling flood
Met the charm'd eye, with all its restless strife,
At once the wonder and the type of life!

Thou trackless, dark, and fathomless, and wide,
Eternal world of waters! ceaseless tide
Of power magnificent! unmeasur'd space
Where storm and tempest claim their dwelling place.
Thy depths are limitless! thy billows' sound
Is nature's giant voice—thy gulph profound
Her shrine of mystery, wherein she keeps
Her hidden treasures.—In thy cavern'd deeps
Is stored the wealth of nations; and thy waves
Have been—are now—and will be dreary graves
For countless millions! Oh, thou art alone
The costliest footstool of God's awful throne—
The mighty tablet upon which we see
The hand of power—the sign of Deity!

A SCENE AT THE THEATRE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

[The following excellent scene is extracted from Mr. Hook's last new novel of Jack Brag, a work full of the author's well-known peculiarities, and radiant with wit and humour. It was published here at the commencement of "the crisis," and fell, still-born, from the press—an unavoidable, but undeserved fate.

The hero's mother, a tallow-chandler's fat and vulgar widow, has married her apprentice, James Salmon, and with her boy-husband and her dashing son, is passing the honeymoon at Lewes, a provincial town in England.]

JACK BRAG and his father-in-law proceeded to the theatre, where Jack, by dint of certain flourishes, secured one of the stage-boxes, which luckily for the gratification of his ambitious heart, had been given up only a few minutes before by a very distinguished country lady, who was unable to occupy it, because her ninth child had been suddenly attacked with scarlatina.

In turning away from the door of the playhouse, Jack was struck by the well-turned figure of an exceedingly smartly-dressed woman, whom by her gait and manner, taken in connexion with the locality, he was induced on the instant to set down in his own mind as one of the actresses. Jack was right; it was one of those fair and fascinating creatures, who, as Gay says of women in general,

“——— seduce all mankind;”

but his surprise was inconceivably great when he saw her, the moment she recognised his companion, hasten up and hold out her hand towards him with all the warmth and cordiality of “old friendship.”

“Why, Mr. Salmon,” said Miss Roseville, “what brings you here?”

“Chance, and a little business together,” said Salmon; “twig?”

“I hope you mean to come to the play to-night,” said Miss Roseville, with one of those looks which it is beyond the power of pen to describe.

“We have just taken a box,” said Salmon.

“Where are you staying?” said Miss Roseville.

“At the Star,” was the reply.

“Do you stay long?”

“No,” said Salmon; “go to-morrow.”

“Oh, you naughty thing!” said the lady. “Well good bye, if I don't see you till the evening;—I lodge at the milliner's, just opposite,—good bye.”

Her departure was a considerable relief to J. S., who was kept in a state of perpetual twitter during the brief parley between them. He would willingly have given five pounds not to have encountered the fair syren while in the society of Brag; and would now have readily given twice as much to insure his silence upon the subject when they got home.

“Why,” said Brag, “you seem quite free and easy with that young creetchur—who is she?”

“That,” said Jim, “is Molly Hogg. I've known her these three years;—she is engaged at one of the

Minors, and calls herself, in the bills, Roseville,—it sounds better than Hogg;—very good-natured girl.”

“She seems so,” said Brag, “and no mistake.”

“I'm sure I didn't think of finding her here,” said Salmon: “I haven't seen her now for a good while.”

“Uncommon pretty,” said Brag. “I suppose I have seen her before—don't recollect,—see so many—oh?”

“Well,” said Salmon, evidently nervous, “shall we go and do this bill? I'll give you the check; or, if you like, I'll draw it in town to-morrow, and cross it to your banker's—save another stamp—twig? And, John—there's no harm in what I'm going to say—only you can do me a favour.”

“What is it?” said Brag, “name it, and it's done,—straight up, right down, and no mistake.”

“Why,” said Salmon, looking uncommonly sheepish; “there's nothing in it—but—I—wish you wouldn't say any thing to Titsy about my meeting little Hogg.”

“Not I,” said John; “I know the female sex too well, not to know how easy they are made jealous—I conclude there's nothing serious?”—

—“Nothing, upon my life!” said Salmon: “besides, I give you my word, I haven't seen the girl these six months—twig?”

“Mum's the word,” said Brag; “no—no—there's no use making quarrels in families—life's too short for that, eh?”

“Well, I'm sure, gentlemen,” said the matron, as they entered the room; “you haven't hurried yourselves.”

“We have been shopping, Titsy,” said Salmon.

“Don't Titsy me, sir!” replied the lady, her cheeks burning, and her eyes almost starting out of her head.

“I have been shopping, too: you did not suppose I was going to be stewed up in this place, while you and Mr. John were flirting all about the town. I have got eyes, Mr. Salmon, and I'll take care and make pretty good use of them—I can tell you that.—Pray, sir, who was that fine flaunting miss in the lavender-coloured gown, with the short petticoats, and platted tails over her shoulders?”

“Gown?” said Jem.

“Tails!” said Jack.

“Yes!” said the lady, reddening with rage, “gowns, and tails: you are a nice pair; you'd do uncommon well to run in a curricule, I'm thinking. I ask you who that dressed-up minx was, that you were talking to in the street?”

"A friend of mine, my dear mother," said Brag, resolved to bind Jem eternally to him by an act of self-devotion, which, in the first instance, might induce him to make the check five hundred instead of three,—"knew her in London—one of the actresses:—met her at Lord Tom's—used always to take a box at her benefit:—very amiable girl—supports an aged mother and nine orphan brothers and sisters."

"A friend of yours, Master Johnny, is she?" said Mrs. Salmon; "why, then, I wonder she didn't shake you by the hand instead of Mr. Jim:—that won't do—no, no! *This* was the trick of coming over here to the play, instead of enjoying the agreeable company of that genteel colonel, and showing him how we had made up matters, and how comfortable we could live together. Oh! to be sure! Mr. Salmon saw in the playbill who was to act here, and off he comes, helter-skelter, no matter what's to pay, in order to see *her* painted face."

"I assure you, Titsy," said Salmon, "I did not know a word about it: and as for going to the play, if you don't like it, we won't go: and if you like to go back to Eastbourne, we will go back directly."

"I'm sure that's fair enough," said Brag; "so don't let's squabble about nothing. Men of the world know great lots of people for whom they don't care a brass farthing. Here, dinner's just ready—the stage-box secured—all right, and no mistake."

"Well," said the lady, "I don't want to break up our little family party, and I should like well enough to go to the play; but I will not go if that young woman performs to-night. What's her name, John?"

"Hogg," said Jack, "didn't you say Hogg, Salmon?"

"I!" said Jem—"no, you said her name was Hogg."

"So I did, to be sure," said Jack.

"Have you got the playbill, sir?" said the lady to her husband.

"Yes, there it is," said Salmon. "And now, while Titsy is looking that over, we may as well do this job about the check."

"All right," said Jack; "come along—here's pen and ink. You draw on me, I accept—payable at my banker's."

At this moment, and just as Mrs. Salmon had satisfied herself that no person blessed with the euphonic name of Hogg was to contribute to the entertainment of that night's audience, a tall, fresh-coloured chambermaid opened the door, having previously tapped at it, and entered the room.

"I believe, ma'am," said she, addressing Mrs. Salmon, "my mistress misunderstood you: she said there were only two beds wanting to-night:—do both the gentlemen stay here?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Salmon—"both."

"Then the young gentlemen will want two," said the maid, "and—"

"No, no," said Mrs. Salmon, "we want but two."

"Then, where will your son sleep, ma'am?" asked the maid.

"My son," said Mrs. Salmon—"why in his own bed, to be sure—where else should he sleep?"

"Then where will Mr. Brag sleep, ma'am?" said the maid.

"Why, Mr. Brag is my son," said the lady.

"Oh! beg pardon, ma'am," said the chambermaid, "I thought the other young gentleman was *your* son, being the same name."

"Thought!" said Mrs. Salmon—"then you had better not have taken the trouble of thinking any thing about it. Mr. Salmon is my husband:—will *that* satisfy you?"

"Oh! quite, ma'am," said the maid, looking exceedingly surprised, and particularly foolish—"I beg pardon,—I—"

And so she retired, having by no means contributed to the settlement of Mrs. Salmon's agitated mind, who, the moment the door was shut, fired up anew, and exclaimed in a tone of exasperation—

"No wonder, Mr. Jemes, the woman should be mistaken. I have no doubt she saw your goings on in the street, and so made up her mind that you couldn't be a married man."

"Never mind her mistake, mother," said Jack, who was determined to keep all things smooth; "you can't expect much wisdom in a chambermaid—so—now here's dinner, let us overcome all our little worries, and you two shake hands and be friends, and no mistake."

"Come, Titsy," said Salmon, holding out his hand.

"Oh!" said the lady, snatching away hers, "I've no patience with you."

When they sat down to their meal, common prudence dictated the observance of tranquillity and civility before the waiters, and the dinner happening to be good, and the wine extremely palatable, the matron softened from her stern resolve, and before it was time to go to the play, peace was restored, and a calumet-like glass, to the healths of their noble selves, concluded the sitting, whence, it must be owned, Mrs. Salmon rose with some reluctance, and not a little difficulty. The change of air, the increased exercise, the bottled porter at luncheon, the irritation before dinner, and the strong-bodied port wine after it, had combined to cloud the clearness of her mental faculties, and, to a certain extent, deteriorate from her bodily activity.

Supported, however, by her living, loving prop, the matron succeeded in reaching the theatre. When they arrived, the play had just begun, and the bangings and flappings of the door and the seats drew all eyes to the stage-box, in the front row of which, and nearly occupying it all, Mrs. Salmon placed herself, J. S. taking seat beside her—

"Still fond, and amorous, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling;"

Jack occupying the place immediately behind his mother. To be sure, however desirable the stage-box might have appeared to be, the circumstances which had occurred during the day, rendered it, if a post of honour, at least a post of danger, particularly as far as Jem was concerned. In the first place, the glare of the whole row of flaring lights in front of the stage rested directly upon Mrs. Salmon's eyes; in the second place, the illumination proceeding from the said lights exhibited her personal attractions, and all the

peculiarity of her costume, with a most awful precision to the audience; and in the third place, their proximity to the actors, and the view which the box commanded of "behind the scenes," not only destroyed her comfort as destroying the illusion, but afforded the most unfortunately favourable opportunity for Miss Roseville, *née* Hogg, to telegraph J. S. at every available opportunity.

The play was Othello. The Moor, by what is called a London star,—King Log amongst the frogs;—and, as ill-luck would have it, Miss Roseville, who in London had been doomed to the humbler walks of the illegitimate drama, was the Desdemona. She was, naturally, elated at her promotion, and determined to act in right earnest. To Mrs. Salmon, "Shakspeare" was yet a sealed book,—she seldom went to theatres in London, and even if she did, the size of the houses, combined with the distance at which she sat from the stage, would have rendered any one of his finest plays a mere blank to her mind. But it so happened that she had never seen Othello, and, although it is quite impossible to spare sufficient space in these pages to record all her running commentary on the text, as it proceeded, we may be able to save a little of it, which certainly did contain some new ideas and illustrations, even after Johnson, Warburton, Stevens, Malone and Co. had done their best, or worst.

In the senate scene she began to criticise the probability of the story.—"Run away with an old man's daughter!—what, a nigger!—Stuff—nonsense, Jim—not true. What does he mean by his head and front?—I don't see any curls. Antropopygeis—where do they live?—with their heads under their shoulders. Well, I'm sure—heard her story by parcels—that was to save postage, I suppose."

This accompaniment was droned out in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to induce the audience to cry, "Hush! hush! silence!" and to compel Jack just respectfully to hint that his mother's remarks were, unlike the speeches of certain modest members in another place, quite audible in the gallery;—but, just as the "nigger," as Mrs. Salmon called the Moor, had got to the words

———"she wished
That heaven had made *her* such a man,"

Desdemona,—Miss Roseville,—Molly Hogg herself, appeared at the wing, ready to come on:—the moment she arrived there, and before her train was consigned to the dirt of the stage, her eye caught that of Salmon;—a look of recognition followed,—the excited matron saw it;—she, what she called, "contained herself" at the minute,—but, coupling what she had seen in the afternoon with what she then witnessed, she was not long in making up her mind, that although she had unplatted her tails and lengthened her petticoats, the girl in the lavender gown in the street, was the nigger's wife in the play.

Miss Roseville was extremely well received, and played very respectably, and things went on very quietly; but, after Mrs. Salmon had somewhat loudly

denounced Brabantio as an old fool for making it up, and the scene had proceeded to where Othello takes Desdemona away, Miss Roseville, having nothing better to do, cast a lightning look at Jem Salmon, standing within two yards of him, and when she made her exit, the old lady could no longer resist the influence of her rage.

"Did you see *that*, Mr. James?" said she.

"What, Titey?—what?" asked Salmon.

"That girl's look at *you*," replied the enraged wife; "I'm sure its the same I saw you talking to before dinner:—if she does it again I'll speak to her—I will—"

"My dear mother," said Jack, interposing in a whisper. The attempt, however, was futile; the demon had been awakened, and was not so easily to be appeased. It is true, that while the dreadful Desdemona was out of sight, it seemed to slumber; although when Cassio, by Iago's desire, gives Emelia a chaste salute, Mrs. Salmon's delicacy was so greatly alarmed that she exclaimed, "Well, I'm sure, what next?"—which created a slight laugh in the vicinity of the stage, and even on the stage itself; and when Othello performed a similar act of kindness to Desdemona, a somewhat similar observation escaped her. Still as the heroine happened to be placed during that short scene with her back towards their box, nothing occurred to rouse the lion, until, as she turned to go off, the irresistible desire of Miss Roseville, *née* Hogg, to ascertain who Mrs. Salmon was, and in what manner she could be related to or connected with her smart friend Jem, induced her to throw another transient glance into the corner where they sat,—a movement which was instantly followed by Mrs. Salmon's giving her husband a pinch, of any thing but an amatory character, on his knee, accompanied with a terrific "Ugh," at the bottom of her voice. Her agitation now became visible, and the next thing she did, was to take so horrible a dislike to Iago for being vulgar enough to mention King Stephen's inexpressibles by their coarsest and commonest name, that her companions began to think she was sufficiently disgusted with what was going on, to wish to retire;—but no—as soon as the scene between Othello and Iago commenced, her attention was fatally recalled. She fancied and felt that it was all real, and got so interested in the progress of the discovery of Desdemona's guilt, of which she was herself perfectly satisfied, that she kept encouraging him by continuous exclamations of "That's right,"—"Tell him all,"—"Nasty hussey!"—and when he came to the words

"Beware, my lord, of jealousy!

It is a green-eyed monster,"—

she could not help saying to J. S. in a tone by no means confidential—"Better *that* than a black-eyed one, at any rate."

Things after this proceeded rather calmly, until the Moor, in the height of his rage and abhorrence, exclaimed in a most impassioned manner—

"I'd rather be a toad!"—

Mrs. Salmon, who did not wait for the alternative,

cried out, loud enough to be heard half over the house—"Well, that's a rum taste, anyhow!"

This observation again attracted the attention of the gentle Desdy, who was again at the side scene, waiting for her cue to come on with the handkerchief, and again her regards were thrown upon Salmon.

"There, Jim," said the lady—"there she is again." And when she appeared solacing her husband on account of his headache, all her anxieties were met by her respectable rival and auditor, with the words "Gammon!"—"Pooh!"—"I don't believe you;" until, on quitting the stage, and repeating the words,

"I am very sorry that you are not well!"

Miss Hogg certainly *did* look somewhat pointedly at Mrs. Salmon herself.

"I'll tear her eyes out, Jemes," said the bride.

"Shall I go away, Titsy?" said Salmon.

"Go away, indeed!" replied the lady—"no, no!—you don't budge an inch.—Did you ever," continued she, turning to her son, "see such impudence as that? I'll watch her pretty closely, and if it's what I think—if I don't—Never mind; them as lives longest sees the most."

This sounded ominous, but Jack and Salmon hoped that nothing more would come of it. However, when Desdemona next appeared, and ventured so near the box that the direction of her eyes could no longer be doubted, although the expression of her countenance was more indicative of anger and curiosity than of love, Mrs. Salmon exclaimed—

"Jim, I'll spit in her face!"

"Titsy! Titsy!" said Salmon.

"Oh, Titsy! my eye!" cried she—"can't I see?"

"Hush! hush! hush!" cried the audience in the boxes; "Silence!" said the pit; "Turn her out!" roared the gallery.

This noise, the more particularly, attracted the looks of Miss Roseville to the offending party, and, consequently, provoked some horrid grimaces on the part of the jealous wife, which, when the poor girl put on something like a supplicating look, was consummated by Mrs. Salmon's performing that, which my friend Mr. Gurney saw the convicted pot-stealer, at the Old Bailey, exhibit to the astonished judge, in the shape of what is conventionally called a double sight. Still the tumult was suppressed—every glass in Lady Patcham's box being directed point-blank into Brag's box—until that part of the scene in which Desdemona, (still availing herself of every opportunity of casting looks, rather of inquiry than of tenderness, towards Salmon,) is spoken to by Othello, in the most cutting terms. At the end of every one of his severe speeches, Mrs. Salmon kept crying out in a sort of spasmodic whisper, "That's it!"—"Give it her, nigger!"—"Sarve her right!" till at last the Moor became so violent that even the mightiness of Shakspeare

himself does not justify a repetition here of the word he uses, called her an impudent—something; when Mrs. Salmon, starting from her seat, exclaimed at the top of her voice—"You are right old fellow!—she is one, and I know it!"

Here the uproar became general—the cry of "Turn her out!" instead of being confined to the gallery,—was universal. The black star came forward and bowed; Desdemona herself stepped to the front of the stage, and performed a certain number of regulation heavings and pantings, amidst loud cries of "Down, down! Silence, silence!"—Salmon holding his bride back in an immense fright, and Jack actually ready to die of the disaster,

After a few minutes, silence was obtained, when Miss Roseville, trembling like a leaf, said, or rather faltered out:—"La-dies and gentle-men," (here a flood of tears P. S. produced three rounds of applause,)—"I am placed in a situation of painful difficulty.—Conscious of earnestly exerting the small ability I possess for your entertainment, I find myself so loudly and constantly interrupted by a lady in the stage-box, of whom I have no knowledge, that I have only to throw myself upon the accustomed liberality of a British public for protection." (Loud cheers.) "If I have offended!"—"No, no, no!"—"Ladies and gentlemen, from my heart I thank you!" This said, with a profound inclination of the head, hands crossed over the bosom, and a courtesy down to the ground, which produced upon Miss Molly Hogg's drapery the effect of what is called in gamesome times, "making a cheese," produced reiterated shouts, accompanied with cries—"Turn them out!—turn them out!"

Now had Mrs. Salmon's wrath reached its highest pitch: "I won't go out!" she exclaimed. "It's all very fine your talking; but I'll tell you what, Miss Hogg—I won't let you stand making sheep's-eyes at my J. S.—I wont; and if you come near him, I'll tear them out of your head, and leave you to see through the holes."

Here the riot and confusion were such as to convince Brag that nothing but the retirement of his respectable parent could save her from expulsion; he, therefore, put on a supplicating air, and begged her to come out with *him*—a petition in which Mr. Salmon earnestly joined, and for which his exemplary bride, having no other means of venting her rage, gave him a most tremendous slap in the face, which sent him sprawling over the second seat, accompanied with a loud remark, that he was as bad as Molly Hogg.—Jack, assisted by a box-keeper and the manager, succeeded in getting the infuriated dame into the lobby, whence seeing a door at its termination evidently leading on to the stage, she dashed through it, and if, by the merest chance in the world, her companions had not kept fast hold of her, she would assuredly have rushed on to the scene, and utterly annihilated the gentle heroine of the night, in the sight of all the audience.

THE MOORISH BARQUE.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.

LICOSA, 'tis a lovely thought
That roams thy rocky steep,
Where palms and wild pomegranates wrought
Sweet shades for summer sleep;
And blossom'd aloes rear'd the head
Like guardians of the grove,
To shield it from intrusive tread
Of any step but love.

I dream upon the dawn serene,
When on thy seaward crag reclin'd,
I saw by cleft and rude ravine
Thy bird-nets waving in the wind,
And weary wings far o'er the sea
From burning suns and barren sands
Faint flutter to a worse decree
In cruel captor's hands.

I would I could recall as well
The latent urchin's lay—
The long wild lay, that rose and fell
As came the fitful prey—
'Twas but the tale so often told
Of maiden fair and lover bold,
Rich in all gifts excepting gold,
And hopeless as the hearts of old;
But yet so wild the strain,
That lingering memory still would hold
The fragments that remain.

Bold peasant youth, fair vintage maid,
Their love was laid in Fortune's shade,
That thing so pure might never fade.
Nor lose the simple pride.
Whenever task romantic fell,
By vine-clad rock, or orange dell,
Of toiling side by side.

'Twas eve; and one had gained his prayer
Of toil to take the double share
Beneath the sultry ray;
And one had chased the lonely hour
With love-songs in her mossy bower,
Far bedding o'er the bay.

'Twas gentle eve, the task was done—
And now, like wild-dove on the wing,
He sought the smile his pains had won,
Beside the star-lit spring;
And swifter still his course he took,
For ne'er those pains had been
So distant from the lovely look,
Such weary hours unseen—
And as he went he thought how oft,
When waves were calm, and zephyrs soft,
The stranger sail would linger there

For water from the fountain fair,
And fancy wilder grew
On all that savage hands might dare,
And all that love might rue;
When hovering on the outward breeze,
Beneath the mountain dark,
Behold the falcon of the seas—
Behold the Moorish barque!

A moment, and he reached the grot
Where she had lain, but lay not now;
And broken wreath, and true love knot,
And footmarks by the fountain plot,
Full plainly spoke the maiden's lot;
The prize of yonder prow!

His thrill was like the lightning shock,
His thought the bolt in flight:
A bound, and he hath cleared the rock,
Like sea-bird swooping from the sight;
And o'er the tide behold him take
His pathway in the pirate's wake.

Far, far away from bower and beach,
His desperate course he bore,
'Till gasping swimmer ne'er might reach
Its rock of safety more.—
On, on he went, and onward, too,
The barque was lessening from his view,
Till pitying zephyrs seemed to grow
All breathless at the sight of woe,
And the fleeting sail
Sunk down to sleep,
And a voice of wail
Came o'er the deep—
A voice, with Heaven's especial charm,
Once more to nerve his failing arm.

His hand is on the pirate's stern;
His piteous plaint hath brought
The Pagan band, unused to burn
With human love, to look and learn
What deeds that power hath wrought.

"I am a peasant," thus he spake,
"These hands the token bear;
I have no hope but her ye take,
No wealth beyond the heart ye break,
No ransom but my pray'r.
Then think upon my fate forlorn,
And take, oh take, these limbs outworn,
Nor listen to my grief with scorn,
Because ye do not share.
Ye cannot tell, oh ye who reign
O'er captives for the cruel mart,
How dear the office to sustain.

Toil, sorrow, poverty, or pain,
 With love's confiding heart.
 How dear the wedded hopes that thrall
 The soul to which those hopes are all,
 How mutual chains can never gall,
 Like diadems apart."

They listen'd to the suppliant's pray'r,
 And raised him to the deck;
 And stood in silence round the pair,
 To marvel that a maid so fair
 Clung round a Christian neck.
 And then the breeze which late was spent
 Sprang up again, and on they went
 Still sailing to the low lament
 Of joy's untimely wreck.

"Oh whither, whither, dost thou rove
 Beneath the midnight sky?
 And wherefore hast thou stol'n the love
 Of peasant poor as I?

"Take back, take back my promis'd bride,
 Weak hands for toil hath she,
 And I will work the double tide,
 And bless thee on my knee!"

"The wind doth waft us fresh and free,
 The planets brightly lead
 To Tunis or to Tripoli,
 Where'er we best may speed.

"And we have stol'n thy bride away
 To hear no peasant's pains,
 But grace the harem of the Bey,
 Whom thou shalt serve in chains."

'Twas morn: a hundred warriors press'd,
 With vest of gold and visage grim,
 Before the judgment seat, and guess'd
 The price of beauty's beating breast,
 And love's devoted limb:
 And the dark chief, with omen dread,
 Gaz'd long upon the maid, half dead,
 Until her hero's tale was said,
 And then he gaz'd on him.

And as he gaz'd he seem'd to tell
 How Heaven ne'er oped the flower of fear,
 But kindly, in its poison bell,
 It left some honey drop to Jwell,
 The guardian of the sphere.
 Yea, how the winds and waves can die
 In whispers, like a love-born sigh,
 And the wild lightning skim the sky,
 Upon a calm career.

And mild he spake—"I will not wound
 One plume your soaring hopes possess'd,
 Nor cast our lawless links around
 Two hearts the King of Kings hath bound
 Into a shrine so blest.

There rather shall the Moor lay down
 A tribute worth his ruby crown,
 That ye may rule to love's renown
 The land ye love the best."

Oh whither, whither, once again,
 Bold pirate, dost thou hold
 Thy course upon the bounding main,
 With freight of gems and gold?

And who are these that trust the wave
 Beneath thy dreaded sail?
 This pair, so beautiful and brave,
 That chide the lagging gale?

Vain question for an answer guess'd!
 For pains and perils past,
 Behold once more Licos's crest,
 Where love is crown'd at last.

There late a moss-clad column bore
 This simple page of peasant lore
 And aye, at vintage eve,
 Young plighted pairs dreamt o'er and o'er
 What love might still achieve.

EPIGRAM,

TO A STATIONER'S DAUGHTER.

Thy face so fair, so bland, so neat,
 With orient locks to crown it,
 Reminds me of a foolscap sheet,
 The red wax trickling down it.

THE LITERARY LOAFER.

His hat, once black, has now grown brown,
 And, like its wearer, wants a crown;
 He swears his works are daily quoted—
 Alas! his body's seldom coated.
 He lacks "appliances and means to boot;"
 And scarce possesseth a shoe to his foot;
 His stockings, like his lines heroic,
 Often want feet. But as a stoic
 He bears his ills—on either shoulder
 A mountain scares the mute beholder;
 Like Cocker's page, at ev'ry action,
 His breeks display a vulgar fraction;
 The dingy nondescripts he wears,
 Are now, "like Niobe, all tears;"
 Him, most unmannerly they've treated,—
 In vain he begs them to be seated.
 Yet, spite of all, this wight still chooses
 To woo, in rags, the pauper Muses;
 Against which whim each slipper shows
 Its five sad moving manifestoes.

C.

THE TROMBONE PLAYER.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY M. HERTZ, ESQ.

LOUIS the Eighteenth was not a devotee, but it constituted part of his politics to be occasionally religious; he resolved, therefore, to give a grand spectacle of Christian humility, by going in regal state to his own Parish Church, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, on the first Easter Sunday after his restoration. It was a fine April morning; the troops were early on foot, in parade order, in the small space that separates the Palace of the Tuileries from the ancient church; and an immense concourse of people filled the courtyard of the Carousel, and the front of the Louvre.

The king with his family occupied a large open barouche; the blue and piercing eye of the monarch glanced over the assembled multitude; he frequently uncovered himself, and bowed to the right and left amid exclamations of "Long live the Royal Family! long life to the Bourbons."

The procession arrived in front of the old church, famous for its Gobelin tapestry; an awning was erected before the porch of the church, the band of the National Guard struck up the airs of "Vive Henri Quatre," and *Charmente Gabrielle*."

The gouty monarch alighted from his carriage, after a deal of trouble, and was about to enter the church, when the curate appeared at the head of his clergy, and began to address his majesty in a most beautiful speech. This caused the king to make wry faces, foreseeing that, thanks to the loquacity of the worthy curate, he should be forced to keep on his legs, a situation he held in abhorrence, although, as he had vowed to sacrifice himself for that day, he resolved to endure it. But when the eloquence of the curate took an immeasurable extension, the king began to *see saw*, sometimes resting on one leg, and then on the other. This habit, "the *Bourbon* gait," was so well known, that it was far from being supposed a mark of impatience, and the poor king looked round in vain to find a person who would sympathise with his sufferings; he at last observed that the Duke de Berri was not paying any great attention to the oration, and the king made signs for him to approach.

"Berri, this address is tremendously long," said his majesty; "will it never end?"

"Sire, I share your impatience," replied the Duke.

"Not you, indeed, for you have good legs; I can scarcely keep on mine, and suffer most horribly. Is there no way to end this torment?"

"Yes, sire, nothing more easy, if you authorise me."

"Yes, Berri, go; but it must not appear to emanate from me."

The Duke de Berri approached an officer of the Gardes du Corps, and whispered a secret order to him. From that moment Louis appeared to pay more attention to the oration; the enchanted curate gave additional energy to his verbose eloquence, when all at

once his voice was covered by the loud beating of the big drums, and the bellowing of the trombones, and braying of trumpets.

"The band struck up the tune of "Vive le Roi, vive la France," cheers sounded from every side, intermixed with the loud pealing of the bells. It was one universal uproar; the courtiers who surrounded the king, looked amazed; the poor curate remained standing with his mouth wide open, sadly puzzled at this unexpected interruption. Louis seemed impassive; but he slightly bowed to the Duke de Berri as if to thank him for the service he had rendered. The king advanced a step, the clergy preceded him, the whole court followed, and in a few moments Louis found himself very commodiously seated in one of the gilt arm-chairs, ranged at the entrance of the choir, for the use of the Royal Family. The people were admitted into the side aisles, while the centre was filled with the king's suite; he himself being surrounded by his most faithful servants, who seemed to form a rampart with their bodies.

Divine service commenced; it might last as long as they pleased, Louis was comfortably seated in his arm chair; sundry cushions were disposed before him in such a way that the indispensable genuflexions might be rendered easy to his gouty limbs. The choristers chanted the prayers preceding the grand mass, the priests were in their stalls, and the choir was almost empty, when a person came through one of the doors of the sacristy. He was a tall lean young man, dressed in a cassock and surplice. He rapidly traversed the choir, and was about to take a seat in one of the stalls, when he recollected that he had forgotten to bow before the tabernacle. He returned towards the altar and knelt on one of the steps. As he stooped, a singular noise was heard; a sword escaping from under his cassock, struck loudly on the marble floor. The young man hastened to hide the murderous weapon, covering it with the peaceful attire of the Levite, and regained his place, from whence he quietly intoned the verse of the psalm. His apparent tranquillity was far from being shared by those who surrounded the king. Their faces turned pale, they whispered, orders were given, musket shafts struck the sonorous marble of the temple; officers hurried to and fro; the word was passed to clear the lower side aisles, and troops occupied the place of the people. The king inquired the cause of the tumult; one of his aides de camp addressed him in a whisper, and the report was publicly given that an armed priest had attempted the life of the king.

The unlucky author of all this agitation continued to chaunt his psalms, in a firm and musical voice, when two superior officers approached and thus addressed him—"Follow us instantly, sir."

"Beg pardon, sir, I cannot, my presence is required here; but, as soon as the ceremony terminates, I shall be entirely at your service," and again he commenced singing with all his might.

"Sir, I repeat it, you must follow us instantly; let us try to avoid creating any sensation or alarm. Come to the sacristy; resistance would be useless, therefore, do not put us under the necessity of employing force."

"As I cannot act otherwise, I'll follow you, Messieurs; but I request of you to take notice that you force me to abandon my post."

The sacristy was filled with soldiers; when the young man entered, he was placed between two fusiliers, who would not allow him to use the slightest gesticulation.

"Hollo!" exclaimed he, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"Be satisfied, sir, to answer," was the reply.

A man, girded with a white scarf, was sitting at a table, with other individuals, and provided with every article necessary for drawing up a *proces-verbal*.

The interrogatory began. "You carry arms about you?"

"Arms? No. I have a sword, that's all.

"Write down that; he confesses being armed.—Why did you hide your sword so carefully under your cassock?"

"Because it is not customary to carry a sword over a cassock."

"Sir! none of your jokes. Consider that a grave accusation weighs heavily against you, and that your life is at stake."

"My life? I say! why is this mystification? let us begin to understand one another," said the prisoner.

"What is your profession?"

"A musician."

"And why does a musician disguise himself as a priest, and carry arms under his assumed garments?"

"These garments are my own as well as the sword. I am a trombone player in the band of the National Guard, and at the same time a chorister of this church. I was concerned in the flourish when the king arrived, and waited for the end of the eurate's speech, to undress myself, for the purpose of singing at divine service. But the worthy man was not allowed to proceed, and we were told to strike up in the middle of his address. We did so; service commenced, and I had only time left to put on my cassock over my uniform; with your permission, I'll now take it off altogether, as divine service is nearly over, and I shall be wanted with the band."

Here the scene changed; the judges laughed; the minutes of the proceedings were torn up, and the accused shared the merriment of his judges, when he was told, that he, poor devil, had been taken for a conspirator, and had very nearly put the whole government in alarm. Peace and tranquillity were restored in the church. The lower side aisles, were again given up to the people, and the king, learning the trifling cause of this hubbub, had much trouble to keep a serious countenance. In leaving the church, he tried to recognise amongst the band, the musician who had caused so much uneasiness, and perceived him, with inflated cheeks, like a Boreas over a door-post, blowing his trombone. The king smiled, and in passing by, nodded his head, so as to relieve the musician from the emotion which his short arrest must have caused. The trombone player was so charmed with this mark of royal favour, that he lost several bars in counting the time, and came in with his loud blasts and puffs in divers wrong places—a circumstance that much astonished his brother musicians.

THE POET TO HIS BRIDE.

BY CATMARINE H. WATERMAN.

LUCILLE, my love, my hope, my pride,
My beautiful, mine own fair bride,
Young angel watching by my side,

Who left its home in Heaven,
Scatt'ring the glories of its rays,
To light a mortal's cheerless days,
Making his rough and beaten ways
Bright as a summer even.

Give me the sunlight of thy smiles,
Charms, which the sting from care beguiles,
Give me thy blue eyes' liquid isles,
Where melted pearls appear;
Come—thine Eolian voice, mine own,
Low as the wind-harp's gentle tone
When answ'ring some sad spirit's moan,
Brings music to mine ear.

Vision of joy, more fair than aught
My fervid fancy ever wrought,
My brightest dreams embodied thought,
Where ling'rest thou so long?
Echo hath hidden in some sweet flower,
And with its witching spell of power,
Cheats me with sounds from out thy bower,
Like to thy voice's song.

The smiling stream around my feet,
Leaps to the same glad measure sweet,
The ev'ning breeze its strains repeat,
Mocking my heart in glee;
Yet art thou near—for by my side,
Young flowers blush forth in crimson pride,
They hail thy steps, Lucille, my bride,
They blossom fresh for thee.

LIFE'S VAGARIES,

OR, THE STAGE, THE ARMY, AND THE LAW.

"It's a bad night, sir," said my host of the —, at —, to me, as I mounted my horse intent on reaching London. "You'll hardly make town to-night, through such weather; you'd better let me put the beast up, and take a bed here, sir."

"No, no, I thank you," I said; "the night's bad enough, but I'll try the road again."

"You'll find it a bad one, sir; and ten to one but the waters are out, and the way flooded, or the Dart would have been here before this; let me persuade you, sir."

"Your liquor, good friend," I answered, "would be a better persuasion than your words, if any thing could prevail, but I must on;" and, that said, I wished him a good night, and giving the reins a jerk, pushed homewards at a smart trot. It was, truly, a dismal night, and as an Irish friend of mine said of a similar one, "every hour it improved momentarily for the worse," till the rain blew in my face in clouds; the road was swamped, the wind roared, whistled, and howled, the thunder growled, and the lightning played about my stirrup irons, or flashed on me the brightness of day, and then left me in almost chaotic darkness. I had not proceeded two miles, when I began very grievously to repent me of my obdurate refusal of my host's hospitality; but false shame, that sister of sin and folly, prevented me from turning my horse's head, and seeking the shelter I had left: meanwhile, every step I advanced, the storm came on more and more fiercely, till it amounted to a hurricane, and the horse could scarcely proceed for the violence of the wind, which almost shook me from the saddle, and the water, which already reached over his fetlocks; so that it was with no little pleasure that, after beating five miles through the tempest, my eye caught a glimmer of light, which played through the crevices in the shutters of a post-house, on — moor. Thoroughly drenched, even to the innermost cuticle of my skin, I gladly drew up at the door, and committing my quadruped companion (no less anxious than myself to shelter his head) to the care of the landlord, I made a dart into the house, and quickly ensconced myself into the farthest corner of the kitchen-settle; a small knapsack, unbuckled from my saddle, furnished me with dry stockings, linen, and trousers, to which the landlord, in his charity, adding a smock-frock, I was soon as comfortable as a bishop, and at much less expense. A cigar, and a mug of punch brewed by my own hands, together with the assurance of a bed, a luxury which under worse circumstances I have often been compelled to dispense with, completed the measure of my felicity, and I blessed my stars for having secured me such a haven. "A very bad night, sir," said somebody, as I set down my tumbler, after a most plebeian libation. Now, the donning of the frock and the compounding of the punch,

had so engrossed me, that I had not perceived the other chimney-corner was occupied by a jolly, genteel, demi-rotund, red-faced, dapper little man; and as I assented to the remark, I apologized to him for not having noticed him before. "Don't mention it, sir," he said; "but you've had a taste of the weather, though," &c. &c. &c. And so we common-placed in a very neighbourly fashion, till a rumble was heard at the door, and presently a stranger presented himself, to share the comforts of a roof, and a blazing coal and leg fire. He was tall, of an erect figure, and wore a large blue cloak, from which, and from his somewhat stiff carriage, I gathered that he was an army man.

"A most infernal night, this, gentlemen," said he, approaching the fire, "Here, landlord, I can sleep here, I suppose?"

"We have one spare bed, sir."

"That will do." He soon after proceeded to this room to change his clothes. Immediately afterward, another coach stopped at the door, and while it was rattling past the window, off again, a tall, spare man, with an affected gait, savouring of pomp and ease, strode up to the fire, with an old portmanteau in his hand, and bowing lightly to me and my fellow-inmate of the chimney as he approached, spread his legs before the fire, took off his hat, shook the exterior wet, which could find no further room in or under his worn surtout, from off it, by a jerk of his shoulders, and spread his benumbed fingers, first relieved from the embraces of a pair of white-worn black kid gloves, over the blaze. "A bad night, gentlemen; but you seem, fortunately, tolerably dry—travelled inside, I presume—safest way—I generally do myself—variable climate ours—you had better draw nearer the fire."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," said the soldier, who had just re-entered, "you are more in need of its warmth than we are; I have just changed."

"Oh, indeed, fortunate for you that you travelled with a change—the safest way—I generally do myself; but the fact is, I am an humble and unworthy member of the histrionic profession—a manager—and not contemplating this sudden resolve of the weather, I had sent my wardrobe on with my company to —."

"But, sir," said the officer, "in the state that you are, you will be dead with rheumatism or lumbago, before the morning. If you have not a change, you had better go to-bed."

"*Commencez par le commencement, mon ami,*" says Pantagruel, or as Mrs. Glass has it, in her recipe how to prepare a goose, 'first get a goose,'—there's not a bed to spare in the house; to be sure, I have in my portmanteau a couple of dry suits, but they would hardly suit here." We all begged him, with one voice, to waive ceremony, and consult his health.—

"Why, the fact is, gentlemen," said the player, "they are theatrical."

"Never mind that," we answered.

"Well, then, gentlemen, since you are so kind as to permit my travestie, I will avail myself of your goodness. The player then left the room, and in a few minutes re-entered, metamorphosed into Shylock, without a beard, and wearing a white night-cap.—When the laugh occasioned by his ludicrous appearance had subsided, the conversation turned upon the profession of the stage, and the prejudices which existed against it. "Alas! gentlemen," said the player, "it is a sorry trade, and a laborious one: in youth, we find excitement in it, and laugh, perforce, at its *désagréments*; but at my time of life, sir, the treadmill is a recreation compared with it. Would to God I had never ceased to be a cow herd, or had, at least, never quitted the waist of the Hell hound! You seem surprised at these words," he added, "but I was not always what I am, and it is rather strange how I became so, as it is generally surprising to see on what almost imperceptible pivots our destinies turn. Perhaps it might not be unamusing to you to have my history; and as we are met here in kindly fellowship, and the fire burns cheerily, I will relate it to you, if you will lend me your ears."

We gladly assented to this, and thanked him heartily for the offer. The soldier drew out his cigar-case, and, handing it to me, bade me help myself, inquiring if I would share a bowl of punch with him? I readily agreed, and the bowl being ordered, the player was invited to join us at it; the officer's friend called for some wine and water; the gentleman in the chimney-corner bespoke a glass of hot brandy and water; and the fire being stirred, the candles snuffed, pipes and cigars lit, throats cleared, legs crossed, and limbs finally fidgeted into comfortable attitudes, our hatriot began

THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAYER.

"It is now sixty-three years since I advanced by the usual nine-months march, into the bowels of this land. My father was one Job Dickson, and my mother, Nell, his wife. Old Job had, in his early days, been a soldier, and, subsequently a trampler; but, at the period of my history, had subsided into something between a poacher and a pauper, while my lady-mother had become eminent in the occult and other sciences, and dispensed pills and prophecies to the neighbouring neives and serves. At seventeen, I was a strapping lad, but had given no distinct promise of what my career would be; my time, for the first ten years after the attainment of my first lustre, having been spent in the inglorious toils of cow-minding, bird-scaring, and other agricultural pursuits, and my last two years having been passed in that sort of independent dependence which the game laws and the poor laws conjointly produce and perpetuate; in fact, I, Job, junior, had learned the art and mystery of snaring the hare, and acquired a taste for gin and for the sweets of idleness, and might, in time, have attained the honour of shooting a keeper, but for one of those

accidents, which are continually turning the course of human life into unforeseen channels. It so happened that, in one of my moonlight forays, I had made the acquaintance of a certain young lady well known in our district. 'But, why dwell on this?' as the poet says. Some time afterwards I was particularly wanted by a parish-officer, who was inquiring for me with a sort of parental solicitude, saying he wanted me for a *little job*,—so, packing up all my personal property very carefully in my coat-pockets, I set out, one starry night, from my father's halls, without a word to any body, and fled for safety and for succour to the great refuge for the destitute—London. Towards nightfall on the fourth day after my flight, I reached White-chapel Church, completely knocked up. I did not, however, remain long in that condition, for at the next corner I was knocked down, and before I had time to get on my legs, I was bid to stand, and my pockets were emptied of two bad shillings, a lump of cold bacon, half a cotton handkerchief, a tin tobacco-box (containing a lock of Polly's hair,) half an ounce of shag, and the ballad of 'Black-eyed Susan.'

"This was rather a bad beginning, but I bore my loss with all the fortitude of my nature, simply cursing love, the justice, the overseer, and the other thieves; then drawing a smooth sixpence from the inside of my left shoe, I turned into a public house, where the noise promised me some amusement, and taking a seat in the tap-room, ordered half-a-pint of beer. I had not sat here long, when I perceived that the rest of the company all seemed mighty familiar with each other, and, soon after, I observed they all wore the same dress, while, from their conversation, I learned they were seamen. Now, I had always an itching for adventure, and seeing no prospect of indulging it longer in orchards, preserves, or fish-ponds, I began to think of 'courting danger on the deep.'—This thought had just struck me, when the company, with one accord, rose to depart.—'Come along, young man,' said one, who went before the rest. 'Where be'st a-goin'?' said I, innocently, taking it for an invitation to a jollification of some sort. But I was soon enlightened; my pressing friends were the press-gang; and, that day week, I was entered on board the Hell-hound, at Portsmouth, about to sail with an outward-bound East India convoy.

"Here I had the honour of serving his Majesty in the capacity of a waister, during five months that our voyage lasted, but my talents were found not to be longer wanted. The captain, who had noticed me as an active chap, having lost his servant by the yellow fever, selected me to supply his place; and as I was fortunate enough to please, and he said that I might be infinitely more useful to him with a little scholarship, he paid the schoolmaster to instruct me in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This worthy was an old rum-drinking, swearing, tobacco-loving sinner, who reckoned both the law and the gospel secondary matters to grog and returns. 'Go to hell, you stupid son of a w——,' at the same time, squirting an ocean of decoction of pigtail on my slate, was the paternal admonition that told me of an error in a sum. But he had gentle, winning moments, when he would strive,

with the grace of a coach-horse in an opera-box, to be insinuating. Such were the times when I was besought to purify a neckcloth, with my master's soap, for some special occasion, or, on some of my frequent shore-trips, to provide him with some choice bit for his eternal mastications. The captain, my master, was a young sprig of nobility, a martinet in matters of coats and trousers among his officers, and rather a good sort of devil-may-care fellow among his men; but, among the women, he was a devil and an angel, synonymous terms in intrigue; and, I confess, his doings in that line often exercised my ingenuity.

"'Job,' he said to me one day, about three years after I had entered his service—which I may truly say I preferred to the king's—and while we were lying at Portsmouth,—take these two letters on shore, and tell Mrs. D. (his wife) that I can't leave the ship to-day; and mention to Miss Vickery that I'll dine with her this afternoon.'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, and I went on shore: but meeting there, unfortunately with a shipmate, I saw the bottom of a quartern measure so often, that, at length, I forgot the head of my orders, and gave a tender letter, intended for the unmarried lady, and brimfull of sweet recollections of past stolen joys, anticipations of others to come, and a word about the dinner, to Mrs. D.; and delivered to Miss Vickery a conjugal epistle in which my master vowed never to set eyes again on the little impudent baggage, as he called herself, who, by her arts and wheedling ways, had led him to give his dear wife offence; and concluding, as the lady's maid told me, with a request that she would contrive to send him twenty pounds on board, to pay his servant, myself, who had taken care that he should owe me nothing. I did not see the captain again that day, as, when I went on board again, he was gone ashore: but, the next morning, when I went to get his clothes ready, I found him already dressed; and when I entered he rose, and shut the door, and sitting down with ominous composure, asked me if I had ever been started? By the Lord Harry, Job, thought I, you've done some mischief in your cups; the gratings, methought, were marching up to me on a couple of cat's forelegs, and I was so confused by the question, that I stammered out, 'No, I thank you, sir.' 'None of your nonsense, d—n you, sir; if you never have tasted the cat, the service has not been fairly dealt with, and I'll see that reparation is speedily made. You were on shore, yesterday?'—'Yes, sir, by your orders.'—'And were you drunk by my orders? And you have never been started? Well, then, by G—d,'—but here his words were arrested by the appearance of his wife, and, along with her, her brother and father, all wearing faces as long as hand-spikes. I rejoiced at the interruption, left the state-room, and seizing a large portmanteau of my master's, packed it full of my moveables in all haste, went upon deck with it, and a letter in my hand, and telling the officer of the deck that I had the captain's orders to take them on shore, got into a bum-boat alongside, was landed, mounted the top of a London coach, got off half way, took a cross-road, purchased a great-coat, travelled two days in a wagon, then got on ano-

ther coach, and stopped, in the end, at Birmingham. Here I lay snug and quiet for a couple of days, when, having new-rigged myself, I took a turn, and was looking in at a jeweller's window, when the sound of my name, familiarly bawled in my ears, made me almost bolt through the glass. I dared not look round, but stood pilloried in the position I was accosted in, with my eyes staring out of my head, but seeing nothing unless it was a sort of vision of boat-swain's mates tucking their shirt-sleeves up. 'Holloa. Job, why, damme, mun, art deaf?' cried the voice again; 'or hast forgotten Jack Driver?'—'Jack Driver!' I exclaimed; 'the Lord be praised; give us your hand, Jack. I am so glad, I could take a lion by the fin!'—'Ah, you're a good chap, I thought you'd be glad to see me; but what be'st a-doing here, and where ha' ye been since ye cut ——?' Now that was a question that I thought better unanswered; so, instead of satisfying Jack's curiosity, I inquired what brought him there? and was told his legs and a recruiting sergeant. 'Lord love you,' said Jack, I belongs to the Buffs. But come,' said Jack 'let's have a drop o' summit, and I'll tell you a sight o' news;' so we turned into a public-house which was at hand, and there we had so many sups, that in the morning I awoke with a cursed pain in my head, and a shilling in my waistcoat pocket, which I was told had also converted me into one of the Buffs. I guessed rightly that this was my friend Mr. John Driver's doings; but, however, I cared little about it, for I knew not what to do with myself before, and I was, at least, sure again of board and lodging; so I buckled to, and having fought the bully of the regiment, and learnt my drill, I became pretty comfortable; and as I was, thanks to the old fellow, my Mentor in the Hell-hound, a pretty fair scholar, I got on, till, in the course of five years, I came to be orderly clerk, and a sort of gentleman.

"It was then, after sundry minor amours, that I attracted the eyes of a single lady, who lived opposite the barrack-gate at ——, in a small house of her own. Now or never, I thought, Job, my boy; if you lose this opportunity, you deserve to be shut in durance the rest of your life. So I smiled, and nodded, and winked, till I saw the inside of the tenement, and, once there, I vowed it should be mine; so I ogled, and whispered, and swore, and wen the day—procured my discharge, and enlisted next day with Hymen. Well, I was in clover. Now, my spouse was a widow, her first husband having been lost some years before on the coast of India: and she had a neat little property of about a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and was as tight a little body, and as good a housewife, as any would desire, and very comfortable we were. Shortly after our marriage we removed from the town, and took a small farm, which just grew enough for our own consumption, and amused me. Then I had my gun and my dog, and a bit of a pony and chaise, too, in which I and the little woman went to church, or to a merry-making; and, for six years, we knew no more of care than of the fifth wheel of a coach; but,

'All that's bright must fade.'

"I had been alone to market one day, and, returning, had taken the saddle off the pony, and having slipped his bridle, had turned him into the grass, so that I got up to the house before it was known I was coming, when, on looking in at the kitchen-window, I saw my wife, with her eyes shut, lying in the arms of a strange man; with one drive, I knocked the door open, and, rushing in on them, demanded what the scene meant, and who the gentleman was? I can't describe to you what ensued—he was my wife's first husband, returned after a ten years' captivity among the Malays. Of course, I had only to cede my right, which, after having taken a painful farewell of my late loved partner, I did; but the shock of contending feelings unhinged her, and the dear little soul, in two months, sank into the grave. Heaven rest her! Her husband went to sea again, and I, at a loss what to do, spent day after day in planning, and re-planning, and regretting the happiness I had lost. One evening, that I was more than usually dull, I went to the theatre, with a view of dispelling the despondent ideas that crowded on me, and took my seat in the front row of the pit. A tumult, originating I know not how, took place, which interrupted the performance—the police was called in—the row became a riot—from a revolt, ensued a revolution; the benches were torn up, and a party of ruffians, intent on theft or any other villainy, took the opportunity to gratify their natures, and rushing on the stage, spread themselves through the dressing-rooms. Knowing the characters of some of these gentlemen, I seized a bar of iron that lay near, and jumping across the orchestra, followed the cries of women, which came from a distance, and, in a few seconds, found myself among three of the scoundrels, who had forced themselves into a room where two females were, and after plundering it, and tearing the ear-rings even from their ears, were proceeding to the basest and grossest insults, when I sent my bar flying among them, and taking one of the ladies, who had fainted, in my arms, and seizing the hand of the other, I delivered them from the place by a small back door, and conveyed them to a neighbouring house, where they were in safety. The rest is briefly told. I was thanked, and warmly: the lady who had fainted was young and a beauty. I perceived it. She was the manager's daughter—I became a player to woo her—and, in six months, she was married to a peer. What I have seen, and what I have encountered since, would be matter for as many volumes as Lopez de Vega wrote, and I reserve my memoirs for the highest bidder, following the example of all other great men."

Having concluded, with one accord we thanked the actor for his history, drank a deep health to him, and speedily called on the soldier for his confessions, who proceeded briefly to tell of his progress in

THE ARMY.

"Gentlemen," he said, "mine is but a short and uninteresting tale. I entered the army a boy, twenty-six years ago, and served through the whole of the late war in one regiment and another, on the Conti-

nent and in the Peninsula, and was fortunate enough to have my name mentioned more than once with commendation in despatches; but there was a ban upon my name. My father, although he had a large family, was imprudent enough to be honest, and so foolish as to be independent. He was an author of considerable celebrity, and, notwithstanding considerable offers to induce him to adopt a contrary course, invariably maintained in his writings the liberal side of all political questions. This was a very sufficient reason why my name should be passed over on all occasions of promotion, and, at the peace, I was a lieutenant, as I had been for fourteen years, and, as I saw, every prospect of remaining the rest of my life. On my return to England, I took a small cottage near Walton-upon-Thames, where, with my pay, and a small income of my wife's, I contrived to live genteelly, although superfluities were necessarily forbidden. We had been there some time, when one evening, as I was walking out with my wife, we were overtaken on our way by a lady driving a curricule, who stopped to admire two pet spaniels we had taken with us for an airing. On our return we learned that she was the wife of an illustrious character, whose voice was supreme in army matters; and, in the morning, I sent her the two dogs, with my respectful requests that she would honour me by accepting them, which she was graciously pleased to do, and, in the evening, called at my cottage, on her drive, to thank me for the present; and having inquired of me if I was not in the army, and what was my rank and standing, departed. Three weeks after this event I was appointed (thanks to my dog and bitch) to a company, which my services had vainly claimed; and subsequently, for a Prussian cat, obtained the majority I now hold; and God knows whether I should not, at this moment, have been a field-marshal, if the old lady had lived, and I had got a prodigious dog-fancier for a friend."

The major finished; and his health being drunk, he appealed to the chimney-corner tenant to continue our amusement, who readily proceeded to do so, by giving us the following account of the

LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN OF THE LAW

"I should be happy, gentlemen," said the speaker, "to follow the example of our worthy friend, the doctor here, and begin with the beginning, that is to say, commence my history with my pedigree; but it has been decided, in *Green vs. Smith*, see 1st Atkins, p. 572, that in the case of bills for specific performance, the court will not give the relief sought where the act is impossible to be done—a very sensible decision, and one of which I avail myself in this case; for, to say truth, gentlemen, I know as little of my lineage as did Billy Lackaday, who was found, one fine frosty morning, suspended in an airy basket, to the sign-post of the Hog in Armour. The only common ancestor I can date from with certainty is Adam; and all that I know with accuracy of my descent, is that, arguing on the received hypothesis of generation, I must have had both a father and a mother, but who

they were, surpasses my understanding. I was first discovered, about forty years ago, at the door of the parson-house, in the village of —, neatly wrapped up in swaddling-clothes, and packed up in a deal box, covered with an ironing-blanket. Some gave me to the parson and pew-opener—some to the parish-clerk, Gabriel Gammon, a puritanical person, and Doll Samers, a lady who, Sappho-like, sung ditties to the wind. The latter conjecture I renounce, and on the former I can give no opinion, and am, on the whole, contented, like Napoleon, to date from myself. My early days, of course, were spent in the workhouse, and at the parish-school I was first initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet, and of pot-books and hangers, under the auspices of one Gabriel Gammon, who wrote himself, in addition to his clerkship, parish schoolmaster. Luckily, I was impervious to the gross tuition of this man: the ignorant attributed this unjustly to stupidity—the more sagacious, to idleness and obstinacy; and it was at length suggested, in the cant of the place, that I should be well-wallopped.—This was a species of correction I frequently underwent; it is analogous to the system of flogging in other great public scholastic establishments, although of a less degrading character; and if it wrought no other effect upon me, it at least, by calling into early exercise my lungs, mainly tended to give me the sonorous delivery I am gifted with. To a boy, however, of my great natural parts, and whose feelings were bottomed as mine are, this punishment could not but be loathsome; I meditated vengeance and escape, and, having found a fitting opportunity, I turned Gabriel's two wigs and one pair of inexpressibles one morning before he rose, filled his shoes with coal-tar, extracted from the kettle of an artist employed to daub the palings, and, happy in my revenge, left the house by day-break, with a Dutch cheese in the top of Gabriel's hat, borrowed for the occasion, a dozen red-herrings, and a beating heart in my breast, and a bottle of small beer and a Society's bible in my coat-pockets; and after eight hours' hard walking and running, found myself in a pleasant wood, at a safe remove from my native village. Fatigued with my pedestrianism, and the task of balancing the hat and cheese, I reclined here *sub tegmine fagi*, and made a hearty meal of red herrings, washing them down with the beer; then, availing myself of their invigorating qualities, I resumed my journey, and, at night, slept on the windward side of a brick-kiln, and, in a week's time, reached London by short stages, having contrived to eke out my provisions, during this time, by occasionally pulling a turnip, or sucking a stray egg. Night was fast approaching on the day of my arrival in town, and I was penniless, and without a shelter for my head. I wandered from street to street, wondering where I should get my next meal, until I found my way into a court near the Temple, which was inhabited by attorneys, and finding no other outlet, I was about returning by the way I had entered, when a gentleman, who came out of one of the houses in great haste, asked me if I wanted a job, and receiving my answer in the affirmative, gave me a large blue bag, to carry, and told me to follow him, which I did,

until he stopped at a large building, took the bag from me, and told me to wait for him; and, returning in half an hour, handed it again to me, and walked on to the house from which we had set out, when he gave me a shilling for my pains; with this I procured some scraps from a cook-shop, and some bread, and, having satisfied the cravings of my stomach, I took up my quarters for the night in an unfinished house, where I slept very comfortably among the shavings. In the morning, not knowing where to go, I again repaired to the court where I had been employed the day before, and had not long been there before the same gentleman again made his appearance, and I made bold to touch Gabriel's hat to him, and ask him if he had another job? 'Why, no, not exactly, unless, as the chambers are going to be painted, you like to go and help the clerk to put the desks and boxes out of the way.' Any thing for a meal. So I thanked him, and hurried away to my work. The clerk, who was, although only a scrub, rather a fop, was rejoiced at the accession of an ally who relieved him of all the dirty work, and accordingly treated me, at dinner-time, to some bread and cheese and beer, to which I did ample justice, and at night, after some coffee and bread and butter, I received eighteen-pence for my work. This rather elevated me in my own estimation, and created doubts in my mind whether it was quite genteel or consistent with my dignity to sleep on shavings, and in a house without a roof; so I ventured, as I gallantly carried the laundress's pail down stairs, to ask her if she could recommend me to a lodging? This led to a confabulation, in the course of which I intrusted her with my history, and which ended by the kind old woman—God bless her!—she's my own housekeeper now—tendering me a corner of her garret, which I joyfully accepted. Day after day I got some little occupation about this gentleman's office, until, at length, I was permanently placed in it as errand-boy, and to serve notices, &c. &c., at six shillings a week; which I regularly handed over to my good landlady, who contrived to board and lodge me for it, and to procure me, now and then, such articles of clothing as I required, which, however were few, as I had, occasionally, a coat or a pair of trousers from my master. As I made myself, moreover, useful and accommodating, to his *chargé-d'affaires*, he instructed me in writing and spelling, until I could write a fair hand, and was tolerably perfect in orthography.

"In the evenings, after office hours, I read one book and another of my master's, increasing my little stock of knowledge; and, in the process of time, my senior quitting the office, I was installed in his place, and became a clerk in earnest. This was a proud day for me, and Mrs. Jenkins, who dealt out to me, after a gayer supper than usual, many useful lessons of thrift, greatly to my profit in the end; a garret adjoining hers was taken for me, and we went on very comfortably until I attained my twenty-fourth year, when my employer, in return for my attention, gave me my articles, as it is called,—that is, took me as his articled clerk, or apprentice, without a premium, advancing at the same time the money for the stamps

my indentures, (1821) and taking my bond for the amount, under the understanding that he was to deduct a certain proportion weekly from my salary, until he was reimbursed that sum. To understand the full value of this kindness, you must know, gentlemen, that no person can be admitted an attorney or solicitor, until he has served under articles for five years to some person, duly admitted and practising, as my employer was, and that, by this act, I was put in a way to become a member of the profession.

"I was now a gentleman—and polished up my outward man as became one; occasionally, too, when my finances would permit, I figured in the pit of Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane at half-price; but, above all, I kept my eye on the main chance, and on my master's interests: nothing like it, gentlemen. At length, my articles expired, and I was admitted; and shortly afterwards, the worthy man who had so greatly befriended me, took ill and died, leaving me all his office furniture, his law-books, his watch—a splendid one—and his business. My name now stood conspicuous on the door-plate, and on the door, and in the law-lists, and in the papers, and I was considered well to do in the world. But while I wore a sleek and smiling exterior, I was as miserable as a scald mairn within. The small sum of money I had been enabled to save, vanished within the first three months, under the magic influence of the wand of office of my Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of St. Albans, and other of the magnates, who sit like so many incubi and nightmares on the heart of old mother Justice; and notwithstanding all my care and parsimony—my dining at Johnson's off a pewter plate for six-pence, and breakfasting and supping neither here nor there—I had the mortification to find myself, on a beautiful, sunshiny day, without a shilling out of my books. It would have been some consolation to me if the day had been dull and overcast; but instead of that, the sun shone with most provoking brilliancy, and I, merely seeking to escape my thoughts, feigned a journey for business to the West End, and wandered into St. James's Park, meditating most despondingly on the gloomy prospect before me. It was nothing for me to return to the capacity of a clerk, I could have been well contented simply to do that; but the idea that I must throw away a good and profitable business, made to my hands, played the devil with me, and drove me almost mad, and I threw myself down on a seat, and began to think seriously of borrowing seven and six-pence somewhere, to pay the price of an advertisement for a situation. I had sat here some half hour or better, ruminating on the 'chaos come again' of my affairs, when an elderly stranger seated himself on the same bench, and bowed to me. I returned the courtesy, and some small talk on the weather ensued, which was interrupted by the striking of the clock of the Horse Guards. 'Bless me,' said the stranger, 'is it possible that can be five, and I have to dine at Lord B.'s at seven? and, dear me! I am such a perfect stranger in London, that I have no idea in the world how my lodgings lie from this; and I would rather wander to Tartary than enter one of those filthy machines the hackney-coaches; and

perceiving, sir, you are a resident at the court end of the town, will you, if you are going in that direction, take me under your guidance as far as Park-street?'

"My thoughts were not of the most agreeable, so I acceded to the gentleman's request, in order to while away some proportion of time. On the way, my new acquaintance's conversation became very animated: he talked warmly of the innocent joys of a rural life, the depravity of great towns, and the enormous profligacy of London; and when we arrived at his door, he professed such an admiration of my excellent principles, that he insisted in such a frank and hearty manner, on my going in and taking a steak with him, that I had not the least, or rather, to say truth, I had not a stomach to resist. 'My Lord B.' said the old gentleman, 'is a very old friend of mine—we were chums at Christ Church, forty years ago. I can take liberties with him.' And then he told me of an extensive fall of timber he had lately made on his estate in Rutlandshire, which had brought him up to town—mentioned his having swapped a pack of fox-hounds with young Squire Jones of some place with an unspeakable name, in Radnorshire, for a fishing cottage on the Wye; and asked me if I knew how Dickenson was off for hunters just now. A cough, however, which I manufactured at this crisis, and managed to keep in play till the girl, whom I heard on the stairs, entered, saved me the cost of an answer, and I believe preserved my credit. Our dinner ended, my host pressed the wine upon me, and started successively fresh topics of conversation, until I got entangled in a long debate on the corn question, which cost him three bottles of Bom Reteiro. When we had ended it, I began to perceive what I had not observed while engaged in argument, that I was rather swimming. 'Come, my lad,' said the old gentleman to me, as I was rubbing my hand over my forehead, 'we'll just take a drop of brandy to steady us, and then you shall see me to his lordship's; and with that he poured me out a huge claret-glass full. 'No, really,' I said, 'you must excuse me.' 'Not a whit, my lad—not a whit; it will keep the wine down—off with it—no flash in the pan.' And I was compelled to swallow it. I had not been five minutes in the air, on our way to Lord B.'s, before I felt that I was as drunk as Chloe. I however regulated my motions, and steadied myself as well as I could to counterfeit soberness, until we arrived at a large door, with a brilliant gas light in the glass-work of the door, but where it was situated I have no idea. This my companion said was Lord B.'s, and I was about to part with him, when he told me that after the pleasant evening we had spent, he could not allow me to leave him yet, and that he would introduce me to his lordship, who would be most happy to see any friend of his; and, accordingly, I suffered myself to be lugged in, was introduced to the noble lord, and was speedily seated at an elegant table, on which the remains of a dessert, together with decanters of wine in abundance yet lingered. I felt that it became me to be on my best behaviour at the board of a peer, so I drank but sparingly, that I might add as little as possible to the weight already on my manners.

"In about a quarter of an hour the company adjourned to the drawing rooms, where cards were proposed, and tables were speedily laid.—I declined playing at first, and occupied myself in feigning to watch the games. In one corner of the back-room I perceived a large table, at which my new friend sate in a kind of presidentship, with something that I thought very much like a rake in his hand, with which every now and then he seemed to draw heaps of cash and notes towards him. During an interval of play, his lordship (a very aristocratic looking character) and this gentleman came up to me, and the former challenged me to take a hand of whist with him towards promoting better acquaintance; this I could not well decline, but I seized an opportunity to mention to the latter that I had unfortunately come out without money. 'Pray, what o'clock is it?' he said, and I drew out the legacy of my late master to answer him from. 'That's a very handsome thing,' he remarked, 'permit me to look at it.' I did so; and he opened it and inspected its works and cases with the eye of a connoisseur. It certainly was a very beautiful watch, and had been a gift to my employer by a client, who was under great and weighty obligations to him—it was a gold chronometer of massive material, and richly studded with diamonds, and could not be worth less than a hundred and thirty guineas. 'A very handsome thing, indeed,' said the gentleman, as he returned it to me; 'but I beg pardon, you say you have no money; how very unfortunate! for I am in the same predicament with you; we left my place in such a hurry; but,' he added, 'the game is about to begin, it only waits for you. I should not like you to mention to his lordship that you were without cash; I know his lordship's steward, a rich old hunk, has had some pretty pickings in my lord's service, I assure you; I have no doubt that to oblige me, he will let you have what you require, and you can, just for form sake, leave your watch with him, (to let him know it is no particular obligation,) till I can send one of the servants to my lodgings for money.' And with these words on his lips, he commenced guiding me to a small room on the ground floor, where Mr. Steward, to oblige his lordship's particular friend, lent me 40*l.*, and I placed in his hands the watch, which in my sober senses I would not have parted with to ward off starvation. On our return to the drawing-room his lordship called on me to take my seat, which I did; the cards were dealt, and I was very speedily minus thirty-five out of my forty pounds; and I was about losing the other five, when a man rushed into the room and vociferated something which set host and guests in instant dismay; in a moment the lights were extinguished, and there was a general rush, in which I joined, thinking the house was on fire.—'Catch hold, Bob,' said somebody, as I hurried past near where the table stood at which I had seen my friend with the rake, and a heavy bag was placed in my arms. 'This way, Bob,' said somebody else, seizing hold of my arm, and pulling me in darkness down a very narrow staircase, until I knew that I was under ground, by the damp effluvia which proceeded from the earth. 'Come on,' cried my guide; 'by

God, they are behind us—*saute qui peut!*" and off he shot, while I at the same time stumbled over something, and rolled violently against the wall, where I stood for a moment or two vainly trying to rally up my fugitive senses. As I was about to proceed again, a something sparkling on the ground through the darkness caught my eye, and I stooped and picked it up; when, judge my astonishment to find it was my own watch! which no doubt was dropped by the honest steward in his flight.

"I need not say that, drunk as I was, I was right glad to get it into my guardianship again, and I deposited it, chain and all, very safely at the bottom of the fob, before I budged farther, and, that done, set out again on my journey. 'And what the devil is this in my arms?' said I—'shade of Blackstone!—but it feels like money; and where got I it, and where am I?'—and I actually began to doubt if I was myself, when, hearing a clatter in the rear, and thinking the house was falling in, I thrust the bag under my coat, supporting it with my arm, and rushing forward as fast as my legs would carry me, I found myself speedily in the open air, but where, in particular, I have never been able to divine; and after various wanderings, occupying an hour or better, I discovered King Charles, as usual, at his eternal trot at Charing Cross, and, in a quarter of an hour reached my chambers considerably sobered. Of course, I lost no time in examining the bag, which I found to contain two hundred and thirty sovereigns: and, on inspecting my watch, I found it had only sustained a slight bruise or two, and the loss of the glass; and I then began to meditate on my night's adventure, coming, finally, to the reasonable conclusion that my worthy friend was a sharper, that my Lord B.'s was nothing more than a hell, and that his lordship and his *confrères* had been disturbed by the police.

"Well, gentlemen, I next day caused inquiries to be made at the house where I had dined in Park-street, for the person who had been my host there; but I learned that he was an accidental lodger, of whom they knew nothing, and that he had left there that morning. I inquired at the police offices, and of the various parish authorities at the west end, if any officers had been sent, on the previous night, to any houses of play, and as they all assured me that none had been sent, I concluded that the good people had had a false alarm. I next advertised the affair, in terms sufficiently ambiguous to be understood only by some of those concerned, desiring any having a claim to money in the bag, to apply to A. B., at the Law Stationer's, Inner Temple-lane; but I suppose the locality brought visions of traps, and attorneys, and prosecutions, to their minds, for I had no application; and so, after waiting a reasonable time, I applied the money to my business, and, from that beginning, have gone on successfully till now, and I may say I owe my present fortune, a comfortable one, to being well walloped, (to use my old friend Gabriel Gammon's words,) in the first instance, and, in the next, to my being without a shilling on a sunshiny day."

The attorney concluded, and we drank his health, wishing the player, at the same time, the

luck to be swindled to the same tune. "I am too old a hand, gentlemen," he answered. "I doubt whether I altogether look the kind of simple, purse-bearing lad that a Rutlandshire squire, with a friend in hell, would select from a seat in the Park for his operations; however," he added, "I think I may be permitted to say that this gentleman's words, as well as those who have preceded him, and my humble

own, have borne out the remark I commenced with, that our destinies move on almost imperceptible pivots." A general assent followed this observation; after which, as it had become very late, we separated for the night; and, in the morning, we separated again, perhaps for ever—but, even if it should be so, I doubt whether we shall not rest in each other's memories till memory is no more.

SAILORS.

AN ANECDOTAL SCRIBBLE.

A SAILOR is an abstract portion of humanity; one of the floating particles of creation; a sea-weed, springing from the earth, yet drawing support from the ocean. Cabined in his "barkey," he circumnavigates the globe, but never enters it; a cosmopolitan experience cannot conquer the individuality of his mind; nor can the sharpest vinegar of life kill the essential oiliness of his nature.

A sailor is *sui generis*—an item in a collection of dittos—yet variable in his nature as the element he skims over, or the wind that wafts him about the world. A thorough-bred man-of-war's-man, while at sea, is as stable as the land; but directly he rolls ashore, he deems it his duty to be as unstable as the sea. A drunken tar, turned adrift from every tavern for continued spree, is a dangerous customer at "boarding" on the high seas; and "the sailor-boy, capering ashore," and sillily expending every shot in his locker, is most likely the last to leave his gun. Jack, when kicking up a breeze ashore, is a very different animal to Jack in a breeze at sea; and the *fokesel* yarn-spinner and the fair-weather idlers are invariably the best seamen in the ship.

But I am giving my tongue too much head-line; I may as well haul in the slack, and coil away. The nautical novels of the day faithfully depict every possible variety of the navigators of "the always-wind-obeying deep," as Shakspeare calls it. My pen is fingered now for the purpose of jotting down a few of the various anecdotes retailed a few evenings since, at a very pleasant party, by a knot of worthies—men of worth and mark, who have "braved the battle and the breeze" beneath the undulations of the star-spangled flag. These squires of the sea fired volleys of anecdotes and quarter-deck jokes; and as I was bold enough to take an observation or two, I'll overhaul my log, and make a report.

A sailor, flush of money, treated three of his girls to a theatre in one of the Atlantic cities, and engaged a hack to ride down to what he designated "the show shop." While the coach was discharging cargo, the sailor asked the expenses of the voyage, and, after an attempt at swindling, wherein the driver was non-plussed by the interference of the ladies, Jack paid his dollar for the trip. "Hold on awhile, mate," said he

to the driver, "mind you moor your craft within hail when the show's done, or what am I to do with the petticoats?" The driver promised to wait for him till the play was over, but the sailor doubted his intentions. "You'll be cruising about in some other waters, and leave me here high and dry—no sail in sight—no chart—never a compass—and out o' my latitude. If you don't come, we sha'n't make port again to-night. Stop—I have it. Give me that there dollar back again. There—there's a ten dollar bill—now you must come back to bring me my change."

One of our gallant frigates having carried a very capital prize into Boston, the crew of the commodore's barge resolved to indulge in a bit of sailor's vanity, and distinguish themselves by wearing a broad gold band around the shallow crown of their tarpaulin hats. The next time the skipper went ashore, the boat's crew obtained a short leave, and ran into the city to purchase the desired badge. When they returned to the barge, one of the crew, a square-built, hairy-faced tar, appeared with a silver ornament instead of the regulation gold. He was received with a general groan, interrupted by exclamations of "Shabby humbug—scaly varmint—douse his topsail—disgrace to the ship." Jack leaned over the rails, for he was not allowed to descend the stairs, and addressing the grumblers below, exclaimed, "Look here, mates; avast with all that there jawing tackle, and let a brother tar 'splain a bit afore you turns the hands up for punishment. I wanted a gould band as well as you, but the hellniferous land-lubber yonder had'n't never a gould one left." "You lie, you shabby serpent—you've swindled us out of the price of a pound of 'bacca in buying that white-livered thing," said the coxen. "Well," said the sailor, "I couldn't come away with never a band, you know, so I was foreed to put up with this one." Here the tumult became louder, but conscious of his innocence, Jack roared with increased energy—"I was forced to put up with this here silver one, but I wouldn't have it at no price till I made him agree to take as much for it as if it was a gould one in reality." This explanation, of course, was deemed satisfactory; and Jack took his place, free from all suspicion of doing a dirty action.

A ship is a sailor's world; and, in a sailor's eye,

every thing must be ship-shape and nautical. An ancient mariner entering Westminster Abbey for the first time, halted before Shakespeare's monument, and scanned over the old-fashioned letters forming the first line of the inscription—

THE CLOUD-CAPT TOWERS.

Of course, the sailor regarded the words in a professional point, and remarked to a messmate, "Why, Bill, here's the tombstone of my old skipper, Captain Towers; I know he'd slipped his wind, but never knew as he'd been appointed to The Cloud; that's a craft as I never heard on."

Three sailors, anxious to rejoin their ship, and unable to procure seats in the stage-coach, hired a horse and gig. The vehicle was a large, old-fashioned article, mounted on a pair of very high wheels, and having endured many years of hard and painful service, grumbled most audibly at every jerk or jingle. The horse fortunately was steady, for the sailors were totally unacquainted with the management of "the land craft." Upon starting, one of the crew picked up the reins, and said to his mates, "Well, strike me lucky, if this ain't a rum go. Look'y'e here; some lubber has tied the filber ropes together." A knife was procured, and the reins separated, when the spokesman, who sat in the middle, handed them right and left to his comrades, "Dick, hold on here to larboard; Jack, you here, to starboard, while I look out ahead." The pilot's directions ran something in this shape. "Larboard—put her nearer the wind; Dick, larboard a pint more, or we shall foul the small craft. She answers the helm well. 'Bout ship. Give her a long leg to starboard, Jack, just to weather that flock of mutton. Keep her a good full—she jibes!—port your helm, or you'll run down the bloody wagon. (A crash and a general spill.) I told you so—and here we are."

These eccentricities are not peculiar to the fore-castle. "The noblest deer halt them as huge as the rascal," and the officers of the navy present strong claims to the right of reputation for singularity. A "first luff" was commissioned, during the last war, to carry some despatches overland, and speed was the first and last injunction. At the end of the first day's journey, he halted at one of the principal hotels in Baltimore, and desired that a conveyance should be ready for his further progress at the break of day. After a light supper, he ordered a stiff glass of grog, by way of night-cap, and, finishing his cigar, desired to be shown to his room, particularly impressing upon the mind of the chambermaid the absolute necessity of his being called at break of day. When he had stripped himself of his travelling habiliments, and was on the point of stepping into bed, he remembered that he had left his untasted grog upon the table in the sitting room. The house was quiet—the room close by. He seized his candle, and darting down a short passage, popped upon his draught, and returning up stairs, was very quickly in bed; and swallowing his "night-cap," was soon asleep. When he opened his eyes in the morning, the sun was high in the heavens. He cursed the neglect of the servants in not calling

him at day-break, and hunted for his watch; that he might ascertain the precise hour. His watch was not to be found. He jumped out of bed, almost afraid that he had been robbed, and determined to dress himself and demand an explanation from the landlord. His clothes were not in the room. Every particle of apparel had vanished, and as he paced the room in his shirt, the naked truth was forced upon his mind—he had undoubtedly been stripped of every thing. He examined the lock—it was secure, as he had fastened it when he went to bed, yet every thing that he possessed had vanished from the room, even to his stockings and boots, and the paper of despatches which he had deposited, with his watch, under the pillow whereon he had rested his head. Was it a simple felony?—if so, how could it have been accomplished? The key was in the lock inside the door—there was no chimney—and the window was unapproachable, save by a long ladder from the street. Could the emissaries of the enemy have plotted for the possession of the despatches? the same difficulty of ingress attended their evolutions. The luff was in a quandary, and essayed to ring the bell, but alas, the dormitory possessed no such appendage, and he was fain to shiver at the stair-head, and bawl till somebody thought fit to tell somebody else that somebody was celling. During this pause, the agitation of the lieutenant amounted to agony. At last, a bilious-looking nigger poked his woolly noddle into the doorway, and asked the lieutenant, who, like Richard, was "hoarse with bawling," if he had called. "Send up your master." Another long pause. When the landlord appeared, the luff opened his broadside upon him, and brought him up all standing. "I have been robbed, sir, in your house—robbed, not only of all my clothes and my boots—my cloak and my watch—but of despatches, sir, of tremendous importance, from the seat of war. Your life, sir, must answer for their production, and you are my prisoner till they are restored in full." The landlord stared open-mouthed at this astounding declaration, and vehemently asseverated his innocence of participation. The luff grew enraged—he collared the landlord, and demanded his breeches. "They are down stairs," said a female voice, from behind the door. "And my watch—the papers?" "All down stairs." "Who dared to take them there?" said the officer. "You did, sir," said the chambermaid; "they are exactly as you left them. The watch and papers are under your pillow; your boots and clothes by the bed-side, and your cloak and cap are hanging against the wall, in the room that I lighted you into last night."

"Then where, in the name of Satan, am I?"

"In the room over head, sir—just one story higher."

And so it was; for the lieutenant, in running for his grog, forgot, in his hurry, the exact locality of his room, and mounted an extra flight of stairs—popping into an unoccupied room, and slipping instantaneously between the sheets, leaving the whole of his paraphernalia in the room beneath.

The drama of the Battle of Waterloo was about to be produced at a theatre in an English sea-port town. Numbers of supernumeraries were wanted to fill the

ranks of the French and the English forces; and some of the sailors belonging to the numerous ships in the harbour were mustered for the required purpose. At rehearsal, each supernumerary received a numbered ticket, and was expected to answer when that number was called, that he might be instructed in the duties of the station assigned to him. No. 7 was named, but an answer was not forthcoming. "You are No. 7, I believe!" said the stage manager to a big-whiskered, long-tailed tar. "Exactly." "Why did you not answer to the call?" "Bill Sykes, is No. 4. You've shoved him in the enemy's squad; now we've sailed, messed, and *fout* together, for twenty years, and we're not going to be enemies now." Remonstrance was useless; the holder of No. 8 was induced to change numbers with Bill Sykes, and the messmates were not divided.

When a portion of the jelly tars were told that they were to represent Frenchmen, they, one and all, indignantly refused. "It was disgrace enough to *hact* as soldiers, but they'd be blessed if they'd pretend to be Mounseers at any price, or put on the enemies' jackets." The manager was compelled to procure landsmen for Napoleon's army; but the night ended in a row; the sham fight broke into a real battle; muskets were clubbed, and heads broken, and Nos. 7 and 8 were given into the custody of the police, as ring-leaders of a dangerous riot.

No. 7, when before the magistrate, thus defended himself:—

"Why, your honour, these here sky-larking players gets half-a-dozen old muskets, two or three fowling-pieces, and a pair and a half of pistols, with half a pound of powder in a paper, and they calls it The Battle of Waterloo—gammoning Bill Sykes and me to put on a lobster's jacket apiece, and fire off two o' these 'ere muskets, what an old one-eyed purser in a corner had been loading with a 'bacca pipe full o' powder: Well, Bill Sykes, and I, and Joe Brown, and six more, were the British army; and opposite us was some six or eight landlubbers, a hacting the Mounseers. The skipper of the show people told us, when we'd squibbed off our muskets over the Mounseers' heads, to retire backwards, as if retreating from the French. In course, this here was hard work for jack tars what had served their country for twenty years, to be told to run away from half-a-dozen landlubbers a pretending to be French. Well, it war'n't o' no use kicking up a row then, but at night, Bill Sykes and I argued the matter over a can o' grog, and we concluded not to disgrace our flag, but to stand up for the honour of Old England: Well, when the scrimmage begun, the landlubbers called out to us to retreat. "See you damned first," says I, and Bill werry quietly said he wished they might get it, which I didn't think they would! Bill Sykes, in slewing round to guard his stave, put his foot on a piece of orange peel, and missing stavs, came on his beam ends. One of the imitation *parley woos* made a grab at him, to captivate Bill, when, in course, I covered my friend, and accommodated the sham Mounseer with a hoist as didn't agree with him; he was one o' them mutton fed chaps as can't stand much, for he landed amongst the fiddlers,

and squealed blue murder. Well, arter a row begins, you never know nothing till its over. Bill Sykes and I cleared out the French army in no time, and then we tipped the player people a broadside, and took their powder magazine prisoner. The cabin passengers interfered, and Bill Sykes and I got surrounded—but if I'd had a bagginet at the end of my musket, if I wouldn't have cleared the decks like 'bacca, damn my sister's cat!"

B.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I hear the wild, low melody,
Of many a forest bird,
And mine eye looks forth to meet them,
And my heart with joy is stirr'd.

And the sound of pleasant waters
Come gladly to mine ear;
But they pass, unseen, before me,
And their tone alone I hear.

The blushing hues of flowers
Are springing round my feet;
But alas! no clinging tendril
My twining fingers meet.

I see young forms approaching,
And yet I may not clasp
The airy hands that meet me
Have no returning grasp.

I see my noble brother,
He stands beside me now;
I part the dark and clustering locks
That shade his manly brow.

The bright and blessed vision
Fades from my aching sight,
As the parting beams of sunshine
Melt slowly into night.

And there thou stand'st, my mother,
I look into thine eye,
The mirror of thy loving heart,
Whose founts are never dry.

I see the many furrows
Of time's unceasing flight,
On thy brow where dark rings gather'd,
Are locks of paly white.

Thou too, art there, my sister,
With thy light and springing form;
Thou'st come like a gleam of sunshine
Amid the tempest storm.

I hear the thrilling echo's
Of thy free and gladsome laugh;
But the cup is passing from me,
Ere my thirsting lips can quaff.

'Tis past, my gentle mother,
Those visions are no more;
Sweet sister, glorious brother,
I tread a stranger shore.

THE LUNATIC'S RAFT.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Now the hamlet's still as death,
Moping o'er the desert heath,
Wild and wan thy haggard face,
Which by moonlight I can trace;
Fiery red thy ferret eye
Doth deep in hollow socket lie.

DERMODY.

AROUND the trunk of the oldest oak in a large wood near the sea-shore, a troop of lusty revellers had passed the mellow autumn eve in carousal. The tree arose out of the bosom of a green mound, down the sides of which it spread its huge limbs in full liberty of growth, reigning alone in solitary state, apart from the more humble tenants of the soil. From its base, the sea was visible to the west, and the sun had just apparently reached the surface of the waters, when an old man, leaning on the shoulder of a rosy girl, tottered up the mound. His eye bespoke a mind green and flourishing, amid the general decay of its fleshy husk, and his language, albeit occasionally tainted with the idiom of Erin, was, for the most part, high, pure and correct. "My sons," said he, on reaching the summit of the knoll, "you know not how sad your songs sound and your merriment seems beneath this ancient tree. Under that green sod, which is now stained with your wine-tees, and crushed by the footsteps of your dancers, lie the bones of one who was suddenly death-struck long ago in this wood. Nay, do not start away; but sit down, all of ye, on the oak roots, and I will tell you the tale of his fall. You are strangers in the land, or you would not be ignorant of the story of Andey Troy, the ghost-harried Hearthmooneyman." The revellers mutely gathered around the old man, and this was the tale he told.

"About a month after my wedding with young Ally Donovan, the queen-beauty of the hills, I was fiercely set upon after nightfall, by enemies in this very wood. The times were then troublesome in these parts, and all who could, bore arms. After receiving a deep flesh-wound from an edged weapon, I shot at my foes, and the next moment received a bullet in my head. The wound was not mortal, but it cost me my reason. How long I continued a lunatic I know not; I had one lucid interval, but it was momentary. A wandering Vodien, to whom I had oftentimes listened when preaching repentance to the rustics in a neighbouring county, was applying an herbal balm to the cicatrice in my head. My flesh-wound was healed, I was almost naked, and fierce and ravenous as a beast of prey. I started from the lap of the briar girdled devotee, and, with repeated shouts, ran through the wood toward the adjacent sea-shore. My mind was, thenceforth no longer a blank, I was cognizant of present events, but the past was a dark and inscrutable mystery to me. My being was a problem which I could not solve, nor could I imagine who I was, or what I had been. I felt as though I had started into

life at the moment of my flight from the Vodien, whom at the time I knew not, but feared, and most intensely hated, I knew not why.

"There is a credited tradition living in the land, that in the wild days of old, the lunatics from all parts flocked to a green valley in this province, on a certain day in the spring, to elect a septennial ruler.—The sea has long flowed over the spot where the regal madman was crowned, but in my young days, the place has been oftentimes pointed out to me on a calm day beneath the waters. The mid-witted, the crazy, the fool, and the fairy-struck, at that time too, kept up the rite, by launching a raft and performing the ceremonies of the election, above the green valley of old. The lands hard by the beach were held by the lord's furnishing a butt of red wine to the fools on the choice day. A priest was forced on board the frail raft, to ensure by his presence the safety of the mad crew, and the chosen lunatic, crowned with poppy and mandrake by the wisest among them, according to the customs of fools among our forefathers.

"The raft was afloat when I reached the shore, and without motive or memory of the old rite, I leaped upon it. Ireland is not populous of lunatics, but the paucity of receptacles makes it appear to be so; and our raft was numerously manned. They set the foul weeds on my head as 'Lord of the years,' drained the wine-butt to the lees, and, in a freak of outrageous mirth, forced the rosy-faced, corpulent old priest to bestride it, and launched him, with loud acclamations, into the sea. With him we lost our pilot and protector. The good father kept his seat, and sailed gallantly into the village creek, joyfully chanting a holy hymn of thanksgiving to God; and we lucklessly tarried until the retreating tide bore us beyond all hopes of redemption, wildly vociferating the songs of the drunkard, the glutton, and the fool. An intoxicated madman is one of the most fearful of animals. There was howling, weeping, laughing, dancing, and wrangling on all sides. At one moment, the most horrible exultation prevailed; and the next, every man was silent as the dead. The sun never rose upon such a spectacle before, as our raft exhibited on the morrow. From that time, I remember nothing, (for all was dark with me again,) until I awoke in the middle of some succeeding night, roused by a loud, hollow laugh from all who were still alive upon the raft. It seemed to startle my very soul, and I awoke with reason. Famine had hollowed the cheeks, and worried the vitals of my miserable companions; but

the dying groan of one of them, it may be, had resembled a stifled laugh, and all around him shouted in unison. They pined and dropped off by degrees, until I was at length left alone with the most athletic, fierce, and unsubdued of the crew. For many hours he never removed his glaring, sunk, and ravenous eyes from me. I was in momentary expectation and heart-sinking fear of a mortal struggle. If my eye lost its dominion over his, and I winked for an instant, I found him crouching for a spring upon me. But he, too, died. His own shadow in the quivering waters at last attracted his notice; he hunted it round and round the raft in deep silence, and finally leaped upon his supposed prey, to sink for ever in the sea.

"Shortly after this event, I was redeemed from death by a crew of foreigners, and subsequently landed, hale and vigorous on an enemy's shore. I burned with desire to see the wife of my heart, my dear Alice, again; and essayed a thousand projects to effect my return to Erin; but all proved fruitless. I was driven through the world like an atom in the air; I strove against the stream until my heart grew sick; and last I suffered the currents of fate to bear me listlessly along;—I was dungeoned, shipwrecked, enslaved, and driven to the uttermost parts of the earth. For thirty years I wandered to and fro, oftentimes nearing my native land, but never happy enough to reach it. At length, when I least thought of ever looking on the green valleys of Erin again, and had thrust hope as a foe from my bosom, lo! I was cast miraculously upon her shores. Hope and joy dwelt in my heart as I hastened towards my old home among the hills. Without reposing for a moment, I travelled on foot from the coast to a village within a few miles from this place. There, finding myself weary and worn, I thankfully accepted the offer of a kind-hearted *gessoon*, to take a seat in his car with a gay old *Stooleen*, or bowl-beggar, to whom he was 'giving a lift for God's sake,' as far as the holy fountain of Thubberdarragh, which lay in the road towards my beloved native place. At the fountain I beheld many of my youthful comrades, but they knew me not.—The pale, old devotees, the guardian of the blessed waters, seemed to be but little changed in appearance since I saw her last. The finger of time had been heavy upon my young friends, but the old seemed to have escaped his withering touch. They were wrinkled, bent, and decrepid when I left them, they were the same when I returned.

"The devotees and pilgrims at the fount were numerous. Some were moving bare-kneed over the sharp pebbles in the bed of the stream; others quaffed the sparkling liquid, devoutly believing in their hearts that they were swallowing a certain remedy for all their ailments. Many were fulfilling vows made on the pillow of sickness or sorrow. One bathed in the waters to purify himself from some bodily evil; another lacerated his flesh on the cold brook-stones, that he might be released from some rankling mental grief; while a third was doing his daily penance in the cruellest part of the stream, to rid himself of an evil eye, which, he said, had been inflicted on him for some misdeed, whereof he was utterly ig-

norant. 'My sorrow!' quoth he, 'the cursing stones* far away there at Innismurry, are turned on the—that's aye seen—any how. I've sinned against some one, but whom, or when, or how it was, myself knows not. Oh! isn't it a cruel thing for a man whose heart is full of love and affection for all things upon earth, to have destruction light upon whatever he fixes his eye in the morning. The tree is blighted, the cattle cawed, the child grows puny, and the mother pale, if they happen to meet the first look of my eye in sorrow and kindness after sleep. Isn't it dreary? Well; any how, I have pilgrimaged to Glendalough, bathed in Glendasan on St. Kevin's day,† and to-morrow is the last, the ninth day of my penance here, when, plaze Heaven, I'll be rid of that worst of curses to a kind-hearted mortal, namely, an evil eye.'

"The Stooleen entered into discourse with many of the believing ones, and seemed to be well acquainted with the persons and histories of all. Among those who seemed to be doing the most acute penance, he pointed out to me a pale, withered figure, far gone in years and grief, who was kneeling in the middle of the stream, and, with an air of humble penitence, showering ashes upon his bare head. His eye soon became fixed, his lips fast, his hands clenched, and his whole deportment that of one who struggled hard with some strong internal agony; he had few marks on his brow—they were not the short cross-lines and superficial wandering wrinkles of common old age or sorrow; but deep, direct, unjagged scathes—the symbols of an unity of wo that made both heart and forehead callous to the attack of minor griefs. I gazed on him long and earnestly. His countenance seemed to be familiar to my eye, although an alien from my memory. While I was vainly endeavouring 'to call him home' to my mind, the Stooleen's clear, somorous tones aroused me. 'Is it the creature ye're wondering at?' quoth he. 'Who? what creature?' 'Him yonder on his knee-bones—Andey, poor soul! Andey Troy, the Hearthmeneyman; one of the three that loved Ally, the wood-lass, long ago. There was O'Connor Ryan her cousin, young Mikey Garavan the scholar, and himself—three of them that thought Ally the *deelish*—the none-such. Well, any how, Mikey it was that won her—he was her white-headed boy. Andey and Ryan had equal hopes of the maiden until Garavan came among them and bore away the rose. Then it was that Andey turned from sobriety to drunkenness—the liquor soon had a fast hold of him, and all his song or say from morrow to morrow was just this:—

"Drunkards will never be dead;
I'll tell you the reason why,
The young ones they grow up,
Before the ould ones die."

*It is believed, that if a man, who is greatly wronged, turns one of the cursing stones on the altar at Innismurry, and kneels for a curse on his enemy's guilty head, his prayer will most assuredly be granted; but if a man attempts to curse another there without just reason, the infliction solicited will fall upon himself.

† The third of June.

"Long life to him! He gave up his cante* and collections, and O'Connor Ryan, once his rival and sworn enemy, all in a hurry became his handfast friend. Luck could not come of that, any way.—Well! so it was, that the white wedding moon hadn't set, before two of the three were lost,—entirely gone. Garavan, the young husband, and mad-hearted Ryan were both seen, at nightfall; but oh! sorrow, sir, there was no more trace of them in the land on the morrow, than there is of the over-ewe's valley-mist, when the next day's sun is high and strong in the heavens. Is life in them yet? Is one dead, or both, or neither? What happened them?—Faith! none can say but Andey Troy; and he speaks to nothing this many a year, but the spirits he sees at midnight (having been born at that hour when the other world's folk, the ghosts, or *good people*, I don't know which, have dominion over our mortal eyes,) and the sorrowing cause of the troubles, poor Alice of the wood-side, who has wept as the widow of Garavan, and prayed, and watched, and kept herself holy, as his true wife, from that day to this."

"I listened to the words of my companion, with mingled sensations of awe, wonder and joy. The short history of my wife's truth flowed like a stream of rapture into my soul; but, the sudden disappearance of Ryan, and the dreadful grief of Andey, amazed and roused me to a state of most intense curiosity. From this man, thought I, a clue to the cause of all my woes may probably be had; I will watch him—I will haunt him, and be as his shadow night and day, until I am satisfied. The gloom of evening began to thicken around us. The devotees departed from the fountain; the guardian put up her prayer and glided away; the Stoelean was already gone, and no earthly creature breathed about me, but the silent penitent in the stream. I tarried for hours, anxiously watching him, and listening with the most acute vigilance, lest the gurgling of the brook might drown the whispered pourings of his heart. But he remained dumb. The moon at length suddenly rose before him. In an instant, he started upon his feet, and betook himself with speed towards the woods. I followed him, as well as I could, but he scaled such frightful heights, and dashed so recklessly down the frequent precipices, that, after a hot pursuit, I lost sight of him in a thick brake. Proceeding, however, upon his track, I unexpectedly came upon him again beneath this old oak.

* CANT—an auction. When the mighty Hearthmoneyman made his appearance on the outskirts of some of the little villages, a general alarm was given, and beds, blankets, whiskey-kegs, potatoes, and all things portable, were carried off with all possible haste to places of safety. The village resembled a disturbed ant-hill: every one of the inhabitants might be seen retreating with the first moveable at hand. Those who could not hope to avoid payment of the obnoxious tax, assisted and received the goods of their brethren; and the Hearthmoneyman was often received at the door of a bare hut, with 'a poor mouth' but eyes twinkling with triumph and delight. He found little money and less seizables; his collections were consequently light, his cante meagre, and his heart 'sorry and sore' with vexation.

He was stretched on the withering leaves, and moaning awfully. I crept along on my hands and knees, and concealing myself among the huge, unburied oak roots, held myself in order to note him. His moans ceased, he arose and looked steadfastly down the knoll, as if in expectation of the appearance of some unearthly thing. Presently he was in the act of gratulation.—The moon was high, and glimmering through the interwoven and quivering branches; I looked earnestly towards the spot where Andey bent his eye, and fancied much, but verily, perhaps, saw nothing supernatural. The Hearthmoneyman asked many questions in a hurried and angry tone to which he appeared to pause for replies, and implored, raved, wept and upbraided by turns. My name he repeatedly mentioned with the most impassioned gestures, and his wild language principally related to my disappearance. 'Villain!' cried he, at last, 'why wilt thou torment me? Why not answer me at once? Tell me Garavan's fate in a word! Am I a murderer? Did my bullet rob him of life? Or am I innocent in act, although impure, and a villain in purpose? Who had borne him away, when I returned to carry him to the grave I had made for thee? Is he rotting or healed? Does Michael Garavan still walk in substance on earth, or does he flit without shadow over the heath? Answer me, O'Connor—thou that didst tempt me to make common cause with thee, to join in the dark scheme of revenge, and level my gun at his head! Why wilt thou bring me here nightly—but to mock me? Go to thy grave again. Oh! that thou wert flesh, and being so, didst know the secret for which I yearn, as thou dost being a spirit. I would grapple with thee—I would tear it from thee—I would even—Ha! do you laugh? Wretch! devil!—Ryan! dear Ryan! answer! oh! answer me!' I could bear this no longer. Bursting from my concealment, I ran up to the repentant, miserable Andey. His eye beheld me not, although I passed thrice before him. I touched, but he felt me not. I shouted in his ear, and spoke long and loudly of my pity and forgiveness, but he was deaf to all, and still communed with what I saw not. It happened at last that we both became silent at the same moment. The sudden change recalled him to consciousness, and he saw me. To utter a shout, scream of dismay, to leap upon me, to gripe and burk me to the earth, was the work of an instant with him. His knee was on my breast, and his hand was about my throat, before I could draw breath again. 'Fool!' cried he in a low, but stern tone, 'were you bold enough to peep yourself thus? To watch me—to overhear, and store up my words for my ruin? You have thrown yourself into the hand of death—into the way of a murderer! Must I do more wickedness?' 'You are no murderer, Andey,' said I, as he somewhat relaxed his gripe. 'Michael Garavan still lives.' 'Lives!—Where?' 'Here, on the oak leaves; a second time in danger of his life from the Hearthmoneyman's hand.' He leaped from my breast, and kneeling by my side, raised me in his arms, and gazed long and incredulously on my altered countenance.—Hope sometimes illumined his eyes, but the joyful expression flitted away in a moment for the dead, black

look of despair. There was a mark still remaining in his cheek, which I had seen inflicted by a heavily-cast hurl ball. Andey was standing behind a young man, who, in the heat of the game, observing a strong ball coming upon him, dexteriously dropped his head, the ball passed over him, and went full in the face of Andey. The youthful Hearthmoneyman was in a violent passion with his companion for this trick, which, he said, was cowardly and unfriendly. My eye fell upon the ball-mark, and the memory of the scene made me smile. It was the smile of my youth. Andey immediately recognized it, and bounded with the most furious delight into my arms.

"As soon as the first burst of his joy was over, we entered into mutual explanations. It appeared that poor Ryan fell from my shot, the moment that Andey's bullet reached my head. He dug a grave in this mount for both of us, and dragged O'Connor hither first. After burying him, he returned, but I was no where to be found. The fate of O'Connor and myself was a mystery throughout the country. I asked for the wandering Vodian, (who, had doubtless been my preserver,) but he was seen no more by the hill-side after O'Connor's death. After some delay, Andey led me away to a cot about a mile off. It was on that holy night, when lights are burned by the living for the repose of their beloved dead.* On entering the little habitation, we found the hearth vacant, and a strong light streaming through the half-closed door of the inner room. The blessed candles were there, and the people of the cot kneeling in prayer around them. A weak, tremulous voice was eloquent in supplication for the soul of him to whose memory the chief flame lived—her long-lost husband! The prayer ceased, and an old woman, arrayed in black garments, with tears glittering in her sunken eyes, and lips still quivering with emotion, tottered forth. 'Michael,' said Andey to me, taking her shrivelled hand, 'for this poor decrepid creature, have you and I suffered years of sorrow. Oh! that we could have once looked forward thirty years. See—here she is, who has innocently made one man an outcast, another a miserable night-wanderer, and a third a corpse. Fools! Michael! Fools! poor Ryan! a leash of fools.' It was indeed my wife who stood before me. We embraced, but my clasp was chilling. We spoke, but my words were those of bitter disappointment and lost hope. I had no reason to expect that I should find my wife

blooming, yet I was amazed and vexed to see her old and withered. I felt a most oppressive sense of sorrow and shame, as she gazed through her tears upon my time-scotched brow and waning eye. I shrank from her scrutinizing, melancholy gaze. She was miserably changed. The beautiful curves of her face were grown square, angular, and repelling—every dimple I had loved was now an unsightly wrinkled hollow. Her smooth, fresh, elastic lips, wore a pale blue-tint, and looked pale and puckered. The jetty and glittering tresses that once trickled down her bosom were gone, and a plain fold of grey hair crossed her rough and unlovely brow. In spite of this change, it seemed but yesterday that I had clasped her to my breast, the fairest bud of love and beauty upon earth. I had yearned with desire to see her again, and had deemed all the joys on earth besides, as worthless when compared with those I thought my breast would feel in a moment's converse with its Alice. She was now before me, and I felt that I could, without an effort, turn away, never to look upon her face again. The detection of this power increased my grief and discontent. But my wife's kindness soon created a better feeling in my heart. The good, loving woman rejoiced, loudly rejoiced, to find even the wreck of her husband in existence. She loved and cherished me; not indeed with the warm, doating fondness of youth, but with a calm, soothing, holy affection, that inspired me with similar feelings towards her. A few months after my absence had made her a mother. The child grew up and prospered. I found her kneeling round the holy lights, with her husband, and three boys, engaged in prayer for me. The next moment after I was made known to them, my flame on the blessed board was extinguished; revelry and joy succeeded; and since that time my life has been a calm. Andey Troy, too, has slept o' nights, and never, save in broad day-light, wanders towards the old oak that grows over the grave of poor O'Connor Ryan."

AUGUST.

BY CORNELIUS WEBER.

New the summer's face is brown,
 Let us shun the sultry town
 For the haunts of shade and dew,
 And the skies of smokeless blue;
 For the green and breezy hills,
 And the ever running rills,
 Where the silent way they take,
 By the foot of flow'ry brake,
 By the poet's nooks and bowers,
 Where the birds, and bees, and flowers
 Sing, and love, and live their hours;
 Nothing thoughtful of the morrow,
 Knowing neither pain nor sorrow,
 But, content with what is given,
 Live, and do the will of Heaven.

* This is a most solemn and affecting rite. In the best apartment of the house, which is *par excellence* styled "the room," a board or table is laid out, plentifully bestrewn with evergreens, whereupon a lighted candle is devoutly placed in honour of every deceased member of the family for a generation past. All worldly use of these lights is scrupulously avoided; and if any one enters the room in search of any thing, another taper must be used. At midnight, old and young, are summoned around the sacred board, and all lift up their voices in prayer for the repose of the departed. The memory of the dead is then indeed strong in the hearts of the living. Their good deeds are extolled, their sins palliated, or lovingly softened down to venial transgressions, and alms vowed to the needy, to be given on the morrow in their names and behalf.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

THE POETRY BY

MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

SIDNEY PEARSON.

Moderato con Express.



p

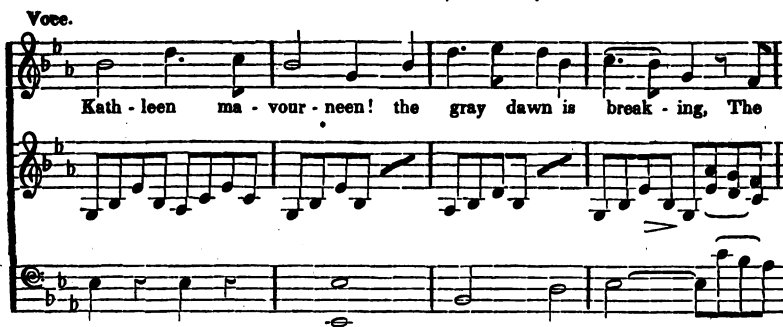
8va. loco.



mf

Fia.

Voce.



Kath - leen ma - vour - neen! the gray dawn is break - ing, The



horn of the hunter is heard on the hill, The

lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kath-

leen Ma - - vour - - neen! what, slumber - ing still!

ad lib.

Oh! hast thou for - got - - ten how

for. > pia.

soon we must se - ver? Oh! hast thou for - got - - ten this

ad lib. >

day we must part; It may be for years, and it

ad lib. tempo 1 mo. Pia.

may be for e - - ver, Oh! why art thou si - - lent, thou

voice of my heart? Oh! why art thou

si - - - - - lent thou voice of my heart.

ad lib. or.

Sva. loco.

for. Pia.

II.

Kathleen, mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen! my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
 Mavourneen, mavourneen! thy lover is calling,
 Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart.

PAGANINI.



NICCOLO PAGANINI, "il divino maestro," the most celebrated violin-player of the age, has excited more attention during the last twenty years, than all the rest of the herd of European "lions" that annually burst upon the poor public, and frighten the world by the immensity of their roars. The horrible charges made against Paganini's early life, his wild unearthly form and haggard face, the transcendent nature of his professional abilities, and the exaggerated reports of his peculiarities, have given him a notoriety that even his wonderful talents could not have attained alone.

The common places of Paganini's life are generally known. He was born at Genoa—he is proud of his native city, yet knows that the city has good cause to

be proud of her son. He generally mentions his birth-place thus: "At Genoa, both Paganini and Columbus were born." His father, who squandered his earnings in lottery tickets, kept his son in close confinement, and compelled him to almost perpetual practice on the violin. Want, not only of exercise and recreation, but of wholesome food, broke the boy's health, and seriously impaired his constitution. Paganini always reverts to this unnatural brutality, (unnatural, because his enthusiasm required no stimulus,) as the primeval cause of his pale, sickly countenance, and his sunk and exhausted frame.

Several eminent musicians took early notice of the young Genoese—Gnacco, Paer, Golla, and Ginetti assisted him, with their instruction and advice. Like

other youthful prodigies, Paganini was dragged about the country to display his precocious talent, and his mercenary father made good speculations with him at Florence, Milan, Bologna, Leghorn, and Pisa. The spare diet and discipline of the old gentleman became more irksome than ever; young Paganini threw off the yoke of parental tyranny; and, at the age of fifteen, commenced vagabondising upon his own account, visiting the city of Lucca, famous for its oil and silks, and appearing as a solo player at the great musical festival on the feast of St. Martin with more than customary success. Fortune smiled upon the young itinerant; he visited all parts of Italy, and attained the very pinnacle of popularity.

Those who know any thing of the gay, romantic life which artists in Italy, particularly those connected with the all-engrossing subject of music, usually lead, the diversified society in which they mingle, and the incident and adventure which they meet with, will not wonder that Paganini should have been inclined to pass his days there, among his own countrymen, who felt and appreciated his talent, and received him upon all occasions with the most enthusiastic applause; showering down upon him all the gold they could afford, with the lighter but not less acceptable flatteries of flowers, sonnets, and garlands. He loved the manners of his country; its beautiful scenery, its climate, but their kindred souls were still more congenial to his heart. He was their idol; wherever he went, his fame had preceded his approach, and multitudes poured in to hear him in streams as if he had been a worker of miracles. Concerts seldom succeed in Italy, —a country where the best music may be had at all hours in the day—but Paganini never failed. At Milan he gave nineteen concerts, rapidly succeeding each other, with the most brilliant success. People seemed never to be satiated with the delight of hearing him. At Naples and Florence, he was eminently triumphant, and at Rome the order of the *Speron d'Oro*, (Golden Spur,) was conferred upon him by his Holiness the Pope.

Paganini remained content with the homage of his countrymen, till the year 1828, when he journeyed to the city of Vienna, then honoured by the presence of the emperor and his court. The violinist's concerts were as successful as usual, and his performances excited the admiration of all the musical professors and connoisseurs that usually crowd this critical city.—Competition was out of the case; a new era was proclaimed, and Mayseder, a musician of considerable eminence, declared that he might as well break his fiddle to pieces, for he should be compelled to lock it up for ever.

Paganini was then forty-four years of age; of moderate stature, but considerable addition was given to the height of his appearance by the excessive attenuation of his body and limbs. His countenance possessed a saturnine melancholy—occasionally illumined by a sardonic movement intended for a smile, but little calculated to inspire joy or evince delight. Curling black hair hung about his throat, and descended to his shoulders. His arms were long and thin, and his fingers flexible as wires—white, slim, and snake-

like, gliding, twisting, and dancing about the neck of the violin, like living creatures, revelling with fay-like ecstacy in the unearthly nature of its sounds. His chest, scarcely a hand's length in breadth, was *ensuite* with the frightful sparseness that characterised his whole formation. His face, pallid as a corpse, was rendered perfectly hideous by the variations of expression conjured up by the sound of his own unequalled tones.

The miraculous powers of Paganini were not to be accounted for in the usual way. In the opinion of his auditors, they must have sprung from the life of a much more settled and secluded cast than that of an itinerant Italian musical professor. It was resolved, too, from his wild, haggard, and mysterious looks that he was no ordinary personage, and had seen no common vicissitudes. The generally received opinion was that he had committed some horrible crime, and having been consigned by the Pope to an imprisonment of several years, had employed that time in unceasing practice upon the violin; and that his wonderful skill upon a single string was owing to the jailor's cruelty in refusing his prisoner more than one at a time. All persons agreed as to the imprisonment, but his crime was variously stated. Some insisted that he had been a captain of banditti; others affirmed that he had been a carbonari; some said that he had killed two or more men in duels; but the current report was that he had stabbed or poisoned his wife, or rather one of his mistresses—for he was said to have maintained a seraglio of beauties.

A scandalous story attached to the reputation of a public character is always believed by the inane and envious, although the falsehood be as evident as the noon-day sun. But Paganini had an interest in exciting the attention of the world, and in maintaining that excitement at its utmost height. His own actions had considerable weight in framing the above ridiculous reports. His romantic gaiety and love of gallantry in his younger days, were constantly prompting him to seek adventures and amusement by assuming different disguises and characters. Indeed, the pleasure which he felt in making his audience stare and gape with astonishment, was not always confined to the concert-room—it would seem that he would sometimes draw a long bow of another description, and enliven the conversation by retailing anecdotes of his own invention. His masquerading propensities frequently found vent in travelling, and among strangers where he was not known. Upon one occasion, finding himself seated vis-a-vis in a diligence with a very rich but not a very bright fellow passenger, he contrived to dispel the tedium of the journey by passing himself off for a certain well-known brigand, whose name at that time spread consternation and alarm throughout all Romagna—and this announcement, which produced the full share of expected terror from the other passenger, was any thing but belied by the personal appearance of the speaker.

Some idea may thus be formed of the origin of the various accusations against the Genoese—accusations of every shade of crime, according to the conscience of the accuser. One of Paganini's biographers declares

that the Germans, with their old love of *diablerie*, asserted that the fiddler, having sold himself to the devil, had received in return a supernatural violin containing the soul of his murdered mother, and that her voice may occasionally be heard, bursting discordantly in the midst of the professor's most brilliant execution, shrieking with delight at the skill of her gifted child. This story doubtless arose from the well known anxiety of his mother Theresa that her son should be an accomplished musician—which was not only developed in her actions, but in her dreams; for Paganini relates a wonderful dream wherein his mother received a promise from an angel that her young Nicolo should be a great violin player. The idea of a soul in a fiddle is an old German horror, and Paganini innocently encouraged the report by the strangeness of his occasional discords in "*La Streghe, or the Witches' Dance* under the Walnut Tree of Benvenuto,"—a favourite performance of his, wherein he imitates the tremulous voices of the old witches—with their hobbling and flying, shrieking, singing, and gibbering, with a demoniacal gaiety, singularly strange and laughable.

Paganini never deemed it necessary to deny the manifold allegations brought against him, till the charge of murdering his wife assumed a positive and distinct form. On the 10th of April, 1828, there was inserted in the leading Vienna journals a manifesto, in Italian as well as German, subscribed by him, declaring that all these widely circulated rumours were false; that at no time, and under no government whatever, had he ever offended against the laws, or been put under coercion—and that he had always demeaned himself as became a peaceable and inoffensive member of society; for the truth of which he referred to the magistracies of the different states under whose protection he had lived in the exercise of his profession. The truth of this appeal has never been denied.

Paganini's success in England was of the most brilliant kind; he had to encounter a severe opposition to the enormity of his terms, for even the opera dilettantes murmured at paying twenty-five dollars admission to his concert, as originally proposed. The *artiste* strenuously insisted upon his right to make what charge he liked—the musical public threatened, the press interfered, the manager conciliated, and Paganini condescended to play for the usual opera price of admission—five dollars to the boxes, and two and a half to the pit. Every difficulty was forgotten when once the public were enabled to listen to his wonderful performances—not only wonderful in the display of transcendent musical ability, graced with an unequalled brilliancy of execution, but in the nature of his performances—the novelty of the harmonics—the pizzicate with the left finger—the staccato—his astonishing concertos upon one string—his curious fantasies—the fidelity of his imitation of almost every possible tone—the chirruping of birds, the tinkling and tolling of bells, the above-mentioned mysteries of *The Sorceries*, and the variety and humour of the Carnival of Venice, wherein by the repetitions of a simple air, divided into three parts, of sixteen bars each, he per-

forms the motley visitors to the Carnival, and gives a spirited idea of the merry maskers, of the young lever watching his mistress, of the lady's dance, of the squeaking of Polichinello, the drunken mutterings of an inebriate, the braying of the trumpet, the noise of the drums, the children's laughter, the joyous advance of a noisy troop, and the feeble revelry of an aged couple. It is impossible to give even a faint idea of the various effects produced by the *maestro* in this inimitable performance. The same air is repeated with every possible variation of feeling, till the senses of the auditory are lost in wonder and delight.

The signor's gains have been enormous—he netted upwards of one hundred thousand dollars during the winter months of his first year in London—his half share of the proceeds of one concert at the King's Theatre, amounted to three thousand, five hundred dollars.

Paganini has been accused, not only of a meanness in money affairs, but of a positive greediness—a grasping quality, evinced in positive refusals to abate the smallest portion of his enormous terms, even when the receipts were not equal to the discharge of his claim alone. Several violent philippics have been thundered against him for refusing to perform gratuitously at charity concerts, or benefits of widows and orphans of brother professors. These claims are undoubtedly too often forced upon the kindness of popular *artistes*; and the sole attraction of the evening's amusements is frequently required to give his or her services for nothing, while the manager makes his charge, the printer and other tradesmen exact their bills, and the committee of patrons, free from the possibility of expense, seldom pay for their own admissions. But Paganini claims exemption, not on the score of principle, but from a positive love of money, evinced not only in matters of pounds and dollars, but in trifling affairs of shillings and cents. When receiving one thousand dollars for his exertions, he has been known to refuse procedure unless furnished with a glass of negus at the manager's expense. His meanness involves him in constant quarrels, when travelling; and he has more than once been in danger of an abrupt termination to his wonderful career—particularly at Cheltenham, in England, where he refused to fulfil his engagements, because the theatre was not more than half full. The mob followed him to his hotel, forced him from his bed, and compelled him to return to the theatre, and play the pieces announced in the bills of the evening.

It has been stated that the immense gains of this extraordinary man are immediately transferred to the green cloth of the gaming table; and that in the excitement of the *salon*, he finds a perpetual and gratifying pastime. At the same time, it is but fair to admit that this rumor may be as false as all the others, for no positive evidence can be adduced of its truth; but if his astonishing earnings during many years of unexampled success have actually been saved, then must Paganini be one of the richest commoners of the age.

The *maestro* resided for many years with a Signora Antonia Bianchi, a singer from Palermo, but, in the

year 1828, he was compelled to decline all further acquaintance, on account of the dreadful violence of her temper. By this lady, he had an only son, now fourteen years of age, and exactly resembling the father in every possible respect. This little *fac simile* rejoices in the enphonic classicallities of Achillino, Lyras, Alexander Paganini, and possesses a wonderful portion of musical talent. His father is distractedly fond of him, and ever since he parted from his mother, has enacted the part of the child's nurse. The following description, written in 1828, may give the reader some idea of the two Paganini's. It was furnished by a gentleman who happened to call at the *musico's* lodgings at Prague, in order to take him out to dinner.

"Every thing was lying in its usual disorder; here one violin, there another; one snuff-box on the bed, another under one of the boy's playthings. Music, money, caps, letters, watches, and boots were scattered about in the utmost confusion. The chairs, tables, and even the bed, had all been removed from their proper places. In the midst of the chaos sat Paganini, his black silk nightcap covering his still blacker hair, a yellow handkerchief carelessly tied round his neck, and a chocolate-coloured handkerchief hanging loose upon his shoulders. On his knees he held Achillino, his little son of four years of age, at that time in very bad humour, because he had to allow his hands to be washed.

"His affectionate forbearance is truly extraordinary. Let the boy be ever so troublesome, he never gets angry, but merely turns round and observes to these present, 'the poor child is wearied; I do not know what I shall do, I am already quite worn out with playing with him. I have been fighting with him all the morning. I have carried him about; made him chocolate; I do not know what more to do.' It was enough to make one die of laughing to see Paganini in his slippers fighting with his little son, who reached to about his knee; sometimes the little Achillino would get into a rage, draw his sabre upon his father, who would retreat into one corner of the room and call out 'enough, enough! I am wounded already,' but the little fellow would never leave off until he had his gigantic adversary tottering and prostrate on the bed.

"Paganini had now finished the dressing of his Achillino, but was himself still in sad dishabille. And now arose the great difficulty, how to accomplish his own toilette; where to find his neck-cloth, his boots, his coat. All were hid, and by whom? By Achillino. The urchin laughed when he saw his father passing with long strides through the apartment, his searching looks glancing in all directions. And upon his asking him where he had put his things, the little wag pretended astonishment, and held his tongue, shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and signified by his gestures that he knew nothing about them. After a long search the boots were found, they were hid under the trunk; the handkerchief lay in one of the boots; the coat in the box; and the waistcoat in the drawer of the table. Every time that Paganini found one of his things, he drew it out in triumph,

took a great pinch of snuff, and went with new zeal to search for the remaining articles, always followed by the little fellow, who enjoyed it vastly when he saw his papa searching in places where he knew nothing was hid. At last we went out, and Paganini shut the door of the apartment, leaving behind him, lying about on the tables and in the cupboards; rings, watches, gold, and, what I most wondered at, his most precious violins. Any idea of the insecurity of his property never entered his head; and fortunately for him, in the lodgings which he occupied, the people were honest.

"The day being cold, Paganini had put on a monstrous cloak. And, as he was afraid that Achillino might catch cold, he took him up in his arms and carefully lapped him over and over with it. The little one, who wanted to breathe more freely, soon poked his head out; it was like a fine spring day in the arms of winter.

Paganini never plays from the notes in public. He glides quietly upon the stage of the theatre, or the platform of the concert room, with his magic fiddle in one hand, and a bow of more than usual length in the other. He acknowledges the greetings of the audience by an excessively awkward bow, dropping his arms straight down before him, and bending, or rather stooping his head and neck. When he commences playing, his face is pale and tranquil, but as he proceeds, it becomes lighted up with enthusiasm, and, ever and anon, at the finish of some wonderful burst, or after the execution of some startling phrase, he throws up his bow arm with a kind of triumphant jerk that seldom fails in producing a respondent cheer from his delighted auditory. It is a curious sight to watch him during the performance of a long and difficult concerto; to observe the intensity of his devotion; as the piece progresses, and his soul becomes wrapt in the beauty of the science he so thoroughly understands—to know that he is playing from memory the most difficult passages with a divine precision, and that the other musicians are following him with difficulty, although the notes of the accompaniment are placed before them.

Paganini enters so thoroughly into the spirit of his performances, and exerts himself so entirely *con amore*, that he seldom quits the orchestra or stage without being in a most profuse perspiration, notwithstanding the sparseness of his make. In general, he finds it necessary to undergo an entire change of linen before he is able to resume the performance—but he seldom complains of fatigue; like all fiddlers, he takes a considerable quantity of snuff; and after an arduous night's work, a pinch or two of his favourite *carotte*, and a tumbler of port-wine, negus, or claret punch, is the only refreshment sought or cared for.

Paganini's rival, an inferior but talented competitor, Olava, or Ole Bull, a Norwegian musician, has announced his intention of visiting the United States.—Unlike the great original, he is nearly self-taught; his talents have procured him the notice of the European dilettanti, and his life has been chequered by a strange reverse of light and shade. We may notice his peculiarities in our next number. B.

FAC-SIMILE OF PAGANINI'S HAND WRITING.

Niccolò Paganini
al gentile signor
fig. Baccaron al
Teatro di Novorich
il 1.º agosto
1831

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: or, SCENES, INCIDENTS, and ADVENTURES in the FAR WEST;
Digested from the Journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, of the United States Army, and illustrated from various other sources. By Washington Irving. In two volumes. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

A distinguished London critic lately asserted that when Washington Irving resigned the fascinating lassitude of European society, it was a subject of congratulation to the whole world: As a personal friend, the critic regretted the absence of the biographer of Columbus, and the loss of his delightful company; but if he had not returned to his native land, the beautiful work then in review, (*Astoria*), would never have been added to the catalogue of literary excellence.

It is indeed a subject of congratulation, more particularly to his countrymen, that Washington Irving should devote his powerful energies to the illustration of subjects connected with the history of America. The present work, "*The Rocky Mountains*" is a necessary addition to his *Astoria*. It is a continuation of the history of the Fur Trade down to the year 1835, from data furnished by Captain Bonneville. It is not a dry detail of statistical matter, but a lively romance of real life, told in the author's best manner, and sparkling with vivid description and startling adventure. By the powerful magic of the narrator's pen, we are carried far from the practices of civilization—from the hum of cities to the fastnesses of the howling wilderness. We journey with the caravan—plod with the trapper in his silent march, or watch the labours of the bee hunter, "a long lank fellow of fever-and-ague complexion, acquired from living on new soil and in a hut built of green wood." We join the camp of the wayfarers on the velvet bosom of the prairies, or the banks of a nameless stream that dashes through a narrow defile of the snow-crowned sierras. We enter the wigwam of the Indian, the lodge of the trapper, or descend the mountain stream in the frail bull boat of the exploring voyager. We partake of the rude excesses attendant on a buffalo feast, or suffer the pangs of hunger in the plains of eternal snows. We are roused by the midnight attack of the predatory Crows or Blackfeet, or join in a hunting party with the friendly Pierced Nooses. We marvel at the agility of California's gaudy dragons with the lasso, and admire the horsemanship of the naked red man of the west. We stare at the vagaries of

nature—at the wonders exhibited by mother earth in this strange region of boundless prairie, gigantic mountains, and broad and endless streams. We view with astonishment the immense herds of buffaloes, stretching for countless miles over the face of the country, far as the eye can reach; the gigantic elk, or timid antelope, or the flocks of absahta or bighorn, bounding like goats from crag to crag—the crafty Indian dogs, haunting the caravan; seizing the half-picked bones, offal, and garbage, with many a snap, and snarl, and growl—and the grizzly bears and wolves feeding on the salmon that are thrown upon the rivers' banks in such amazing quantities as to taint the atmosphere by their rottenness.

A valuable addition is made to our knowledge of the character of the Indians of the west. Captain Bonneville has portrayed them, not in the colours of romance, but in the simple tints of nature. He has developed an interesting variety of tribes that range the boundless western plains, who embody the most opposite traits of character, and possess temperaments as varied as the children of civilization. We are made acquainted with the roving, warlike, crafty, and predatory Crows—the pious Skynses—the gentle and friendly Nez Percés or Pierced Noses—the thieving Snakes—the abject and forlorn Shoshokoes or Root Diggers—the peaceable, playful, and laughing Flatheads—the vagabond Bannecks—the revengeful Rickarees or Arickaras—the Cottonoids and Pends Oreilles, or Hanging Ears—the sanguinary Blackfeet—and Les Dignes des Pitie, the Wanderers of the Mountain, emphatically called the Poor Devil Indians.

We have endeavoured to prove the variety of material embodied in this excellent and amusing work. The author's name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the workmanship, and we proceed forthwith to exhibit specimens.

“The wandering whites who mingle for any length of time with the savages, have invariably a proneness to adopt savage habitudes; but none more so than the free trappers. It is a matter of vanity and ambition with them to discard every thing that may bear the stamp of civilized life, and to adopt the manners, habits, dress, gesture, and even walk of the Indian. You cannot pay a free trapper a greater compliment, than to persuade him you have mistaken him for an Indian brave; and, in truth, the counterfeit is complete. His hair, suffered to attain to a great length, is carefully combed out, and either left to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited neatly and tied up in otter skins, or parti-coloured ribanda. A hunting shirt of ruffled calico of bright dyes, or of ornamented leather, falls to his knee; below which, curiously fashioned leggings, ornamented with strings, fringes, and a profusion of hawks' bells, reach to a costly pair of moccasins of the finest Indian fabric, richly embroidered with beads. A blanket of scarlet, or some other bright colour, hangs from his shoulders, and is girt round his waist with a red sash, in which he bestows his pistols, knife, and the stem of his Indian pipe; preparations either for peace or war. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks and vermilion, and provided with a fringed cover, occasionally of buckskin, ornamented here and there with a feather. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, pleasure, and profit of the mountaineer, is selected for his speed and spirit, and prancing carriage, and holds a place in his estimation second only to himself. He shares largely of his beauty, and of his pride and pomp of trapping. He is caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style; the bridles and crupper are weightily embossed with beads and cockades; and head, mane, and tail, are interwoven with abundance of eagles' plumes, which flutter in the wind. To complete this grotesque equipment, the proud animal is bestreaked and bespotted with vermilion, or with white clay, whichever presents the most glaring contrast to his real colour.

“Such is the account given by Captain Bonneville of these rangers of the wilderness, and their appearance at the camp was strikingly characteristic. They came dashing forward at full speed, firing their fuses, and yelling in Indian style. Their dark sunburnt faces, and long flowing hair, their leggings, flaps, moccasins, and richly dyed blankets, and their painted horses, gaudily caparisoned, gave them so much the air and appearance of Indians, that it was difficult to persuade oneself that they were white men, and had been brought up in civilized life.”—*Vol. I. p. 92.*

“And here we would remark a great difference, in point of character and quality, between the two classes of trappers, the “American” and “French,” as they are called in contradistinction. The latter is meant to designate the French creole of Canada or Louisiana; the former, the trapper of the old American stock, from Kentucky, Tennessee, and others of the western states. The French trapper is represented as a lighter, softer, more self-indulgent sort of man. He must have his Indian wife, his lodge, and his petty conveniences. He is gay and thoughtless, takes little heed of landmarks, depends upon his leaders and companions to think for the common weal, and, if left to himself, is easily perplexed and lost.

“The American trapper stands by himself, and is peerless for the service of the wilderness. Drop him in the midst of a prairie, or in the heart of the mountains, and he is never at a loss. He notices every landmark; can retrace his route through the most monotonous plains, or the most perplexed labyrinths of the mountains; no danger nor difficulty can appal him, and he scorns to complain under any privation. In equipping the two kinds of trappers, the creole and Canadian are apt to prefer the light fusée; the American always grasps the rifle: he despises what he calls the “shot-gun.” We give these estimates on the authority of a trader of long experience, and a foreigner by birth. ‘I consider one American,’ said he, ‘equal to three Canadians in point of sagacity, aptness at resources, self-dependence, and fearlessness of spirit. In fact, no one can cope with him as a stark trapper of the wilderness.’”—*Vol. I. p. 32.*

Love, and devotion to the objects of their love, are not unfrequent, even amongst the ill used Indian squaws.

“A striking circumstance is related as having occurred the morning after the battle. As some of the trappers and their Indian allies were approaching the fort, through the woods, they beheld an Indian woman

of noble form and features, leaning against a tree. Their surprise at her lingering there alone, to fall into the hands of her enemies, was dissipated, when they saw the corpse of a warrior at her feet. Either she was so lost in grief, as not to perceive their approach, or a proud spirit, kept her silent and motionless. The Indians sat up a yell on discovering her, and before the trappers could interfere, her mangled body fell upon the corpse which she had refused to abandon."—*Vol. I. p. 85.*

"During the heat of the battle, a woman of the Nez Percés, seeing her warrior badly wounded and unable to fight, seized his bow and arrows, and bravely and successfully defended his person, contributing to the safety of the whole party.

"At the outset of the fight, Kosato, the renegade, fought with fury rather than valour: animating the others by word as well as deed. A wound in the head from a rifle ball laid him senseless on the earth. There his body remained when the battle was over, and the victors were leading off the horses. His wretched wife was hanging over him with frantic lamentations. The conquerors paused and urged her to leave the lifeless renegade, and return with them to her kindred. She refused to listen to their solicitations, and they passed on. As she sat watching the features of Kosato, and giving way to passionate grief, she thought she perceived him to breathe. She was not mistaken. The ball, which had been nearly spent before it struck him, had stunned instead of killing him. By the ministry of his faithful wife, he gradually recovered; reviving to a redoubled love for her, and hatred of his native tribe.

"As to the female who had so bravely defended her husband, she was elevated by the tribe to a rank far above her sex, and, beside other honourable distinctions, was thenceforward permitted to take a part in the war dances of the braves!"—*Vol. I. p. 169.*

The assertions of various able geologists that the whole of the earth's formation must, at one time, have been submerged by the ocean, are considerably strengthened by the Captain's account of the face of several portions of the western country. Volney's hypothesis of the former existence of a great lake at the falls of the Ohio—Dr. Morettes, imaginary mountainous chain running from the peninsula of Yucatan, through the isle of Cuba, to the Florida shore, and his geographical delineation of the ancient bed of the Gulf of Mexico—with the supposititious alluvial formation of the Netherlands of the Mississippi, are not more feasible than the assumption that the broad prairies of the far west once formed the bed of an enormous lake. This sublime, but almost unknown region offers inducements of extraordinary character to the research of the geologist—let the following quotations excite their wonder, and rouse the enterprize of science.

"The vast plain was studded on the west with innumerable hills of conical shape, such as are seen north of the Arkansas river. These hills have their summits apparently cut off about the same elevation, so as to leave flat surfaces at top. It is conjectured by some, that the whole country may originally have been of the altitude of these tabular hills; but through some process of nature, may have sunk to its present level; these insulated eminences being protected by broad foundations of solid rock.

"Captain Bonneville mentions another geological phenomenon north of Red river, where the surface of the earth, in considerable tracts of country, is covered with broad slabs of sandstone, having the form and position of grave-stones, and looking as if they had been forced up by some subterranean agitation. 'The resemblance,' says he, 'which these very remarkable spots have in many places to old churchyards is curious in the extreme. One might almost fancy himself among the tombs of the pre-Adamites.'—*Vol. I. p. 41.*

"Many of the tributary streams of Snake river, rival it in the wildness and picturesqueness of their scenery. That called the Bruneau is particularly cited. It runs through a tremendous chasm, rather than a valley, extending upwards of a hundred and fifty miles. You come upon it on a sudden, in traversing a level plain. It seems as if you could throw a stone across from cliff to cliff; yet, the valley is near *two thousand feet deep*: so that the river looks like an inconsiderable stream. Basaltic rocks rise perpendicularly, so that it is impossible to get from the plain to the water, or from the river margin to the plain. The current is bright and limpid. Hot springs are found on the borders of this river. One bursts out of the cliffs forty feet above the river, in a stream sufficient to turn a mill, and sends up a cloud of vapor.

"We find a characteristic picture of this volcanic region of mountains and streams, furnished by the journal of Captain Wyeth, which lies before us; who ascended a peak in the neighbourhood we are describing.—From this summit, the country, he says, appears an indescribable chaos; the tops of the hills exhibit the same strata as far as the eye can reach; and appear to have once formed the level of the country; and the valleys to be formed by the sinking of the earth, rather than the rising of the hills. Through the deep cracks and chasms thus formed, the rivers and brooks make their way, which renders it difficult to follow them. All these basaltic channels are called cut rocks by the trappers. Many of the mountain streams disappear in the plains; either absorbed by their thirsty soil, and by the porous surface of the lava, or swallowed up in gulfs and chasms."—*Vol. II. page 47.*

"Here, however, occur some of the striking phenomena of this wild and sublime region. The great lower plain which extends to the feet of these mountains, is broken up near their bases into crests and ridges, resembling the surges of the ocean breaking on a rocky shore.

"In a line with the mountains, the plain is gashed with numerous and dangerous chasms, from four to ten feet wide, and of great depth. Captain Bonneville attempted to sound some of these openings, but without any satisfactory result. A stone dropped into one of them reverberated against the sides, for apparently a very great depth, and, by its sound, indicated the same kind of substance with the surface, as long as the strokes could be heard. The horse, instinctively sagacious in avoiding danger, shrinks back in alarm from the least of these chasms; pricking up his ears, snorting and pawing, until permitted to turn away.

"We have been told by a person well acquainted with the country, that it is sometimes necessary to travel fifty and sixty miles, to get round one of these tremendous ravines. Considerable streams, like that of Codia's river, that run with a bold, free current, lose themselves in this plain; some of them end in swamps, others suddenly disappear; finding, no doubt, subterranean outlets.

"Opposite to these chasms, Snake river makes two desperate leaps over precipices, at a short distance from each other; one twenty, the other forty feet in height.

"The volcanic plain in question forms an area of about sixty miles in diameter, where nothing meets the eye but a desolate and awful waste; where no grass grows nor water runs, and where nothing is to be seen but lava. *Ranges of mountains skirt this plain, and, in Captain Bonneville's opinion, were formerly connected, until rent asunder by some convulsion of nature.* Far to the east, the Three Teton lift their heads sublimely, and dominate the wide sea of lava;—one of the most striking features of a wilderness where every thing seems on a scale of stern and simple grandeur."—*Vol. I. p. 177.*

"The soil was light and sandy; the country much diversified. Frequently the plains were studded with isolated blocks of rock, sometimes in the shape of a half-globe, and from three to four hundred feet high. These singular masses had occasionally a very imposing and even sublime appearance, rising from the midst of a savage and lonely landscape."—*Vol. I. p. 58.*

"On the 10th of November, Captain Bonneville visited a place in the neighborhood which is quite a region of natural curiosities. An area of about half a mile square presents a level surface of white clay, or fullers' earth, perfectly spotless, resembling a great slab of Parian marble, or a sheet of dazzling snow. The effect is strikingly beautiful at all times; in summer, when it is surrounded by verdure, or in autumn, when it contrasts its bright immaculate surface with the withered herbage. Seen from a distant eminence, it then shines like a mirror set in the brown landscape. Around this plain are clustered numerous springs of various sizes and temperatures. One of them, of scalding heat, boils furiously and incessantly, rising to the height of two or three feet. In another place, there is an aperture in the earth, from which rises a column of steam that forms a perpetual cloud. The ground for some distance around sounds hollow, and startles the solitary trapper, as he hears the tramp of his horse giving the sound of a muffled drum. He pictures to himself a mysterious gulf below, a place of hidden fires: and gazes round him with sensations of awe and uneasiness.

"The most noted curiosity, however, of this singular region is the *Beer Spring*, of which trappers give wonderful accounts. They are said to turn aside from their route through the country to drink of its waters, with as much eagerness as the Arab seeks some famous well of the desert. Captain Bonneville describes it as having the taste of beer. His men drunk it with avidity, and in copious draughts. It did not appear to him to possess any medicinal properties, or to produce any peculiar effects. The Indians, however, refuse to taste it, and endeavour to persuade the white men from doing so."—*Vol. II. p. 30.*

"In a few moments, every spring had its jovial knot of hard drinkers, with tin cup in hand, indulging in a mock carouse; quaffing, pledging, toasting, bandying jokes, singing drinking songs, and uttering peals of laughter, until it seemed as if their imaginations had given potency to the beverage, and cheated them into a fit of intoxication. Indeed, in the excitement of the moment, they were loud and extravagant in their commendations of 'the mountain tap,' elevating it above every beverage produced from hops or malt. It was a singular and fantastic scene; suited to a region where every thing is strange and peculiar:—These groups of trappers, and hunters, and Indians, with their wild costumes, and wilder countenances; their boisterous gaiety and reckless air; quaffing, and making merry round these sparkling fountains; while beside them lay their weapons, ready to be snatched up for instant service. Painters are fond of representing banditti, at their rude and picturesque carousals; but here were groups still more rude and picturesque; and it needed but a sudden onset of Blackfeet, and a quick transition from a fantastic revel to a furious *mélée*, to have rendered this picture of a trapper's life complete. The beer frolic, however, passed off without any untoward circumstance; and, unlike most drinking bouts, left neither headache nor heartache behind.

"There is here a soda spring; or, I may say, fifty of them. These springs throw out lime, which deposits and forms little hillocks of a yellowish colored stone. There is, also, here a warm spring, which throws out water, with a jet; which is like bilge water in taste. These are, also, here, peat beds, which sometimes take fire, and leave behind deep, light ashes in which animals sink deep. * * * I ascended a mountain, and from it could see that Bear river took a short turn round Sheep rock. There were, in the plain, many hundred mounds of yellowish stone, with a crater on the top, formed of the deposits of the impregnated water."—*Vol. II, p. 124.*

"The Crow country has other natural curiosities, which are held in superstitious awe by the Indians, and considered great marvels by the trappers. Such is the *Burning mountain*, on Powder river, abounding with anthracite coal. Here the earth is hot and cracked; in many places emitting smoke and sulphurous vapors, as if covering concealed fires. A volcanic tract of similar character is found on Stinking river, one of the tributaries of the Bighorn, which takes its unhappy name from the odor derived from sulphurous springs and streams. This last mentioned place was first discovered by Colter, a hunter belonging to Lewis and Clarke's exploring party, who came upon it in the course of his lonely wanderings, and gave such an account of its gloomy terrors, its hidden fires, smoking pits, noxious steams, and the all-pervading 'smell of brimstone,' that it received, and has ever since retained among trappers, the name of 'Colter's Hell!' "—*Vol. I, p. 223.*

Captain Bonneville, with a few of his adventurous band, essayed to climb the highest peak of the Wind River Chain, the most elevated ridge of the Rocky Mountains. After three days of woful labour, creeping up the beds of dashing streams, or along the paths of the mountain sheep, "shagged by frightful precipices, and seamed with longitudinal chasms, deep and dangerous," the climbers reached a place where they beheld huge crags of granite piled one upon another, and beeding like battlements far above them. The Captain, in endeavouring to discern "some practicable route through this stupendous labyrinth, reached the summit of a lofty cliff, but it was only to behold gigantic peaks rising all around, and towering far into the snowy regions of the atmosphere." But the courage of the exploring party surmounted the difficulties of this mountain pass, although the ascent was so steep and dangerous, that they were frequently compelled to clamber up the face of rugged precipices, on their hands and knees, with their guns slung behind them. "Frequently exhausted with fatigue, and dripping with perspiration, they threw themselves upon the snow, and took handfuls of it to allay their parching thirst. At one place they even stripped off their coats, and hung them upon the bushes, and thus lightly clad, proceeded to scramble over these eternal snows. The view from the peak is well described.

"Here a scene burst upon the view of Captain Bonneville, that for a time astonished and overwhelmed him with its immensity. He stood, in fact, upon that dividing ridge which Indians regard as the crest of the

world; and on each side of which, the landscape may be said to decline to the two cardinal oceans of the globe. Whichever way he turned his eye, it was confounded by the vastness and variety of objects. Beneath him, the Rocky mountains seemed to open all their secret recesses: deep, solemn valleys; treasured lakes; dreary passes; rugged defiles, and foaming torrents; while beyond their savage precincts the eye was lost in almost immeasurable landscape; stretching on every side into dim and hazy distance, like the expanse of a summer's sea. Whichever way he looked, he beheld vast plains glimmering with reflected sunshine; mighty streams wandering on their shining course toward either ocean, and snowy mountains, chain beyond chain, and peak beyond peak, till they melted like clouds into the horizon. For a time, the Indian fable seemed realized; he had attained the height from which the Blackfoot warrior, after death, first catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting grounds spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of free and generous spirits. The captain stood for a long while gazing upon this scene, lost in a crowd of vague and indefinite ideas and sensations. A long drawn inspiration at length relieved him from this enthrallment of the mind, and he began to analyze the parts of this vast panorama. A simple enumeration of a few of its features, may give some idea of its collective grandeur and magnificence.

"The peak on which the Captain had taken his stand, commanded the whole Wind river chain; which, in fact, may rather be considered one immense mountain, broken into snowy peaks and lateral spurs, and seamed with narrow valleys. Some of these valleys glittered with silver lakes and gushing streams; the fountain heads, as it were, of the mighty tributaries to the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Beyond the snowy peaks, to the south, and far, far below the mountain range, the gentle river, called the Sweet Water, was seen pursuing its tranquil way through the rugged region of the Black hills. In the east, the head waters of Wind river wandered through a plain, until, mingling in one powerful current, they forced their way through the range of Horn mountains, and were lost to view. To the north, were caught glimpses of the upper streams of the Yellowstone, that great tributary of the Missouri. In another direction were to be seen some of the sources of the Oregon or Columbia, flowing to the north-west, past those towering landmarks, the Three Teton, and pouring down into the great lava plain. While almost at the Captain's feet, the Green river, or Colorado of the west, set forth on its far-wandering pilgrimage to the Gulf of California; at first, a mere mountain torrent, dashing northward over crag and precipice, in a succession of cascades; and tumbling into the plain, where, expanding into an ample river, it circled away to the south, and after alternately shining out and disappearing in the vast mazes of the landscape, was finally lost in a horizon of mountains. The day was calm and cloudless, and the atmosphere so pure that objects were discernible at an astonishing distance. The whole of this immense area was enclosed by an outer range of shadowy peaks, some of them faintly marked on the horizon, which seemed to wall them in from the rest of the earth.

"It is to be regretted that Captain Bonneville had no instruments with him with which to ascertain the altitude of this peak. He gave it as his opinion, that it is the loftiest point of the North American continent; but of this we have no satisfactory proof. It is certain that the Rocky mountains are of an altitude vastly superior to what was formerly supposed. We rather incline to the opinion that the highest peak is further to the northward, and is the same measured by Mr. Thompson, surveyor to the North-west Company; who, by the joint means of the barometer and trigonometric measurement, ascertained it to be twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea; an elevation only inferior to that of the Himalayas."—*Vol. I., p. 244.*

The importance of the Fur Trade, and the necessity of the maintenance of western outposts, have never been appreciated by our government. The Russians are rapidly extending their possessions upon the confines of California, and have actually fortified the post of Bondago. The Hudson's Bay Company, an English association, domineer over an extensive range of coast, on the Pacific, and by their establishments at Vancouver and Fort George, formerly Astoria, command the whole of the Columbia and its tributaries, ruling the destinies of the salmon fisheries and the fur trade, and claiming the exclusive right of the Indian hunting grounds between the Rocky Mountains and the shores of the Pacific, with the right of cultivation of the valleys of the Wallamut and Des Chutes; each of them capable in fertility and extent of sustaining a powerful emigration. In the words of the author—"The resources of the country, while in the hands of a company restricted in its trade, can be but partially called forth: but in the hands of Americans, enjoying a direct trade with the East Indies, would be brought into quickening activity; and might soon realize the dream of Mr. Astor, in giving rise to a flourishing commercial empire."

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S MEDICAL POCKET BOOK AND HEALTH ADVISER.

Kay, Jr. & Brothers.

This little work is well adapted to the purpose intended, and should occupy a niche in every gentleman's dressing table, or a nook in every traveller's valise. The remedial usages recommended are simple but efficacious; every possible variety of ill "that flesh is heir to" is noticed in popular language, free from the distracting technicalities of science, or tiresome display of professional skill. The chapter on teeth possesses much valuable information.

The preface contains a curious attack upon the sobriety of our western "medicines," as the Indians term the doctors.

"I have known a considerable district, in one of our western states, which contained but one doctor, and him I have met on his way to his patients, by eight o'clock in the morning, so drunk as to render it necessary to lift him into his gig. Sometimes there is no physician of any kind to be obtained; or if there be, after waiting until the complaint has got to a height that baffles all remedies, he arrives in a state similar to that described! What becomes of the sick under such circumstances?"

THE AMERICAN LADIES' MEDICAL POCKET BOOK AND NURSERY ADVISER.

Kay Jr. & Brothers.

AN excellent companion to the preceding work, and a necessary adjunct to the well-doing of every nursery. To our friends who have lately entered the hymenial state, and are anxious about the health of their little responsibilities, we advise the presentation of a copy of the Nursery Adviser to the lady directress. It contains the best advice to young wives and mothers.

Miss Martineau's new work, "Society in America," has excited but little curiosity on either side of the Atlantic. The ultra nature of her politics forbids the enthusiasm of a numerous partizanship, and the reading public have not forgotten the disappointment connected with the journal of a former lady visitor. Miss Martineau does not permit a childish-like love of country to blind her perception of the beauties of America and its institutions; nor does she daub her pages with the coarsest flattery for purposes of a transient and selfish nature. Her book is philosophically critical. She is occasionally erroneous, as travellers generally are, in the assumption of premises from individual cases; and not unfrequently politically biased in the tendency of her conclusions.

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott is rapidly progressing. It will be a delightful work, every way worthy the fame of the great poet and novelist. The biographer is fortunate in the possession of material of wonderful quality and quantity.

THE DRAMA.

A powerful body of musical talent, of the first order, will most likely appear in the course of the ensuing season. By the last advices from London, we understand that the Woods positively return; but that Mr. Wood declines appearing upon the stage, and has formed an engagement with Mr. Templeton, a tenor of considerable power and sweetness, to fill his place in the various operas. Mr. Seguin, a basso of some popularity, will also accompany Mr. Wood, and give assistance to the new productions in which that wonderful *cantatrice* will appear. Mr. Brough, it is believed, has concluded a negociation with Miss Shirreff, and Mrs. Wilson, vocalists of considerable eminence; and that the musical trio contemplate visiting the United States immediately. Forrest, with his young bride, returns for the commencement of the theatrical campaign. He will perform at New York upon his arrival; then at Boston, where he has not played for several years; and then present himself to his fellow citizens, rich in the well-earned glory of his European fame, and confessedly the first tragedian in the world.

COSMOGONICAL SQUINTINGS.

AMERICA. Money not to be smelt under cent. per cent. General Shaving—universal Barber-ism—Lynch Law—literal distress—great scarcity of V's, X's, L's, and C's. No trust but distrust. Great cuttings up 'cause *cutting's* down. Every bank like the Mammoth—the specie's extinct.

MEXICO. Losing Texas, and gaining Taxes. Rows *riz*. Revolution once a month. Two Presidents, and a thousand Vices. General row, General discontent, General Bustamante.

POLAND—*past*. Wo-land—*present*. No-land—*future*.

SPAIN. Within an ace of losing her queen by a knave—the king no trump. Civil war, Seville oranges, servile courtiers, save-all ministers, and several Dons done to a dungeon for donning Donna Maria's livery.

ENGLAND. Nothing moving but stagnation. War with the Church—Radicals running Steeple Chases. Dolorous signs from brother Jonathan, and sine-dollarous remittances.

RUSSIA. Rasher and rasher. Czar wants to spar, but not such a calf as to take the Bull by the horns—Can't tell whether an autocrat ought to crow or to cry.

FRANCE. Louis Philippe doing badly—daily expecting a bullet-in. All Paris going gunning at *le monarque metallique*. Vaults groaning with gold, table set with silver—coach plaited with platina, and covered with copper to keep off steel knives, iron muzzles, and leaden balls, because his popularity is in a state of pewter-ification. Royalty rolling in riches, and manufacturers in misery. Another revolution hourly expected. Puppies pampered, and Lyons starved.

IRELAND. Taxes, tythes, and 'taters. Agitators, and their imitators—White boys without a yellow-boy. Dozens of families without a thirteener. No rent paid but the Connell rent. Orange faction looking blue, and many a son of Green Erin without a red herring.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE FRIAR OF DILLOW.

A MONO-DRAME.

*Scene the First.—The Skirts of a Wood. Time—Even. Argument—*The Friar halteth to refresh. He singeth roundelays, moralizeth on his corporal nose, his belly, and other beasts of prey; soberly giveth utterance to divers merry-conceited ponderings; and discusseth on the wisdom of going by the bog to the Shrieve's Lady, who affecteth him.

THE FRIAR.

I HAVE scared the does in the woodlands, by the beams of my comfortable nose. I can never come near enough the haunch at twilight, to knock the knave over the costard with my staff. I lose a matter of five bucks a month by this. Well—go to.—Hath not the comfortable nose its advantages?—Aye. The rogue who came upon me yonder on the hill-side I affrighted, by enlarging on the sin of despoiling Holy Mother Church;—and speaking of after-life fires, revealed my mortal nose;—he fled. But am I not desecrated in all paths and peregrinations?—Yea. The good-wives peep through their lattices at night-fall, some half a league off, to a meteor on the hill-top, and shout out, "Yonder goeth the ghostly friar!" No benison of mine be upon the bogginess of this land! I am seen, it is said, in fifty different parts of the diocese within an hour; when, St. Botolph knows, I am singing some sober roundelay in a sequestered nook, by brook-side, under willow, three flasks a cooling in the waters, one in my hand unbosoming its dainty soul unto me, and a spiced cygnet pastry on the green dewy grass, with its rich jelly glittering in the moon-light, 'twixt my gams—I am a traduced man.—Flasks a cooling, said I? 'Tis true—but still, when had I a cold cup? Were I to put my lips to the great ocean, my nose would bob knee-deep therein first, and make the waters warm and sickly as the sallow gruel of mortification, ere I could quaff a mouthful. How got I a broken pate from that wittol the grazier the hinder-night past?—Why thus—He fell upon me, by mistake, supposing me to be some unholy rogue who had been devouring the flesh of his fat beeves, and bussing his most gamesome wife. I could have squeezed the tallow out of him with my quarter-staff, as out of a beaten suet-bag, had I but fair play. But how could I see the churl in the midnight moonless darkness?

And what directed him where to lay his flail with effect?—Truly my nose, my treacherous nose.—It is a fire that burns and consumes my vital oil. I grow lean and ghostly; but marvellously unfriarlike. I am barely twenty score, bating my bottle and staff; I have seen hogs of more weight—rarely though—but rarely. What brought the thief to me last Whitnigt, when I slept under the hawthorn in the valley? Naught but my nose. He thought it was a cold carbuncle, and twitching it suddenly, found it to be a blazing torch. He quitted me with scorched digits. A judgment! a judgment! But the nightingales sang over me all night—so they did—deeming my nasal beams to emanate from a bevy of the pretty glow-worms to whom they pay court; but the rogues devour those to whom they so pay court;—for had I a pimple unblained from their rascally beaks when I awoke? Not one. Doth not the Lord Abbot know the depth of my draught by the mark on my snout? Truly so. There is ever a girdle of spices about it, from the surface of the tippie, which tells how high the tide of wine hath arisen, as truly as doth the dirty foam on the willow-bark, the height of the river-waters. Good Lord! in how many ale-mugs hath this eternal toast hissed!—The sheep's fleece succumbs to the dyer's drug, and so hath the innocent lily-white purity of my olfactory to the red, red wine. They call it the corporal essence, the embodied spirit of the Malmsey butt. And the villain lay-brother, who trims the candles at midnight-mass, if I chance to doze and tarry somewhat behind my brethren, turns him back muttering curses on the half-extinguished wick that stinks in the corner, and lo, you! pops his greasy extinguisher upon my feature! And once when I was devout in the solitude of my usual retreat, the blear-eyed porpus snuffed my nose to give more light! Verily I am a colossal candle; but this villanous wick will burn me out at last. I have heard so little else spoken of, but my jewel here, for these last twenty years, that it hath grown to be the leading theme of my poor thoughts. Do I not play on a lute of four strings? I do; and they are malmsey, venison, the Lord Abbot, and my feature. This last is my base:—upon it do I grumble. Yonder goeth a doe, and the sight of her maketh me a-hungered.—Were I not a man, I would, fain be a fat buck.—I

love the woodlands, and am happy in bearing a portly haunch. I love the green leaves, and do moralize upon them with all my might.—(*He singeth.*)

Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree;
Some grow high, and some grow low;
And merrily dance the young leaves high,
While the old leaves rot below.

They drop a tear,
On each brother's mossy bier;
Then merrily dance on again;

And we, boys, we,
With the forester agree,
That leaves are the symbols of men;
And the world is an old oak tree.

I must drink after that though, by'r lady must I!—(*He drinketh.*) Malmsey, I thank thee!—I love the green leaves, as I said, and the soft verdant glade. I admire also to see the sun, with flushed, glowing, enlarged face, reeling tipally homewards at eventide, with his handmaids, the richly attired clouds, crowding around him, and dutifully hiding his infirmities, and easing him gently to his couch. I glory to see him rising on the morrow, fevered, athirst, and looking as if he could drink up the great ocean. When he goes to bed latest he rises earliest:—'tis so with men. A hot pillow follows much drink, and thirst chases indolence. In winter, Dan Phœbus doeth penance for the summer's free living; he nurseth himself, goes to his repose betimes, and lies abed of a morning. They talk of music of the spheres:—I will uphold the position. I have heard the sun, when he was half forced, half wheedled to his couch, roar musically for another flagon. I should be in the woods more, but the rascally does grow lean, and make such small paths through the furze now-a-days, that my fleece is torn as I pass; and the briars gore my haunches; and I emboss with blood the love-sick primrose's maiden face. That irks me. I like the primrose, and would fain have the virgin immaculate;—so would I my own skin; but the thorns do write "Rover" and "Woodman" on it daily. Man hath his signs and tokens. A bibber bears a beacon in his front, which shows his craft. Were I the Dillow cellarman, the vats should so know me for their lord, in one little moon, that every one of them should be on the stoop to me;—by'r lady should they! I would instruct them to duck, and be mannerly, and learn the posture of obeisance. He that was most proud, erect, and burly, would I phlebotomise sans intermission; and so bring him down to the level of his fellows' humility. Now, albeit, the Lord Abbot is fat and happy, and eateth fifteen times per diem, and I would fain be the Lord Abbot, yet, I would rather be butterer or cellarman; for they chew and quaff without ceasing, and hold dominion over beef barons and buck haunches as big and lusty as lay-brothers; and tuns of Malmsey, greater in girth than the superior himself: their subjects proffer themselves for mastication, and shed their blood gladly as in allegiance bend. The Dillow cellarman should be removed, and I should have his place. The cruel churl mixeth

water with our wine! I abhor it in whatever disguise it come unto me. All my family have had a laudable hate for water, ever since my grandfather was drowned. What breedeth colds, cramps, rheumatism, infidelity, and scepticism, but water? What allays the rosy fire of the cheek; what maketh the wits puny, and the gams limber, but water? Were I Pope dominant, I would excommunicate from among all good people, more especially the friars, and most especially the good fraternity of Dillow, pitiful water.—Hath ever villanous, uneasy, restless sect arose, whose founder was not a water-drinker? Will I trust any man who quaffs pure element? Not I. Be they not all dangerous? Truly so. Water! I tremble in thinking of it! Is your wine-drinker, your haunch-lover, a rebel, or a heretic? Doth he overturn church or state? No. He eats, drinks, fattens, and sleeps; lets the world wag; and is content. Water breeds murmurings. I'll have none of't. Is not my Lord Abbot loyal? Yes. Am not I true man? Yea again. We tipples malmsey: therefore is water naught. It is empty, and hath no virtue in it. And for your base, cowardly hinds, who embrew mixed potations, and marry the noble son of the grape, whose robe is purple and glorious, to the naked, immodest daughter of the rock, they merit pains and penalties;—marry do they! I will be found on the topmost twig of the mountain ash—I will be seen lending my sole tooth to another, when I am about to chew pudding myself—I will be detected in any other most improbable feat, ere I belabour, and thwack, and overcome the brook's tears, with the rope of malmsey. It is cowardly. Let the lily drink her dew-drop and grow paler! Let the colomb hie to her rivulet, and moan, and moo, and be melancholy in the hawthorn! But let man go to his rundlet, or his flagon, and his heart shall laugh, and his countenance rejoice, and his nose—truly, though, his nose, blazing so torridly, is a misery consequent. There was a maggot in mine a-Wednesday; and the Lord Abbot said it was the first salamander his eyes had seen. Marry too! I am perforce driven to sleep under the cistern, lest any sudden combustion should occur from my inflammable feature, and endanger Dillow! (*He singeth.*)

The nose—the nose—the ghostly nose—

The nose of the holy friar!

It scares the does, as forth he goes,

Through furzy brake and briar.

I must drink again! (*He drinketh.*) Flask, thou art on the wane! What the fiend makes the women so fond of this rose of my garden, this furnace of flesh and blood? They are light—light—vanities all. The dames of the shire flutter around it, like moths about a candle; and if they be singed, can I help it? No. Here is this dainty doe of that antlered buck, the High-Shrieve, to whom I am now going—wearing the darkness of the night as a cloak—does she think I am carnal, and affect her body? It is her buttery and wine-bin I visit, not their mistress. "Sweet, tender chicken!" quoth I, and she thinks I am lauding her; when, Saint Bridget betide me! I am thinking of

naught but the young capon! "Soothing, rapturous voice!" quoth I again, and she shrieks grammarcy for the compliment! But, Lord, sir! it is the bottle's delicate cluck-cluck I speak of, as it is about to give up the ghost—which is spirit—to my cup. (*He singeth.*)

Cluck! cluck! she clucks so merrily;
The old black hen that's broody.

Singing of bottles, remindeth me that I am sore athirst. (*He drinketh.*) I am—St. Thomas of Dillow defend me!—one of the old black hen's most affectionate chickens. But now for this wife of the Shrieve! As for him—the villain Shrieve—I bear him a bitter grudge, and will make oath upon my quarter-staff and bottle, to do him some scurvy trick. I will. (*He singeth.*)

He has married a lady of high degree,
The Sheriff of Gloucestershire;
She's fair and portly, frank and free;
And shoots love-shafts from her bonny e'e-bree,
O'er woodland and headland, far over the lee,
To the cell of the holy Friar.

The Aven flows, the Shrieve's man rowa,
He's gone for a night and a day;
While green grass grows, the daintiest does
Will gambol and friak when the keeper's away.
Heigh! dallow! fallow!

The deer leaves the old fern, so crouch by the mallow.

I will drink, and budge. (*He drinketh.*) The flask is now a hollow friend. By this time the Shrieve's lady is watching for me at the lattice. If I cross the bog, which is my nearer path, myriads of will-o'-wisp devils will assail and singe me, as the bearer of an interloping Jack-lantern—to wit, my nose—a trespassing light on their domains. Well, go by, Thomas!—thy innocence protect thee! By the bog I will go:—there is a footpath wherewith I am passing well acquainted—the way round is long, and my legs rebel against it. Now would I fain marry a maiden verse of mine own present procreation, to the lusty old stave I have just trowled, and which I have known to be sole and a bachelor for these forty years past; but truly, for the moment, I lack the fringe of rhyme to my thoughts. I must think upon, and carol some hostellerie or drawer's ballad, that if there be any late passers, they may not suspect it is a monk who is moving across the bog at these hours. Sing I must to cheer me. (*He singeth.*)

The hind's wife hath a smutty mouth,
He left it lily-fair, ah!
But believe he must,
'Tis the cake's burnt crust;
Though the tinker hath been there, ah
Clinkum, clankum, clink, clink;
Ding! dong!
The whole day long!
Cranies, pass the jorum round,
And let the tinker drink.
(*The Friar goeth on his way, thus carolling.*)

Scene the Second.—The Bog; wherein the Friar, having gone aside from the true path, hath, in part, sunk. He still venteth trope and metaphor; but chanteth no roundelay.

THE FRIAR.

Now am I belt-deep in this dastardly swamp!—Here do I abide like a wrecked ship, with a lantern of distress, my glimmering nose, beaming from my prow; and the whoreson will-o'-wisps, that eke so featly danced jigs to my roundelay, have suddenly deserted me in my sinking state. The false fiends flitted round me in my glory, but now that I am come unto the dirt, have suddenly left me to mine own resources, the light of mine own peak; whose utmost beam flies no further than my last full flask; which being jerked from my clutch as I slopped into this iniquitous mire, lies just an inch beyond my utmost reach, and sinks gradually before my eyes. AUNTAROTH, the Prince of these foul wilds, hath a night of revelry below in his halls, and, lacking light, hath bene inveigled, to use me as a living illumination. I shall drop anon, fathoms deep, when all is prepared for my reception, into my allotted socket like a fat candle. I will night-wander no more, an' I do escape this purgatory. Shall I dip my nose now, and make dry land of this fen? Truly would I in self-defence, but that the vicinity of water to my lip, casts me into villanous qualms. I am afflicted with hydrophobia for my iniquities, and can no more lap water than a bitten dog. Oh! proboscis! proboscis! beast that thou art, wilt thou never abate thy wrath? The creature hath been growing pregnant, as it were, yea larger and more large daily, for these months past. I look to see the beast delivered anon, of a young Aurora Borealis, or a litter of bog-fires. And so near doth furious fiery torment abide unto my lips, that they are parched as the very deserts over which sitteth the fiery sun of Afric. Now is my Lord Abbot regaling on some cygnet pie, and pastries of cold veal, imbedded in savoury jelly. And now hath he buried nine-tenths and a fraction of his large face, in that carved goblet, whose rim hath so often indented these cheeks. And now he finisheth his draught, and smacketh his satisfied lips, which twang with a moist chirrup; alas! the while, mine do rattle here, like parched pumpkins!—Up to my girth in slush! I am as much out of mine element, as frog in flannel!—And now is friar John envying the good cheer which he thinks I am enjoying; and, lo! I envy him his puny cup of impoverished wine. Hath this villanous Sheriff removed landmarks, and brought me here so? Well! well! I have plagued him. Once he sewed me in a sack, and by pulley and rope hitched me to a thick tenter-hook; intending to drown me at nightfall. But behold, no sooner was he gone, than the bag broke and released me. What did I? I remember me well to have put a fat living pig of his own in my place, sewed up the cicatrice, and when he, with horse and man, labour and fear, soul-irking and body-sweat, had tossed said sack and pig into the mill-stream, who stood before his horrified gaze laughing on the other bank? Truly I, Thomas of Dillow. Did he not let fly an arrow at

my bald sconce? He did; and it glanced therefrom as hailstone from rock, and slew his best palfrey by my side. He has oftentimes vowed, that did he ever have me in his power again, he would stow me away in a full butt of malmsey! Oh! that I were in his power even now! This I do wish most devoutly!—Marry and defend us! What voices be these? The whoreson Shrieve and his lean myrmidons, by our ladykin! Thomas, thou art in jeopardy! And yet they cannot be in quest of me, or they would not be so superfluous as to come with torches. Well, go by! By my faith, though, they approach; and are armed with flails! I must attempt another struggle. Vouchsafe, O bog! to relent and soften, that I may wade through thee; or harden thine heart utterly, that I may walk over thee! By fish or flesh, water or land! It is inexorable. I lack a wain-horse for each leg, and a whole team for my carcass. Eh! me! the miseries of this sublunary world! Go by! Thomas! Mass! Thou movest, man! What joy have we in this vale of tears!—Soh! I may as well travel east as west, for that way lies my flask. Saint Peter help me! I cut through it no faster than a flail would a Welch cheese. They come, too—the ban of Mother Church be on 'em! Were it good food now, this vile bog, I would make my way through it, as horse through hay-mow—eat! eat! eat! (*The Friar flounders on, in silent tribulation and dismay—at length, he disappears.*)

Scene the Third.—The Friar, who was taken by the Shrieve and his men in the Bog, and by them thrust into a Malmsey vat, and there kept for seven days, is now at large in his old haunts about the woods, venting his roundelays and quaint conceits again.

THE FRIAR.

Now I am like unto some tipsy vat, that, newly filled with wine, hath leaped in its intoxication upon a brace of ale-kilderkins; and using them as legs, wandered forth among the verdant woodland glades. How fresh and handsome is the morning! (*He singeth.*)

The lark is high in the silver cloud,
The moon's cold reign is done;
He wakes the doe with his carol loud;
'Tis he first sees the sun.
Heigh! Jug! He merrily sings,
The larklings all are bare!
He shakes the dew from his dappled wings,
And flies aloof from care.

I have let out my girdle, little by little, to the last eye, as a man doth the circumbelt of his conscience; and my paunch still aches and groans with retention. An' my belt should break, I must assuredly go to pieces like an unhooped butt. If I be not grown bigger, within the seven days that I have revelled in the Shrieve's cellar, than the Lord Abbot and any five of the holy fraternity conjunct, then is my Lord Abbot the stalk of a cowslip; and in sooth, when I saw him last, he measured three yards about, bating his thumb. I darken an acre of ground as I stand, casting a big

broad shadow before me, which is cleft in twain by the beams of my nose, as a dark valley is parted by a clear, bright rivulet; on the brink whereof, repose dozens of fawns that eke so feared me, dapping their velvet noses into that streak of light, and marvelling to find no liquid, but scarcely endurable heat there instead. I am malmsey from crown to sole. I will prick my little finger, and placing it as a dug in the mouth of each in rotation, by the mere suction, the strong juice thereof, intoxicate five friars and a vintner in an hour. Let me sink into the marsh again, and jubilate while I sing, so that I may again be taken by that wittol, the Shrieve, and encased in a malmsey vat. The rogue wondered, and his antlers stood erect, when I made so little resistance to that sweet imprisonment. If I die, let my coffin be an old vat. Die!—What the fiend business hath death with me? I never wronged him. Aye, but Thomas, thou owest him a debt. You lie, sirrah! I have paid him by instalments; to wit, orisons, vespers, fastings, mortifications, and what not. Go to! He hath a many creditors, and if I owe him ought, he may forget to call upon me, in my cosey nook by the green drooping willow of the valley-stream. After he (the Shrieve) deemed me incorporate and melted into the malmsey, which doubtless he reckoned to enrich with my valuable juices, comes me the villain and his man at midnight, pale, powerless, and quaking, and shaking like my lady's little and fourth finger, when taking her morning cup, after having drunk unusually deep over night; with fear and trembling opened they the vessel wherein they had encased me; when deep in the centre, like fire in cave, gleamed full and dazzling my ruby proboscis upon them! "Goodden! Goodden! Son Shrieve!" quod I, "and many thanks for your good cheer; I have drunk up your malmsey, and for these last three hours have been sore athirst; but I knew thou would'st calculate to half a day, the time thy wine would take me drinking; I reposed me upon my arithmetic! Lo! you, I have sucked my imbued frock, during these three purgatorial hours, until it is as dry as charcoal." But did the Shrieve tarry, or his man, think you? Not they; but out they ran, the last in loud affright, and the first in mute despair at my obstinate retention of life. He was wont in the autumn to accuse his wife of entertaining me, whensoever her cheek blushed at his eventide return, deeming that soft crimson, the rosy reflection of the lately departed sun, namely, this glorious lord of my countenance. Out rolled I, with palms extended as land-nets to gather prey as I passed; and crossed his threshold, bearing a pastry in either hand, a chicken in my stomach, and a savory duckling enduring the process of summary mastication in my mouth; and by the Abbot of Dillow's thumb—a mighty oath—I swear, that malmsey oozeth from me now at all pores, faster than I imbibed it in the vat. I fear to return, lest my fevered brethren should roll me into the cellar and tap me. I am full of wine to the skin, as a huge grape. Let no bee sting me, I entreat. If I should ascend a molehill now, (and I may, being unable to see my footing, because of my enlarged girth,) I should squash, like an over-ripe pear in my descent therefrom. I must be gingery of myself, as cat, un-

used to caterwauling, upon slippery house-top. Hillocks will I exorcise and put down within three leagues, at my first leisure. I would rather meet a mountain than a molehill. *Quære?* you will say. Truly, then, your mountain is visible, and not a matter to be stumbled over. But for your molehill—ugh! 'tis a dangerous engine of the blind enemy, the beast that burrows, to an inoffensive man who is portly. Good Lord!—How merrily did I awaken the tipsy echoes of the cellar from the womb of that sweet vat. (*He singeth.*)

Heigh! Daffydowndillo!
In the brook weeps the willow;—
My pillow, my pillow,
Is a ruddy wine billow:
Sing ho! for sweet charity!
In the laughing young rill, oh!
Plays the leaf of the willow;
The Friar of Dillow
Cools his nose in the billow:
He bathes in a tun of malmsey!

I will be found in the marsh again; for the Shrieve, as I noted, hath yet another and a stouter vat of wine. (*He goeth on.*)

Scene the Fourth.—His cell.—The Friar discusseth with himself on homely topics,—to wit, his belly and other matters.

THE FRIAR.

Is fat a symbol of folly? An' it be, Thomas, thou art, bating one, the biggest lackwit within the green circumbelt of the English seas; and that one is the Lord Abbot—I hope to outgrow him yet, but I have been stunted hitherto.—Is fat a symbol of folly? Not so, Goodman Pottlebrain. What sayth the woodman of the portly buck? Naturally, that the beast is a buck of wisdom, and provident and witty beyond his fellows; or how came he fatter than they?—Respond, thou man of lath? Canst thou blow down that argument by thy puny breath?—Never!—I will lie on my back, and moralize on my belly. It surpasses the force and extent of my arithmetic to count up the head of good venison that have been folded in this pen. I will maintain that a round paunch is productive of good—it amounts to a mortification of the flesh. Presuming, now, that I were carnal, (and it would be horrible presumption personally so to presume, and heresy direct against the church general,) but presuming so, could I kiss the mulberry lip of my pulpy hostess of Dillow—bating she were forward and sinful as myself? Not I; for lo! my paunch interferes; and, were she carnally to assault me, is it not a barricado against her inroads—unless I be (which St. Botolph prevent) of equal cupidity with herself? I repose me in safety behind this hillock. I defy them—the women all—I do. I remember me once though, for flesh is weak, and if we sinned not upon occasion, what should we have to repent of, and pray for, and mortify ourselves

about? And upon what reasonable excuse should we indulge in those fastings wherein our souls delight, and which our bodies abominate, but for the peccadillo occasional, abrupt, involuntary, or medio-venial? I remember me once, therefore, when mine host was drowsy, and nodding over his empty cup, (which, heaven help me, I had reduced to that forlorn situation furatively,) he avoided travelling bedward, fearing some amorous bussings 'twixt me and his beloved—for there was no guest on the hearth stone, bating myself. I, noting this, enlarged upon my pitiable case, and proved, by the evidence of action, the impossibility of reaching a wall with my lips, against which my promontory shot out; and away went mine host contented to his rug and pillow. Mine hostess laughed, for women are wicked, and their ways are naught, and they doat on these roguish quips and pranks; and the moment he was gone, we conjointly essayed to kiss. Truly we succeeded, to mine infinite wonder and amaze; for behold, I and mine host had not reckoned on the difference 'twixt a wall perpendicular and devoid of amorous inclinations, and the flexible form of a warm and pliant wench intent upon a frolic. She coiled, did she—and stood a tiptoe—and laughed—and my icy resolves were thawed, and I waxed warm, and petitioned for a second sisterly greeting! “Shall I give him another?” hallooed she to her liege marital in the bed above, who, thinking she spoke of a flaggon of wine, roared in reply, “Aye—aye,” and the greeting, with much stifled laughter, was accorded me. And a third and fourth obtained I, with the same interrogatory and consent; until, at length, after the thirteenth, the mortified and sleepy host, at the tail of his “Aye—aye,”—cried “Give the holy friar as many as he can carry.” From that time we reckoned without our host. But this was all in pure waggy on her part, and mere indulgence of that spirit of innocent wickedness wherein women delight; for I will maintain that hostess to be a paragon—that if there is no virtue in her, there is virtue in no woman; for, when I demanded a nineteenth with more warmth than became me it may be, she coolly put me aside, and bade me hasten home and quench my face in cold water, and sip a pipkin of oat-brth, and say my prayers, and lay me down on the cold flags of my dormitory. Moreover than this, promontory of mine own especial creation, thou affydest a cushion, whereon to repose the arms, when thy bearer is devout; and besides this—but by the Lord, belly, thou achest horribly in this position, and I will postpone my discourse upon thee until some better occasion. (*He riseth with sore travail.*) I know not how it is, but when a man begins to grow bulky, fat is thrust upon him with most oppressive celerity. A small belly attracts into it more flesh, as doth a young muck-heap more muck. I remember me, when my nose was just shooting forth and blushing at the extreme point like a young rose, then did my stomach first bud; and long 'ere the first was full blown, the latter had reached its present girth and consequent celebrity. I will race with Hupert Hackson, or the swiftest he in Dillow, so that the starting post be at the brink, and the goal at the foot of a smooth hill. I will lay me down, and by mere indolent rolling, outstrip him—

making no effort, but vanquishing him by mere rotundity. What a horrid wound will there be made in the innocent bosom of the green earth, when I am buried. I reckon upon having a volcano sprout from my nose; truly a glorious monument it will be; but a sad affliction for this good land. Let the rogues in

office look to it, and bury me where the fiery lava from my monumental crater, shall depopulate no town. Let them look to it, I say.—What sound was that?—The voice of the refectory bell—your dinner-bell, methinks, yields most excellent music. I will attend its ghostly summons. (*He goeth out.*) J. C.

RETRENCHMENT.

A TALE OF OTHER CLIMES, BUT SUITABLE TO PRESENT TIMES.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance-sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "on the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion. How

people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to ensure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as to come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothings; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you'll find it excellent, not a headache in a boghead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four grays, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements, passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts, having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance-sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighbourhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him. "Oh, my dear Reynolds, this

is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you.”

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

“Yes,” replied he, “she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English, with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether, I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure.” After dinner he observed, “Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment? Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners; and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of.—The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I’m afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take port or claret. The port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-by, do you know—I’ll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an *excellent match*. It has made us all happy.”

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a pair of horses.

“These are handsome horses,” observed I.

“Yes,” replied he, “I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses*, I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbours.”

I spent a very pleasant day, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

“Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit.”

It suited me very well; and, at four o'clock, I met him, according to appointment, at a livery stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern—we set off at a rapid pace.

“They step out well, don’t they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is our dinner time. Late dinners don’t agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know that Louisa has a little boy.”

I did not; but congratulated him.

“Yes; and has now gone out to India with her hus-

band. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very good match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them.”

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a plain dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

“A good, plain cook is the best thing after all,” observed Willemott. “Your fine cooks won’t condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding.”

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly of his losses.

“It was my own fault,” said he; “I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and, risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you.”

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, “I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It’s selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double-chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal.”

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year.—On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the “Times,” and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

“I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it’s very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay, and always healthy; and, as for carriages and horses, they are of no use here; they are to be had at every corner of the streets.”

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour—

maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better.—Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life."

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circum-

stances; but the fact is, that although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

THE CREWLESS SHIP.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

DRIFTING before the winds of Heaven,
A floating vessel came;
No sound was heard, no signal given
To tell the unknown's name.

Alone, without a guide, it rode
Upon the billows' foam;
None knew whose feet its decks had trode;
None knew the lone ship's home.

Dark sea weeds fringed its heaving sides,
Bath'd by the ocean's surge;
The deep, low murmuring of the tides
Came like its funeral dirge.

A frail and weary thing, at last
It anchor'd in the bay;
That which had brav'd the tempest's blast,
Trembled amid the spray.

No mother stood upon the shore,
With wild and straining eye;
No breeze a sister's welcome bore;
No brother's heart beat high.

For that lone ship no father's gaze
In earnest love doth reach;
No plighted maid of earlier days
Stands watching on the beach.

Alone, abandon'd to the breeze,
Where waves and winds entwine,
Its course had been o'er mountain seas,
Its home, the swelling brine.

Why came it to a stranger land
To tell its tale of woe?
Why sought it not the loving band
Where kindred bosoms glow?

Why mother, from his hearth of home,
Took it thy boy from thee?
Why did it cleave the billows' foam,
To lay him in the sea?

Pray, father—for thine age's pride,
Thine eldest born, and brave,
Sleeps far below the shining tide;
His pall, the smiling wave.

Weep, sister—for the fireside seat
Can never more be fill'd;
That voice's music, once so sweet,
In ocean's bed is still'd.

Brave brother, in the noble chase,
His step is not with thine;
The bright and proudest of thy race
Is sleeping 'neath the brine.

Young maiden, who art breathing now
To heav'n thy hope and pray'r,
Weep—for the sea weeds o'er his brow,
Twine with his raven hair.

Darkness is round the household hearth;
Quench'd is its happy fire;
Mother—he is not of the earth.
Thou'st lost thy son, fond sire.

These are thy tidings, crewless bark!
These the sad tales it brings,
Which make our bosoms' lamps grow dark
And wither life's best springs.

A MEMOIR OF PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMIER.

BY M. HERTZ, ESQ.

[PUCKLER MUSKAU, whose free and caustic criticism on the aristocracy of England rendered his work, "The Travels of a German Prince," deservedly popular, has declared his intention of visiting the United States, for the purpose of indulging his book-making and erratic propensities. The bold originality of his ideas, the biting sarcasm with which he assails the weak points of society, with other independencies of criticism, ensure the production of an amusing volume of travels. But few particulars respecting him are known to the world that he has so severely handled—the industrious Frenchman has collected all that can be depended upon; and the following sketch of the fashionable *littéraire* appears, for the first time, in an English shape.]—*Editor G. M.*

FASHION is an innate habitude, and cannot be acquired. It is a difficult thing to give a perfect picture of a baccalaureat of fashion. There are men who place their heads under the care of the most skillful friseur, and study intensely the various ties of the cravat, or the harmony of the different hues of their waistcoats—but, sooner or later, the plebeian alloy betrays the debasement of the finer metal. The Duke de Levy was one day asked his opinion about the new-made courtiers of Louis the Eighteenth. "Egad!" said he, "they walk uneasily upon the inlaid floors." It is a difficult thing for a parvenu to climb the paths of fashionable life; but, on the other hand, how glorious is the triumph of the conqueror! of him who has achieved the grave mysteries of the toilet, who can converse on the plait of a ruffle with a washerwoman's skill, and can discourse on the polish of a pair of boots, with the tact of an experienced blacking-maker! Once arrived at this high point, and the eminence is only to be obtained by slow degrees, the master of fashion is like the master of arts at the university—he judges in approval or condemnation, speaking *ex cathedra*, and is listened to in silence by the multitude who resolve to take him as their model through life. Old Brummel, who, for a length of time, was the type of English fashion, would not have exchanged fortunes with the king. Brummel reigned like a despot over the *beau monde*, and various aspiring lords strove in vain to pluck his sceptre from his grasp. His assurance annihilated their pretensions, and almost drove them to despair. One day this autocrat of taste was asked who was the most celebrated man in Europe? "I am," was the reply. "After me, you may place Napoleon." In later years, he acknowledged that Lord Byron had some remote claims to popularity.

Brummel's sovereignty, like other royalties, had its days of storm and revolution. The potentate who ruled all classes of English society, from the mighty duke to the plainest gentleman—who, by a word, could proscribe the existence of the shoe with buckles, or the hat with feathers—was conquered one evening between two wax candles—by the power of a card. He left upon the gaming table all that he possessed. He abdicated his crown; and taking refuge in a fo-

reign country, turned round towards Albion, and exclaimed with noble pride, "*Ingrata patria.*"

Prince Puckler Muskau went to see Brummel at Calais, and finds pleasure in relating the particulars of the visit, for it formed an event in his life. These two men met like two kings on neutral ground—one of them a little bruised through the severity of his fall, and the other still wrapt in ambitious dreams.—Puckler Muskau had lately filled the same station in Germany that Brummel had occupied in England—he had governed the saloons of Berlin and Dresden with uncontradicted authority, till, tired of supremacy, he journeyed forth in search of fresh excitement.

Puckler Muskau fully accomplishes all the requirements of fashionable excellence. He has placed himself at the head of the literature of the *bon ton*. He is a prince, and possesses a castle; and his park, of which he is justly proud, is laid out according to the regulation of English taste. He travels post—never by the diligence. He is tall, lank, and pale, with curly hair, and has a very *distingué* appearance.

Prince Puckler was born in the Castle of Muskau, in Upper Lusatia, on the thirtieth of October, 1785. His father, one of the richest nobles of Saxony, held the title of Court Councillor, and the young prince was educated with all the dignity becoming his rank. Although he ridicules the young aristocrats who pride themselves on the nobility of their titles, yet he venerates the antiquity of his family, and endeavours to prove that he is descended in a direct line from the celebrated Rüdiger de Bechlam, one of the heroes of Niebelungen. In early life, Puckler studied at Dresden, at Leipzig, and at Halle—but the romance of his life began when he quitted the university, and entered the *gardes-du-corps* of the King of Saxony. His youth, his fine countenance, his title of nobility, and extensive fortune, to say nothing about his dandy uniform, drew all eyes towards him; and he threw himself with enthusiasm into the whirlpool which gaped before him. He had affairs of gallantry that made husbands uneasy; he was concerned in affairs of honour that affected the hearts of the young ladies, not only of the *bourgeoise*, but of the highest nobility.—He was the Alcibiades of Dresden—or to use a less classic comparison, he was what the English term a

tion. No one, like Muskau, had so much wit at command, or displayed so much art in the exercises of the toilet. When he cantered across the Altmark, the Saxon burghers drove their daughters from the casements, but the *belle* countesses gazed from their windows with smiles of encouragement.

Several years passed in the enjoyment of these fairy dreams of love, but the hero of Dresden's drawing-rooms, tired of his conquests, ordered his travelling equipage to be in readiness—not for a trip of pleasure to one of the lovely chateaus upon the Elbe, but for a peregrination across the Alps. It is impossible to describe the consternation which the departure of the Prince spread over the whole city of Dresden. He went forth more like Don Juan than Childe Harold, to traverse the world with a light heart—a spoiled child of fortune.

His father died; he returned from his travels, and became master of vast domains. He took possession of his estates, not with the timid joy of an heir surprised by fate, but with the proud scorn of a man of the world whose desires were not yet accomplished.—Muskau Castle was magnificent, and its park was large and scientifically laid out—but he considered the whole affair to be in bad taste. He called in masons and architects—made them draw plans, pull down and reconstruct, design avenues and group clusters of trees, open roads, and excavate canals and lakes. In a short time he turned over so much ground, that the inhabitants of the township of Muskau, who were by nature averse to innovation, began to get woefully alarmed; their fears affected the capitalists who had advanced money to the prince, and the supplies of cash were instantly suspended. The prince, compelled to circumscribe his expenditure, succeeded nevertheless, in making his chateau one of the most beautiful in Germany. He spent two or three years, in the enjoyment of its delights, aided by the society of his friend Schefer and several of the literati of Muskau.

In 1813, he resumed military service, and the Duke of Weimar nominated him as aid-de-camp. He distinguished himself by several acts of bravery. One of his German biographers relates the particulars of a duel between the prince and a certain French officer. The two champions advanced, like Homer's heroes, between the two armies, during the fight; the spectators looked on in silence; the combatants fought for a long time with equal address and courage. At last the French officer was vanquished, and his lucky adversary, the Prince, returned triumphantly to his friends.

Puckler Muskau, a year afterwards, was sent on a mission to Paris by the Duke of Weimar; he sailed from France to England, making a rapid excursion, and returned to Berlin, where he married Prince Hardenberg's daughter. It has been said that this was a very unhappy marriage. It did not, perhaps, realize all the hopes which were expected from it; for in a few years afterwards, the Prince obtained a divorce. But this divorce was agreed upon without hatred or resentment on either side. The daughter of Prince Hardenberg, remained Puckler's best friend. She is

the correspondent to whom, under the name of Julie, he addressed the various tender epistles, during his travels.

When the congressional resolutions divided Upper Lusatia from Saxony, and bestowed it upon Prussia, the prerogatives of the Prince were seriously affected. By way of compensation to the Lord of the Manor, the King of Prussia, in the year 1822, conferred the title of prince upon Puckler Muskau, with other immunities. Both kingdoms were then honored by his occasional residence, but he eventually grew tired of this monotonous life, and, disliking to move eternally in the same circle, and seeing always the same faces, he resolved once more to travel.

He departed; but not like the first time, with a young heart, nor with an imagination filled with pleasant illusions. The enjoyments of luxury had blunted his strength; satiety had stimulated disgust, and the trifling vanities of the drawing-room, and the insipid hours spent in the pursuit of fashion, had furrowed wrinkles on his forehead, similar to those caused by misfortune.

Prince Puckler Muskau travelled throughout Europe, and noted the peculiarities of all branches of society. He passes with a delightful variety from an hour of levity in the ball room, to an hour of meditation in the churchyard—from the agitation of crowded cities, to the solitude of the mountains—travelled sometimes like a prince, with liveried lacqueys, and a carriage emblazoned with armorial bearings—sometimes with the student's knapsack, or the pilgrim's staff—taking notes of his impressions by the way, and intermixing his tale with the various witticisms that occur to his mind, and pleasantly relating all the anecdotes he is able to procure. He describes the charms of nature and the vagaries of life, not, perhaps with the majesty of Rousseau, but in a sprightly and convincing style excessively agreeable to the reader.

He published an account of his travels in 1830, without the author's name, and under the title of "Letters of a Corse" (*Briefe eines Oesterbenern*). This book produced a very great sensation in Germany. The critics were delighted with a work impressed with the stamp of originality, and the mystery by which it was surrounded contributed to increase its success. Goethe himself grants to the "Letters of a Corse" a flattering notice; and M. de Varnhagen, one of the most distinguished German authors, bestows a very spirited praise upon the Prince's book.

The first edition contained the Prince's travels through England. He has since published his travels in Ireland, Italy, and France. He likewise published under the title of "Tutti Frutti," a collection of detached observations, and descriptions of travels, interspersed with anecdotes. Some of the tales frequently remind the reader of Tieck's poetical mind, and of Hoffman's eccentric imagination; while many pages are filled with a satirical and pungent gaiety, which the English so happily denominate "humour."

The Prince has now undertaken a tour to America. Let us hope that he will bring back from this distant excursion some volumes worthy to be placed by the side of those which he has written on old Europe.

M. Marmier is incorrect in his assertions respecting Brummel. The English dandy never gambled; he retired from fashionable life to avoid the disagreeables inseparable from public disgrace. The Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, quarrelled with the *beau garcon*, and resolved, after years of intimacy and regard, to reduce him to his original nothingness. The caprices of fashion were never more fully developed than in the career of this Massaniello of the *haut ton*. Brummel, a commoner of obscure origin, of coarse manners, and clownish gait, ruled, for a time, the courtly precincts of St. James with a rod of iron. His dictum on a fashionable matter was insuperable. His eccentricities obtained him popularity in an eccentric age. At that time, the juvenile members of the aristocracy wore coats with bodies that scarcely covered the breasts, and thin, sparrow tails that almost reached the ground—leather breeches of a tightness that rendered their donning an act of positive fatigue and time; large bunches of colored ribands hung at the knees, and a small pair of white-topped boots were wrinkled about the instep. Perhaps the dandy rejoiced in a pair of close-fitting pantaloons, scarcely reaching the calves of his legs. The vests were of various patterns and modes. A couple of watches dangled from the fobs, and a profusion of thick, pudding-formed, loosely-tied cravat, supported a powdered and frizzled head—tipped with a high-crowned hat of a sugar-loaf shape. To assist this "motley wear," Brummel, one morning appeared in the Mall with a smooth and stiff cravat of surprising whiteness; its texture and snow-white lustre remained unimpaired during the morning's promenade. The singularity of this neck-gear, coupled with Brummel's authority, obtained an excessive degree of popularity for the stiff cravat, and every body became anxious to obtain the secret of its make, but Brummel absolutely refused to disclose; his necessities were tempted by the offer of a considerable *douceur*—the prince laid his commands upon him—ladies of the highest fashion cajoled, and peers of the realm abjectly begged the solution of the riddle. But all in vain; the dandy was aware of the precarious tenure of popularity, and refused to destroy the hold he had so unexpectedly secured. Every possible substitution was attempted; frames of whalebone were canvassed over—sheets of pasteboard were covered with lawn—and thin rolls of tin and sheet-iron were enveloped in muslin—but nothing competed with the beauty of Brummel's original cravat. When he voluntarily resigned his viceroyship of the *beau monde*, his departure was privy and unexpected; he left a letter upon his table superscribed, "The Secret of the Cravat," and the envelope contained but one word—"STARCH."

Brummel, like all parvenues, presumed upon his popularity, and destroyed himself. The prince admitted him to his private table; at one of the most brilliant of the royal feasts, Brummel addressed the host, and with much nonchalance, said, "George, my buck, ring the bell." The guests were aghast at the *beau's* impudence, but the prince rose from his seat, and did as he was desired, and when the servant attended the tintinnabulary summons, he was told to order Mr. Brummel's carriage. The unfortunate *beau* was never again allowed to enter the palace walls. He struggled manfully against the disgrace, but his empire was destroyed; his creditors poured in upon him; and he retired to the more congenial air of France, where he resided in comparative poverty till his demise, which happened a few years ago.

Brummel had one good fling at the prince before he quitted England. The *beau* was riding with Sheridan down St. James's street one morning, and met the prince surrounded by a fashionable cavalcade, coming from Carlton House. The prince, resolving to annoy the refractory Brummel, greeted Sheridan with an excess of cordiality, and keeping the *cortège* in the middle of the street, entered into a long and friendly chat, but without condescending to exchange word or glance with the quondam fashion-setter. At length, he rode away. Brummel, who had not quitted the centre of the group, immediately asked Sheridan in a loud tone of voice, that must have reached the whole of the party—"Sherry, who is your fat friend that rides so badly?" We are glad to say, that when George the Fourth ascended the throne, he appointed his old friend Brummel to some trifling situation under the consular arrangements in France—for the sake of "*auld lang syne*."—*Editor G. M.*

SUSQUEHANNA.

BY J. HOUSTON MIFFLIN.

Would'st thou mark the Susquehanna's course,

When 'tis boldest and best to see?

Then come, when it swells from its mountain source,

And foams in its furious glee,

And bounds away, like a wild war-horse,

In its strength exalting free!

When it sweeps, with the wealth of its farthest shore,

So rapidly to the deep;

Or rests awhile, 'neath the glancing oar,

In the hills' dark shade to sleep;

Or its lillied surface lingers more

Where its island birch trees weep.

O come to the Susquehanna's shades

Ere the balmy spring goes by!

Ere the poplar's tulip garden fades

From its breezy bed on high;

While the sycamore, with the dark elm, aids

The locust to charm the eye!

'Then the breath of the clover perfumes the vale,

And the wild grape scents the breeze,

And the elder-blossom sweetens the gale,

And the bright birds in the trees,

With their wild wood melody, cannot fail

The rudest heart to please!

Thou should'st come to the Susquehanna's hills

Ere her laurels lose their glow;

While their fragrant breath the valley fills,

Which they mantle with roseate snow;

Where the rock its crystal stream distills

On the moss and the fern below.

Thou should'st climb the cliffs to their proudest peak

And glance o'er the river fair,

Or the loftiest hill's steep summit seek,

And, spread in the summer air,

See forest, and field, and spire—then speak—

Does the world look lovely there?

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE hour is come—the doctor in his chair,
 Throw wide the doors, and bid the first come in;
 It is dispensary day! The narrow hall
 Is throng'd, as was Bethesda's strand of yore,
 With sufferers of every kind and ailment;
 Young, old, lame, blind, female and male, all met,
 Prescient of succour, brooding o'er their woes,
 And conning how they best may paint their pains.
 With skilful air, and aspect sharp, the Leech
 Takes up his pen, turns o'er a book, and studies,
 While by his side the dapper student sits,
 Apeing his look of gravity and wisdom.
 The first approaches, with an awkward bow,
 Letter in hand of printed warranty,
 Sign'd by subscriber, setting forth name, age,
 And each et cetera. "How now! goodman Roger!
 And is it thou? Why, what ails thee, old heart?"
 "Pains in the back, an't please thee." "Is it so?
 Thou' hast a family, a large one?" "Yes!"
 "Art used to labour?" "Aye, from morn till night."
 "Fond of strong ale, too?" "Mainly—drink three
 quarts."

Marry! I wonder not then at thy pains.
 But take thou this: an it stir not thy ribs,
 Then is there no virtue left in rhubarb.
 Away, and see me our next public day.
 Come—for the next. Who's here? Eh, damsel Alice,
 Art not well yet?" "No, sir, my old complaints,
 Tremblings, heart-burnings, want of sleep at nights,
 Failure of appetite, and loss of spirits."
 "Turn round thy face; why aye, thou lookest pale;

Hast thou a sweetheart?" "La, sir." "Nay, confess it."
 "There's Harry." "Aye, he keeps thee company,
 Does he not?" "Yes." "Then marry and be well.
 Eh, more! come, mother! tell me thy complaint."
 "Illness." "No doubt." "I've had the Poticar."
 "Aye, and grew worse." "He gave me store of drugs,
 And when my gold was gone—" "He sent thee here;
 Just so; it is their customary wont;
 They deluge thee with drugs to drain thy purse;
 They find thee ailing—and they make thee ill;
 Then all their study is to keep thee so,
 Until thy veins and stores be emptied out;
 Bloodless thy body, pennyless thy pocket,
 Which wrought—they send thee for our gratis aid,
 And leave us to undo what they have done.
 Thus will it ever be, while they have sufferance
 To act the Leech's part, who are his servants.
 They needs must vend their drugs, and make occasion
 For their expenditure,—'tis their only gain.
 Why do not our grave lawgivers ordain
 These traders to their place, their gallipots,
 Their drugs, their philtres, and their pharmacy?
 Nor let them traffic thus with life and health,
 Marring their practice, who would else mar them.
 Away! take no more physic, make good meals,
 Keep thyself warm, live temperately—duly
 Avoid the Poticar,—then soon thou'lt want
 No aid but what the pantry can supply.
 Shut up the doors, I'll hear no more to-day;
 Throw physic to the dogs—for I am sick on't!"

THE SISTER NUNS.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

WHOEVER has recently travelled through the West-Riding of Yorkshire, by the main road from Sheffield to Leeds, can hardly have avoided noticing a beautiful edifice which greets him a few miles before his entrance into Wakefield. The venerable pile, seated on an eminence—its turrets covered with ivy—the river, which sweeps nobly round it as if proud of the edifice it reflected—unite in forming an object to arrest and charm the eye of the traveller. Nor is the situation of the building its only claim on attention. A melancholy interest attaches to it, from its being the residence of a remnant of Benedictine Nuns, who, flying from France at the period of the revolution, have here found an asylum, and, in the consolations of religion, a refuge from misfortune. They could hardly have been more fortunate in their choice. The loneliness—the seclusion—the objects that surround the building—invest it with an aspect so inexpressibly calm and tranquil, that it seems to bid defiance to the entrance of any earthly feeling, or unhallowed passion. Behind it, in silent grandeur, rises the thick noble wood of Kirkthorpe, while through the trees, the village church raises its humble head in the distance.—

It is not the least remarkable feature of this lowly building, that, in its church-yard, the Nuns from Monte Cassino find their last resting place.

Amidst the high grass, which vegetates in dark luxuriance,—distinguished from the more simple memorials of the lowlier inhabitants of the village—rise in proud pre-eminence, the marble monuments of the little Catholic community. The cross carved at the top—their strict uniformity and consanguinity to each other—the rosemary and sweet-briar which flourish thickly around them—finely contrast the simplicity of surrounding objects, and give a picturesque appearance to the scene.

Among the inscriptions, which vary only in name and date, was that of

ANASTASIA,
 ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF BENEDICTINES,
 AGED 21,
 A NOVICE 1813.
 PROFESSED 1814,
 DIED 1815.

I was gazing on the tomb of one so young, and forming conjectures as to her history and misfortunes, when

I perceived a stranger, melancholy and abstracted, viewing with the most intense interest the same object as myself. I accosted him: and to my numerous queries respecting her who lay mouldering beneath us, he gave me the following particulars. The actors in the scene have long since passed from the stage, and, without hesitation, I give the story to the world. The young will never be persuaded by the aged; nor the foolish by the wise; but the living may learn from the dead, for them they can neither envy nor hate.

"It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped near Lisbon, that two British officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls, at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows, which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men: and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and the most pitiless—induced the Nuns to give their enterprising admirers a willing assent.—Colonel Pierrepoint and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of family and fortune; and Constance and Inez de Castro readily believed them men of honour. It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepoint's brother, who commanded a man of war then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board, and convey them to England. There, their lovers were to join them, immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the *Andromache* would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the Convent. The hour, so important to some beating hearts, arrived. The bay of Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight; the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore; and the gray massy building of the Convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the lines that surrounded it.

The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the Convent wall. "She's mine," cried Pierrepoint, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister, and show her the example, first descended the rope-ladder. Inez attempted to follow her: but, from some accident never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and, attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the Convent. The scream of agony which escaped her, and the frenzied exclamations of Trelawney, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and, after a search, found the insensible Inez. Trelawney was dragged, by main force, from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the *Andromache*, which conveyed her to England. There, her lover soon after joined her, but as a *lover* only. The sacred name of wife he

faithlessly withheld from her; and, to the agony of being betrayed by the man she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and the unceasing reproaches of her own heart. Of Inez, or of Trelawney, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepoint was ignorant, or pretended ignorance, as to what became of either; and, hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping that it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret; the future with a source of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved, devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepoint, coming, unexpectedly to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife. It was a few weeks after this event that, at the opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride, her person—faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening—was recognised by Sir Harry Trelawney. An invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister. "Can you bear to hear the truth?" said Trelawney, anxiously. "Any thing—every thing"—she exclaimed—"but suspense." He then told her, cautiously, that, disregarding the agony which Inez endured from a limb fractured in two places, the superior, discovering she yet lived, had her instantly conveyed to the Refectory, where the nuns repaired in full assembly—that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded her, the hapless victim was hurried to the fatal cell, where, between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruse of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows. "My agony," Trelawney added, "at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection—her devotion—her reliance on my honour—all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself."

Constance uttered no scream—no shriek—not a sound escaped her—but she was never seen to smile again. With her, the season of hope was at an end. After an ineffectual struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer,—without the ties of children to bind her to society,—without affection to console her,—without friendship to advise her,—she entreated Lord Pierrepoint to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a convent. This request her husband—though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her, yet pleased with the admiration she excited—alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawney's communication, in a moment of irritation he penned a challenge to his former companion; "sent it—fought—and fell."

She was now left alone. There was no being in

existence who could control her, and she hastened to mature her plans. On the continent, she was aware, her life would be endangered; but, hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society, in Yorkshire, she requested—and her wealth easily obtained for her—admission. A rigid novice, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Anastasia she took the black veil. Unexampled

privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a constitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse—and, on the second anniversary of her entrance into the convent, the grave shed over her its tranquillizing mould."

"And Trelawney," I exclaimed, "what became of him?"—"He"—interrupted the stranger, with all the calmness of despair,—“He stands beside you!”

SANTI THE SILLY.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM AN OLD ITALIAN NOVELLO.

THERE was, not many years ago, at a village called Valdistrone, near Siena, a countryman of about thirty years of age, a fine, stout and sturdy fellow, and industrious too, who never lost an hour in idleness, and one of the best labourers about the place. Santi-grande was his name, grande being added from a nick name given to his father. This fellow was extraordinarily strong and powerful, but the greatest ninny that ever lived; nature had certainly endowed him with strength of body, but had left his upper rooms totally unfurnished, in so much that he became the sport of the villagers, who delighted in playing him all sorts of tricks—no uncommon thing in villages, where an idiot or so is usually to be met with. Even gentlemen of the neighbourhood would often play him some trick or other. Poor Santi took it all very quietly—insensible of his inaptitude. Some time since a favourite goat, which he prided himself in, had brought forth two kids; he was highly delighted, and thought himself a Cæsar in the possession of these, and planned what was to be done with the money they would fetch, when they were grown to a proper size. He said to his brother, “Simon! get me those two kids ready by the morning, for I will go to Siena to-morrow, and sell them.” Santi was so elated, that he could not sleep the whole night. Simon, who wished to humour him, got the kids ready for him, saying to him, “Now don’t ye go and make a foolish bargain, for they are well worth three livres; they are stout little creatures.” “Leave that to me,” said the poor silly fellow, “I know how to make a bargain, I warrant you;” and away he went singing. It so happened that when he came to the Porta del Diavolo two of his neighbours met him, and being in a merry humour, determined to have a little sport with him. Aware of his errand, one of them said, “Well, Santi, have you capons to sell there?” “Faith,” said Santi, “unless my brother has played me a trick, I think they are two fine kids;” so saying, he was feeling their ears and shooting horns. Our two humourists observing that Santi was a little, in doubt about the kids’ identity, were inclined to carry on the joke. “Nay,” said one, “feel again, for they are capons to a certainty.” A porter that happened to be near him, seeing what was going on, cried out, “Here, master, will you sell your capons? What do you ask

for them?” Santi stopped short in amazement at the question; the fellow, drawing near, said, “Well, will you sell them?” “No,” said Santi, “I won’t; they are not capons, they are kids.” One of the youngsters kept close in conversation with Santi, asking him how he came to be so tricked; while the other, mending his pace, persuaded all those he met with to ask the man if he would sell his capons, and which they all did. When the fellow got to the inn of the Angel, he told the landlord of the joke, and all the stable boys and waiters came forth crying out, “Will you sell your capons, Santi?” and all seemed anxious to buy them. Poor Santi looked hard at the kids, and could not be persuaded that they could be capons, and therefore made the same answer, that they were kids, not capons. “For,” said he, “I told brother to pack up the kids, not capons.” “Why,” said the youngster, “they are well worth the kids, but if thou attemptest to sell them for kids, every one will think thou art mad.” His companion, meanwhile, had gone forward to the city gate to tell the custom-house officers the joke, so that when Santi came to the gate they demanded the duty for the capons, which was one penny each: “But,” said Santi, “these are kids.” “Oh! let him alone,” said one of the officers, “he is mad, and wants to pay the duty for kids instead of capons.” “You silly fellow,” said one of them, “if they were kids you would have five pence duty to pay; don’t think we should cheat ourselves.” In the mean time numbers of people crowded around, and enjoying the sport, vociferated that they were capons, so that at last Santi began to think they really were. “Yet,” said he to a driver, who was talking to him, “I thought I heard them cry *ba, ba*.” “True,” said the driver, “but were not the capons and kids in the same place?” “Yes,” said Santi. “Well, the capons learned to *ba* from the goats and kids, as children learn to prate from their mothers and nurses. However, were I you, now we are near the town, I would not attempt to offer them as kids, for they will think you mad.” “A plague on that brother of mine, but I will serve him a trick for this,” said Santi. The two young men, when they came to the gates of the town, left Santi and the driver talking on, and went their way, when they met Girolino Palmieri, a very frolicsome fellow, though rather old.

On hearing the jest they had put upon Santi, and his business leading him that way, he determined to carry on the farce, and have a little sport; having met Santi, he asked him what he would sell the two capons for? Santi, who no longer considered them as kids, though he had been asked the price of the kids, bargained with Girolino for three livres, the which being two fine ones, he bought, rather to prevent some one else from having the bargain, paid Santi for them, and led him to a cousin of his in the market-place, took him up stairs, saying to him, "What is the matter with you? are you not well? are you in any pain? how pale you look; will you have a glass of wine? why, thou art not the same man; how changed!" At these words, and in thinking of the capons, Santi became wild, and thought that, like the kids that had turned capons, he also had turned to something frightful. The young men, who had noticed that Girolino had bought the kids, were determined to inquire how the matter ended, and went to Girolino's house, and there found Santi drinking. "Well, how is it," said the one; but, before he could well answer, Girolino said, "I have made him take a glass, for he feels very ill." "Poor fellow!" said one of the men, "where do you feel pain? how deadly thou dost look; thou art surely dying." "He ought to be put to bed," said the other. Hearing this, and much more to the same purpose, Santi, almost maddening, thought he began to feel very ill, and conceiving he was dying, cried out, "My head aches! my body! my back! my legs! oh dear! oh dear! I am going." "Art thou cold?" said Girolino. "He must be so," said the one, "though it be intensely hot." "Indeed, I do begin to feel cold," quoth Santi. Girolino, still determined to go on with it, ordered a maid servant to warm a bed for him; when put to bed, they said, "Santi, how long is it since thou hast confessed? hast thou been to confess this year?" "Yes," said he. "Well, but," said one of them, "if thou diest, where wilt thou be buried?" Santi, thinking he was either dead or dying, said, "Let me be buried at St. Giulia, where my dad lies; and let the money I got for the capons go to mother, for I won't let brother have a farthing." Girolino perceiving that Santi thought he was actually dying, ordered a large old sheet, and he and the other two cut out and sewed up a winding-sheet, and took it unto Santi, saying, "Look ye, Santi, I will have ye die like a gentleman; put this on quick, or it will be too late." Santi, who had no notion that dying was a serious thing, put it on, and in so doing, said, "Why, it's too long! I never shall get it on." Having thus equipped him, they said, "Now, Santi, thou art dead; lay still, shut your eyes, and don't speak, and we will get thee carried to the ground where your dad lies." While they were laying him on a sort of hearse, and four men were sent for to carry him, they alternately cried out, "Poor Santi is dead; poor fellow, he is really dead!" The porters, who thought they were carrying a corpse, went through the gates quietly, without being stopped, intending to take him to Sirove, his own village: as they went on, there happened to pass by a carrier belonging to the cavalier Cappacci, who knew Santi well, but not recognizing him in that

state, asked the men who it was that died. They, not knowing, answered that they could not tell; however, the carrier getting near to the hearse, knew Santi instantly, and cried out, "Why, it's that booby, Santi del Grande; how came the mad fellow to die so soon? a stupid dog?" Santi, hearing himself thus abused, could not abstain from answering, yet without moving; he opened his eyes, and cried out, "If I was alive, instead of being dead as I now am, I'd let you know who Santi del Grande is." On hearing the dead man talk thus, the porters dropped their load, and ran off as if the very devil was after them; Santi, meanwhile, lay on the ground weeping and groaning, and as many came round him to see this living dead, and asked him what was the matter, the only thing he could say was, "Take and bury me where my daddy lies." A cousin of his, who had returned from market, where he had been to sell some wood, seeing him in that state, bound him safe on the hearse and had him taken home. His mother and brother seeing him in that condition, asked him what was the matter, and how he came to be in such a state; to which he only answered, "Oh! I am dead, bury me—bury me where my daddy lies." His brother, suspecting some one had played him a trick, and made him believe that he was really dead, adopted the only means he thought could bring him to his senses, and, taking a horsewhip, began to lay it thick and thin on Santi's back; upon which Santi, roused by the blows, cried out, "Villain that thou art, thou hast caused my death by giving me two capons instead of the kids I asked thee for;" and, upon this, he run after his brother, and began fighting. The mother, hearing the bustle, came in with some neighbours, and parted them at last. Santi, much bruised with the rope that fastened him on, and the shock of the hearse when it fell, in addition to the horse-whipping, was put to bed black and blue. After two or three days he recovered, went to his usual work, but swore he never would go and sell any thing at market again.

TO A SEA-WEED.

PICKED UP AFTER A STORM.

Translated from Schiller.

Exotic! from the soil no tiller ploughs,
 Save the rude surge; fresh stripling from a grove
 Above whose tops the wild sea-monsters rove;
 Have not the genii harbor'd in thy boughs,
 Thou filmy piece of wonder! have not those
 Who still the tempest, for thy rescue strove,
 And stranded thee thus far, the might to prove
 Of spirits that the caves of ocean house?

How else from capture of the giant spray
 Hast thou escapest free, slight ocean flower,
 As if Arachne waves thus faultless lay
 The full develop'd forms of fairy bower;
 Who that beholds thee thus, nor with dismay
 Recalls thee struggling thro' the storm's dark hour!

W. H.

EXPERIENCES OF
A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Dans les petites boîtes les bons onguens.

LESSON THE SECOND.

X. Remember that friends are more easily lost than made. Do not, therefore, be running after every new acquaintance, lest you be thought a light, trifling fellow, of general agreeableness, but of no individual value. Old Polonius, a statesman and a gentleman, gave his son the same advice; his words are worth repeating—

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

Do not *expect* fidelity in any untried friend—you may meet with it, but real friendship is as rare as real champagne; and the virtue frequently possesses the effervescence of the wine without its flavor. When Jupiter required the presence of Fidelity, and Mercury had vainly searched the palaces of kings and the armies of heroes, a peasant discovered the happy maiden in a dog kennel.

Friendship, by the way, to be worth any thing, must, like a rare and costly scent, be perfectly pure. A specious imitation may deceive the senses for a time, but the feculent mixture will not bear shaking, the slightest jar upsets its equability, and a muddiness comes over the brightness of its hue. The selfish friendship of the wordling is no more to compare with the refined etherialities of an honest mind, than the sweet smelling nastiness sold by the barbers as rose water, is comparable to the heavenly Attar of the Orientals.

XI. Never insult your cigar by igniting him at the blaze of an oil lamp, or the white flame of a tallow candle. A fetid smell will be drawn in, pervade the herb, and totally annihilate the aroma. There is nothing better than the Chinese jostic—if that is not to be obtained, burn a twist of paper.

XII. Avoid all excess in your costume. A gentleman will never caricature his person like a stage fop in modern farce. A wealthy man can afford to appear plain and neat—a poor man sometimes is compelled to dress rather extravagantly, lest the suspicion of his poverty should arouse the venom of his creditors. Some persons look genteel in a well worn coat and napless beaver—others appear *grossièrement* in the best broad cloth fabrications and correct etceteras—a man, too, may look very Broadwayish amongst the loafers of the Five Points, who would appear rather Five Pointish amongst the swells in Broadway.

Dandyism is fit only for free niggers. An outrageous and useless peculiarity in the shape or color of your coat or hat, is an insult to the good sense of the com-

munity at large. A great display of brooches, breast pins, rings, and chains, is fit only for jeweller's shopmen, blacklegs, and foreign swindlers. A gentleman should paint his nose pea green in preference to toting trinkets as a mark of respectability. The Spartans enacted sumptuary laws against the excessive use of jewellery. None but courtezans were allowed to wear golden ornaments, under pain of death; and one of the Seleucidæ decreed that no lady should walk the streets with more than one servant in attendance, unless she were helplessly drunk—or wear jewels of any sort, under pain of being considered infamous.

XIII. Asafetida is the very best sauce in the world for a broil. Have your plate made hot; let a couple of drops of the genuine tincture fall on the end of your knife, and rub them, with a small piece of butter, well over the plate. Let your steak or chop be removed from the gridiron to the plate, and you have a *sauce piquante* superior to any other concoction in creation, and partaking of the excellencies of the clove, allspice, and garlic, without any of their offensive qualities. Experimentalize before you turn up your nose. The ancients delighted in the use of the gum, and called it "food for the Gods." It is a wholesome member of the Pharmacopœia, and the Orientals use it profusely in their various sauces.

XIV. Never tell a lie. This advice may appear ridiculously childish, but its practice is the choicest morsel in my philosophy. I have heard various cosmopolite professors support the stale gallows-tickling proverb that the truth is not to be told at all times. Every adage admits of a double sense; extreme cases may arise, wherein it would not be wholesome to tell the exact fact—remain silent, but lie not, for nothing can justify the paltriness of deceit. Truth has been termed the conformity of expression to thought; but equivocation is the expedient of a mean mind to avoid telling the truth without verbally telling a lie. We willingly risk our lives if our veracity is impugned; yet thousands daily put it in the power of their enemies to prove them liars. The slightest taint of a mendacious propensity destroys every pretension to the character of a gentleman, and a paltry lie may lose you a valuable friend. A youth at college indulged in what is frequently called a harmless white lie; he had been profuse with the ladies, and foolish upon the race course—his father requested him to be more careful in the expenditure of the next half year's income. "Dear father," he wrote in answer, "I will never touch *bet* again, but spend every dollar with *prudence*." Now, Bet was the name of his discarded mistress, and Prudence was the new one. It was a

good joke, but a dear one. His father found out the deception, and turned him forth a penniless outcast.

Some few persons can tell a lie with an imperturbable grace—and you can no more discover that they are uttering falsehoods, than you can tell by the tone of the clapper of the town clock that it is an hour too fast. But, in general, a little attentive observation will convince.

When you suspect your dear friend tells you lies,
Watch well the workings of his lips and eyes;
If his mouth twitches, and eyelids wink,
Think what you please, but I know what to think.

XV. If you are dyspeptic, drink Madeira. It possesses a more delicate flavor than Sherry, but is equally spirituous, and very little more acidulous. It is not in condition unless it has been kept for ten years in wood, and for twice that time in bottle. Madeira wine cannot be too old. Sea voyages assist to mellow it, but age can alone deprive it of the original harshness, and bestow that agreeable pungency, that bitter sweetishness, and nutty flavor, which is so much admired. It is too often spoiled by the addition of brandy when racked off; and an adulterating compound of burnt almonds and tansey is frequently added, to give it some of its wonted peculiarities.

XVI. Do not be ashamed of your station in life, be it ever so humble. An honest ambition is praiseworthy, but thousands of young men have doomed themselves to everlasting misery by indulging in an overweening desire to appear of extra importance in the scale of life. The frog endeavored to swell himself to the size of the ox, and burst himself in the attempt.

XVII. A custom has lately been introduced from Europe that deserves the severest reprehension—that

of drinking soda water immediately after eating a hearty dinner. Unless a man has the stomach of an ostrich, this habit must produce serious indigestion. A violent hiccup, and other eructant pleasantnesses are likely to result, with considerable acidity of stomach, particularly if you indulge in much wine.

XVIII. Quotations, unless very pertinent or very pretty, are absolute insults to your hearers or readers. On the other hand, a forcibly-written, well-timed extract, gives a terrific power to a peroration, and graces, motto-wise, the beginning of a chapter. Avoid the use of phrases in foreign tongues; excepting always the various idiomatic terms in French and Latin, which may almost be considered as embodied in the English language—for without their use we should have to fabricate longer and less expressive sentences. But beware how you handle a line in a language you are not intimately acquainted with—the most trivial instance of cacography or cacology betrays your presumption—and you are sure to receive the ducking you deserve for getting out of your depth. A Spanish *padre* of some distinction, visited England in an official capacity, and cut a very distinguished figure at various literary parties and conversaciones. His manners were elegant, and his English passably correct. The father was not content with a middle path of fame—he would speechify, and be conspicuous. Encountering Dr. Johnson at a dinner party, he launched forth in profuse praise of “The Rambler,” and in a speech of considerable length, proposed the health of the author; but mistaking the name, and confounding the properties of an apparent synonyme, he proposed the health of Doctor Johnson, the greatest *vagabond* in the world. The cachinnatory shouts aroused the Doctor’s ire—he pitched into the *padre*, and terrifically used him up.

B.

WE MISS THEE.

BY C. H. WATERMAN.

We miss thee when the evening shades
Fall sadly to the ground;
No echo of thy footsteps comes,
To break the silence round.

We miss thee when the silver stars
Peep from the blue of heaven;
For thou wert wont to watch their light,
Burst on the summer even.

We miss thee when the balmy breeze
Comes sighing sadly near;
It brings no murmur of thy voice
Unto our list’ning ear.

We miss thee when the merry laugh
Rings out in gladness free;
Thine absent tone is wanting there,
To swell its notes of glee.

We miss thee in the pleasant paths
Thy feet have press’d with ours;
We miss the hand that pluck’d for us,
Spring’s bright and blooming flow’rs.

We miss thee from the household hearth,
And from the busy mart;
Oh! we have miss’d thee every where,
Save in the loving heart.

WILD WATER POND.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
 These waters to th' imaginative pow'r,
 That links the viewless with the visible,
 And pictures things unseen.

Campbell.

In the early part of my life, I was fond of sporting, and possessed an adventurous turn of mind, which frequently led me many days' journey from home, exploring the country, with little care for any means of subsistence beyond my dogs and gun. In one of these rambles, about the month of December, I continued to follow my game far into the Low Counties, where I was swamped and bewildered amongst wild fowl of every description. My eagerness led me on and on, I knew not whither, till I found myself, towards dusk, in the middle of a large moor, which seemed destined to be my bed for the night. The prospect was not very comfortable, for I was wet through, and well nigh starved.

Whilst musing what was to become of me, I reached the broken towing path of an old and apparently deserted river, for I could perceive no recent trace of horses, and a dilapidated lock, hard by, was covered with moss, as though it had not been opened for a month. I took my seat upon the decayed handle of the gate, and looked wistfully along the banks, in the faint hope of spying some solitary barge which might supply my necessities. Fortune was disposed to favour me; for, as my eye gradually rose towards the cold, blue distance, I could distinctly see a little column of moving smoke. In a moment afterwards, I discovered a red night-cap, and heard the smack of a whip. Never did any thing come more opportunely.

In a few minutes the boat arrived at the lock. It was laden with coals, but my habits had rendered me not over difficult as to accommodation, and it answered my purpose as well as could be wished. The captain, who was likewise all the attendants, excepting a ragged boy who flogged the horses, was an intelligent fellow enough for his kind, and informed me that I was ten or a dozen miles from the nearest house, which it was impossible for me to find, and twenty from Wild Water Pond, whither he was bound. As he described the country onwards to be a grand rendezvous for wild ducks, and it signified very little in which direction I travelled, I stepped on board, and took up my quarters in his little smoky cabin.

My companion had been chosen for his present occupation (for which beings of civilized regions would have had little fancy) from the vagrant tribes of those parts, who were in the habit of being driven about from place to place by the floods, and my predilections for wandering appeared to win much upon his regard. He told me long stories of the weariness of working a barge along a river where nothing was moving, and how it was only supportable in winter time, when it

was cold sleeping under a hedge, and the fowls went home to roost, and suppers were scarce. He consoled himself likewise with the reflection that it was excellent sport to steal after the wild birds, occasionally with an old brass fire-lock, six feet long, and stocked up to the muzzle; and that, if the place was lonely, there was the less danger of interruption from game-keepers and justices of the peace. Things, however, were shortly to undergo a vast revolution. All the bog which I saw to the right and left was to be turned into parks and pleasure-grounds, all the peat holes were to be fish ponds, and every bulrush was to spring up into an oak tree. And then for fine houses! they were to stand as thick as daisies! Upon inquiring who was to perform all these prodigies, I was told that they were to be the work of the great man who had built a house in the Pond.

This great man, it appeared, was not very great yet, but meant to be so shortly. He had the character of having undertaken wonderful projects which no one else had ever thought of, and, though they never yet repaid his pains, he was allowed on all hands to be the greatest genius in the world, and sure to be strangely rich some day or other. In other words, he had been an unsuccessful speculator, and was determined to persevere until he made or marred himself. Amongst other wise calculations, he had taken it into his head that it was cheaper to buy water than land, and had purchased Wild Water Pond, an interminable sheet of that element, only broken by a few beds of bulrushes, and small islands of quagmire, for the purpose of draining it, and planting it, and doing heaven-knows-what with it, till both the lord and the land were to thrive for all the world like Jack and the bean stalk.

Like speculators in general, Mr. Carroll, which was the wise man's name, was too much occupied to consider the comforts of those who depended upon him, and had brought a patient, gentle-hearted wife, to recruit a sickly constitution in the strong holds of typhus and the ague. There was likewise a young lady whom he called his daughter, but who went by another name. From this I concluded that the mother had been married twice, and had probably herself been the subject of a speculation, and made her fortune a stepping-stone to the Pond, in which they stood so good a chance of sinking together. All this gave me but sorry prepossessions of Mr. Carroll, and I could learn nothing better, excepting that he did good by employing the poor upon his embankments, and setting the boats to work to bring necessities which could

come by no other means. Our cargo of coals was intended to keep the rot out of these identical walls; and, when it was delivered, I could either return by the same conveyance, or remain at the Wild Water Lock House and take a lesson in making a fortune.

Our voyage continued through the night, and, at daybreak, the aspect of the country, as far as I could judge through the dense vapours, had only changed for the worse, the bog extending from about ten feet below the bed of the river even up to the horizon. The increased myriads of water-fowl showed that every step we advanced was farther and farther from the haunt of human beings. By degrees, the green, oozy sod became more intersected by stagnant pools, which continued to grow wider, till the whole country opened upon us like a boundless ocean. About it, as I have before said, were various clusters of wild, willowy islands, and on one of these, which was of the most considerable extent, arose the forlorn white walls of a newly built mansion. As I gazed upon the desolate abode, I could not restrain an expression of indignation at the heartless being who could hope to prosper by this abandonment of all domestic solicitude. Had he come here by himself, I could have pardoned and pitied him for a madman; but to bring others, who showed, by their compliance, that they were worthy of better fates, was an offence for which, my companion agreed with me, he ought to have had his house tied about his neck and been smothered in his own swamp.

The Lock House, at which I was to lodge, was a small, ruinous hut, inhabited by an old couple, who were sore stricken with the rheumatism, and received me upon crutches. The sight of a human face seemed to rejoice their hearts, for they told me that, though their prospect would be mighty fine in summer, if it were not for the gnats, people had no great admiration for the country thereabouts. As for the great man, nobody came to see him. All the world were afraid of him, because he was so wonderfully clever and had dug such deep ditches.

Good souls! They had stuck to their home as tenaciously as a brace of dab chicks, and had never left it except to bury their children, who had all been subject to sore throats. They loved to dabble about their old nest. They had employment in keeping the keys of the Lock, and doctoring their rheumatisms. They had amusement in setting eel pots in the waste water, which tumbled through their pen into the great man's Pond (a circumstance which added materially to his draining avocations); and they had the satisfaction of having grown lusty, which showed that, barring the aforesaid rheumatism, the place agreed with their constitutions. No wonder, then, that these contented and untravelling persons were somewhat astonished by the genius of such a magician as Mr. Carrol, who had astonished all the wild geese and water rats in the country. Before I had been half an hour domesticated, I had heard wonders enough to petrify me, and my interest for this strange person's family, which was considerably heightened by the description of the daughter, increased into a determination of knowing something about them. Having therefore, expressed my obligations to my friend of the

barge, and acquainted him that it was not my intention to return with him, I committed myself to a crazy mud boat, and pushed off to shoot, and meditate how to scrape acquaintance.

In my progress I saw hosts of half naked wretches, toiling up to their eyes in slime and slough; but I could not perceive that the water-mark had sunk one jot from its original height, and Mr. Carrol's bargain seemed by no means to improve upon acquaintance. The only crop which it was ever likely to yield was of ducks and geese, of which, indeed, there was such abundance that they soon put the proprietor and his concerns quite out of my head. I followed them from island to island, sometimes punting and sometimes wading, according to the depth of the water, which varied constantly from six inches to twice the number of feet, till, as usual, I found myself benighted.

Fortunately, the great man's house was not shut up, and while this was the case, there was no possibility of losing sight of his lights, for which I straightway directed my course. It was no bad opportunity for gratifying my curiosity by introducing myself as a benighted traveller, and I moored my shallop within a few yards of the window. The room was large, and barely furnished, and like the handiwork of speculators in general, unfinished. Mr. Carrol was sitting at the table. He was a square built, middle-aged man, dressed in a short green jacket and high mud boots. His countenance was dark, forbidding and disappointed; and his manner, when he muttered a few words over a plan or calculation, which was lying before him, seemed abrupt and petulant. His wife sat opposite to him with her work, and formed a strong contrast. She was handsome and mild looking, like one whose fate was ordained to be ruled by others, and the pale melancholy of her cheek bore witness that this rule had not always been in unison with her inclinations. By the fire, with her hands before her, as though her thoughts were too busy to allow them occupation, and her eyes turning from one to the other of her companions, with alternate fondness and indignation, sat the daughter. Her features were handsome like her mother's, but there was a decision of character about them which rendered them far more remarkable, particularly in one so young. Her fine dark eye was full of impetuous feeling, and her whole person was of the stamp which nature is wont to place upon spirits of unusual order. This was a being worth knowing; and, in despite of a blunderbuss and several other weapons which were hanging over the fire-place I rang boldly at the door.

The house was so formed that I could see into the room even here. The party looked at each other in considerable surprise at the prospect of a visitor, and well they might, for, to say nothing of the scanty neighbourhood, the approach to their abode was calculated to make people call at seasonable hours, if it produced no other advantage. Before the door was opened, I saw Carrol move closer to his depot of arms, where he stood frowning and listening to the parley between me and the servant. As I told my tale of distress he evidently uttered an exclamation of impatience, and his wife as evidently brought him to invite the

stranger to his fireside. The younger lady said nothing, save what was conveyed in a look of contempt at the inhospitality of her step-father. Finally, Mr. Carrol came to the door himself, and, with a scowling sort of courtesy, desired me to walk in till he procured a guide for me.

The story of my appearance in those regions was a necessary fill-up of the interval before the guide and lantern were ready, and I soon contrived to dissipate all suspicions of evil designs. The speculator talked a few disjointed words about dark nights and deep waters, made a few unintelligible allusions to the arts of draining and planting, and, by degrees, dropped off to his plan. The conversation went on well enough without him, while the only indication of his knowing what it was about was an occasional deep-mouthed fragment, and sometimes merely a scowl. It was clear enough that he hated company and conversation, which disturbed his calculations; but the gentleness of his wife, and the brilliant spirit of her daughter, made his abstraction a matter of small import. I was welcomed by the former as an acceptable addition to their neighbourhood, and the latter completed her mother's meaning, with an assurance that their situation could hardly be called retired, when they were within five miles of a village, which the floods permitted them to approach at least three or four times in the year. To be sure, they had not always taken advantage of these opportunities, because Mr. Carrol was sometimes unable to spare a boat from his workmen to convey them to the towing path; but then the old people from the Lock House came once a month to be cured of the ague, and altogether their situation was very charming.

There was a sweetness of voice and fondness of manner towards her mother, which contrasted strangely in this beautiful girl with the fearless sarcasm which she now and then levelled at Carrol, and I was almost in doubt whether she was most to be admired or dreaded. I longed to have opportunities for judging, and endeavoured to bespeak favour and future invitations by entering into the projector's plans. I declared (Heaven forgive me!) that they were, somehow or other, likely to be of great benefit to mankind; and Carrol, though a great speculator, being no considerable genius, suffered me very easily to entrap him into a permission to inspect the dykes and drains by which his name was to swim down to posterity. I took my leave with numerous acknowledgments, and was made happy by a growl and a nod, which I considered a little more friendly than my reception had been.

Long after I had retired to bed, the images of Carrol and his wife, with the striking beauty and vivacity of her daughter, kept flitting through my mind in a kind of waking dreaminess, which was any thing but rest. The first was evidently a low-born man, of a coarse, unfeeling character; tyrannical to those who would permit him to be so, and very easily to be cowed by those who withstood him. This was clearly made out in his opposite manner to the two latter, upon whose uncomfortable prospects I continued to dwell till I almost wished that I had not introduced

myself, and then to devise impossible, knight-errant plans for their deliverance.

I rose early in the morning, and, having equipped myself as decently as my wardrobe permitted, wandered restlessly up and down the river till it was time to take advantage of Carrol's courtesy; that is to say, till I had watched him out to the superintendence of his workmen. I then darted my punt over to the Mansion of the Moss, and was shown in to the objects of my somewhat hasty concern.

I was received, I thought, with more pleasure and less restraint than such a stranger might have expected. Had it been more in the world, I should probably not have had so much to boast of; but, in a desert, the sight of a human face, however unworthy, is no insignificant event. I soon found myself perfectly acquainted, and lost no time in adding a thousand rivets to the fetters which had been cast over me at first sight. The spirit of Lucy, which had appalled me the night before, was, in the absence of her step-father, subdued to all the gentleness of her mother. The talent which was burning in her large hazel eyes seemed rather to court concealment than display; the modest diffidence with which she uttered her opinions was beautiful as the blush upon her cheek; and the nature of her whole manner showed, that her disposition was equally proof against the gift of transcendent loveliness. She was the very opposite of what I had been led to expect—she was far more than I had yet power to conceive. Her feelings were no less various than her personal attractions, and her devotion to those whom she loved was only to be matched by her disregard for every thing which appertained to herself. Solitude, so uncongenial to a young and affectionate heart, nay, even oppression, she could have borne with resignation; but when these evils were applied to her uncomplaining mother—when she saw her spirit broken, her health declining, her meek and sorrowful retrospections to the comfort which she had sacrificed, with her quiet endeavours to make the most of the little which was left—her blood leaped up against the unfeeling cause of it all, and her tongue was armed with bitterness proportionate to his incapacity to appreciate it. These, in their full extent, were after observations; but, on the morning of which I am speaking, they were shadowed out sufficiently to convince me that Lucy was the purest embodiment of feeling which I had yet beheld. Her mind was a cloudless sky, and every thought a star.

My visit was long, and only interrupted by Carrol towards its conclusion. He came in with no very prepossessing countenance, confounding the rain which was filling his pond as fast as he baled it out, and vowing stoutly that he would go to law with the proprietors of the river for giving him the benefit of their waste water. After he had expended somewhat of his choler, or rather restrained it under the influence of Lucy's keen glance of irony, he turned to me with a nod of recognition, and entered into his usual style of conversation, breaking every half sentence with a reference to his pocket book, as if he were all the time reckoning how many pails full were yet to be thrown out of his everlasting pond. He gave me to

understand, as far as I could gather, that he was not sorry to see me, nor yet particularly glad—that I might do well enough to talk to the ladies, to whom he had no time to talk himself, and that I might suit my convenience either in coming or staying away. I was not to mind him, because he should not mind me, which would make things pleasant for all parties, and, perhaps, prevent his hearing any more complaints as to want of society.

The Lock House then was to be my home for a longer period than I had expected. When I returned to it, I found my good genius of the coal-boat preparing for another cruise through the bogs, and I took advantage of the opportunity to supply myself with the various conveniences of which I stood in need.

My visits to the Mansion of the Moss were constant, and our acquaintance became more and more familiar, till the omission of a day was a subject of playful remonstrance. Even Carrol, though he kept his word, and took little more notice of me than he would of a lap-dog, appeared to grow more friendly, now and then sported a rough joke, and once or twice, when the weather was fine, and the sinking of his pond had caused a corresponding rise in his spirits, invited me to dine with him, and discuss the progress of his improvements. On these occasions I saw more of the man's character than I should perhaps have discovered under other circumstances. He drank freely, and would then lose sight of his habitual caution, and shake off his taciturnity. This, however, by no means improved my opinion of him, for the more his mind opened, the more dark and repulsive it appeared. His choice themes of conversation, next to his dykes, and the lawsuit which he had commenced against the waste water, were the abuse of his two innocent victims, the one of whom he affected to despise for imbecility, while he hated the other for repaying that contempt upon himself. He did not wish to conceal that he had married for money to carry on his speculations, and detailed, with a brutal exultation, the means by which he had won his unsuspecting wife, and how she had begun to repent her bargain too late. He would then work himself up into anger, and demand whether it was not a hard case that some of her money was still beyond his power, and intended for her termagant daughter; and finally wished that the ague or the typhus fever would fly away with them both together. Many a time did I burn to dash the bottle down the ruffian's throat, but my admission to the house depended upon my keeping terms with him, and I used to listen patiently till he was well sotted and dropped off to sleep.

Contrary to all our expectations, the waste water cause was decided in his favour, and he really showed, for a day or two, something like a happy face. His exultation, when he marshalled his workmen to dam up the sluice, was beyond all bounds, and he was confident that, by that day month, there would not be a drop of water in *his park*. In less than a week, a bank was raised as impenetrable as the walls of Tyre, and there was not a person present who surveyed it without perfect admiration—except, indeed, my old friends of the Lock House, who assured me, with

much lamentation, that their fishing was entirely spoiled.

After the embankment was finished, I returned with Carroll to dinner. He did the honours of his house so well, that I could almost fancy how his wife came to be deceived into marrying him; and his victims gazed upon him, as much as to say, "Why can you not always be thus?" The only drawback upon our pleasure was a heavy shower of rain, which continued all the evening to patter against the window, as though it threatened to avenge the cause of the river.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Carrol, every five minutes, "I hear you! How that cursed sluice would be pouring now if its mouth were not stopped!"

When I left them for the night, the rain was coming down in a deluge, and the wind beat me about fearfully. I could scarcely accomplish the voyage to my cabin, and when I arrived there I was half drowned. It was as wild a storm as I had ever witnessed; and, when I lay down in my bed, I had serious doubts whether our little building was not going to take flight. Nevertheless, I dropped off asleep.

I believe my slumbers continued to bid defiance to the elements till two or three o'clock. About this time, I was awakened by the most tremendous uproar I ever heard. At first, I could not make out what it was. I started up, and shouted to my old landlord, but both he and his partner had already hopped out upon their crutches to see whether the world was over, and I threw on my clothes as hastily as I could to follow their example.

The storm had ceased, and the bright moonshine settled our doubts, as to what was the matter, at the first glance. The happy result of Carrol's lawsuit, and his excellent dam, had been the accumulation of more water than the river could hold. About a hundred yards of the old rotten bank had given way at a crash; and now, as my host of the Lock very sensibly observed, instead of having a pretty little fall of waste water, which would have purred beautifully through his park, whenever it might have merited such a title, he had got the whole river, all at once, and, for the future, was about as likely to drain it off as he was to drink it. The sight and the sound were really awful. The old river bellowed like a wounded giant, and the tide of life leaped from his side in a foaming cataract, which bade fair to spoil him of his last drop. The whole morass was a sheet of living wrath, in which the struggling oser beds lay down supinely, whilst the wild birds wheeled about in greater astonishment than ever. In the midst of the turmoil, I heard the vociferations of the conjurer who had brought this wonder to pass, and presently I saw him making his way to the scene of action in a punt, which ever and anon spun round like a teetotum in the petty whirlpools, and obliged him to seek relief in oaths which might have appalled the river itself.

It was not long before the whole ragged population of the bogs came hovering about us in dismay, like ghosts which had been sore pressed by an inundation of the Styx. Carrol rushed to and fro despairingly, exhorting them to set to work and perform impossibilities. The breach could not have been filled up in

a month; and, indeed, such an operation, if it could have been performed in a moment, was now too late. The mischief was done, and nothing remained but to stand still and admire it. In this situation of things, the morning broke upon us, brilliant and sunny, as if on purpose to show the promising state of the park, of which but one small spot was visible, and that was the one whereon the house stood. All other objects were merely indicated by the bustle which they made under the water, which displayed nothing but eddies of white foam.

Carrol ground his teeth and bent his brow at this complete survey, in grim silence, as though he could not invent curses bitter enough to express his feelings. The first words which he uttered were execrations against his wife, for having given him money to gain his lawsuit—then against the water, for not rising, whilst it was in the mood, above his chimney top, and drowning all his plagues together, that he might begin the world afresh—then against all the nations in the globe, for not having furnished a precedent to guard him against such an unlooked-for catastrophe—and, finally, against himself, for not having been satisfied when he was well off, and unshackled by lands, wives, or daughters. As soon as he had uttered this sweeping malediction, and puzzled his busy myrmidons with a thousand absurd and opposite directions, he observed that his last spot of earth was growing less and less, and hastened homeward to scowl his household gods into a panic.

When he arrived, the enraged speculator was doomed to find things worse and worse. The land-springs in his cellars had burst, and inundated all the lower part of the house, knee-deep. The waters were still rising, and Mrs. Carrol and Lucy were hiding themselves in the bed-rooms, in momentary expectation of being swept away. In spite of her terrors, the latter could not restrain a smile of irony and suppressed merriment, when orders were issued for packing up for flight, the increased urgency for which fulfilled her most sanguine wishes. Carrol's mortal enemy, the old river, was remorselessly pursuing him from stair to stair, as he staggered up to deposit his goods and chattels in the garrets, and the chairs and tables were beginning to float topey-turvy out of the drawing-room window. The preparations, as may be supposed, were not long in arrangement; and a punt was brought in at the hall door to the foot of the stairs. When I had handed the ladies in, and was going to push off, I called out to Carrol, to apprise him that every thing was ready.

"Then go along with them," he shouted, from a distant part of the house.

"But whither are we to go?" I inquired.

"To the devil, if you like!" responded the ruffian; and we left him to manage his affairs as he might. As we quitted the devoted walls, the stream was whirling up to their base; and our motion gave them the appearance of having already set sail. Carrol, at the same time, thrust his head from a garret-window, to present a telescope at his cataract, which was running as merrily as ever; and, awful as matters were, there was still something in this great man's washing him-

self out of house and home, which was mightily ridiculous. Even the melancholy Mrs. Carrol could scarcely help being amused.

As we proceeded towards the dry land, we held a consultation as to what was to become of us; and, indeed, it was something of a mystery—for it was out of the question to suppose that the miserable assemblage of hovels, called the village, could afford accommodation. In this dilemma we were obliged to call in my travelled friend of the coal-boat, who, as usual, was at no loss. In the course of his summer wanderings, he had pitched his tent on a choice spot of earth, called The Dark Common, from the umbrageous patches of wild oaks, and the ancient furze, which matted over the green roads in endless luxuriance. It was now in all its scented beauty of young leaves and yellow blossoms; and, on a gentle slope, which expanded its bosom to the soft south, stood a small fairy-formed villa, half hidden in the flowers which stole lovingly up its trelliced veranda, and echoing with the concert of a thousand guardian nightingales.

This pretty gem, it appeared, the last time that our friend had inspected the hen-roost, was not inhabited, and the chances were that it was vacant still. Lucy was charmed with the description. The sight of a tree, and the song of a bird, were blessings which she had never expected to enjoy again; and we commenced our voyage down the river with a prospect of reaching our destination in good time.

The sun shone out brightly; and, after a few miles, the country began to promise better things. The river gradually sank into a level with green meadows, parted from each other by little obstreperous brooks, and sprinkled with cattle. Here and there a white-blossomed thorn gave token of more mature cultivation; and presently the young elms were seen outgrowing their dwarf neighbours of the hedge-row, and breaking the blue horizon with the swelling outlines and tender tints of spring. The scene of freshness and life was truly heart-cheering to me, after the dreary regions in which I had passed the winter; but in Mrs. Carrol and Lucy, who had been doomed to them for three years, the effect which it created was inexpressible. The hurried and troubled conversation with which we had set out had sunk to repose, like the clouds above us, and the feelings which had impelled it had melted into an exquisite calm. The silence was only broken by the unwonted notes of the lark and the cuckoo; and, as we stole through the soft labyrinths of increasing flower and foliage, the warm blood trembled in Lucy's cheek, and her bright eyes declined as though she could have wept. I gazed upon her listless and unconscious beauty, without daring to breathe a word, lest I should break a thread of the enchanting spell which it had cast over me. I loved to dwell upon it, without the intrusion of other thoughts—to expand my whole soul to its influence—for, in proportion as I discovered my ability to value Lucy, I valued myself.

In this happy mood we continued our voyage, till the gray stony banks were shelving over us, and the wild birch and the willow flung their light wreaths from either side in tangled profusion—now admitting

a trembling glimpse of the warm blue sky, and now pierced by a sunset ray, which trailed down some leafy tendril, and shot, like a star, upon the dark stream beneath it. The country rose gradually in the gentle hills which our conductor had described; and our voyage ended where a rude bridge united two mazy pathways, the one leading to a little overgrown hamlet, and the other to the romantic abode which we were seeking.

The charm which had hitherto bound us in silence was now broken by exclamations of wonder and delight. The cottage was, indeed, no less inviting than its description had been. It belonged to people of taste, who had furnished it, inside and out, with every kind of rustic ornament and convenience; and, what was of more importance, it was at our service, together with the peasants who had been left in charge of it.

In less than an hour I had installed my companions in their new home, as comfortably as though they had never known any other, and had procured for myself the state apartment of the little inn, about half a mile distant. Having effected this, we had nothing to do but to sit by the open casement and enjoy the soft breeze, which lent wings to the wild odours of the forest, and the music of the neighbouring stream. We sat till long after the sun had gone down, yet still we could not move from our station. The nightingales were beginning their revels, and the old white owl was performing his querulous evolutions, over the waving sheet of golden furze blossoms; the stars, too, were twinkling as if the heavens laughed upon us; and Lucy was flinging her fond arms round the neck of her mother, and wishing that such an hour could last for ever.

Three days of perfect bliss melted over us without the dreaded visit from Carrol, to whom we had been compelled to send tidings of our fortune. On the fourth evening, as I was returning to the cottage with Lucy upon my arm, we encountered Mrs. Carrol, who was seeking us, with the very unwelcome news of an invasion from her husband. He had stood manfully by his castle as long as it was tenable, and considerably longer than other folks would have thought it so, in hopes that the waters would subside and allow him to estimate the damage which he had sustained.

In these hopes Carrol was at last gratified; and his calculation was, that to clear out the cart-loads of slime which had been washed into the ground-floor, and to repair the ill-cemented walls which had never been dry or otherwise than rotten from the time they were built, together with the necessity for new doors, new papering, new furniture, &c., would cost about twice as much as the famous Mansion of the Moss was worth—bog, water-rats, and all. He had consequently left it in the peaceable possession of the monsters of the mire, and had come to obtain our sympathy in his sufferings, by obliging us with a very liberal share of them.

Mrs. Carrol had a flush upon her cheek, which showed that she had been much agitated, and I thought I could perceive the trace of tears. Lucy eagerly inquired what more had occurred to disturb her?

"Nothing new," she calmly replied: "Mr. Carrol is in want of means to repair the dilapidations which his property has suffered, and has again been importuning me for my poor Lucy's fortune.

"Then let him have it, I beseech you. It is for my happiness, no less than yours, that he should be satisfied, for, when nothing is left to grant, we may, perhaps, rest in peace."

"No, never, Lucy. My only support has been that you will hereafter enjoy the comforts of which your early days have been so cruelly deprived. Conceive how ineffectual your persuasions must be when my resolution has remained unshaken even by the prospect of—" she paused for a moment, "of parting with you, Lucy."

Lucy repeated the words in dismay. "Does Mr. Carrol dare to contemplate this climax to our misery?"

"He tells me that the repeated failures in his plans must oblige him to leave the country, unless I concede to his terms of remaining—that he must go, I know not whither, on fresh speculations, and that you—that you must be left with your friends. Perhaps it is for the best—perhaps."

Indignant as I was at Carrol's villany, I still felt under obligations to him; for the time was surely arrived for the disclosure of my love for Lucy; and throwing myself at her feet, I requested that she would endow me with a husband's power—to save her from increased wretchedness. Lucy's look was consent, and her maiden confusion cast an additional purity and bloom over her beauty, as if to complete the model for a seraph. I need not dwell upon what followed. Mrs. Carrol's sorrows were converted into a gush of joy. She considered me an especial gift of Providence for the protection of her daughter, and declared that she could now cheerfully meet any trial to which she might be exposed. The conversation which had begun in gloom had struck into a gleam of the purest sunshine. There was no dissentient thought amongst us, and before we arrived at the cottage our plan of conduct was completely arranged.

When we entered, Carrol was sitting with his grim visage sunk deep into his shoulders, his legs extended, and his hands thrust into his pockets. Altogether he looked very much like a man whose occupation was gone, and whose prospects of obtaining another were somewhat precarious. It was no wonder, therefore, if he could afford us but few words of welcome. Our countenances evidently did not bear the expression which he had expected and desired, if we might judge from the dismal appearance of his own. He made a few surly remarks on the water having damaged his map of America, but seemed rather studying how to enter upon the subject of the separation.

"You will be ready," he at last commenced, with a dark look at his wife, "to move in the course of a week or two?"

Mrs. Carrol answered placidly in the affirmative, and he appeared scarcely to know what to make of such cheerful compliance.

"And you have acquainted your daughter with our measures?"

"Fully," said Lucy, with the same serenity.

He felt abashed by her calm, contemptuous manner, and endeavoured to stammer out a sort of apology for the necessity of such plans, with an inquiry as to her future intentions.

"I am not quite certain," she replied, "as to whether my destiny may lead me, but I think it will probably be to America." He looked up with his usual scowl, but averted it again, as though he had encountered a flash of lightning. "You seem surprised, Mr. Carrol," she continued, "but here is a friend who has taken compassion upon the outcast, and, having imbibed from you a taste for draining ponds, is prepared to convey me to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, or any other desirable neighbourhood your greater experience may lead you to adopt. We can then mutually assist each other in our trade of wille-o'-the-whisp, and I can already perceive what comfort you anticipate from our society."

Mrs. Carrol interfered to preserve the peace by explaining matters in a more methodical style, which, however, her husband did not seem to like much better. We had made a counter speculation which he had not expected, and the only circumstance of it which did not produce a frown was the intended departure of Lucy to her friends, for the purpose of preparing for her marriage,

"Humph!" said the cunning man, spreading his map and his elbows upon the table. His thoughts, however, were nearer home than the Blue Mountains, and his face would have made no bad frontispiece to a book of puzzles.

In a day or two, the carriage arrived which was to take Lucy, with a trusty attendant (for Carrol could not lose so good an opportunity of separating her from her mother, who, he insisted, had not strength to accompany her,) to London. The morning was chiefly devoted to the anxious and agitated Mrs. Carrol, so that I could seize but a single moment for an unobserved farewell. It was such a one as convinced me that I possessed the whole romantic fervour of her affection, and enriched the prospect of our next meeting with visions too intense to be dwelt upon. Her last words were to remind me that she was only supported in parting from her mother by her confidence that she left a guardian behind who would watch over her with equal solicitude, and to desire the repetition of my promises that I would write to her daily. At length I handed her into the carriage, and she was borne off like the beautiful phantom of a dream.

My engagement to report all that occurred was faithfully performed. I spent the greater part of my time at the cottage, talking over the delights of days to come, and forming plans to counteract every possible manœuvre of Carrol, who had too many cogitations to interfere with us. He had, all of a sudden, hit upon some new speculation, which was too good to be shared; and his mornings, for several days, were employed in nothing but writing letters, and taking them to the post himself. He never said who was his correspondent, but I had accidentally caught a glimpse of the name and address, and noted them down in my memory. In a short time he relieved us of his company altogether, under the pretext of repairing to the

nearest seaport to arrange for the voyage to America.

Whether such was really his business, I did not give myself the trouble to inquire, for by this time I had affairs of my own to afford me sufficient employment, and to cause a degree of alarm to which his evil machinations were nothing.

In describing the various friends who had hastened to see her, Lucy had made mention of one respecting whom I had never been able to divest myself of a feeling of jealousy and apprehension. The name of this young man was Walters. In the commencement of his career he had been afflicted with an easy disposition, an inordinate love of pleasure, and means sufficient to tempt those who follow the profession of living upon others to encourage every obliquity of judgment, till his fortune and reputation appeared equally irretrievable. From being the victim we too often become the partner of crime, and Walters had gone on from bad to worse, till he was enrolled amongst the tribe of adventurers who had ruined him. With such characters he had found an easy access to Carrol's house in London, which had been a rendezvous notorious for them, its master being a fellow-labourer in the great web of speculation, and interested in the success of each particular fibre. The care-worn appearance of his handsome person, with the remains of a manner which had once been frank and engaging, had distinguished him sufficiently from his companions to obtain a reception which his vanity had been too ready to misunderstand. His heart had taken fire at the attractions of Lucy with all the impetuosity of a nature unaccustomed to restraint; and the subsequent discovery that his own self-abasement was perhaps the cause of his discomfiture, had been a species of retribution agonizing in proportion to its justice. As his prospect of success abated, his passion had appeared to gain new strength. His conduct had been wild and desperate. One while he would endeavour to amend and deserve her, and again he would plunge into reckless profligacy, in the vain trust of forgetting her. It was at this juncture that Mrs. Carrol's increasing dread of the persons who swarmed about her had compelled her to yield to the rapacity of her husband, and assist him to the possession of his wondrous Wild Water Pond, where, after a few impassioned attempts by letter, Walters had dropped his suit, and had no more been heard of. Three years had now elapsed, and he appeared before Lucy, as he gave her to understand, in every thing but his love, an altered man. As soon as her absence had suffered his frenzy to settle down, and left him to the fair exercise of his reason, he had determined upon adopting new courses, and one day trying his fate under better auspices. For this purpose, he had quitted his evil companions, which was easily enough to be done when they had fleeced him of every thing; and had tried his best to turn what talents he possessed to a worthy account. He had tried, and had prospered, and now the meed for which he had laboured was irrecoverably lost to him. Nevertheless, he would learn to bend to his fate, and only petitioned to witness, as a friend, the happiness which he could partake no otherwise.

Such was the account with which Walters had excited Lucy's sympathy, and which I could not help thinking exceedingly incredible. It was a mere deception, I felt, to procure opportunities for a last effort, and I could see him with my mind's eye endeavoring to supplant me with a tale of hypocritical meekness, which made me writhe with apprehension. I raked up every word that she had formerly said of his person and his talents, and each recollection contributed to make him more dreaded. I convinced myself that she had rejected him merely on account of his profligacy, and that his reformation, whether real or assumed, would put her upon making comparisons, which could not fail of telling to my disadvantage. My blood was in a tumult, and I was upon the point of writing to entreat that she would never see him again. But, then, what would Lucy say to my mistrust of her? What would my own pride hereafter say to the recollection that I had been obliged to supplicate the dismissal of a rival? No! let Walters do his worst. If Lucy's inclinations led her from me, I would bear it as I could. It was a good touchstone whereon to try the strength of her affection, and if she returned still faithful, she would be a greater prize than ever.

At last the day arrived which was to bring Lucy's self to resolve all my doubts. With what an anxious tremor did I watch the road she was to come! How eagerly did I pace it backwards and forwards, and strain my eyes for a sight of the carriage. The sun had set, and yet she came not. I continued at my station long after the shades had set in, conjuring up sounds which only lived in my fancy, or only proceeded from the beating of my heart. Lucy was absent still. It was not till late in the night that I returned to the cottage, where Mrs. Carrol was sitting up in expectation. My appearance sufficiently indicated the disturbed state of my mind, but what consolation could she offer? Lucy's arrangements might not have been completed—her friends might have protracted her stay—a thousand circumstances might have occurred, which she would, no doubt, explain satisfactorily when we met. But why had she not written? All our reasonings were destroyed by this unanswerable question, and I determined to seek a solution by the readiest means. I would set off to London myself.

By sunrise I was on my way. I will not detain the reader with all the agony of a long journey, with all the inquiries I made upon the road, and with all the disappointments I encountered. It was nearly midnight when I entered London. Of the objects around me I saw nothing but a moving chaos; or, if my perception was for a moment more particularly excited, it was only when some impediment crossed my way to heighten my impatience.

At length I reached the door of Lucy's friends. I knocked. Oh, how I remember—how I feel, even now whilst I am telling it—the harrowing, suffocating sensation with which I waited to be admitted! My first question may be supposed. The servant *had not heard* how Lucy was. She had returned home ten days ago. I started as though my heart-strings had snapped asunder. He stared with surprise, as did the

family when I was ushered in. They could give me no farther information, and had been under much alarm at not having received accounts of her safe arrival.

There was but one question more to complete the measure of my agony, but I knew not how to ask it.—I knew not how to sully the resplendent vision which Lucy must have left upon their minds, by breathing a doubt that she could act unworthy of herself. It was not till we had run over all the chances which might have impeded her journey—till we had satisfied ourselves that she must be detained on the road by illness, (a circumstance of which, as matters stood, I would have given my existence to be assured,) that I ventured to mention the name of Walters. I saw that my suspicion had been anticipated. Her friends looked upon each other in dismay, and then with one accord declared that it was impossible—it was out of the question; that was to say, it was not at all likely that Lucy should have so far forgotten herself. The faintness of their contradiction wrought me to a frenzy. I forgot the discretion with which I had concealed my evil forebodings. I besought them to imagine all that I could ask of them, and then listened with ghastly patience to all the particulars they could give me.

In a word, though Lucy's manner had never given them reason to suspect that she entertained an undue regard for Walters, they were bound to confess that he had called to see her upon alleged business the day before her departure, which had, as it seemed, been much accelerated by the circumstance. She had not told them what had transpired, but it was evidently something by which she had been strongly agitated.

This was all I could learn from them, and, in a few moments, I was again rushing along the streets.

I have before mentioned that I had accidentally seen the address of one of Carrol's letters. It was to Walters,—and I glided along in spirit-like rapidity till I stood before the house. The neighbourhood was wretched and deserted; nothing was stirring to break the distant din of the more busy world, and the street was lighted only by two or three dim lamps, as though it were especially devoted to persons and practices most congenial to darkness.

The door was opened by a miserable creature of all work, who at first denied that any such person as Walters lived there; but my necessity for seeing him was too great to stand upon trifles, and I obtained an answer more to my satisfaction, by announcing myself as Mr. Carrol. The servant apologised for not having known me, and had taken so many letters with my address to the post, that there was no doubt I might be shown up. What could be meant by this mystery? Was I to find Walters alone, or—I did not dare to conclude the sentence, even in thought.

He was alone, and the trepidation of our meeting was mutual.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, turning deadly pale, and gazing upon me as though I had been a spectre. I could not answer. There was a volume of strange things swelling in my bosom, which struggled to be uttered all at once. I could not move, lest

I should tear him piecemeal before I had examined the lineaments which had displaced me in the heart of Lucy.

I have him before me with an identity vivid and aching as an evil conscience. He was handsome, as he had been described, but his features had more the character of dissimulation than intellect. His dress was in the extreme of fashion, but his general stamp was that of the pretender.

"Who are you?" he again cried, with increased agitation. My sight grew sick as I gazed on him, my mind more wild in the imagination of all that could annihilate it; and I breathed my name with a groan, as though it were the confession of some burning shame. He appeared relieved, professed to know nothing about me, and begged to hear my business.

The plea of ignorance, however, did not serve him long; and he then found it expedient to shelter himself from my questions, by taking the excitement under which I was laboring as an excuse for the singular intrusion.

"Upon my word, sir," he continued, with an easy and lazy flow of language, which brought the withering conviction that he had nothing to apprehend from me, "if you are one of the numerous suitors of Miss —, I should think you sufficiently apprized of her change of mind, by the necessity for making these inquiries. You, of course, know very well that she would have accepted *any one* who could enable her to follow her mother to America; and if, out of the many, she has decided upon giving the preference to me, pray allow me to assure you that constancy is a mere country virtue; and that a glance at the fashionable world will show it so little prized, that you will scarcely think your fate worth lamenting. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to show every attention to a gentleman in whose commendation I have heard Miss — speak so highly, and if you are in town for any time, and will do me the favor of a call to-morrow, or next day, I have no doubt I can give you introductions which will make your time pass agreeably. At present, I have an engagement at the West End, for which I am obliged to beg you will excuse me."

The superb coolness of all this had an effect rather opposite to the one intended, for I could not doubt that he took me for some love-lorn village swain whose wits were as simple as his feelings, and thought that he had nothing to do but to abash me by carrying matters with a high hand. If anything could have raised me to a higher pitch of desperation, it was the feeling that such must have been Lucy's description of me.

"Hold, sir," I replied, rising up at the same time with him, and preparing myself for any extremity; "your friends at the West End must excuse you for to-night, for if I have seemed paralyzed at the easy assurance with which you treat this matter, it has not been from the want of wherewithal to talk about. That Miss — is subjected for the present to very painful surmises, I will not dispute, but it is possible that she is misrepresented. Therefore, without asking farther questions, I will simply trouble you to inform

me where she is to be found, in order that I may have the history of her change from her own lips. Refuse me, and her mysterious disappearance is ground enough for an appeal where you may chance to be more communicative. We do not part without trying the alternative."

I had observed that all I said produced little effect, until I made the allusion to justice, and this caused a nervous tremor which convinced me that he had something to dread from it. I followed up the fortunate hit with a determination from which he had no escape, and which assured him that his vague and insulting off-handedness was out of the question. I told him of his being denied by the servant of the house, and pointed out to him his portmanteau half packed up for flight. These were slight charges to alarm him, but, aided apparently by an accuser within, they brought him to terms much sooner than I could have imagined. He acknowledged that his engagement to the West End was invented to spare me the mortification of farther discussion, regretted that Lucy was to be subjected to importunities from which she had taken such pains to retire, and, with a cool consciousness of success, invited me to share a conveyance which he had even then in waiting to take him to Wild Water Pond.

"Lucy at Wild Water Pond! That place of which she has so much horror!"

"It appears, sir, that there are other things of which she has had a greater horror. But since we are to be fellow-travellers for so long a journey, it were best to drop all subjects of annoyance, till I am in a situation to give you more satisfactory answers."

The proposal had reason in it. We descended into the street, found the vehicle at the appointed place, and, having nothing to impede our passage, got clear of London in a few minutes.

My companion, who had been looking uneasily to the right and left as we passed the streets, (although it was nearly daybreak, and no one was to be seen,) now entered carelessly into conversation, and affected to forget that there was any cause of enmity between us. Alas! such a manner did far more to shake my confidence in Lucy, than any assertions he could have made. It seemed incompatible with any thing but certainty, and he had skill enough to perceive that such was my conclusion. From one light subject he rambled on to another, in the hope that I might grow thoroughly discouraged, and give up my project before the journey's end. But I had another project behind, upon which he had not calculated. Be the event what it might, I had been injured past the power of forgiveness. It was my fixed resolve that the moment I had seen Lucy, and either reproached her with her falsehood, or asked pardon for my doubts, her fame should be avenged, or her fault punished, in the cold blood of my rival. The work of reflection was too excruciating—I banished it forcibly. Happily the weight upon my brain, with the fatigue which I had undergone, at last gave me a relief something between sleep and stupefaction.

By the time the country began to assume the features of the Wild Water regions, the sun had set. The horizon was hidden by a long blue bank of mist, soft-

ing delicately into a deep orange reflection of the departed orb, which, in its turn, melted into a lucid, watery blue. A long, lazy river wound, glowing like gold, through the monotonous gray of the flag-fields and straggling clumps of alders, and the whole was enlivened only by flocks of geese and a few starved cattle.

In this scene we came to a spot where the road branched off, and an old broken handpost intimated that the rest of our journey was to be performed on foot. Soon it became quite dark, and the damp and foggy atmosphere, with the screams of the herons, and the unwholesome effluvia of the green ooze, assured me that we were approaching near to Carrol's domains.

At this juncture we perceived the dim halo round a cabin light. It conducted us to the abode of one of these forlorn beings who lived by taking wild fowl, and it was fortunate that we stopped there, for all land communication with the country in that direction had been cut off, ever since Carrol had let the river into the bog. I learnt, moreover, that the old people of the Lock House had been removed, punts and all, to the Mansion, which, for some reason or other, had of late only been accessible by signal, on which occasions a boat was sent out. This mode of proceeding would not answer my purpose, and I besought our informant to suggest other means of approaching it. He had nothing, he said, but a small shooting skiff, which only held two persons, and it was impossible to direct us how to paddle ourselves three miles in so dark a night. It will, however, be readily supposed that I was not to be dissuaded from the attempt, and Walters was so completely disconcerted by my continued firmness, that he offered no opposition. We stepped into the whallop, and my knowledge of the swamp was not so bad but I steered our course, in spite of all the dangerous obstacles, directly towards the Mansion of the Moss.

My suspense was now, in a few moments, to be ended. We stepped on shore without speaking a word, and proceeded to the house like two deadly foes to the lists. Late as it was, we found the hall door open; the floods, indeed, had warped it so as to prevent the possibility of its closing. The drawing-room door, likewise, stood stubbornly ajar, and suffered us to force our way through without so much as a creak.

As we entered, I perceived the apartment to be partially lighted by a smouldering wood-fire. We stopped by mutual impulse. At the opposite sides sat two figures engaged in a conversation so exciting that our entrance was unobserved.

"And you refuse to let me depart?" said the electric voice of Lucy, with its most indignant energy.

"If you are in such a hurry to depart, I should be glad to know why you came?" replied the brutal tones of Carrol. "You cannot say that I brought you?"

"No—you did not use violence, it is true. You employed means still more base—you instructed your confederate in London to show me a pretended confidential letter, describing my mother's secret removal to this horrid place, in order to our separation. You

knew that I could not hesitate in following, and thus made the feelings of nature, which a savage would have respected, the cause perhaps of my lasting misery. Have you not deprived me of all possibility of escape?"

"You can depart with Walters, whenever he chooses to fetch you."

"You know he dare not see me. You know he is fully aware of my utter contempt for him; or, if he is not, you have misled him by false statements."

I had heard enough, and was in the act of springing forward to clasp her once more to my heart, but Walters eagerly held me back, as if he would learn more.

"I grant you," returned Carrol, with a wrathful grin, "that it requires some courage to face such a born devil, but Walters will be here, nevertheless, and I should advise you to receive him in the light I propose; for this is a lonely place, and, you understand, I am the master." He paused and clenched his teeth, and again grinned horribly.

"So, Mr. Carrol, you threaten to murder me? Oh, for some new invented words to express my scorn! Yet, I thank you for this liberal and complete display of your virtues, for my poor unhappy mother must now dismiss her last scruple, and leave you to your career of wickedness alone."

"Think you so? You have come here to seek *her*, and why may *she* not come to seek *you*? I should be sorry for such a necessity, for you know the air of this place does not agree with her. Come, come, let us talk reason—Walters is a man of the world—and an old friend; and has taken a liking to you, for which nothing short of the devil can account. As for this new acquaintance whom you talk of marrying, who is he, and what is he, but a dull-witted piece of common-place, who will make his way in life about as glibly as he would flounder through this cursed mud-pond? You take him because he promises to take you to America; why, so will Walters—that I promise you faithfully. He *must* go to America, whether he likes it or not; for, just to give you an idea of his strange infatuation for you, he has thought it worth his while to find me the equivalent to the means which your obstinate mother refused me, and must leave the country as soon as he can."

"A felon! your consideration for my happiness is really beyond praise. Mr. Walters commits felony to offer you a bribe to sacrifice me, and I am to enjoy his society in America, whilst you bring my mother to the Mansion of the Moss to enjoy your respectable acquisition! It was unnecessary to tell me this. It proves your head to be as bad as your heart—and the only alternative I have is to be murdered!"

Carrol's rage could be curbed no longer, and burst forth in appalling execrations. He jumped from his seat with a stamp that might have beaten in the rotten flooring, and my companion advanced a step with me in expectation of some act of desperate violence. He, however, only seized the poker, and plunged it into the slumbering fire, as though it had been the heart of the undaunted Lucy. The flame sprang up bright and high; and, when he turned to glare destruction upon his helpless victim, he encountered the poised

figures and concentrated fury of his unexpected visitors. Lucy shrieked and sprang to meet me, whilst Walters, thrilling to the quick with disappointment and the astounding conviction of the extent to which he had been duped, flung himself like a tiger upon his false confederate, and, had his strength been equal to his rage, would have strangled him on the spot. Carrol, with the supernatural exertions of terror, contrived to extricate himself, and rushed out of the door, pursued closely by his determined assailant. I let them have the dispute to themselves, and cared not how soon they destroyed each other. Shouts and curses apprized us that they were again in contact, and Lucy clung to me in a convulsion of horror.

"Is it thus that you repay my interest?" articulated the struggling voice of Carrol.

"Is it thus I find her love, which you called so devoted to me?" replied the infuriated Walters.

"Have I deserved to be murdered?"

"Have I forfeited my life to be duped?"

"Part them—for God's sake, part them!" cried the shuddering, the forgiving Lucy.

She spoke too late. A heavy plunge in the water announced that they had parted of themselves, and that Carrol had made the attempt to escape by swimming.

"A light! a light!" cried Walters, rushing back to the room, and vanishing with a brand from the fire. Nothing would suit him but extermination, and we followed to withhold him, attended by the few alarmed and forlorn domestics, amongst whom was the decrepid old man of the Lock.

"It is useless," said he—"useless to think of swimming through this slime to the towing-path. The boat! the boat!"

All the boats we could find were immediately pushed off with lights—Walters being with difficulty restrained from pursuing his vengeance to the last. It

was very dark and foggy, and the brands and the lanterns only threw their glare to the distance of a few feet. We watched their dim meteor-like courses to and fro, without success, for a breathless half hour. At last, one of the lights stopped, and a shout informed us that Carrol was found. A few moments more, and the boat glided slowly towards the shore—the two who had gone forth with it gazing with fixed horror at the burden which lay at the bottom.

When we came to behold, there was indeed a frightful sight, not the less thrilling from the unexpected performance of a sentence which I had often sportively pronounced to be the most appropriate. Stark stiff, and scarcely to be distinguished from the filth of the morass, the body of Carrol bore witness that his soul had passed away to a land whither his speculations had tended but too little. To lament was impossible. We could but turn shuddering away, and trust fervently that such punishment might be sufficient to efface the guilt which had led to it.

I looked round to see if the resentment of Walters had ceased with that of the weeping Lucy and myself, but he was gone. Having no longer his rage to support him, the shame of his discomfiture had doubtless rendered him unable to sustain our presence. He had stepped into one of the boats, and escaped in the midst of our consternation; and the justice which pursued him was eluded equally. I never heard of him but once afterwards, and that was in a newspaper account of his having landed at New York.

In a few weeks from this time, the visions of Lucy's young ambition were realized. She became the mistress of her mother's home—the blissful guardian of smiles which she had despaired of again beholding; and, if she lavished the reflection of them upon one who knew not how to deserve her, she was contented to think that what was wanting in merit was amply made up in boundless devotion.

SONNETS.

BY CORNELIUS WEBER.

WRITTEN IN A THEATRE.

Oh for the quiet of the woods and hills,
Broke but by storms (which make it more intense
When they have pass'd in dread magnificence),
Or by the gusty wind that sadly shrills
Through the woods—or by the rippling rills,
Running to some deep river, not far thence,
Making a murmur as its channel fills!—
Oh for the vales where violets dispense
Honey to bees, storing their frequent srips;
Where the loud lark to list'ning cherubim
(Tho' we of earth may hear,) sings high his
hymn,
And the full thrush among the ripening heps,
Prisons dumb wender in some sylvan spot,—
Rather than smiling haunts, where inward joy is
not!

THE SUMMER STORM.

Whence is this hush—this silence, so profound?
Those gath'ring glooms which make earth early dark,
And fright to silence the late-singing lark,
Who ere his time is lodging on the ground?
Nature hath surely paus'd, and not a sound
Or motion shows her trance! oh, vain remark,
For she nor rests nor knows to tire! and hark!
In the far distance thunder—and lightning leaps
around.

A storm is in the heav'ns—a fearful storm,
Such as the wicked shall with dread appal;
For who can tell on whom the bolt may fall,
When it may 'light, and how and whom inform
That heav'n impatient is, and will not wait
To strike the vengeful blow it justly may fore-date.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF "BOZ,"

The Author of the "Pickwick Papers."

WITH A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY PHIZ.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with an undoubted likeness of the gentleman who, within the last twelve months, has, under the quaint signature of Boz, earned a distinguished station in the periodical literature of England. "Sketches of Every-day Life" and "Every-day People," appeared in the columns of a London morning paper, (the Chronicle, we believe,) and attracted general attention. The signature, Boz, afforded no clue to the identity of the author, and the proprietors refused to divulge. Mr. William Leman Rede, an actor-author of some talent in the satirical way, obtained the credit of concocting the "Sketches," which every day became more popular; and, when collected into volumes, rapidly passed through several editions. Mr. W. L. Rede disowned the authorship; the *Pickwick* papers were announced, and the curiosity of the London public ferreted the writer's secret; Boz himself authorising the discovery by perpetrating the following epigram in the next number of the "Miscellany."

Who the *dickens* "Boz" could be,
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till time unveil'd the mystery,
And "Boz" appear'd as *Dickens'* self!

Mr. Charles Dickens, as our readers may perceive, is a young and handsome man. He was born in the very centre of the kingdom of Cockaigne—within sound of the great bell of Bow—and educated and reared in the bosom of "The Great Metropolis." He was employed as a reporter to the daily press, and continued for some time in that laborious and unprofitable vocation, without giving sign or token of extraordinary talent, till he burst forth the "scribations" Hogarth of the age. He is now employed upon many works of profitable popularity; he is the editor of Bentley's *Miscellany*, a periodical of the first respectability, and graced with the designs of the inimitable Cruikshank. The *Pickwick Papers* have attained an extensive circulation—few publications are more anxiously looked for or more eagerly perused.

"Boz" has been particularly fortunate in making his entrée into the republic of letters at a time when jocularly was the most popular ingredient in a periodical. Some of the English Magazines are now-a-days little better than jest-books; Joe Miller and Peter Pindar are the penny-a-liners, peaks of the bi-forked mountain, and Apollo himself irradiates his phiz from the last new edition of "Broad Grins." The New Monthly Magazine, lately under the supervision of Campbell and Bulwer, is now vamped up with The Humorist, and edited by Mr. Theodore Hook, "a choicé spirit from *Montesquieu's* Court." The musty proverbs of Poor Richard, the predictions of Partridge, and the mysticism of Moore, are superseded by Comic

Almanacs. "The Comic Annual" is the only prosperous remnant of those pretty German book-toys; burlesque has driven tragedy from the stage; and farce reigns omnipotent in the twenty-four theatres that are nightly open in London.

We grumble not at the prevailing fondness for fun; cachinnation is the feature of the biped beast; and the human skull retains the distinguishing grin. Indeed, to use the words of a modern writer, that is the reason why the Egyptians elevated skulls in the centre of the table at their merry makings; and if Mr. Bulwer should ever take it into his head to write an Egyptian romance, for the purpose of showing the domestic lives of the people, as he has done in Rome, Pompeii, and Athens, we shall see what a devil-skin, roaring, lamp-breaking, up-all-night set those same dark-featured fellows were. Then, their hieroglyphics were no more than a mask for fun. Poor Champollion thought he had discovered a clue to the mystery of the inscriptions by resolving them into historical data: ti-ri-la, ti-ri-la, Monsieur, look at them again. The angles, and patches of stars and shafts, and broken points, are like one of your French caricatures, in which heads and tails cluster in the foliage of a tree, or peep through the leaves of a violet. The antiquity of Arch-Waggery, including in its wide range the science of Practical Jockery, cannot be doubted. An archaic Essay on the subject, written with the requisite *gusto* and erudition, would discover an intimate sympathy between George Cruikshank and the venerable Bede, whose monkish chronicle is full of the most grotesque badinage. Hierocles, the Alexandrian philosopher, was the father of some score popular jests, which have been assigned to the wit of the day through descending ages. Some of the best stories on record, are related by Bede, Giraldus Cambrensis, St. Irenæus, and Villafranca. The love of mischief prevails throughout the writings of the most profound authorities, who were never less in earnest than when they pretended to be so. What is the *Gesta Romanorum*, but a bundle of eccentricities? Was not Mosheim, the theologian, a thorough-paced quiz; and the Jesuits, who compiled the great work upon China, a company of revellers and gasconaders?

But it belonged to the reverend ancients, to hide their drollery under a face of solemn seriousness. They acted their farces in a suit of sables. They flung their crackers into the face of the public with an air of dignity. We find, as we descend the stream of time, that this tone of gravity gradually relaxed; until, at last, the world, tired, at it were, of the tragedy drawl, laughed outright. Then came such spirits as Rabelais and Sterne, dry, no doubt, and sly; but so marvellously comic that, although the church was shaken to its foundations by the convulsion, people would roar as if it were an unavoidable condition of

their existence. All mankind has been addicted to waggery from time immemorial; but, at some periods, it took a disputatious shape; at others, a quaint and allegorical form; occasionally, it was the blow of a truncheon on the head that knocked one's brains into a state of kaleidoscopic confusion; and, anon, it was a roguish wink and a poke in the ribs. There was Robert Burton, with his "Anatomie of Melancholie," full of humorous fancies that held the reader in suspense between a groan and a chuckle—*Deshoulières*, as brilliant as a fire-fly—*Pascal*, all venom and mockery—*Skelton* and *Butler*, torturers of thought and language—*Molière* and *Wycherley*, unveiling the peccadilloes of the age in so strange a light, that even, as we grew wiser over their pages, we also grew in a ten-fold degree more disposed to ridicule the ways of the wise; and *Le Sage*, and *Fielding*, and *Smollett*, and a thousand more, who, knowing the weak side of nature, tickled it with the sharp stings of their wit.

Revenons a Monsieur Boz. The etymology of this name puzzled the pundits. By some, it was thought to be a corruption of 'Fusbos'; others maintained that it was a mistake in the print, and ought to be 'Boss,' which means a protuberance, or knob, which they said was a just definition of one who had suddenly started out from the dead level of literature, and made himself all at once so prominent; not a few considered that it was a direct induction from 'Buzz,' in the which they were the more confirmed by the incessant vivacity of his writings which, like a humming sound, filled every corner of the subjects they entered; again it was asserted, that it was intended as a point-blank sarcasm upon 'Pos,' the initial title of the dictatorial and sententious school; while the multitude at large believed that it was neither more nor less than an immediate descendant from the immortal 'Bozzy,' of Johnsonian distinguishment.

The following excellent analysis of Mr. Dickens' merits is from the pen of a distinguished English critic, and deserves a republication in America, where the *Pickwick Papers* enjoy as high a popularity as they have achieved in the city of old Lud.

"Whatever may be said or thought of the style or spirit of 'Boz's' productions, their verisimilitude is indisputable. They reflect the manners to which they are addressed, with a felicity that is inseparable from truth. Read one of those papers, and your imagination instantly transports you to the spot—the figures he describes are before you—their voices are in your ears—the very turn of their grimace, their attitudes, their peculiarities, are present to you. What picture of real life can be more faithful, more irresistibly ludicrous, and quiet withal, than the Sunday scene in *St. Giles's*, where the lounging population are painted smoking and leaning against the posts in the streets? He catches the essential and striking feature at once, and embodies it in a few touches that will survive the races they describe. The *vraisemblable* is not 'Boz's' line of art; the *vrai* is with him all in all. What he gives you is literally true, but like a consummate artist, he does not give it to you literally. It is not enough that a portrait should be a good likeness, it must bear a certain air and grace be-

yond the likeness to constitute excellence—and in this 'Boz' is perfect. His dialogues, without straining for puns, or mere surface effects, are excerpts from veritable life, or such as might have been veritable, or would have been so under the circumstances described, heightened of course, to make their full impression. Then his minute details exhibit an almost instinctive knowledge of human character in the classes he depicts, and of the accessories of small and every-day events. For example, his description of the surgeon waiting for the poor woman's hour of release in the workhouse, and 'sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm and a rub, alternately:—of Sam Weller preparing to write his love letter, when, 'looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table so that there should be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write;—of the preliminaries to the proceedings of the Temperance Society, when 'the secretary having sneezed in a very impressive manner, and the cough which always seizes an assembly, when any thing particular is going to be done, having been duly performed, the following document was read,' &c.—and the meeting of the opposite counsel in the court on the morning of Mr. *Pickwick's* trial (the whole of which is inimitable), nodding in a friendly manner to each other, and observing, to the horror of the defendant, that 'it was a fine morning;' are such exact representations of trivial things, as, however inconsequential in themselves, afford at once a test of the author's skill, and a clue to his unprecedented success. The character of Sam Weller is rich in originality, and it is sustained throughout with such likelihood that we never feel as if there was one fraction of his individuality with which we could dispense, or as if there were any thing wanted to complete the delineation. But we need not multiply instances. They are all as familiar to the public as they are intelligible at first sight. The genius of 'Boz' is not dramatic. If it were it could not be so faithful to actual experience. It is in the intermixture of description and dialogue—of the language and tournure—the modes and costumes of his characters—that his merits and triumph consist. And it may be observed as a curious and remarkable trait in these whimsical outlines of low and middle life, that while 'Boz' brings before you with a graphic pen the express image of the poorest and most ignorant orders, he never descends into vulgarity. The ordinary conversations of the loose and ribald multitude are faithfully reported, but by an adroit process of moral alchemy, all their offensive coarseness is imperceptibly extracted. He gives you the spirit, but not the letter, of slang; you are never repelled by abasing prurientes, and you are permitted in his pictures to enjoy the broad drollery, released from all its repulsive associations. This is a peculiarity in the writings of 'Boz,' that reflects unbounded credit upon his taste. The subjects he selects are passed through the alembic of his mind, and come, if we may say so, purified before the public."

ATHENS.

BY WINTHROP MACWORTH PRAED.

High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
 Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
 Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
 Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
 Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries,—
 All these (O pity!) now are turned to dust,
 And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.

SPENSER.

Muse of old Athens! strike thine ancient lute!
 Are the strings broken? is the music mute?
 Hast thou no tears to gush, no pray'rs to flow,
 Wails for thy fate, or curses for thy foe?
 If still, within some dark and drear recess,
 Cloth'd with sad pomp and spectral loveliness,
 Though pale thy cheek, and torn thy flowing hair,
 And reft the roses passion worship'd there,
 Thou lingerest, lone, beneath thy laurel bough,
 Glad in the incense of a poet's vow,
 Bear me, oh! bear me, to the vine-clad hill,
 Where Nature smiles, and beauty blushes still,
 And Memory blends her tale of other years
 With earnest hopes, deep sighs, and bitter tears!
 Desolate Athens! though thy Gods are fled,
 Thy temples silent, and thy glory dead,
 Though all thou had'st of beautiful and brave
 Sleep in the tomb, or moulder in the wave,
 Though power and praise forsake thee, and forget,
 Desolate Athens, thou art lovely yet!
 Around thy walls, in every wood and vale,
 Thine own sweet bird, the lonely Nightingale,
 Still makes her home; and, when the moonlight hour
 Flings its soft magic over brake and bower,
 Murmurs her sorrows from her ivy shrine,
 Or the thick foliage of the deathless vine.
 Where erst Megæra chose her fearful crown,
 The bright Narcissus hangs his clusters down;
 And the gay Crocus decks with glitt'ring dew
 The yellow radiance of his golden hue.
 Still thine own olive haunts its native earth,
 Green, as when Pallas smil'd upon its birth;
 And still Cephæus pours his sleepless tide,
 So clear and calm, along the meadow side,
 That thou may gaze long hours upon the stream,
 And dream at last the poet's witching dream,
 That the sweet Muses, in the neighboring bowers,
 Sweep their wild harps, and wreath their odorous
 flowers,

And laughing Venus o'er the level plains
 Waves her light lash, and shakes her gilded reins.

How terrible is time! his solemn years,
 The tombs of all our hopes and all our fears,
 In silent horror roll!—the gorgeous throne,
 The pillar'd arch, the monumental stone
 Melt in swift ruin; and of mighty climes,
 Where Fame told tales of virtues and of crimes,
 Where Wisdom taught, and Valour woke to strife,
 And Art's creations breath'd their mimic life,

And the young Poet, when the stars shone high,
 Drank the deep rapture of the quiet sky,
 Nought now remains, but Nature's placid scene,
 Heav'n's deathless blue, and Earth's eternal green,
 The show'rs that fall on palaces and graves,
 The suns that shine for freemen and for slaves:
 Science may sleep in ruin, man in shame,
 But Nature lives, still lovely, still the same!
 The rock, the river,—these have no decay!
 The city and its masters,—where are they?
 Go forth, and wander through the cold remains
 Of fallen statues, and of tottering fanes,
 Seek the lov'd haunts of poet and of sage,
 The gay palæstra, and the gaudy stage!
 What signs are there? a solitary stone,
 A shatter'd capital with grass o'ergrown,
 A mould'ring frieze half-hid in ancient dust,
 A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust,
 Yet this *was* Athens! still a holy spell
 Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,
 And vanish'd times and wondrous forms appear,
 And sudden echoes charm the waking ear:
 Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,
 For every hillock is a hero's tomb,
 And every breeze to fancy's slumber brings
 The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings.
 Oh yes! where glory such as thine hath been,
 Wisdom and sorrow linger round the scene;
 And where the hues of faded splendor sleep,
 Age kneels to moralize, and youth to weep!
 E'en now, methinks, before the eye of day,
 The night of ages rolls its mist away,
 And the cold dead, the wise, and fair, and proud,
 Start from the urn, and rend the tranquil shroud.
 Here the wild Muse hath seiz'd her madd'ning lyre,
 With grasp of passion, and with glance of fire,
 And call'd the visions of her awful reign
 From death and gloom, to light and life again.
 Hark! the huge Titan on his frozen rock
 Scoffs at Heav'n's King, and braves the lightning
 shock,

The Colchian sorceress drains her last brief bliss,
 The thrilling rapture of a mother's kiss,
 And the gray Theban raises to the skies
 His hueless features, and his rayless eyes.
 There blue-eyed Pallas guides the willing feet
 Of her lov'd sages to her calm retreat,
 And lights the radiance of her glitt'ring torch
 In the rich garden, and the quiet porch:

Lo! the throng'd arches, and the nodding trees,
 Where Truth and Wisdom stray'd with Socrates,
 Where round sweet Xenophon rapt myriads hung,
 And liquid honey dropp'd from Plato's tongue!
 Oh! thou wert glorious then! thy sway and sword
 On earth and sea were dreaded and ador'd,
 And Satraps knelt, and Sovereigns tribute paid,
 And prostrate cities trembled and obey'd:
 The grim Laconian, when he saw thee, sigh'd,
 And frown'd the venom of his hate and pride;
 And the pale Persian dismal vigils kept,
 If Rumor whisper'd "Athens!" where he slept.
 And mighty ocean, for thy royal sail,
 Hush'd the loud wave, and still'd the stormy gale;
 And to thy sons Olympian Jove had given
 A brighter ether, and a purer heaven.
 Those sons of thine were not a mingled host,
 From various fathers born, from ev'ry coast,
 And driv'n from shore to shore, from toil to toil,
 To shun a despot, or to seek a spoil;
 Oh, no! they drew their unpolluted race
 Up from the earth which was their dwelling place;
 And the warm blood, whose blushing streams had
 run,

Ceaseless and stainless, down from sire to son,
 Went clear and brilliant through its hundred rills,
 Pure as thy breeze, eternal as thy hills!

Alas! how soon that day of splendor past,
 That bright, brief day, too beautiful to last!
 Let other lips tell o'er the oft-told tale;—
 How art succeeds, when spear and falchion fail,
 How fierce dissension, impotent distrust,
 Caprice, that made it treason to be just,
 And crime in some, and listlessness in all,
 Shook the great city to her fate and fall,
 Till gold at last made plain the tyrants' way,
 And bent all hearts in bondage and decay!
 I loathe the task; let other lyres record
 The might and mercy of the Roman sword,
 The aimless struggle, and the fruitless wile,
 The victor's vengeance, and the patron's smile.
 Yet, in the gloom of that long, cheerless night,
 There gleams one ray to comfort and delight;
 One spot of rapture courts the Muse's eye,
 In the dull waste of shame and apathy.
 Here, where wild Fancy wond'rous fictions drew,
 And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,—
 Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
 The great Apostle preach'd the UNKNOWN GOD!

Silent the crowd were hush'd; for his the eye
 Which pow'r controls not, sin cannot defy;
 His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,
 And the fixed countenance of grave command;
 And his the voice, which, heard but once, will sink
 So deep into the hearts of those that think,
 That they may live till years and years are gone,
 And never lose one echo of its tone.
 Yet, when the voice had ceas'd, a clamor rose,
 And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;
 The threat was mutter'd, and the galling gibe,
 By each pale Sophist and his paltry tribe;
 The haughty Stoic pass'd in gloomy state,
 The heartless Cynic scowl'd his grov'ling hate,

And the soft Garden's rose-encircl'd child
 Smil'd unbelief, and shudder'd as he smil'd,—
 Tranquil he stood; for he had heard,—could hear,
 Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;
 O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
 The dark, deep lines of courage and of thought;
 And if the color from his cheek was fled,
 Its paleness spoke no passion,—and no dread.
 The meek endurance, and the steadfast will,
 The patient nerve, that suffers, and is still,
 The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,
 And the strong hope, that turns from man to God,—
 All these were his; and his firm heart was set,
 And knew the hour *must* come,—but was not yet.

Again long years of darkness and of pain,
 The Moslem scymeter, the Moslem chain;
 Where Phidias toil'd, the turban'd spoilers brood,
 And the Mosque glitters where the Temple stood.
 Alas! how well the slaves their fetters wear,
 Proud in disgrace, and cheerful in despair!
 While the glad music of the boatman's song
 On the still air floats happily along,
 The light Caique goes bounding on its way
 Through the bright ripples of Piræus' bay;
 And when the stars shine down, and twinkling feet
 In the gay measure blithely part and meet,
 The dark-eyed Maiden scatters through the grove
 Her tones of fondness, and her looks of love:
 Oh! sweet the lute, the dance! but bondage flings
 Grief on the steps, and discord on the strings.
 Yet thus, degraded, sunken as thou art,
 Still thou art dear to many a boyish heart;
 And many a poet, full of fervor, goes,
 To read deep lessons, Athens, in thy woes.

But oft, when twilight sleeps on earth and sea,
 Beautiful Athens, we will weep for thee;
 For thee, and for thine offspring!—will they bear
 The dreary burthen of their own despair,
 Till nature yields, and sense and life depart
 From the torn sinews and the trampled heart?
 Oh! by the mighty shades that dimly glide
 Where Victory beams upon the turf or tide,
 By those who sleep at Marathon in bliss,
 By those who fell at glorious Salamis,
 By every laurell'd brow and holy name,
 By every thought of freedom and of fame,
 By all ye bear, by all that ye have borne,
 The blow of anger, and the glance of scorn,
 The fruitless labor, and the broken rest,
 The bitter torture, and the bitter jest,
 By your sweet infants' unavailing cry,
 Your sister's blush, your mother's stifled sigh,
 By all the tears that ye have wept, and weep,—
 Break, Sons of Athens, break your weary sleep!

Yea! it is broken!—Hark, the sudden shock
 Rolls on from wave to wave, from rock to rock;
 Up, for the Cross and Freedom! far and near
 Forth starts the sword, and gleams the patriot spear,
 And bursts the echo of the battle song,
 Cheering and swift, the banded hosts along.
 On, Sons of Athens! let your wrongs and woes
 Burnish the blades, and nerve the whistling bows;
 Green be the laurel, ever blest the meed

Of him that shines to-day in martial deed,
And sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,
Who falls for fame, his country, and his God !

The hoary sire has helm'd his locks of gray,
Scorn'd the safe hearth, and totter'd to the fray :
The beardless boy has left his guilt guitar,
And bared his arm for manhood's holiest war.
E'en the weak girl has mail'd her bosom there,
Clasp'd the rude helmet on her auburn hair,
Chang'd love's own smile for valor's fiery glance,
Mirth for the field, the distaff for the lance.
Yes, she was beauteous, that Athenian maid,
When erst she sate within her myrtle shade,
Without a passion, and without a thought,
Save those which innocence and childhood wrought,
Delicious hopes, and dreams of life and love,
Young flowers below, and cloudless skies above.
But oh, how fair, how more than doubly fair,
Thus, with the laurel twin'd around her hair,—
While at her feet her country's chiefs assemble,
And those soft tones amid the war-cry tremble,
As some sweet lute creeps eloquently in,
Breaking the tempest of the trumpet's din,—
Her corselet fasten'd with a golden clasp,—
Her falchion buckled to her tender grasp,—
And quivering lip, flush'd cheek, and flashing eye
All breathing fire, all speaking "Liberty!"

Firm has that struggle been ! but is there none
To hymn the triumph, when the fight is won ?
Oh for the harp which once—but through the strings,
Far o'er the sea, the dismal night-wind sings ;
Where is the hand that swept it?—cold and mute,
The lifeless master, and the voiceless lute !
The crowded hall, the murmur, and the gaze,
The look of envy, and the voice of praise,
And friendship's smile, and passion's treasur'd vow,—

All these are nothing,—life is nothing now !
But the hush'd triumph, and the garb of gloom,
The sorrow, deep, but mute, around the tomb,
The soldiers' silence, and the matron's tear,—
These are the trappings of the sable bier,
Which time corrupts not, falsehood cannot hide,
Nor folly scorn, nor calumny deride.
And "what is writ, is writ!"—the guilt and shame,
All eyes have seen them, and all lips may blame ;
Where is the record of the wrong that stung,
The charm that tempted, and the grief that wrung ?
Let feeble hands, iniquitously just,
Rake up the reliques of the sinful dust,
Let Ignorance mock the pang it cannot feel,
And Malice brand, what Mercy would conceal ;
It matters not ! he died as all would die ;
Greece had his earliest song, his latest sigh ;
And o'er the shrine, in which that cold heart sleeps,
Glory looks dim, and joyous conquest weeps.
The maids of Athens to the spot shall bring
The freshest roses of the new-born spring,
The Spartan boys their first-won wreath shall bear,
To bloom round BYRON'S urn, or droop in sadness
there !

Farewell, sweet ATHENS ! thou shalt be again !
The sceptred Queen of all thine old domain,
Again be blest in all thy varied charms
Of loveliness and valor, arts and arms.
Forget not then, that, in thine hour of dread,
While the weak battled, and the guiltless bled,
Though Kings and Courts stood gazing on thy fate,
The bad, to scoff—the better, to debate,
Here, where the soul of youth remembers yet
The smiles and tears which manhood must forget.
In a far land, the honest and the free
Had lips to pray, and hearts to feel, for thee !

AN ODD ODE.

BY A SILLY CIT.

How I do love thee, country breezes !
As wife does love the spouse she teases ;
As he loves her, too—when she pleases ;
As sportsman loves the game he seizes ;
As lawyer loves to call all fees, his ;
Miser to call all cash he sees, his ;
As doctor loves to cure diseases !
As patient loves the dram that eases ;
As bishop's love for bended knees, is ;
As watchman's love to keep the peace, is ;
As gard'ner's love for shrubs and trees, is ;
As sailor's love for ships and seas, is ;
As soldier loves war when it ceases ;
As cookey loves the joint she greases ;
As skater loves the lake that freezes ;
Conveyancer his bonds and leases ;
Tobacconist a man who sneezes ;
As Flora loves her Strephon's squeezes ;
Strong as the love of each of these, is,
My love for thee, O country breezes !

TO THE EPHEMERA.

BY BARTON WILFORD.

THOU art a frail and lovely thing,
Engendered by the sun !
A moment only on the wing,
And thy career is done.
Thou sportest in the ev'ning beam
An hour—an age to thee—
In gaiety above the stream,
Which soon thy grave must be.
Although thy life is like to thee
An atom—art thou not
Far happier than thou e'er could'st be
If long life were thy lot ?
For then deep pangs might wound thy breast,
And make thee wish for death ;
But as it is, thou'rt soon at rest,
Thou creature of a breath !
And man's life passeth thus away,
A thing of joy and sorrow—
The earth he treads upon to-day,
May cover him to-morrow !

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.—No. II.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

THE LADIES IN BLACK.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

As YOU LIKE IT.

DOUGLAS RAYBOLD, an enthusiastic, warm-hearted student, burst from the seclusion of the Trinity quadrangle, at Cambridge, into the full blaze of a fashionable winter in London. His grandfather, proud of the learning of his favorite boy, who was conspicuous among the senior optimes of the year, had forwarded him a well-filled pocket book, desiring him to expend the contents in keeping the joint celebration of his twentieth birth-day, and the attainment of his degree.

Douglas ran the mazy round of London amusements with untired delight. Music's fascination possessed him wholly; I was compelled, as his companion, to figure in the concert room in the morning, and lounge my hour in the pit every opera night. De Beriot, the gloomy, greedy husband of the syren Malibran, announced his benefit concert, and brought together the most splendid array of talent that had been congregated during the season; the immense area of the king's room was crowded to excess with the *élite* of the fashionable world; and the young student and his plebeian friend were jammed for several hours in the centre of a mob of impatient peers and perspiring peeresses, who elbowed, squeezed, and growled with all the earnestness of the *canaille*.

Malibran and De Begnis concluded the entertainments, by executing a buffa duett in unsurpassable style. Cries of "brava" and "bis" induced an encore. Just as the delighted auditory had commenced retiring, tokens of confusion were evident in the farthest corner of the room—cries for police were heard—and several well-dressed men strode radely over the benches, and made for the doors. A gentleman jumped upon the lower stand of the orchestra, and requested that no one would leave the room till the arrival of an officer, for the Countess de L—— had been robbed of a diamond necklace of immense value.

This announcement created much excitement. Several persons ridiculed the idea of the necklace having been stolen, till a lady, in our immediate vicinity, discovered that her watch had been cut from her side. An elderly gentleman missed his purse, and his wife had lost one of her brilliant ear-rings, which, as she declared, "had been taken out of her very ear."—Various other losses were avowed, and the confusion rapidly increased. It was evident that some accomplished thief—some second Barrington—was in the room. Each specimen of the male species looked with an eye of suspicion upon his neighbor, and guarded his valuables with a wary look and desperate

clutch. The doors were closed; the men talked loudly, and several of the ladies fainted. Raybold was delighted with the novelty of the scene, and laughed heartily at the distress of the dowagers, and the vacant horror depicted on the faces of two or three dandies who seemed ready to swoon from being detained in such an oppressive atmosphere.

Raybold and I were standing on a back seat, near the entrance into the room. A good-looking, well-whiskered peer of the realm had stationed himself against the door, and resolutely refused to open it till an officer had arrived to see if there were any suspicious persons among the audience. Some of the men denied his right to stay their egress, talked fiercely about their liberty, and insisted upon free way. During a pause in this noisy altercation, a soft-toned, tremulous voice rose from the group within a few paces of the door, saying, "Gentlemen, I am here without any male protection; an aged relative, my only companion, is suffering from fright, and, I fear, is on the point of fainting. Our carriage is at the door—I trust there is no necessity to detain two suffering females!" The appeal was effective—the lord bowed—the crowd made way, and two ladies, closely wrapped up in black opera cloaks, glided through the half-opened door.

A bevy of policemen made their appearance. Several members of the swell mob, as the fashionable thieves are termed, were pointed out amongst the clamorers for liberty. They were searched, but the missing valuables were not discovered. The crowd dispersed; and, taking Raybold's arm, I led him up the Haymarket, to Dabourg's Restaurant, where we usually dined.

After the important consultation of the *carte* was over, I despatched the *garçon* to hasten the potage, and, turning to Raybold, asked him some question respecting his choice of vintage in the wines of the Bordelais. His eyes were fixed, his lips closed and compressed, and his brow pursed and wrinkled into many lines. I shook him by the shoulder—"What ails you?"

"I am in love," said he, seriously.

"With whom?"

"One of the ladies in black."

"Love at first sight, eh?"

"Yes; it is ridiculous, I confess; but, my feelings are painfully excited. I never saw such expressive beauty before."

"Pooh!"

But Douglas was not to be pooh'd out of his opinion. Our dinner passed off melancholily; the love-smitten student scarcely deigned an answer to my remarks, excepting when I filled a bumper of Lafitte, and proposed his unknown, "the lovely Dark Lady;" then he started from his seat, brimmed his tumbler, and, with a flushed face and speaking eye, drained the liquor without drawing breath. As he put down his glass, he heaved a piteous sigh, but whether it was a devotion to Cupid or a natural respiration after a long drink, I am unable to say.

Douglas continued abstracted and dull for the rest of the evening. In the morning I proposed a trip to the Red House at Battersea, for the purpose of witnessing a trial of skill between some crack shots at a pigeon match. The ground was well attended, and the shooting pronounced admirable; but, I must confess that I saw little to admire in witnessing two ounces of shot plumped into a pigeon, at twenty-one yards distance, from a barrel exceeding an inch diameter in the bore, and looking more like a blunderbuss than a fowling-piece. We dined in the neighbourhood, and, while slowly walking towards the Surrey Theatre, where we intended finishing the evening, Raybold suggested various plans that he meant to attempt for the purpose of discovering his fair incognita.

A hack cabriolet drove rapidly past.

"There she is, by heaven," and, without another word, away he ran down the road, with the speed of the antelope. I gazed after him, and observed him in full chase of the vehicle, till a sudden turn in the road obscured them from my view.

I went, as we had appointed, to the theatre, expecting that Douglas would return to me when he had earthed his game, or tired of his wild goose chase. But I saw no more of him that evening—nor indeed during the whole of the ensuing day or night.

"I want your advice," he exclaimed, as he entered the room the next morning, just as I was finishing my maternal meal. "You know more of the doings in this metropolis than I do. Hear what I have to say, and tell me what to do.

"When I started after the cab that contained my unknown charmer, I was determined to avail myself of the chance, and follow her till I had obtained either an introduction, or some clue that would enable me to trace her identity. After a quick run of something less than a mile, I discovered an empty cab drawn up by the road side. I was too much winded to speak, but I held up a crown piece, and pointed down the road. The driver understood me, and jumping into his seat, whirled me rapidly along. In a few moments I recovered my breath, and told him, much to his surprise, for he had imagined me from my signals to be deprived of speech—to follow the other cab wherever it went. A long and devious drive led us through several of the suburban villages; it was evident that pleasure, not business, was the object of the fair one's drive, for we coursed up and down every possible variety of bye-lanes and new streets, intersecting the roads leading from the metropolis. At last, the ladies' vehicle entered the yard of a small roadside inn, near Dulwich, and as we trotted gently past, I observed a

tall, good-looking man, help my divinity from her seat.

"In a few minutes, the cab re-issued from the yard, but the driver was alone. I drove after him, and when out of sight of the houses, called him to me, and asked if he knew the names and residences of the ladies he had just set down; adding, what I considered a persuadable argument, that he should be well paid if he would tell me all he knew. The scoundrel put his finger to his nose, and said that to the best of his belief they vor'n't nobody, and o' course, he didn't know nothing about no vun. The whip was applied to the horse, and he departed without having enlightened my ignorance.

"I discharged my own cabriolet, and walking into the tavern, determined, if possible, upon obtaining an introduction to the ladies. But they were not to be seen. I entered boldly into every door that I could discover, ran up and down stairs, watched the bar, but all in vain—my charmer was invisible. I entered into conversation with the landlord—a short-haired, bullet-headed, beetle-browed, squab-built, flannel-faced wretch; he denied that any ladies had arrived. I perceived that there was a mystery, and resolved to see it out. After an hour's delay, a stage-coach drove to the door—the landlord called out "two insides," and the coachman told him to look sharp. A small bell was rung—my charmer and her aged relative, escorted by a couple of gentlemen, emerged from a small door behind the bar; the ladies were politely handed inside the stage, and their companions with many bows, quickly returned to their room. I threw down the amount of my bill, and, running out, seized the back of the coach just as it was about to start. I gave a jump, and safely landed on the roof.

"While returning to town, I ruminated on the impropriety of this strange assignation that the ladies had attended; and yet, from the distant politeness of the gentlemen I must say that I could not gather fuel to feed my jealousy. Nay, more—I persuaded myself that it was altogether a business transaction, in which the old lady was the principal, and that her young friend had accompanied her for the sake of protection.

"When the stage arrived at its destination, the ladies entered a hack, and I was again compelled to employ a cab, and follow the coach as closely as possible. After a few moments' delay, at the door of an obscure pawnbroker's shop, into which the aged relative skipped with much alacrity but speedily returned, they were put down at the Box Entrance of Covent Garden Theatre. This excited my surprise—it was late in the evening—I knew that a crowded house had been expected—yet the ladies paid their admission money to the dress circle, and were speedily ensconced within the recesses of a private box.

"I obtained a seat upon the opposite side of the theatre, and stared, with the devotion of true love, upon the beautiful face of my mysterious unknown. The house was very full—between the pieces, the audience swarmed in the luxurious and gay saloons, and promenaded the lobbies, but I retained my seat, and drank my fill of loveliness.

"When the afterpiece commenced, the ladies re-

ceived several flying visits from various gentlemen—none of whom stopped beyond a few minutes—nor did more than one enter the box at a time. The profoundest deference was observed by all the visitors.

"When the performances were over, I waited at the theatre door, and determined to offer my services in procuring a coach for the ladies in black; but to my surprise, a handsome livery servant touched his hat to them, the moment they appeared; before I could muster up resolution to address them, he had shut them inside a plain carriage, and, jumping up behind, desired the coachman to proceed. Once more I had recourse to my cab espionage; the carriage rattled over the stones of Westminster, and my darling and her aged relative were deposited at one of the houses in a bye street, at the back of the abbey.

"In the morning, I was early at my post. The neighbors were unable to furnish me with any intelligence respecting the ladies; their dwelling was an obscure lodging-house, of respectable character, but no one knew any thing of the persons described.

"I shall not mention how many hours I waited—how many times I walked up and down that dull unwholesome street—how often I counted the iron railing of the adjacent premises. The ladies in black came not forth till night—they were dressed in the same black cloaks—the same carriage drove up, and he same footman handed them in.

"I watched them to the door of the Opera House. I waited till they had ascended the first flight of stairs, when I hurried back to the street, and endeavored to bribe the footman into answering my inquiries.

"What is the name of your young mistress?" said I.

"Mary Smith," said he, buttoning up my gratuity.

"Who is she?"

"She belongs to the Smiths of Whitechapel."

"Whitechapel! She has not been near that part of London for these last two days. Are you sure that her name is Smith?"

"Well, it may be Jones or Brown. You may take your choice. Drive on, Joe," said he to the coachman, as he resumed his place; "I want some liquor. I've been pumped till I'm dry. I'll treat, 'cause I can afford it."

"I ranged the circling lobbies of the immense theatre; I climbed the almost endless stairs, and inquired of nearly a hundred box-keepers, but was unable to obtain a knowledge of the box into which the ladies in black had retired. I went into the pit; and, despite the attractions of my favourite Blais, or the fascinations of Brocard, I reconnoitred the contents of every box, in every tier, around that huge circumference; my perseverance was repaid—my enchantress once more visible.

"I retired into the Crush Room, resolved to address her as she passed; but when the opportune moment arrived, I was unable to approach her, despite my utmost efforts. It seemed as if a crowd of men had circled round her, but without assuming any acquaintance, and bore her in the midst of them to the very doors.

"The carriage and footman were superseded by a common hack. The driver fastened the door, and as

he mounted his seat, a genteely dressed man handed a small packet into the coach window, merely saying, in an undertone, 'St. Paul's, to-morrow.'

"As the coach drove off, I jumped up behind, and acted the part of amateur-footman to my love. The driver turned his horses' heads towards the east, instead of the west, and, after threading the mazes of various narrow lanes, and traversing the city's breadth, the ladies in black were set down at the door of a small house in the neighborhood of Islington—a distance of four miles from their sleeping place of the preceding night. I jumped down, and, opening the door, offered my services in assisting them to alight—they were refused with firm politeness. I persevered, and the door of the house was shut in my face.

"What can be the mystery that thus envelopes this lovely creature? You must assist me, my friend, in lifting the veil, for my heart is irrevocably gone."

During the early part of Raybold's recital, I had come to the conclusion that he was being victimised by an adventuress. But her refusal of his services upset that idea, and my curiosity was roused and my comprehension bothered. "St. Paul's, to-morrow." That phrase must doubtless allude to the annual concert, for the Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy, held in the centre of the cathedral church of St. Paul, and fixed for that very day. She was to be there. Douglas, of course, would wish to go, and I determined to accompany him—to watch his inamorata closely, and discover who and what she really was, by making inquiries among some of my extensive acquaintances, who were sure to be amongst the congregation.

We went; paid our guinea, took our seats, and looked anxiously for the arrival of the ladies in black. We had not long to wait; with modest look and hesitating gait, they advanced up the aisles, and placed themselves within a few seats of us. The youngest lady was indeed transcendently beautiful; her charms fully justified the assiduities of my friend Douglas, for the quietude of her manner, and delicacy of expression developed in her lovely countenance, forbade even the idea of any thing wrong in the character of one so pretty and so pure. Her figure was excessively petite, as far as I could judge it beneath the foldings of her large satin cloak—and her little, delicate, expressive face, was shaded by a crowd of thin and glossy chestnut ringlets, most elaborately curled. Her eyes were rather large in proportion to the rest of her features; and there was an elegance in her manner, a presence in her appearance, that convinced me she was one of gentle blood.

The elder lady presented a very different appearance. She had a wide, vulgar mouth; her nose was a little snubbed, and her small eyes twinkled in every possible direction. I was satisfied that the "elderly relative" was no better than she should be.

Raybold gazed upon his charmer with an open-mouthed admiration, peculiarly characteristic; her companion had evidently observed his devotion, or else recognised in him the gallant of the street door, for she pointed him out to the notice of his fair one, who, directly she caught his gaze, blushed, and turned away her head. I thought that the old lady exchanged

a look of intelligence with a couple of young men who were habited in the height of the fashion, and amused themselves and annoyed their neighbors by conversing in a tone of unusual loudness.

The performances commenced; and when the voices of the numerous chorus, and the pealing of the mighty organ, blending in delicious harmony, floated through the expanse of the gigantic building, and reverberated beneath the lofty dome, the beautiful girl sat "rapt—inspired," her lustrous eyes turned upwards in devotion, and her tiny hands clasped on her bosom as if to check the beatings of her heart. Douglas pinched my arm, and said, in a low, impassioned tone, "Look!—look!—oh, heavens! how beautiful she is."

An insulting laugh, distinctly audible above the sacred chant, caused me to raise my eyes. The two men were regarding us with evident ridicule, and the old lady's eyes were wandering over the company with rapid glances of strange inexplicable meaning.

During the interlapse between the parts of performance, I moved from my place, and strolled to a bench adjoining the seats of the ladies in black. Disregarding the grumbings of the former occupiers, I succeeded in establishing myself, and in procuring room for the astonished Raybold, who sat himself by the side of his dulcinea with a pale and agitated countenance and beating heart. With my most ingratiating smile and insinuating tone, I addressed the ladies, hoping I had not incommoded them by my change of seat—and adding a few polite common places in my blandest manner, was cut superlatively dead by the old lady saying in a vinegar voice, "I request that I may not be annoyed by your impertinence."

Poor Raybold, who had pulled up his shirt collar and arranged his hair, and was trying to smile himself into confidence, when he heard the rebuke of the ancient, dropped his nether jaw upon his breast, and uttered something between a sob and a grunt. I thought he was going into hysterics. I determined to sink or swim; instantly turning round to the young lady, I said, "You are an enthusiastic votress of St. Cecilia, I perceive. I am myself devotedly attached to the heavenly science, and felt great delight in witnessing the effect of the first choral piece, not only upon your feelings, but upon the whole assemblage. The first performance of the second part is one of Handel's divine creations—you will be charmed with it—Mr. Raybold, you have the programme of the concert, point out the piece in question to the lady's notice."

My impertinent volubility was received with a wondering stare that resulted in a smile. My manner had been exceedingly deferential; yet, when the timid Douglas ventured to offer her the printed list of performances, she accepted it as an excuse for turning away from my strange officiousness. A few words, occasionally popped in, sufficed to maintain the footing I had assumed; and, by the time the concert had concluded, we were on a sort of chit-chat intimacy despite the shrugs and winks of the old and ugly relative.

"Mr. Raybold, I commit that young lady to your care—her friend will allow me the very great pleasure of seeing her safely through the crowd."

"No, sir, it cannot be. We have friends here who would be annoyed if we selected strangers for such an office. Adelaide, take my arm, and let us wish these gentlemen good day."

"For heaven's sake, let me see you again," said poor Raybold, gaining energy from despair.

"Indeed, indeed," said the young beauty, in a tone of the most bewitching softness, "it may not be. I have observed your kind attentions for some days past—let me assure you they are most entirely useless—we must never speak again. I am surrounded by a thousand spies; and I am sure that you will cease from noticing me, when I tell you that if you persist in following and observing me, I shall be compelled to leave—"

"Adelaide!" said the sybil, with a horrid emphasis.

The ladies in black bowed with much ceremony, and moved away—not towards the doors of the cathedral, but by the back of the scaffolding erected for the seats, and through the midst of a group of men who circled round them for some seconds, without speaking, and gradually broke away, leaving the ladies at liberty to pursue their stroll. Several gentlemen passed them as they walked towards the northern gate; and I observed that, exactly as Douglas had described it, a crowd of men gradually hemmed them in, and bore them in precious safety in the midst. Not a look or word of recognition passed between any of the parties.

Wishing to observe the nature of the ladies' equipage, I seized Raybold by the arm, and endeavored to go quickly out of the gate. Immediately the ladies had passed the portal, the party who had seemed to surround her, began quarreling amongst themselves. One person accused another of robbing him—blows were exchanged—the door-way choked—and a scuffling row ensued, till the attendant police forced an entrance, and quieted the disturbance. When we reached the street, the ladies in black were not visible. We called a hack, and were driven home—when we discovered that our pockets had been emptied of our purses and kerchiefs, and that both our watches had been extracted from our fobs, doubtless by some of the gentry at the cathedral door.

Raybold was in despair; a hot, fierce love was consuming him, and, with the exception of the mystery, Adelaide seemed a loveable and desirable girl. It was strange that she should be under *surveillance* who unrestrainedly visited every public place with no other protection than an elderly relative. And yet there was a peculiarity in all her actions that excited strange but undefined suspicions. Her country trip—her various residences—the reserve of the hack-driver, landlord, and footman, who all seemed to know, yet refused to divulge—the strange hovering of the men, and the invisible protection that evidently surrounded her, with her own singular affirmation! Why should she be surrounded with spies, and yet suffered to run about with all the license of a *femme publique*? We talked over the various circumstances till the daylight broke up our conference, and ended as undetermined as we began.

My friend continued the pursuit, and scarcely passed a day without obtaining a glance of his beloved. She

was ever in the midst of some crowded assembly—a constant attendant at the opera on the fullest nights—the theatres royal and minor, charity sermons, masonic celebrations, bazaars, masquerades, concerts, balls, church festivals, fancy fairs, regattas—each succeeding day brought a new pursuit—and each succeeding night another domicile. The old lady was her companion upon all occasions; and although the mysterious hoverings and singular crowdings of the men continued to take place, she was never addressed by any male creature, except the persevering Raybold, whose love seemed to increase by the inexplicable conduct of his pretty Adelaide.

Once, at a fancy fair at the Zoological Gardens, a drunken ruffian grossly insulted the younger of the ladies in black, as they were promenading; and ere Raybold, who was walking behind, could advance to her assistance, her assaulter was struck to the earth by a tall, moustachioed man in a military undress. The ruffian sneaked off—the young lady fainted; and when she recovered, Douglas, to his great surprise, heard the whiskered gentleman say to the charmer, “Go home, Adelaide, you are too nervous to remain. Leave Mrs. Clark here—she may be wanted.” The lover offered his services—to his unutterable delight, they were accepted—a carriage was procured—he handed the lovely but mysterious Adelaide to her seat, and jumping in himself, heard the military gentleman direct the driver, as he was fastening the coach door, to put down his fare at the foot of Blackfriars’ Bridge.

“Douglas Raybold, you profess to love me—I believe you do, but you *must* cease this worse than useless affection, which can end but in sorrow and in shame. You do not know who or what I am, or you would shun me like a thing despised.”

“Why not trust me with your confidence?”

“I cannot. The safety of others demands my silence. I am sold to wretchedness; my life is one of the bitter episodes of humanity—a black page in the volume of nature—a fact stranger than fiction. Do not, therefore, involve yourself in trouble by following so base a wretch with the aspirations of true love.”

“Adelaide, I cannot believe but you are virtuous.”

“My chastity is unimpeachable—but I am the child of sin, revelling in the practices of guilt, and living by the wages of my wickedness.”

“Explain this dreadful mystery. Who are those men that seem to rule your destiny, yet deign not to speak but on extreme occasions?”

“My masters and my slaves. I permitted your society to-day, that I might caution you against farther notices of the outcast who has interested you. I am grateful for your kindness—would to heaven I could dare receive it; but a continuance of acquaintance would be fatal to us both. Your life is not secure if you again venture to watch my goings forth.”

“Adelaide, you have confessed an inclination—pardon my boldness, I must speak plainly. I believe that you are inclined to return my love, but are suffering under some foul restraint. Let us fly from England; the rites of marriage shall consecrate our union—”

“No, no, no! it cannot be! there is a word—a phrase—that, were it uttered, would freeze your soul. This moment am I bearding the vengeance of the law. This moment may I be dragged to jail. Do not let me devote you to ruin—leave me and forget me.”

“Never, never. The fire that lights those eyes, the windows of the soul, cannot be an impure flame. I love you—I cannot say how fondly. You have confessed your love for me. I brave all consequences—hazard every danger—and boldly claim you as my wife.”

The carriage drew up at the bridge foot—Adelaide and the enamoured Douglas stepped forth upon the flag way. The hack was discharged at the lady’s suggestion, and a boat engaged to take them up the river, but to what exact locality the waterman was not informed till he had gained the centre of the stream. Douglas was surprised to observe that they were bound back to the western precincts of the metropolis—that, upon landing at Westminster Hall stairs, another hack was engaged to conduct them to a new lodging in Oxford road, where they arrived, after a *détour* of nearly two hours—while the straight path would not have occupied more than one-eighth of the time.

These particulars were detailed to me, with other minutæ, by the unfortunate Douglas himself. Several days elapsed ere I again saw or heard from this erratic lover; when one morning, at daybreak, a police officer placed the following note in my hands:

“For God’s sake, come to me directly. I am in custody on a charge of felony, and you are the only friend I have in London.”

“DOUGLAS RAYBOLD.

“Horsemonger-Lane Jail, Thursday morning.”

I need not say how much this intelligence surprised me. I felt no uneasiness, because I was certain that I could afford an explanation that would release Raybold from detention, and the mistake, for such I was sure his arrest must prove, would be a source of after mirth. But I had a severer business to accomplish than I could have imagined; the presumption against my friend was strong and conclusive, and the utmost that my statements could effect was an order for his remand to jail, for the purpose of allowing him another hearing at the close of the week.

The mystery attending the ladies in black was solved—they were connected with “the swell mob,” an organised gang of fashionable thieves who infested all public places, and even intruded on the exclusive privacy of the higher circles of society.

Adelaide’s father had been a *roué* of distinction. A series of heavy losses at play drove him to the provinces, where he did an extensive business in passing forged notes. A Yorkshire horse dealer, from whom he had purchased a foundered nag, was the means of his destruction. The horse was paid for in *screw fimsies*, as the counterfeit notes were called; and the bitter, angry at being bitten, followed up the scent so closely that the *smasher* was arrested and brought to trial. The evidence was conclusive; the badness of his life

weighed heavily against him; and he was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Adelaide, then scarcely twelve years of age, was a handsome and accomplished child. Without being aware of the error of her ways, she had been early practised in the various rogueries wherein her father required her co-operation. One of his friends, a shrewd tactician, observed the value of the girl, and after committing the forger's body to its narrow house, returned to London with the hempen orphan—as the children of executed malefactors are denominated in the slang of the day. Every possible attention was paid to Adelaide's education; her deportment and general behaviour were framed upon fashionable habits, and her manners were compelled to be genteel. She underwent severe rehearsals before she was considered perfect in her part; but when she did appear upon the stage of life, her fashionable acts were terminated by a tragic *dénouement*.

"The Swell Mob," of which Barrington, the celebrated pickpocket, may be considered the originator, was then in full play, and rifled the persons of the aristocratic and would-be fashionables with untiring zeal. Crowds of elegant and handsome men, free from all appearance of *gaucherie*, mixed with the many at every ball, opera, or masquerade to which the tickets of admission were available. Ladies of the first distinction were skilfully stripped of their diamonds, lords and gentlemen lost their watches and their purses—and yet such is the value of appearance, that not an individual in the room could they venture to suspect. This game lasted for one winter with wonderful success; but the officers began to notice the faces of several gentlemen who were always present when the robberies were perpetrated. An arrest or two on suspicion terminated in searching the offenders, and the stolen property was discovered.

It was to remedy this unpleasant result that Adelaide's guardian had conducted her education with such peculiar care. When sufficiently old, she was intrusted to the protection of an old lady, one of the family, but unknown to the police, and directed to visit the various places of fashionable amusement that were expected to be crowded in their attendance. The members of the highest class of "The Swell Mob" were made acquainted with the ladies—but never recognised them in word or look. Clad in large black satin opera cloaks, they quietly witnessed the amusements, but under pretence of ill health, or the expectation of the arrival of their equipage, neither the aunt nor the niece disrobed. When any of the fashionable thieves had made a *speak*, as they phrased it, they passed the seats of the ladies or encountered them in the promenade, and quietly moved the prize into their possession. It was quickly deposited in a secret pocket beneath the opera cloak, and once there, defied detection. If the thief was suspected or arrested on suspicion, he indignantly demanded a search. Nothing, of course, was discovered, and the officer and accuser were compelled to apologize. Immense plunder was carried off in this way, for not even a hard-hearted, lynx-eyed policeman could sus-

pect the pretty, lady-like, innocent-looking Adelaide, and her sick and aged relative.

These facts, for such they are, were communicated to me by the principal officer or leader of the Bow street police force. Since the above circumstances, the plan has become common. Every street robber or pickpocket dings his prize to another thief, and defies the law if his companion escapes. The reader will recollect that his introduction to the ladies in black took place at a morning concert, where the Swell Mob had obtained pretty comfortable pickings. A noble lord held the door to prevent the egress of the thieves, yet his kind heart listened to the request of a woman, and he suffered Adelaide and her companion to walk down stairs with every one of the stolen articles in safe possession. The meeting at Dulwich was to receive from the hands of two well known provincial thieves, a booty of considerable value, which they, being watched, were afraid to deposit at the receivers. The ladies in black, unsuspected by the police, accomplished the object in safety.

Every article dinged or handed to the ladies, by a member of the swell mob, was placed in the hands of one of the various receivers—some low pawnbroker, or keeper of an old iron shop dignified by the name of dealer in marine stores. The thief afterwards called on him, and received the estimated value of his plunder—leaving a handsome per centage for the payment of the ladies in black.

When the "elderly relative" remained alone at the fancy fair, the suspicions of the police were aroused by her frequent contact with the most notorious members of the swell mob. She was watched at her departure; success had emboldened her, and she went directly to the fence or receiver, and deposited the plunder of the day. A search warrant was obtained; the property recovered and owned; the conduct of the ladies was placed under surveillance, and the fact of receiving completely proved. Adelaide and the elderly lady were arrested; and the love-stricken Douglas, having been seen hanging about them in mysterious communication, was included in the capture.

Poor Adelaide!—The attentions of the handsome student quickened the germ, which, for years, had been slumbering in the soil of the heart, but chilled by the coldness of an uncongenial clime, had failed to put forth its uncultivated shoots. The warmth of an honest love, the sun of woman's life, might have ripened the infant bud into golden, glorious fruit—but the blossom perished beneath the icy power of the law. She never held up her head, either at her examination before the magistrate or when placed upon her trial. The enormity of her guilt, now fully apparent, seemed to weigh her down; and she listened without a shudder to her sentence of eternal banishment to New South Wales.

Raybold, having proved his identity, was discharged at the second hearing of the case. He interested himself warmly in the fate of the unfortunate Adelaide, but the cause of justice was too potent to be withstood. At the conclusion of the trial, he accompanied me back to my rooms. There was a resolute calmness in his air, but flashes of wild enthusiasm gleamed

from his eyes. "I shall go to New South Wales," said he. "That girl has coiled herself round my heart, and every struggle that I make but tightens the power of the folds. I will arrange with the captain of the vessel to purchase the right of engaging her services when we arrive. I shall be her master, but she shall be my wife: With all her guilt, she is too pure to be left to the contamination of a convict state."

Argument was useless. He informed Adelaide of his intention, and the poor girl seemed to awake from the lethargy of the grave. A fresh existence opened to her view; a life of flowers and fairy happiness awaited her arrival at the land of her intended punishment and shame. I was present in the dark and gloomy cell, at the ratification of their vows, on the night previous to her embarkation; and, as she twined her small, well rounded arms about her lover's neck, and raised her full, expressive eyes, gemmed with the pearl of hope, to thank him with a fond confiding smile for his deep, unmatched affection—I thought that Douglas might have done a mere foolish thing than match this beautiful girl from the pains and penalties of her unavoidable sin.

Douglas was unable to obtain a passage on board

the transport that carried out his intended wife. A merchant vessel was to sail during the ensuing week, and he hoped to reach the port of destination before the heavily-sailing and badly appointed government craft. He had paid a handsome gratuity to the captain of the transport, to ensure as much attention to the comfort of his Adelaide as the regulations of the service allowed. Her aged partner, who was included in the sentence, was to be permitted to share in the purchased privileges. The vessel, the *Amphitrite*, carrying a large number of convict females, sailed from the coast of England, in the early part of the year 1834. Before the week had elapsed, news was brought of her wreck upon the coast of France, in the vicinity of Boulogne, and that every one of the unhappy females had perished in the waves.

The horrors of the wreck are too fresh in the recollection of my readers to need repetition. Douglas wandered about the beach, and gazed on every corse thrown up by the remorseless waves, anxiously hoping to discover the body of his intended wife; his search was vain—the ill-fated Adelaide had found the honied peace she panted to enjoy—in the depths of the treacherous and restless sea.

A PLEASANT TRAVELLING COMPANION.

BY DENSON EARLE HILL.

WHEN our amateur performances were at an end, I resolved to quit France, and was glad to learn that an English gentleman would be happy to join me in a cabriolet, next morning, to proceed to Calais. Satisfied with this arrangement, without seeing my countryman, I retired to rest, and dreamed all night of the fair Eliza.

At eight o'clock, on the following morning, I was prepared to start. My fellow-traveller was a prim, smug little man, with a frosty face, whom I knew by sight and by name. To the bow, the hand rubbing, and the benevolent smirk of a knight of the counter, he added an accent which chimed with his action most bow-bellishly; yet was as precise and emphatic as if he gave himself credit for being thus curious in Cockney. His peculiarities must speak for themselves.

"An officer and a countryman!" he began, shaking hands, not with me, but with himself.

"Mr. Commissary Tidmarsh, I believe," said I, bowing.

"There, sir, you have the advantage of me, though in name alone, for I believe I address one of the amateurs, lestwise I think I'm correct."

"Perfectly so, sir; Hill of the Artillery."

"Really! is it possible? yet now I look agin, surely so. True! very just! strange! when I tell you, sir, that I have witnessed your performance, two, if I

mistake not, in the same evening; yes, sir, I assure you! strange as one may say, that your's should therefore be the *prima facie* I meet this morning."

"'Tis rather strange, altogether," I laughed, resolving to draw out and trot this dust, *pour passer le temps*; he laughed too, but continued,

"Yes, sir; I am also British, longing, like yourself, no doubt of it, to see once more our *gloria patria*.—There, sir, after the fatigues, perils, and privations of our campaigns, we shall repose upon our trophies, with them we've left behind us."

"Sir, I thank you for the comparison."

"No comparison, at all, my very good sir; a coincidence, nothink more. That sympathy which, as Byron, has it, 'Informs congenial spirits when they meet.' Now I knows several of my acquaintances in the city, I would not be so furniur with, after years, as with one of the manly 'arts as have braved the battle-field with me. Yes, my dear friend, forgive the liberty. Who is the propria personæ to be trusted at once, is soon perceivable between true gents."

"May I ask, sir, are you fond of dramatic exhibitions?"

"Why, sir," he answered with some dignity, "haeting is, as one may say, inferior to her sister graces. I went because Messrs. Mead and Fairfield was to sing; in confidence, I prefer F.'s voice to M.'s. Music has charms to smooth the savage beast, and teach the

young idea how to shoot, as Milton's Midas says. Am I not correct?"

"Thoroughly, sir; but I am sorry that you prefer songs to plays."

"Oh, sir, wiser men even have considered playing quite as a secundum artem, below all the others; but the muse of amateuring is creditable as a relaxation to those who may encounter a more *orrida bella*. That reminds me of the dooke, my dear Wellington, the yero of Waterloo, I may say—"

"You have enjoyed his grace's personal intercourse?" I said.

"*Ad honores*, I have had that honor, on business once for five minutes; but I was remembering an adventure, founded on his extrawny recollection of faces; he's as bad as the royal family; in course you know the faculty is quite on the Georgium Sidus.—Well, sir, the dooke is as notorious. Yes, there was in the Peninsular a particular officer he had seen perform in Madrid, a black, not a Negro servant, more like Massinger's Oronoko; bless me, that I should forget the name! 'Tis written by Young; I've seen him do the villain myself, at Doory Lane Theatur, London, when I was in England. Samba, in the Vengeance, that's it, sir, but if you can refresh my memory as to the anecdote, shall rest obleged."

"I believe you allude to when Wellington, reconnoitering behind some bushes, heard a splash in the river close to him, the aide-de-camp fancied him surprised by the enemy, but his Grace, on ascertaining that Captain Kent and his company of Rifles were fording the stream, said, 'Oh, 'tis only Zanga washing the soot off.'"

"So he did, sir, very true, upon my honour; yes, and in a few words from you, there I have it, short yet concise. Well, I had always heard that you were good company! You was not in Spain, I take it, sir?"

"Had not that honores, sir, to misquote your ——— slipop."

"Sir, many thanks. On my arrival, being sent to bring up stores, I was taken prisoner, but escaped, and glad enough I was, for a grimmer old Castallion than my lockum tenum jailer you never saw; then I caught a fever, and was like to have made a sick transit of it: the hospital was so crammed we could neither sit nor lie in comfort; we were all in a complete jam satis. Poor Highlanders, sir, scarce decent, their's is the nastiest costume!"

"They are very proud, nevertheless, in sporting the garb of old Gael."

"Ay, ay, sir, that's a good coverslut for their poverty; what old Gale wore, because he couldn't afford new smalls, *they* wear the save the siller, as they call it, sir; it's mere penury and stinginess. Some of their warm men do wear trews, you know; take my word for it, captain, 'tis *necessitas non habet legem*."

"You are severe, Mr. Tidmarsh," I said.

"Very true, sir, no doubt of it. Spain was my first spice of war. But for that spirit of proud independence which marks us all, sir, I had little need to brave the battle-field. My aunt, Lady Tidmarsh, has a house in Russell-square, her concern is in the city; she can leave me a good, fat legacy—a summum bo-

num, sir; but, says I, while I am in my prime, shall I be tied to your la'ship's apron-string? Why, some of these fine mornins you may break all to pieces, smash to the toome of thirty thousand; or your dressy daughter may run through every farden on't, my lady, always having company, or out visiting. Give me my 'oods and liberty."

"Miss Tidmarsh was unlucky in not suiting the taste of such a cousin," said I.

"No doubt of it, very true, sir, but disgustibus non disputandum; it's no use arguing with one's antipathies. You should see my intended, quite another guess kind of gal, I assure you. If you'll believe me, no pride in her. So out of the common, the wole affair; that's what I like. I met her first at a daunce; in course, handed her refreshments, got leave to call next day, and hope she'd caught no cold, talk of the weather, and so forth. Well, sir, we got on quite snug and chatty; and her mammar, the perfit lady, at once presses me to stay. 'Come, Mr. T.,' says she, 'we'll make no stranger of you; we don't kip fashionable hours—no ceremony—never stand upon forms—take us all in the family way, and make yourself at home, though there, I dare say, you'd have a better meal, but not an 'artier welcome.' Well, sir, this was genteel; a very clever woman she is. So, when the cloth was laid, though there was the best of every think, as if nothink was good enough for me, she kip on apologizing: 'I hope you'll put up with our humble fare, it must be very dull for you,' and in the evening, when we tead, Miss asked was mine agreeable, and all that; and promised to scrape an acquaintance with my cousin, and get her to bring her work, come early, and spend the day. Such encouragement so filled me with hope, that I popped and was accepted. Yes, sir, and I go home to be the happy man, a turtle-dove, sir, a Darby and a Joan, as the dear old King and Queen, as long as he was statu quo, set us all an exempli gratia."

"So should desert in arms be crowned!" said I.

"That's Moore's idear, if I'm correct," continued Mr. Tidmarsh. "Surely so; a real genius, sir; inspired, as every body calls him. His Anacreon—such facility. A man of no birth, I believe, tho?"

"Of a very old, high, and talented race," said I, "and full of comic humor. Sir Thomas More, on the very day of his death, could not keep his countenance."

"Ah! there I have you, captain! because his ead—it was caput mortuum with him, poor gent!—was not apprized of his connexion, though, with the other Thomas."

"Easily traced, Mr. Tidmarsh. Sir Thomas and his brother, Hamilton Moore, whose system of navigation you may have seen, left one, a son, Francis Moore, physician,—the other, a daughter, Hannah, authoress of the sacred dramas. That branch of the family did not introduce the second O into the name till these two married. Anacreon is their only child alive. Sir John, you know, fell at Corunna."

"No doubt of it; I declare that's very true, though I never heard of it before. Well, in my poor judgment, the son knows more about Venus than ever his father

did, in spite of his almanack; but, as a moral man, sir, I can't but wish that he had taken more after his pious mother."

"His prose works, at least, are unexceptionable," I persevered; "vide Edward and Zeluco."

"That's a wrinkle!" exclaimed Mr. Tidmarsh, taking out his tablets. "Must make memo. of that; I'll read them both; 'tis but fair, sir, to judge both sides of a man. Yet, I must say, that though Tom is as free about love as ever his poor brother Jack could be—methinks I see him now as plain as ever, handsome fellow!—yet I never detected any thing anti-christian in his verses, like Lord Byron's."

On our reaching Calais, Mr. T—— seemed as asto-

nished as if he had not known, when he began his journey, where it was to end.

"I give you my word here we are, really, and we must part; for affairs retain me in this place. Thanks, dear sir, I must say, for your good company."

"Sir, had it been a voluntary gift," I replied, "you might thank me; but 'tis I who am obliged by your very flattering—"

"Flattering," he interrupted, "no, sir; my bitterest foe can't accuse me so; I'm for the plain truth, sir—I've no fancy for making agreeable false professions out of my own head; 'tis all non est inventus with me, I assure you."

"Au revoir!" I said; but saw no more of my very tender friend.

THE MISANTHROPE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

"I have not lov'd the world—nor the world me."

EVEN from my earliest youth I've been

"An unlov'd, solitary thing,"

Unus'd from human hearts to win

That love that flies with eager wing

To those, who by a happier fate

Have beauty written on their brow,

Nor ever feel the galling weight

That sinks my darken'd spirit now.

Neglect and scorn have been my lot—

These from the world I well could bear;

Its sternest frown appals me not,

If in my heart's core I could wear.

One friend who would sincerely smile,

Nor turn indifferent away,

Chasing the clouds that dimm'd awhile

The brightness of my mental day.

But to endure the bitter scorn

Of those whom I have lov'd most dear,

To feel my spirit made forlorn

By the quick blight of Friendship's sneer—

To have my heart with anguish rent,

And not a soul that heeds my woes—

All these are intimately blent

With desolation's deepest throes.

I ask not many friends—a few,

A chosen few are all I claim—

Or if there were but one heart true

Thro' all to Friendship's holy name—

It were a solace that should rise

Above the surges of the storm,

And make the cold and wintry skies

Seem with the summer's lustre warm.

To such, or seeming such, my soul

With open confidence has flown;

I kept no part—I gave the whole—

I had no thought I called my own—

Each joy—each pleasure that I knew,

Was such no more, if left unshar'd—

And all the hopes that round me flew,

Unknown to him were half impair'd.

I would have been a friend sincere,

As far as human frailty can;

I would have mingled tear with tear,

Nor deem'd myself the less a man.

I would have been—but wherefore now

Speak of the fruit to Friendship born?

I should have worn a gladden'd brow;

My fate was—cold neglect and scorn.

I once did think the world was true—

I once did venerate mankind;

But then, alas! I little knew

The fate I should be doom'd to find.

I thought the feelings of the heart

To mingle had a rightful claim—

But if our manhood bids them part,

Then friendship truly is a name.

Then marvel not, O world, if less

I love thee than when boyhood smil'd;

If manhood feeling's spring repress,

I am content to be a child.

From Nature's source the fountain parts,

And far and wide the stream has flown—

And if debar'd from other hearts,

'Twill rise and overwhelm my own.

THE RIFLE, AND ITS USE.

MR. EDITOR.—The rifle is an American weapon. From the discovery of the utility of the grooved barrels in imparting a rapid rotation to the flight of the bullet, and counteracting thereby every diverging influence, the rifle has been used in the defence of liberty. The ancient Germans, the original inventors, established a corps of yagers, whose execution terrified the invaders of their country, and drove them from the land. Andreas Hofer, the innkeeper, with a handful of Tyrolese peasants, resisted the army sent by Napoleon to subdue them; the rifles of the mountaineers kept at bay the veteran soldiers of that conquering force, and obliged the best troops of Bavaria to surrender. The women and children employed themselves in loading the rifles of the men, who were attacking the cavalry with pitchforks, flails and clubs. General Moreau's retreat from Franconia in 1796 was compelled by the rifles of the foresters. He entered the country with the pride of a conqueror, but the Franks hovered round him like a nest of infuriated wasps, and, stung by rifle bullets, and starved by the Germans' possessing themselves of his supplies, he was driven, with his numerous force, across the Franconian circle to the borders of his native land. The peasant boys of the district boasted of having picked off dozens of Frenchmen by their rifle shots. The Prussian youths, in the last regenerating struggle against the French yoke, grasped in death their rifled pieces, but were thickly covered with the bodies of their enemies.

The use of the rifle was promulgated in this country by the descendants of the original inventors, the German yagers, who, emigrating to this land of promise, disseminated, as backwoodsmen, the practice of the rifled gun. During the revolutionary war, small bodies of American marksmen hung on the flanks and rear of the British force, and, with their rifles, destroyed hundreds without exposing themselves. The English ministry imported several corps of Hessian and Anspach yagers, but the German sharpshooters, as they were called, were unable to compete with the woodcraft of the western men. In the last war, the glory of the rifle was achieved at the battle of New Orleans; and the smooth bore lowered its muzzle for ever.

Rifles are of ancient invention. In 1381, the city of Augsburg in Suabia was bound to furnish thirty rifles in the war against the nobility—and it is recorded that fire arms with rifled barrels were in use at Leipzig in 1498.

Now, Mr. Editor, having said all that I know in favor of my favorite weapon, I am going to propose to you the transmission of a series of letters about the rifle and its use. I do not pretend to any originality in what I may have to say; I believe that I know what I am talking about, and what every body else has said about rifles, or any other sort of guns. I shall use another person's language when I think that it is

better, or as good as my own—and so long as I make other people understand me, why I shall be satisfied.

I have stated that the rifle is an American weapon—it is so, and a thorough knowledge of its use ought to be universally disseminated. There are many excellent shots in my neighborhood, who can plank it into a dollar at eighty yards, but know nothing about the allowance to be made for the force of a side wind at a longer distance, or the rising and falling of the bullet, according to the nature of the charge of powder. I mean to put it to them in plain language, and if the old hands refuse to buy your book, and read my writings, why we must see what we can do with the young ones.

Rifles of thirty-six inches in the barrel, should have, at least, a three-quarter, if not a whole, turn in the grooves cut in the interior of the barrel. If there is any deficiency in this spiral turn, the rifle cannot be made to shoot with certainty, particularly at a long distance—say over one hundred and fifty yards. I know that very few persons wish for certainty of aim over eighty or a hundred yards for shooting in the woods, but rifles that do not impart a rotary motion to a bullet for the full range of three to four hundred yards, are less useful than smoothbores, since a ball from the latter reaches the mark quicker than one fired from a rifle.

An increase in the quantity of powder used for the charge, will not increase the length of the rotary motion. It will most likely cause the bullet to "cross the rifling," as it is called—that is, discharge the bullet with such force, as to strip off the particles of lead which had entered the grooves, and compel it straight out of the barrel with no more precision than if it had been discharged from a shot gun. Not only must the force of the powder be strictly apportioned to the weight of the pellet and the rifling of the gun, but the grooves must be properly and judiciously contrived, not too far apart, nor yet too close, but affording a sufficient hold of the bullet to secure its receiving a spiral motion, free from a violent under friction.

The small sized English rifle barrel is the best—the Yankee barrels are the worst. I have seen excellent barrels that were made in our western country; they were welded and bored with a precision that the finest workman from the old country could not excel. The French rifles are the worst in the world. The monsieurs seem as if they studied to impede the bullet in its transit, and increase the power of friction. Many of their barrels are grooved straight up and down, without the slightest spiral twist. Others are turned barely a quarter of an inch, instead of an entire round. Some have a small piece of the barrel rifled near the muzzle—others, in the opposite extreme, have the whole length of the tube grooved with an infinity of fine grooves, like the teeth of a saw. Napoleon Bonaparte had a splendid looking rifle, inlaid with precious stones and metals, but grooved with

saw-like zig-zags, more befitting a trepanning instrument than a ball gun. It was also case-hardened inside and out. Now, I care not how straight a tube may be bored, or how beautifully it may be rifled; the process of case-hardening must give it a curve, more or less.

With respect to using a different quantity of powder in your charges, or making the slightest alteration in loading either for a long or a short distance, I assert that it is a ridiculous and useless custom.—By using a charge of uniform strength, you discover the necessary allowance to be made for a variation of distance, a knowledge of the parabola described by the bullet, and an intimacy with the powers of your rifle; but, if you are always using a different impetus, you must ever remain ignorant of these essential qualities. Besides, suppose you are charged for a long shot, and have a chance of popping at something within fifty yards, your ball will fly over your aim; and if you wish to hit your mark at a distance of two hundred yards, and must fire or lose your chance, why, if you are loaded for a near shot, your bullet strikes the ground long before it gets near the object of your fire; or else you must aim as if you were shooting at the tops of the trees. By knowing exactly how far the usual charge will carry the bullet, you very shortly become acquainted with the little variation that is necessary in the sight—but if you are eternally firing charges of greater or lesser force, you are always firing a strange gun.

Endeavor to form a correct judgment as to distances. An expert marksman, who is used to the woods and prairies, becomes perfectly bothered in the mountain ranges; and a mountaineer would be equally confused in the thick depths of the old woods.—

Water is a woful deceiver of the sight; a small running stream will frequently bother an experienced eye; and the difference between a bright and a dull day will puzzle persons who are in reality good judges of distance. Fog or mist destroys the possibility of being correct, and very few rifle shots can make proper allowances for the glare and dazzle of a coat of snow. Firing at an object immediately under the sun, or against a bright opening in the clouds, is always a thing of uncertainty. It is therefore necessary, to become skilful with the rifle, that a man should be a close observer of nature, and intimately acquainted with the minutiae of her several effects.

Almost every different maker of rifles has a different manner of attaching the sights to the barrel. The usual and sufficient number is two, but many rifles have a variety of sight-leaves, as useless and perplexing as the variety of charges. Practice, the rifleman's only method of obtaining perfection, will give all that precision desirable by the most ambitious of shots, but who is to "dawdle and potter" with the three or four leaves of the sights to suit the distance of the aim? One good sight near the lock of the gun, with a slit or notch of moderate width, the narrower the better, is quite enough. Every rifle possesses a small sight-nob or corn near the muzzle; let this rise higher in the sight-slit as the distance becomes greater, and vice versa. You may defy all shifting sights and variorum charges, and yet be equally expert.

Carefully preserve the muzzle of your rifle from being battered or bruised. If the barrel is properly squared, it will much assist you in correctness of presenting, during your aim, at any object square to the line of elevation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE THINGS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

THE pleasant things of other days,
How have they pass'd away!

How faintly to our straining gaze
Returns life's sunny ray.

As dews before the morning sun,
Gems after gems depart,
Hope's blossoms wither, one by one,
And fade upon the heart.

The voices sweet of other years,
Their tones so soft and low,
That whisper'd music in our ears,
Are silent, long ago.

The hearts that shed around our own
The sunlight of their rays,
The eyes that fondly, warmly shone,
Are fled with other days.

The pleasant things of other days,
They turn them sadly back,
To trace, amid the misty haze,
Their bright and early track.

They see the light of sunny skies,
They watch the op'ning flow'rs,
And seek amid their crimson dyes,
The bloom of vanish'd hours.

They steal with soft and silent tread,
Thro' memory's dim domain,
Like shad'wy spirits of the dead,
Mourning for life again.

The past hath op'd its mighty tomb,
And o'er the present, strays
Those spectral forms, but ah! their bloom
Has fled with other days.

The pleasant things of other days,
They never may return,
Illumin'd with those sunny rays,
That o'er youth brightly burn.

The' all their morning glow is o'er,
Still thro' the twilight, plays
A blessed gleam, like that of yore,
Which lighted other days.

THE PICTURE.

A LONG-AGO ADVENTURE.

BY ROBERT R. RAYMOND, PHILA.

HEAVENS! what an extraordinary face!

I was in the box of the — Theatre, New York,—poor as I was, I could always keep a dollar for recreation of this kind. I had seen many countenances, there and elsewhere, before, that had excited my attention; nay, I had frequently imagined myself, *at last* the victim of the little Divine Breechesless, and had often remained in that fearful condition of suspense and incertitude for the space of *half a day*,—quite as long as that, certainly! But here was a combination of features and indescribability! Now I was in love—and that “past all surgery!”

My eyes had been roving all over the house in search of noticeable viznomies, of the feminine gender. I had taken in, at a glance or two, the entire semi-circular array of divers coloured visuals, Madonna heads and gilt combs, that glittered showily in the dress row,—and was turning listlessly to the transactions of the stage, when I caught a glimpse of a profile, just before me, in the next box. I stopped—leaned forward, to get a more perfect view. It was turned away again. Something kept my eye intently fixed upon that head, with its shining dark hair gathered neatly in a rolling knot, confined with a filagree silver comb, and encircled with a light golden braid, that united in a gem upon the forehead; that side face haunted me!

For a long time her present position,—the back half turned towards me,—was unchanged, and I had opportunity to mark the fine fall of her neck and shoulders, which were screened by a richly worked lace cape—though I could see that the throat was of dazzling whiteness; the exquisite turn of her form, as far as the waist; and the delicate beauty of a hand, that rested on the front of the box, seeming as though it might not abide the merest touch of impurity. By her side sat a gentleman, hardly old enough to allay the uneasy sensations I was beginning,—I knew not why,—to experience. He was dressed with extreme richness and taste. Her *brother*, probably! He turned a little more towards me; there was *no likeness* between his singular countenance and my distinct impression of the profile! The expression emanating from the latter was as the sunshine of Heaven; this was a dark, stern beauty, and on the lip sat a haughty and hateful smile.

The box door opened noisily behind me, to admit a flaunting, flashing belle, who, stiff with silk and whalebone, and flaring in jewels, made her way to the front seat, as though the surrounding *canaille* must be aware that she was the daughter of B., the big broker, and her carriage drove upon — Place. The

bustle attracted the notice of the *profile*, and she turned full toward the source whence it proceeded. Our eyes met; into mine was poured a flood of liquid light! Those lips were parted with a half smile; long, sweeping eye-lashes shadowed the hazel of the eyes; Love himself sported in the dimples of that cheek, and “rumpled in smiles his rosy bed;” that fair, round, indented chin—the pure Parian of the brow——

“Heavens! what an extraordinary face!”

Till now, I had not known beauty. I felt the palpable forging of a link in my heart, which was to bind me—soul, life, destiny—to the fair vision before me. As she slightly blushed at my ardent gaze, and, with a lingering look, slowly turned away, I drew a deep breath, and murmured my admiration as above. The words seemed to have struck on a suspicious ear. The dark stranger turned hastily and frowned. A glance convinced me he was not of her blood! I hated him then and there; and with a look, haughty and steadfast as his own, I met the insult of his flashing eye, that gleamed, fiery black, from beneath an overhanging brow of midnight. There was beauty in that stormy face—but it was the beauty of a fallen angel! I cannot tell why, but I knew he was a bad man—I felt we were foes—I could have smitten him there!

I looked eagerly at the hand of the fair unknown. On the forefinger was a plain ring! So then, she was engaged—and doubtless to this fiend-stamped stranger. I had seen her but half an hour, and strange—I was working myself, at my own hypothesis, into a fever of fury. By heaven! I would interfere—I would quarrel with him—fight him—slay him; such a desecration should not be, for had not nature written *villain* on his front?

In this impotent madness my heart was still boiling, when, with a few short words, and a hasty hand, he flung a rich shawl over his companion's shoulders, and they arose and prepared to leave the box. As they passed out, one more mutual glance of defiance passed between those burning eyes and mine, and as the beautiful girl threw a hasty look towards me, I thought there was mingled with the favour in her glance an expression of beseeching anxiety—as though, with a woman's instinctive knowledge of the heart, and perhaps some of those forebodings which I myself was experiencing, she had comprehended the whole state of the case, and trembled at indefinable, yet possible, consequences.

For a moment after the door closed upon them, I sat entranced—the theatre seemed to grow dark, as though the gas had all been let down, to achieve a

dramatic thunder-storm. My soul's light had been suddenly withdrawn, and a palpable sensation of darkness and chill crept over me. Suddenly aroused, I sprang after the retiring party. As I bounded into the lobby, I saw through the door her white dress fluttering in the night-wind, as the tall stranger assisted her into a carriage. In a moment I should have been in another and following them, when a loud voice, bawling my name from the stair, caused me to pause.

"Fred—Fred Worthington! why, Lord love you, my dear boy, where are you going to, at such a deuce of a rate?—hold on a half-minute, I want to ask your opinion of my last——why, bless me, how wild you look!"

Tony Dod—vexation! Once more I made for the door; the moment's delay had been fatal,—and far down the street could be heard the receding rattle of a carriage, evidently driving furiously. Muttering an anathema on the babbler, who had frustrated my project of chasing the lovely shadow, that had flitted across my cheerless path, only to leave a more cheerless void where it had trodden, I forbore to re-enter the theatre, now gloomy from her absence, but ran with a rapid stride, towards my lodgings.

All night I lay tossing on my bed. The "coy dame" would not be wooed—and in addition to the oppressive sultriness of a mid-summer's night, I was in a burning fever of passion, anxiety and conjecture. Who was she? What was *he*? Where—oh, where should I turn me to satisfy the fervid longing of my soul to know more—to know all—to know the worst!

I thought not—cared not, that I was a poor artist—that humility was my badge and penury my office. I recked not of her evident wealth—of the noble form and mein of power, that placed my rival—yes, *rival*—so far above me. I only asked of Fortune—Heaven—God, that I might but know who and where she was—and the rest was a wild, wild dream of hurling mountains down and scaling the piled clouds, to win a pure, bright planet, from whence her angel face looked forth and smiled!

The next morning broke as bland and fair, as any of its predecessors had done; and the world, out of my window, fronting on the street, bore the same work-day aspect as usual. The same early milkman yelped "*mil-leek!*" at the door, in the same time-hallowed tone; the same bell-man waited on the dawn and the swill-selling kitchen-maid, with the identical tininnabulary summons, that, yesterday, had attracted sooty wenches and longing swine around his savoury cart; and the succulent announcement of "*bla-u-ck-b'rees!*" and "*yere's your nice muffins—pipin' 'ot!*" spake to the waking soul of the breakfast-loving cit, of gastric revels in prospect, as "time out of mind," they had before done. But these accustomed sights and sounds of real life, brought not to me, as usual, calmness and self-possession. The form of last evening had not left me through the night, and was now before me. It was "a case." For the first time in my life—I was indeed in love; madly, irremediably, and, to any other temperament than mine, hopelessly in love! I knew it—I thought of the pity, with which I had mingled

my contempt, in the bantering laugh at others, who had "sacrificed their manhood at a woman's shrine"—and I felt that I was playing the fool! Yet, sensitive as I had ever been to ridicule—strange, I was now entirely indifferent to my own reproaches or those of any one else. What cared I for the whole world!—Was I not haunted—maddened by a power beyond my control?

* * * * *

A needy artist, my sleeping apartment, on the third floor of a brick tenement, situated in an obscure court, was also, and at the same time, my humble *atelier*. My toilet finished, I abstractedly made my way from the side of the low straw bed, in the further corner of the room—through brushes and broken chairs and implements of art that littered the floor—towards the door. Something stood in my way in passing. I stumbled against it—and looked up from a reverie. It was my easel—a Madonna lay upon it, almost finished. It was my pet picture—my darling and most successful effort. How many weary and anxious, yet glorious hours had I laboured over it! How sought, from my heart's depths, or fancy's heights, to snatch some other hidden and perhaps forbidden conception, and fling it on the canvas! And now it was almost complete! I knew it must build me a lofty name among the sons of genius—I had felt that on the success of that most perfect of my works depended my future destiny; and immortality, the goddess whom I had wooed—oh! with what wild yearning,—whom when my lamp had gone out, in the darkness of the lone midnight hour, I had reached forth to grasp, as though she were a tangible thing, now whispered my soul with a strange, deep harmony—she would be mine!—Yesterday, and that picture—the holy calm which sat on its features—the smile of light that beamed from the clear eye, and played round the reposing mouth—had breathed to me, the very essence of earthly beauty, and borrowing their most rapturous attributes from the glory-bathed countenances of Elysium's seraphim. But I had not seen the lovely vision then—and beside the memory of her, how insipid seemed the sweet Madonna! Nay, it was positively ugly; and now it grew hideous, as I gazed; and grinned, and moed, and sneered fiendish scorn at me. I dipped a brush in black and deliberately dabbed it out! But a day ago, and I would sooner have plucked out my eyes!

* * * * *

No work, no study, no play to-day. Sadly I sauntered forth, and mechanically bent my steps towards the theatre. I had seen her there—might there not be some trace? All was dull and desolate, where late was gleaming and glittering a fairy palace. The tinsel when the lamp hath gone—young spring hopes, when age's snows have grayed the green earth. A single door, swinging silently open, let the gaze of the passer into the dark lobby—the box-keeper peered forth from his little pigeon-hole, and on the step and leaning heavily against the lintel, a solitary *third-rate*—last night strutting in the purple and diadem of a monarch, an object of envy to pit and gallery—now glaring stupidly, with sleepy and blood-shot eyes from

beneath a crushed hat, which seemed gloomily to ruminate on other and brighter and whiter days—presented to the world a specimen of the only portion of God's creatures, given to the absorption of whiskey-punches before dinner!

Scarce knowing what I did, I approached a door-keeper, just emerging from the building, and in the glowing terms which my heated fancy suggested, enquired for a clue to the whereabouts of the lady I described.

"Oh, yes," said the lout, with a laugh somewhat between a whinner and a bla— "a little gal—snug built—reg'lar snorter—wears a yaller frock, and steps natty nice! Don't I know her? Why, that 'ere's Bouncing Nance; but you mustn't go a nosin' arter that are article, my esteemed, or you'll git Bill Dawson, the big butcher, in your wool!"

Smiling at my own folly, in expecting information from a man like this, whose whole attention and interest, as regarded women, was bound up in quite another class than my own—I turned with a deep sigh upon my hopeless, aimless pilgrimage, and strolled adown the street.

* * * *

It was the ten-foot-square apartment—up two pair of stairs, and back of a printing office, in Green street, which Anthony Dodkins, (by the rash and irreverent christened *Tony Dod*.) styled his studio. The sole proprietor, and presiding *genius loci*, "breathed that haunted air." Attituded like an inspired curling-tongs, leaning back heavily on his right leg, and throwing forward his left, his arm elevated to a level with his shoulder, the clenched fist grasping a brush that might have been available in painting the pyramids by the job, his head canted on one side, with the air of an enthusiastic *cognoscente*, and his "rapt soul sitting in his eyes," before a straddling easel, stood the individual who wrote him down, Anthony Dodkins, Esq., Artist. Before him was an originally conceived idea—embodied in the form of a "Portrait of a Lady," and becoming rapidly developed beneath his creative hand. Already had the upper portion of the pencilled perimeter, by a mystic combination of gamboge, Prussian blue, vermilion and burnt umber—assuming that flesh-colour that pales the outer coat of underdone corned-beef—commenced filling itself up with the appearance of an extremely equivocal physiognomy. The eyes, beneath the rotatory motion of the brush, peered forth with that waxen aspect, which *Boz* styles "boiled," and in the hand reposed a chalked outline, which, a glistening puddle of "yaller" in all its unadulterated glory, on the pallet, gave promise of filling in, to the life, as an orange.

Such was the striking tableau, which presented itself, when, wo-begone and dispirited with my want of success, I entered the room, hoping, with a *dernier esperance*, to glean some intelligence from the addle-headed student who had interrupted my egress at the theatre.

"Ah Fred. Worthington, my dear boy," cried the good-natured fellow—"welcome to the temple of the arts—the head-quarters of the muses—and the endeavors of all the accomplished goddesses. What

the deuce was the matter with you last night, eh?—running off, as though I wanted to show you my picture of Minerva Nata. But I've did it now, my lad, I've did the nice thing, at last. Come here, Fred., come here, you dog, twig that head! That's for the exhibition; it's my master-piece, sir—my *shoved-over*. I took it from a female relation; it will be the making of me—I feel it *here*—(striking his hand emphatically midway between the pericord and epigast.) The mantel-piece of Apelles is falling on my shoulders."

While he thus rattled on, I began taking measures for disturbing my heart of the load, that weighed it down, almost to crushing.

"Tony!" said I, with a sigh, "Tony Dod! I am the most miserable dog alive."

Mr. Dodkins, during this truly pathetic sally, was immersed in the intense study, attendant upon the critical operation of adapting one pound of black to the gown, which enveloped the breast and shoulders of his immortalised "female relation."

"Aha! that'll do now, *I think*," muttered he, half-soliloquizing and taking no notice of my remark. "I tell you what, it's no fool of a job to paint a figure in this peculiar position. (Peculiar indeed! the body one-sided, and face full front!) The light and shade you know, are so difficult to manage, (the least bit more shine on that comb)—Soakes—the little man that does the 'heavy business' at the ———, a very talented young man—oh, very—was here yesterday, looking at it—(guess we'll dig out that—dimple on the chin, a little deeper—ah! that's it) says it *promises* to be one of the most finished of modern productions."

"My dear Tony," I interrupted, "hear me but a moment, for pity's sake. Just before you called to me, last night, did you observe—"

"Ha! ha!" pursued the dreamer, with an ejaculatory half-laugh, "guess Tom Hazard with his damn dogs, and his groupies, and his what-not—'ll laugh the other side of his mouth, when my—ha! ha!—(that eye-lash wants a spec more red—effect of light—there)—Great confidence in Soakes's opinion myself; said to be the first that gave Kean his reputation—picked him up starving, in the street, saw great evidence of genius—educated him—now, greatest tragedian in the world—so he tells me—(draw that bow a little longer, I guess—aha—that's jest it.)"

"Tony Dod!" shouted I, at length, in a paroxysm, "will you listen to me one moment—or shall I be under the disagreeable necessity of exciting your attention, by an impingement on the *os frontis*?"

"My dear fellow—I beg your pardon! I do indeed! Really, I—ha, ha! I was thinking—impingement, indeed! very good—(give that eye a bit of black!) By the by—do you know, your expression and attitude, just then, strongly reminded me of Soakes's, in *Jonathan Bradford*, where he says—ha, ha!—an exceedingly clever fellow, Soakes is! He said a capital thing the other day; (the mouth must have a certain *freedom* about it—there,) you see, he had a bran new umbrella—I painted his name on it, in large ornamental letters—somebody scratched it out, and hooked the umbrella—ha, ha!—(line around the neck, hem—shade.) Repented—as Bible remarks—

and brought it back—but the name was off. Never mind, says Soakes, says he—ha, ha!—never mind the name—stat nominis *umbrella*! Ha, ha!—*excellent!* the *umbrella of the name remains*, you see—not the *name of the umbrella*, you see. Stat nominis *umbra*—Junius, the author of *Horne Tooke* and *Master Burke*, has it in the title-page of one of his works, you know. Fred, my boy—hand me them compasses, please; I've got to draw a finger."

Despairing of muzzling the incorrigible babbler, I rose listlessly, and glanced around at the abortive creatures of his hand, which covered the walls of his apartment. Here, little naked cherubims, with lots of wings, but no pantaloons, were attitudinizing, like spread eagles. There, sat in grim repose, a doubled up "Last of the Wampanoags," whose projecting leg seemed to gratulate in a total independence of the body to which it "hung out" to belong. This, Tony called *foreshortening*. Here, a shepherd, in a yellow jacket and Blucher boots—(the costume of the age—explained Tony, again), discoursed music on a natural-looking and elaborately finished fife; apparently, philosophically indifferent to the evident fact, that nature had cut out his brachial member by the Procrustean pattern of his tibial ditto; while the animals, over whose dinners and destinies he presided, were distinguished by a similar lofty contempt of the flimsy advantages of beauty. There, a Venus was looking heartily ashamed—not, I suppose that she was caught bathing, but that being exposed, her hideous proportions should have given so positive a lie to every bard who had struck the lyre to her charms. In a huge black frame, and imposing from its occasional flashes of light, considerably enlivened by dark masses of shade, loomed Tony's grand historical picture of Chaos, after the style of Martin, with the ark, the prophets and the serpent, in the back-ground. By its side, in soft contrast, lay the quiescent loveliness of the "Mud-Flats Mill Pond, by Moonlight"—Tony's crack landscape, remarkable for pound-cake rocks, trees like lemon-squeezers, and a moon, which, from its supernaturally cheesy appearance, might have had "the devil in her for mischief"—operating on the lunatic sensibilities of hungry rats; and standing up to, their knees in the lake, were the dimly-shadowed prototypes of a pair of cows, who, judging from the reluctance they manifested to drink, must have suspected from its colour, that the water had been diluted by some deviltrous Puck, into a very respectable strong rum-punch.

Leisurely I surveyed these finger-prints of climbing genius, and, beguiled a moment into amusement, was forgetting the all-engrossing object of my soul's vision, when a work, far different from the daubs about it, and bearing the exquisite touches of a master's hand attracted me to its front.

It was a half-length portrait of the fair vision of the theatre!

The fashion of the dress was not the same—the face and bust wanted, by some years, the rich maturity of the original; but there was the smile—the eye—the lip, that had bewitched the heart of the poor, proud artist; I could not be mistaken!

"Tony! tell me, in the name of all the gods at once, tell me who—what—where is the bright original of this picture?"

I rushed to his side, in an ungovernable fit of eagerness, and gazed at his lips as they opened to reply, as though my very life depended upon his utterance.

"Hel-lo! hoity, toity! this is a pretty how-come-you-so! Why, man, you're in a dreadful flusteration about a pretty girl, all of a sudden, to be sure."

"Tony! for heaven's sake—if you love me—"

"Yes, yes, I will—don't be in such a twitter: I believe I told you once already; at any rate, I meant to, and that's pretty much the same thing, as Soakes says. Ah, well, the girl—that's my own second cousin Sophy, Fred; *isn't* she a screamer? Sophinisa De Frouville's her name—originally a very aristocratic French one. Sephe's dad's got the coat o' arms."

"Enough; Tony, introduce me."

"Said and done, my boy," and throwing on his coat, and donning a long-napped beaver, Anthony Dodkins, Esq., artist, prepared to bring me into the presence of her, whom I had determined to seek while I lived, now, scarce dared to approach, but, rather than not again look upon, would have died in seeing.

"Sophinisa De Frou—" well, I cared not for her name, nor that she was of a fool's kindred—it was *herself* that I had seen—herself I loved—I knew she was as angelic in mind, as in person.

* * * *

It was at the narrow, green door of a little, brick house, at whose brass knocker we applied for admittance. It was opened by a young lady. Though my eyes were fixed on the ground, I could see that she looked in a calico, green-and-goldly glorious.

"Ah, cousin Sophy, hope I see you. Allow me—Mr. Worthington, Miss De Frouville—Sophinisa, my friend!"

My soul sat in my eyes, as I slowly raised them to that lovely—as I live, the original of Tony's picture—the "*female relation*!"

Ten thousand furies! Far down, down the long, narrow street, I plied the rapid toe, leaving the astounded couple to explain, at their leisure, this unexpectedly conceived locomotive project, and admire the promptness and celerity of its execution.

* * * *

Why was the beautiful painting among these daubs in that simpleton's possession? Must he not know of the fair original?

My most obvious course was again to seek him; and yet once again—I proceeded to the almost hopeless task of extracting intelligence from this soil of barrenness.

Musing, I turned the corner, and was near being overthrown by the rush of a crowd, who were following at a rapid pace an officer of the police, on his way to the magistrate, with a celebrated burglar and counterfeiter, recently taken, in his custody. At the same moment, a lady hurried by, to turn the corner; being suddenly overtaken by the throng, and endeavouring to extricate herself from the consequent confusion.—

She tripped, stumbled, and was falling; I sprang lightly forward, and caught her in my arms. She could not stand; she had given her ankle a slight turn, and was withal a little stunned. It would be well in a moment, and I assisted her to a neighbouring store. The kind shopman ran officiously forward, with a chair. She sat down, her head still drooping on my arm, and faintly requested the man to take the card she handed, and go for her carriage. He flew with alacrity upon the errand, and we were alone together.

"I shall be better, now," murmured the sweetest of music, as she more and more revived, and raised her head, as if to thank me. Those eyes—again—that face! Estimate, if you can, my ecstasy—it was indeed my own—own unknown, but now fondly loved beauty of the theatre. The queen-rose's proudest dye might not equal the crimson flush, that seemed to spread from her cheek to her neck, and up her pure forehead, as I gazed into her face. She recognized me—nay, surely that glance said more—it told to my throbbing pulse a wild tale of joy too great—I was not indifferent to her!

"Kind Heaven!" said I, in a low tone, as though I feared the very walls might hear and prate of the sacrilege, in addressing this glorious being, "do I indeed enjoy this longed for—yet so unexpected opportunity?" Mournfully and intensely those deep, deep eyes, which had not from the first been withdrawn, strained into mine. Then suffused the lid, a bright moisture—it gathered—on the silken lash trembled the pure crystal—she burst into tears:

It was very strange! Could my expression have offended—alarmed her? Did she suppose it an advantage taken of her situation? The thought caused me to step back a pace, and resume in a tone profoundly respectful:

"Lady! if the cause of this painful agitation lies in any impropriety in my demeanor—pardon my rashness in giving vent to a feeling I could not repress. Let me beseech you to consider yourself in the hands of a gentleman—a *man*, lady, and to be protected, not insulted."

She caught at my hand, and detained me, as I receded from her side—and now covering her face with her handkerchief, murmured brokenly, and with apparent difficulty:

"Oh, no—no, sir! Not so—you have been kind—so kind! Forgive this weakness—I know not what you will think—but it is nothing, sir, nothing but—" she hesitated, and trembled violently.

Could I refrain from cherishing a blissful emotion, at this confusion?

"Oh, lady," emboldened, I replied, "if an humble and poverty-smitten devotee of study—alone—alone in the big world, and to Earth's beautiful and happy, a thing that lives not—with nought but a true heart and obscurity, to recommend him to one high born and lovely as yourself, might ask one evidence of your respect—it would be, that he might behold you again—know you farther, and be ranked among the lowliest and least noticed of the kneelers at your shrine. Ah, would it not be a bliss, for which, during the last twenty-four hours, my heart hath dared to hope—

which it hath fevered for, till it grew sick with longing; a blessing, than which, short of Heaven itself, God could not bestow a brighter!"

"No, no, no," rejoined she, in a voice quivering with agitation, while she still forgetfully clasped her soft fingers round my hand, "you must not—indeed, you must not! You must forget that such a being lives, as I—you must fly me and my memory—as a blasted thing—you must! I high born and lovely? Alas! no—or if I am—oh, Heaven—how miserable! Seek a friend worthy of you; you are good—you've a noble mind—and a heart too, rich in priceless affection—I know you have—but I—I am *another's*! Merciful angels! what am I saying? What doing? Leave me, sir, I beg—I command you! I am crazed!"

Anguring every thing favorable from the disjointed and incoherent sentences that fell from her lips—still I mechanically dropped her hand, and was retiring with a dejected and respectful air, when she quickly and with a natural waywardness, again recalled me.

"No—do not go! I have offended you—I am sure I have!"—then leaning far forward towards me, with her hands unconsciously clasped on her breast—those holy eyes, beaming with melancholy tenderness, and a feeling infused into her utterance, which called a glow to my heart, she slowly said: "Would to God we had never met, or—" she paused.

"Or—*what*?" I eagerly asked.

"*That we had met before!*" she concluded, and bowed her face, now crimsoned with her rosy blood, into her hands.

I kneeled, and pressed my lips upon her hand.

The coach drove thundering up to the door, and from it sprang the tall stranger, I had met with her before. At sight of him, the blood left my heart ice, and carried fire into my brain. The impulse of hate towards this man was irresistible; involuntarily I shut my teeth, and dug my nails into my clenched palms. He entered the shop, casting upon me, as he passed, a furious glance, which I met with calm defiance—and approached the lady.

"Miss Grafton," said he, coldly, "you *here*? I am surprised. How is this? Pray, what is the matter? If I may presume to ask questions, in the *peculiar circumstances*"—he added, with a sneer.

She drew herself up, as she answered him; the proud red mantled on her cheek, and her countenance was expressive of ineffable contempt.

"Sir!" said she, "you may spare your insolence, and lend your assistance. I have met with an accident, which though not serious, prevents my walking for the present. That it is no worse, our thanks are due to this gentleman."

"Accept them, then, in brief," he said, and turned to me with a hauteur and coldness, under the circumstances, positively insulting; then, immediately offered his hand to conduct her to the door. She shrank visibly, as he approached her. It was enough for me—I stepped deliberately forward, and without, I confess, any very intense study of gentleness in the operation, walked between his form and her's.

"I'll relieve you, sir," said I, paying back one of

his own sneers, and taking her yielding hand, placed it within my arm.

Having seated her comfortably in the carriage, I was taking my leave, and a farewell pressure of the hand, so slight, that in ordinary cases it would not have been perceived, but which thrilled on my awakened sensibilities like a touch of fire—far overpaid me, for what she styled my "trouble!"

"And must I relinquish all hope of seeing you again?" I asked, with a deprecating tone and glance, as the coachman gathered up his reins.

"Oh, yes—'tis better—far better! I cannot explain to you—but—I know your name—I will write! Yes—this evening—by the Post."

The whip cracked, and before I could spring forward to reply, the carriage was flying furiously, far down the street. In sad meditation I gazed after it. I had seen her once more—I had heard the melodious tones of her voice—I had held her hand in mine—I had myself spoken with her, and more—yes, yes—far more—I was satisfied, she loved me! And yet—and yet, I might never more behold her! Was my young rapture to be thus early stifled in the bud?

From this mingled reverie I was roused by no very gentle tap on the shoulder, and, turning, I beheld the Mephistophiles I had supplanted; but, oh, how changed his appearance in those few moments! Horrid metamorphosis! His dark brow working with an expression of mingled fire and blackness, such as might issue from the yawning mouth of the pit—his lip ashy pale—his eyes contracting all their fury into a blazing ring, small, and glittering intensely—and the big veins, like great serpents wreathing round his neck, standing out and almost bursting with rage—presented an awful picture of a man, whom the unrestrained revelry of fierce passions had transformed to a demon.

"Pitiful slave!" gasped he, at length, after many unsuccessful efforts to down the emotions that choked him, "this is not the first time that you have dared to cross my path. Perverse fool that you are, you have roused a tiger, whose taste is ever ripe for the blood of them he hates. So gallant a cockerel *with the sex*—that 'devil in his sneer' again—" will hardly be less so, when other than *women* are to be dealt with." He thrust his card into my hand.

"At six to-morrow—the Jersey shore"—and the exchange of my card, was my only reply.

"Pistols—without seconds?"

"I care not."

"'Tis well, sir," said he, and strode away.

Here let me enter the most solemn conviction of my soul against the Heaven-defying, man-hating custom of duelling. A custom, for which the flimsy apology—the only one ever offered—*preservation of honour*, is too mean, even for the moment's entertainment, by a noble mind. Vindicating honour—preserving reputation, by the commission of a despicable folly—possibly a dreadful crime—the crime of murder! Pitiful—awful inconsistency! With no feelings of pride or self gratulation, do I look back upon this moment of contemplated sin, but as the lone and aged hermit, might revert to some dark hour of his youth, when

wine, or hot, whirling blood, or the hissing music of the tempter's voice hath prompted to some deed of wrong—the deep agony of whose memory, only long penance—years of pain and grief and mourning, have sufficed to wash out from his' soul! Then, and only then, was I visited with the *mania potu* for a fellow-creature's blood, and then I felt what men call the impulse of my destiny. 'Tis a shallow conceit—but, call it what you will, there was a something—a small voice which whispered me from the very first, that this man stood between me and my life's clear hope, and my hand was to hurl him from the path! Under this impulse—a wicked one, indeed—I acted. That day is long ago—the snows of age have shed abroad upon my brow, a chill, and its ice hath frozen the tide that once leaped, not flowed, along my veins. I have no pistol now for my fellow-man, and I would here confess the deep sinfulness of that contemplated deed, as the slightest of its atonements.

But now, the thought of the approaching meeting and its attendant peril, was swallowed up entirely in the sweet, sweet day-dreams, that steeped my senses in bliss. I had seen her, and what was before at best a wild hope, now approached to certainty.—Still, all beyond me was gloom and doubt—clouds, and no gleam of light between—but my young spirit was a magic night-glass, which revealed afar off the unglittering clearness of a solitary star—the bright, bright prize I wanted to attain.

The red sun had just stooped behind the horizon, and the timid crescent was peeping, farther and farther, through the faint twilight that now fast paled the blue sky, when I emerged from the post office with the promised letter grasped tightly in my hand, and flew rather than ran towards my study, to devour its contents. The lamps through the city were just lighted, and were twinkling far down the street, mingling their rays with the ghostly hue of the dying day-light. Through narrow lanes and alleys, one after the other, I ran, and was at last about turning into the one which would lead me to my own humble home, when glancing down a cellar, through the crevice at the top of whose door, a stream of light was faintly glimmering, my ear was attracted by the sound of a familiar voice. I paused—and listened.

"'Twas his folly—his madness!" it said, "damn him! why did he thus expose himself? He must have known he could not be detected."

"Aye; and that too, just as we had got all ready; another day, and a Jew could'n't 'a bought our wallee!" answered a gruffer, and by me unrecognized tone. "But I say, Cap'n, d'ye think he'll 'peach? I'm afeard on him, d'r at me, if I ain't. He was al'ays a hugly cuss—and hated *you*, ye know, partic'lar!"

"No—no—no—" rejoined the other, after a pause, "he will not—he dare not—surely. Yet—and yet, as you say,—Hank, you must manage to see him. Tell him we'll get him cleared—and speedily—promise him hoards of red gold—put him off with anything, till we can consummate our plans, and place seas

between us and his gibbet. Curse him for a fool! he shall swing—for he has almost marred it all!"

"And how comes it on with the gal, Cap'n? I say—if you have so much bother with the hanimal—why don't you cut, and give it up? The old 'un'ses fortin's yourn, you know, in any case—and you don't wally the 'ooman."

"No—I did once—but, curses wither her, she's turned it into gall. Yet I have sworn to possess her—and by Him that sitteth on the throne, *I will*. Then, Hank—*then*, the good gold and I sail in company for a change of air;—and she—ha, ha!—may whistle or kiss for a lover and a living!"

"But how comes it on?—all snug—all right, eh?"

"Why—why, well enough—yes—well enough! She had liked to have dished me—a brown-eyed boy—a—ha, ha!—to-morrow 'll settle that! Blood floats away heavy impediments—eh, Hank, eh? ha—ha!"

"Methinks! you and me knows that, and purty sarten, too! ha, ha, ha!"

And here the two burst into a low, habitually cautious, bitter, sneering laugh. The note of one of the speakers clung to my fancy—I had heard it somewhere—and lately; where, I could not recall. I was feeling a strange interest, too, in the colloquy—but a glance at the packet in my hand roused me to myself, and I hurried on—so absorbed was I in my own selfish joy—hardly caring, if the fate of nations hang upon their words.

* * * *

I was once more seated in my *atelier*—my own little *atelier*—dearer to me, in all its poverty of garniture and comfort, hallowed as it was to memory, as the scene of my first triumphs and of every conception of hope, in the prosecution of my "gentle art"—dearer, and far more beautiful, in its home simplicity, than all the gorgeous parlors, that in the practice of my duties, daily glared upon my eye! I sat in my own little studie—not now, as on that morning's dawn it had been, gloomy with anxiety and doubt and cheerless prospect—but all rosy bright with hope's rich tints, that flung a halo of joy over the dismal aspect of bare walls and broken furniture. My dim lamp burned before me—as I gazed at the delicately-traced superscription on the back of Miss Grafton's letter, and toyed with the seal, and eager as I was to know the contents, forbore to break the wax—gloating over the treasure, as the miser over the broad golden piece with which he loves to play, and knows it cannot fly his palm. At last I opened it, and ran my eye rapidly over the lines; it was as follows:

"You have thought on me—you have met me and we have spoken together—and I will not affect to be ignorant, that you have looked on me with an eye of kindness. Alas, you follow a shadow—you seek to link yourself with despair—you pursue abject misery! I will not multiply words on a harrowing subject—but I respect you far too much, to see you, a man—a young man—and one of so bright a promise to himself and to the world, blindly rushing to a gulf of wretchedness, when a word from me may undeceive and save him; and I have determined to explain my

meaning, by briefly relating a portion of my history.

My father was born, heir to a large estate, and ever lived in the highest enjoyment of a princely fortune. My mother died soon after my birth; I was, thus, early deprived of those inestimable blessings, maternal affection and guidance. When I was fifteen years of age, Wilson Connor, the gentleman whom you have seen, appeared at my father's house—young, handsome and accomplished. He was the friend and favourite of my father, over whom he soon acquired a singular influence, and to me, paid particular and admiring attention. Whether for myself or fortune—I knew not, then—and care not, now. My father wished me to become his wife—and this wish Connor himself followed up, with ardent vows and the most devoted attentions. I loved him not,—but his favor was the object of emulation among my companions—my vanity was flattered—and young and giddy as I was—I yielded to their constant solicitations and solemnly promised my father, to marry the man of his choice,—reserving my liberty for three years; and that, if he should die, before the union could be consummated, I would faithfully adhere to his wishes.

"Oh the accursed day, on which I made that promise! Its memory is fraught with madness!"

"He also, at that time, made a will—in which he recorded this desire, as though it were *his dying request*; invoking Heaven's blessings on my head, if I complied—and, in case I failed—bequeathing his whole fortune to Connor, and cursing his disobedient child, in words—oh God! how burning!"

"His health, soon after, rapidly failed, and we went to France, where we resided more than two years,—during which time, I never saw or scarce bestowed a thought on Connor, but butterfly-like, flew thoughtlessly from joy to joy, nought dreaming of the misery, in store for the future. Business suddenly called father home—for a month or two, only, as he supposed—and he left me in the care of a female friend, and proceeded to New York, where in a few weeks—alas, the day!—he severed, and died! Shortly after, Connor sent an old and faithful family-servant to bring me home, placed me in charge of a maiden aunt, and then claimed my hand—pleading my own promise, my father's dying wish and his still-existing testament. Oh, then I awoke to the horror of wedding a man, I not only could not love, but the perfect correctness of whose moral character, late circumstances had taught me to more than doubt.

"Jacob, the old servant who brought me from Europe—(since dead—alas! all that love me drop, one by one, away!) has frequently told me that my father, a short time before his death, had learned to distrust his former idol, and drew up a will, revoking the former one, and concealed it beneath a secret slide in the frame of a picture—a picture of myself, which used to hang in his library. The existence of this hiding-place was known to no one but himself, until the old footman accidentally saw him deposit the paper there, of whose nature he afterwards assured himself. This, according to Jacob's tale, he would have produced again, had not his dissolution, in the

delirium of fever, suddenly prevented the development of his intentions. When we returned from abroad—Connor had sold the old house, with all the furniture—and the picture had gone, among the rest, none knew whither!

"For a long time, this incident was my still surviving hope; but ah,—how idle! It was, after all, the story of an infirm and imbecile old man—and probably existed only in his own childish imagination. The crush is not thus to be lifted from my heart! Connor is inexorable, and will not abate one jot of his claim—my aunt, though naturally kind, is completely under his fascination and thinks him perfect; I can look for no assistance or support from her—I see nought before me, but the dread, the revolting sacrifice—then horror, despair and death! The estate is but dross in the comparison; for, though, there too he has me bound unto his will—yet, that I would forego—how freely—and work my fingers to the quick, for bread whereon to linger out my life, or, if it might be—starve; but my promise—my *solemn promise!* and that curse—*THAT CURSE*, I cannot—I dare not incur!

"Forbear then, kind stranger, forbear to interest yourself in the fate of an outcast, but fly me as you would a thing infected. You are good—you have an eagle-pinioned genius—I have heard of you. Men love to look upon you—you've a noble heart and a wise head—fame and fortune and happiness are all before you. Go out into the world—choose a gem among its loveliest—one worthy to mate your lofty destiny—*woo*, and oh, you cannot but *win!* Farewell, now; we must see—speak—think of each other, no more.

"Farewell for ever! and that bliss hover over your path, which may never light on the aching heart of
"BLANCHE GRAFTON."

I raised my eyes from the sheet, and fixed them on vacancy. Papers—secret slide—the picture!—Ha!—an arrowy thought! Now—now, I am blest indeed I crushed the letter into my bosom, and rushed like a madman into the street.

"Tony! Tony—that pic-picture! that picture! how came you by it! where did you get it?" breathless I stopped—and almost sunk upon the floor of Dodkin's room, into which I had burst—with my fired soul sparkling in my eyes.

"Picture? ha—ha! talk of pictures! Wait till I come back, that's all. I'm going to git the likeness of Smith, the burglar they've just caught, and weave it into my new work of Daniel and the Lion's Den. I shall introduce Smith, allegorically, as Judas Iscariot, in the back-ground! That's my way; always make your back-grounds effective!—*Soakes says so—so say I.* Ha—ha! guess Tom Hazard with his damn'd dogs—"

"To the dogs, with Tom Hazard! Anthony Dodkins, answer me immediately, or I'll throttle you;—where got you that picture?"

The painter saw that something more than ordinary was the matter, and, for once, he answered promptly:

"The female relation?—I *did* it."

"No—no! burn the female relation! that—that—that!" striking my finger on the frame,—*"that glorious creature!"*

"O—h! *that* glorious creature! I thought you meant the other one. Oh, I bought that at an auction. Cost me a five dollar note,—that did."

"You must part with it!"

"Can't!"

"I'll give you fifty dollars, for it! fifty dollars down, Tony! hard cash, my lad!"

"Can't! money aint no object."

"You must; Tony dear—you must, or I shall curse you."

"Well—that's one way of striking a bargain—ha, ha! I *do* think. But's no use talking—I can't indeed. Why, do you know, I'm going to paint a sojer-cap on that woman, and make a Minerva out of her!—what d'ye think o' that—ha? Part with it, indeed! You must be a little sick!"

I saw it was useless to parley with the queer creature—I resolved to tell him all. Rapidly I recounted to him my first meeting with Blanche Grafton, in the theatre—the subsequent rencounter—my burning passion for her, and the almost equally consuming hatred I bore towards Connor—the approaching contest with the latter, and the letter from the former—and finally, my wild but certain anticipation, that the picture before us, was the one therein mentioned—and that the precious testament was then concealed in its pannelled frame.

"And why the dickens didn't you say all this before?" said the good-hearted Tony—"and not go to jawing about your fifty dollars and sich truck!" and in a minute the picture was in our hands, which were roving rapidly over the frame, in search of the secret slide.

"I have it—I have it!"—shouted Dod, as his finger suddenly pressed the spring and the frame flew apart—"and there—*are* papers, that's a fact."

I snatched them with convulsive transport and marked the superscription at a glance; it read, in a fair, round hand,

Eugene Grafton's

Last Will and Testament,

1798.

Oh God! thou hast blest me! I clutched the priceless treasure in my grasp and sprang, like an enfranchised eaglet, towards my home.

It was a bright and beautiful morning that—on which I found myself in a light boat, with an athletic lad—who rowed me across the bay, towards the blue shores of Jersey. As bright an one,—as beautiful, as though two of God's creatures, and members of the same great family, were not on their way—each, to drink the blood of his brother! Murder was in two hearts, at that fresh morning-hour—but the frown of the angry Jehovah flung no gloom upon his glorious works. The sun had not yet burst above the far hills—but the horizon glowed, as it were with life and gladness, at the triumphal advent of the red conqueror

—and the matin-bird sprung up, on renovated wing, to hail and herald him.

Though this was my first duel, so absorbing had been the interest of the scenes I have pictured, that, till now, I had bestowed little thought upon it. I was to meet a deadly foe—and *without seconds!* A suspicion of foul play flashed across my mind—and was rejected again. I felt no fear. But—and 'twas possible—should I kill him—what then? The question I had not before asked myself! I looked up, at the blue, fathomless expanse—and around, on the green gladness of tree and grain and grass—the glittering ripples on the gentle tide—and shuddered at the thought. God's goodness, in the work of his hand, had rebuked me—the fever of my spirit was allayed—the angel of peace whispered of love and forgiveness to my soul! My mind was decided—I would fire in the air.

The ground was a small, open court, hemmed round by nature, with a grove of young trees—the green turf beneath the feet, soft and level, as an artificial lawn.

Connor was already there, and alone. He immediately approached and thus accosted me, without previous salutation:

"Young man! you have involved yourself in an awkward affair. You have crossed my path—the path of an unforgiving, blood-seeking man. No one has ever done so, and lived to boast it. I am an unerring shot, and, as we fight—so certainly, you look your last upon that rising sun. I will not peril myself by slaying you, if not driven to it; you shall have ample opportunity, now and here, to recede.—Nay, more—resign all claim—for just claim you can have none—to the favor of the lady you have met—cease to follow her—let her not see you for one month and you shall swim in gold; after that time, seek her—see her, when and where you will—do with her *what* you will, for *me*. Nay, I will then double the sum upon your palm, to rid me of her. Be wise, young sir, and weigh life and boundless wealth, against that speedy death, which shall cut off even the slight chance you may have, to win the worthless toy a silly girl can give."

This shameful harangue had proceeded without interruption on my part, but the hot blood was flashing in my face—choking my respiration and blinding my vision, with honest indignation.

"Abandoned miscreant!" I replied, so soon as I could find utterance, "your empty threats fall on an ear heedless of your braggart swellings—and your vile proposals appeal to a heart, too proud and honest not to despise the meanness and execrate the villany that actuates them. Fiend! I scorn you and your offer—and I will not so far distrust the justice of the Heaven above us, as to believe that you can much longer triumph in your remorseless rascality. Your course is well nigh closed—"

"Presumptuous boy! to the winds, with your idle prating!" and he gnashed on me, with his teeth, "do you accept my terms?"

"I would sooner accept the offer of an everlasting hell!"

"And that is your only alternative—for, by the Lord that liveth, your days have filled their measure. Choose."

He presented a pair of pistols—our weapons were chosen—the ground paced off—signals agreed upon and stands taken.

"One—two—three—FIRE!"

A sudden numbness seized my arm, the pistol dropped from my hand, as I pulled its trigger, and the ball lodged in the earth. I felt that his shot, aimed at my heart, had taken effect in the shoulder. A film gathered o'er my eyes and I sunk upon the ground. Like a hungry wild-cat he sprang upon me—his knee was on my breast—his hand at my throat, and twisted in the folds of my neck-cloth.

"New, beardless babbler!" he shouted in my ear, like a maniac, "you've preached your last homily. A bride for you? Ha—ha! Go, seek a blazing one, in hell!"

Feebly I strove to resist the murderer's purpose—but my little remaining strength was fast ebbing—the strangling fold grew tighter and tighter—the black tide pressed on my cracking brain—death-lights flashed across my eyes! Fainter and fainter—God! was I thus to die? alone—alone, and the blue sky above smiling in mockery of my fate?

My limbs were relaxing from their last convulsive struggle and I was sinking back in despair—when suddenly the hold was relaxed, and the wretch was torn, by some powerful hand, from my body, and hurled to the ground. Raised, as it were, from death, I feebly lifted my head and beheld Connor in the hands of two well known officers of the police—his forehead swarthy with rage—the same ashy and leprous pallor on his lip—the same wreathing of his veins—and hideous, stifled gurgle in his throat, as at the revelry of his dark passions, on the occasion of our quarrel. His mouth was slightly parted, and the white and clenched teeth glistened through. His heavy brow lowered fearfully above his piercing eyes, now unearthly brilliant, and the huge drops of perspiration stood out, like beads, upon his face. Every muscle in his tall form swelled, as he vainly strove to fling his sturdy captors from his arms.

No mean feature of the group, was the salutory Tony Dod, who hopped up and down, threw his hat in the air, and whooped for joy.

"Just in time—by gravy! Another minute—Fred, and I expect you'd ha' received your ticket for *scop*," then turning with an air of majesty to the prisoner, "Mister, your burglary cronies have 'peached—there's likewise a law agin counterfeiting—you'll please to consider yourself took up."

"Fools—asses—pah! damnation!" growled the captive, "what ridiculous farce is this? how dare you arrest *me*? My character shall place accusation at defiance. Unhand me, I say! Rascals! you shall repent this!"

"Come, come—sirrah!" spoke out one of the men—"you may as well be quiet; you'll hardly get out of our fingers, by spitting at us. And as to how we *dare*—here! we expect to be borne out by this document," and he produced a warrant.

With but a mute gesture of wrath and disappointment, by way of reply to this last argument, Connor now turned his scowling glance to where, propped up on my elbow—my head drooped and eyes swimming with dizzy sickness, I lay—hardly conscious of the nature of the transactions which were going on about me.

"Young man!" said he, "hear me! Think not thus to escape my vengeance. This idle interruption will prove futile. I go to vindicate successfully myself and hurl ruin on my pursuers. One thing, learn and remember;—if Blanche Grafton marries other man than Wilson Conflor, her whole fortune becomes forfeited. Let that cool your amorous fever, my unfledged chick,—for it is as true as heaven—I swear it."

"False—false as hell is false!" I cried—*that name* having roused me to myself—"I told you Heaven would hear the cry of the injured—and ruffian, you are baffled! I have discovered the *subsequent testament*!"

"Ha!" Connor intensely whispered—his eyes fixed eagerly on mine, while pallid fear shook his joints and he shivered audibly—"damned liar! how—how—how!" his throat rattled and he could speak no more.

With the energy of renewed life, I stretched myself up on my hand and tearing open my vest, shook in air the precious document and shouted deliriously:

"Here—here! do I lie? the papers—the papers—the pa—" exhausted with the effort and loss of blood, I fell back on the turf, insensible.

* * * *

I opened my eyes. I lay on a couch—massive curtains hung above and fell around me—but I looked through their openings at the scene. It was a rich chamber—gorgeous furniture was around the room—beautiful and costly things every where met my eye. The sun was just setting, and a golden sheen was flung in at the tall window, pleasant to the eye. The evening breeze "that cools the twilight of the sultry day," stole gently in, with a flowing freshness—breathing gratefully upon my fevered brow, and making my pulse bound livelier. I was renovated and felt strong. I lay for a moment, in sweet contemplation—absorbed in the magnificence of the scene.

Presently I started. What had happened? Where was I?

Gently the curtains, at my head, were parted—a face peeped in. 'Twas Tony Dod's round, insipid one. How sweet it looked to me, now! Tony's eyes—the gooseberries—stood out when he saw me, awake. Tony's mouth opened—that great, square mouth, with the big, white teeth—and out walked his droll voice!

"Why, Fred—my dear boy, how are you?"

"Pretty well, I thank ye, Tony, how are you?"

"Why—I'm poorly. They would'n't take my 'female relation' into the exhibition, after all, Fred! But there was that Tom Hazard's damn'd dogs, besides oceans of other varmint, *he* called cattle. I'm sure I never could see any merit in 'em—but every body and the newspapers said they were splendid—equal to Morland's, and all that stuff and nonsense. Ha, ha! as Soakes used to say—hard customer that Soakes, by the way—borrowed ten dollars of me

—gone off a *starring* on it, now—I shall never see *that* again. But he said a good thing once—a very good thing—and that was, that *merit never rises in the world*—never appreciated. I know it to be a fact. I don't paint now, Fred—I carry newspapers."

Here I interrupted Tony's catalogue of woes, and turned his ever-running clapper to the subject, which now began to rise from dormant memory and mingle in my thoughts. From him I learned that after I left him so abruptly with the discovered papers, he went immediately to "git the likeness" of the captured burglar. While at the jail—a man was brought in, who had been recognised by the officer as an 'old offender, and the accomplice of the prisoner—through a disguise, which he had donned, in order to gain admittance to his comrade, in safety. Finding himself fairly taken, he begged to have conference with his old companion—promising important disclosures. The request was granted, and the two together, after an earnest colloquy, commended themselves to mercy, by confessing their crime, and informing against Wilson Connor, towards whom they appeared to bear an ancient grudge, as the leader of a gang, which had long committed the boldest depredations with impunity. (I thought of the conversation I had overheard in the cellar, and interpreted it, now, without difficulty.) A warrant was directly issued for the robber; but that night, he could not be found. Dodkins, however, remembered the name in my narration, and aware that Connor would meet me in the morning—and where—gave the necessary information, and led the officers to the spot. They arrived, as you have seen, just in the "nick of time" and I was spared the awkward necessity of leaving the sublunary world—and this veritable adventure unrelated. Tony had ceased.

"And where, in wonder's name, am I now?"

"Now! why, in the house of Miss Therese Grafton, Miss Blanche's worthy aunt—to be sure."

And was it indeed true? Ah, now, flooded back upon my soul, came all those glowing memories—my brain was clear again—I was waking to consciousness of a blissful truth.

"Oh dearer than life itself! do I indeed live and under the same roof with you?"

My hand was taken, and pressed between two palms of dewy softness. That could not be Tony Dodkin's hand! Tony was not given to delicate pressures! I looked up in surprise. *The vision! the vision*—that ever sent the blood surging to my heart!

"Heavens—Miss Grafton!"

"Frederick!"

"Blanche! and may I believe my eyes—my heart—Blanche!"

"Dear Frederick!"

"And will you, high and beautiful as you are—follow the fortunes of the lowly artist? oh, speak!"

"I will,—through the world!"

"For life, Blanche!"

"FOR EVER!"

She stooped over me—her balmy breath was on my cheek—a ringlet, silken and glossy, brushed my brow—our lips trembled—came closer—and clung, into "a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

PHILADELPHIA IN THE DOG DAYS.

AN INCOHERENCY.

"Now Sirius rages!" and the citizens rush from their respective residences, and people the far-off bays and promontories. The leafy shelter of the quiet street is changed for the nakedness of the sun burnt shore, the boundless flat of the salt seascape, and the drowsy, monotonous beatings of the endless surge.—Oh, for the delights of a dog-day dance! a stroll upon the arid sand—the long, hot days, and sleepless nights! blood-thirsty mosquitoes and griping landlords! Why is this? Is it a feverish and fashionable propensity, that compels the citizen from the cool breezes of our rectangular streets, and the green and pleasant shade of our door-post lindens? is it a canicular rabies, an urbi phobia—that drives our denizens from the enjoyment of advantages which sweltering strangers envy and admire? A Southerner periodically palpitates for the shelter of our side-walks and the grateful refrigerative of our bi-fluvial breeze—but the non-enjoying Philadelphian hurries from possessive blessings, and courts the glory of a meridian sun on ray-reflecting sand. A swim in the sweet Schuylkill, a bath at home, or a lave in the fresh tideway of the Delaware, is resigned for the luxury of a dip in the dirty surf, amid the shore-cast impurities and stinking greenness of the ocean's skirts, redolent of salt, sand, slime, and sea weed.

How beautiful the quiet quaker city appears in the calm evening of a sunny day! where the brightness of the summer sky penetrates the leafy covert, and dapples the side walks with spots of silvery hue. The peripatetics issue forth to indulge in the usual vespertine locomotion; and stroll gently down the aristocratic Chestnut and up the sedate and solid-seeming Mulberry, or vice versa. The paired-off votaries of the breechesless boy lounge languidly along the silent streets, or pause, enraptured, at the various parterres and garden-slips that green the little nooks between the brick-work bulks, and ruminate on Love among the roses. The man of leisure wakes from his siesta, and cooling his drouthy throat with a tumbler of iced Fairmount, envies not Jove his nectareous swizzle, or the Virginian the luxury of his morning julap.

Julap! delicious drink, all hail! when thy sparkling coolness and balmy infusion trickles daintily over my tongue, pleasing the palate with the harmonious minglings, and lubricating the larynx with the delicate potency of that gay green punch, I sigh to think I cannot sip for ever! For a draught of pure delight, give me the julap's force and depth—when the aroma of the "greens" has blended with "the good old peach," and the slice of pine apple has been covered with the

shower of clean, planed ice, tinted with a quarter of a glass of port or claret wine, and the tumbler's rim kissed by a bleeding lemon. Such a julap as this, as the "Duke" can make, even kings might love to quaff.

Poor Johnny Keats, the poet, who is said to have been savagely slaughtered by Messieurs the Critics of old Edina, must have been prophetic in his address to the nightingale, for he has described a thorough-bred julap to the life. Would that the honest soul were here to taste the beverage.

Oh, for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep dely'd earth,
Tasting of *Flora* and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth.
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth!

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

To go from one delicious matter to another—observe that bevy of young girls! they have just escaped from the thralldom of the schoolroom, and are hastening to their own loved homes. Their black eyes twinkle with fun and frolic, and their sweet, honey-breath mouths curl and twist in wreathed smiles, as they tender joyous adieux to their mates. How prettily they trip! how gracefully they embody the poetry of motion! their little feet are not cramped in leather vices, nor are their dear waists polluted by the iron bindings of the French corset. Nature has free play, and exhibits her unfettered grace. I wish the maturer portion of the lovely sex would pay more attention to the necessity of ease in their walking movements. A pretty face and well-formed bust may shine conspicuously on a sofa at a soiree, or in a side box of the dress circle—but to walk well is the crowning triumph of the fair.

I love the sight of these she younglings—these girl-women, with their bright faces and their sunny smiles. The little rogues are too young to bother our hearts with the pains and penalties of the blind boy's play; the arrow rankles not in their innocent bosoms—they know not the heart-sinkings, the melancholy moodiness, the cheek-on-hand leanings, the soul-sickening aspirations for the presence of the chosen one, and the ecstatic thrill at the sound of his loved voice. Their hearts are full of the freshness of untired hope, and the beauty of this world's life sits pleasantly on their young souls.

They tell us this old earth no more
 By angel feet is trod ;
 They bring not, as they brought of yore,
 The oracles of God.
 Oh, each of these young human flow'rs
 God's own high message bears,
 And we are walking, all our hours,
 With angels, unawares !

"Now Sirius rages." Thus sings an English poet, but Sirius, commonly called the dog-star, does not rise in the latitude of England till the end of August, when the dog-days have departed. What then has the dog-star to do with the warmth of the weather ? Nothing ; it is a vulgar error to suppose that the heliacal rising of the canicule twinkler has any effect in increasing the summer's heat. The star Sirius rises later every succeeding year, and in some five thousand years hence will shine in the bright glory of the christmas sky, and will have as much to do with procreating snow storms and ice creams *au naturel*, as it now has with the fervid burnings of the dog-day heat. Although the nearest of the fixed stars, its distance is computed by the astronomers to be somewhere about 2,200,000,000,000 miles from the earth, or 27,000 times farther off than the sun—a furlong or two more or less. I do not, therefore, think it likely that its reflected or refracted beams could much assist the power of a midsummer meridian. Let us, just for jest, suppose that a body of caloric wanders from the atmosphere of the dog-star on a friendly visit to our minute morsel of earth ; let us allow that it will travel half as quick as sound, or even as fast as a cannon ball at its greatest velocity, above seven hundred feet in a second, we shall find that it will occupy a sensible ray the small space of five hundred and twenty-three thousand, two hundred and eleven years, before it can effect the sensorium of a citizen.

Sirius therefore has nothing to do, maugre the announcements of the almanac makers, with the phœbia of our canine companions ? Certainly not ; nor do I believe that one astronomer in a dozen knows the meaning of the appellation. The Egyptians, from long experience, discovered that the annual rising of the waters of the Nile was to be expected at the appearance of a certain star. When this welcome light appeared, they retired to their lofty places—to the flat roofs of their houses, and the terraced gardens on the river's banks. From the warning afforded by the friendly appearance of the star, they hieroglyphed it under the semblance of a dog—that faithful animal having ever been distinguished for his watchful qualities in affording warning of impending danger. The original Egyptian name, Tayout, has undergone a singular corruption. Thaut, Thot, Thotes, Sothis—to the Latin Sirius. The wise men of the present day have sensibly reversed the meaning of the term ; and although the canicular brightness has altered his time

of rising, yet the commencement of the nominal dog-days is the signal for the war of extermination among the canines, and the prevention of the possible propagation of that hydrahydrophobia. Editors re-copy their annual warnings and croak the cry of caution ; toothless old women mumble their reminiscences of former bites ; magistrates issue their mandamuses ; muzzle-mongers pocket the ordinance shillings ; bow-wows bow to the blow, and get knocked on the noddle by niggers.

Let us proceed with our stroll. The twilight has thickened the shade of the trees, and that fairy jack o' lantern, the phosphoric beetle, trims his tail-born lamp, and studs the air with spots of short-lived fire. The fineness of the evening has drawn the matrons to their window seats, and the sound of the harp and the piano, and sweet, clear voices in cantation, and the merry prattle and the young heart's laughter blend in social harmony from the rooms within, and tell of happiness, and love, and joy.

Now ice cream is potent, and Parkinson opens his portals and vends Vanilla. Penn cœckneys cram the dainty fabrication down their unrelenting mouths with marvellous insatiety, and loud and oft repeat the call for cates and cheap confections.

The young moon "sheds her light o'er tower and tree," silvering the Dutch-like cupola and cornices of the old State House, and peeping at us between the branches of the linden trees from behind the flying clouds of snow-heaped shape, as a young lady peeps from the curtain of her chamber window at the passing cavalier. The marble of "the mammoth" looks more delicately white in the soft radiance afforded by Madame Diana, and reminds me of Lorenzo's speech to the gentle Jessica :—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon *this bank* !" "

The field cricket, the acheta campestris, sounds his tiny trumpet, and the karydid croaks an accompaniment. Dense clouds have obscured the crescent lamp ; and the summer lightning, with its dazzling flash, breaks through the growing darkness of the night. The forms of distant chimnies loom in the meteoric air, and, with unthinkable rapidity, vanish ere one can note their shape. The thunder rumbles lazily along, and wakes the echoes of the startled city—the avant-courier drops of rain shower plash among the leaves—let us in, and chew the cud of sweet reflection over the screwed end of a Cuba cigarro.

B.

WHAT WILL YOU WAGER?

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH.

THE diligence stopped at the White-horse inn, in the principal street of Fontainebleau. Fatigued and oppressed by the heat on the road, we slowly stretched ourselves, and descended the steps of the vehicle as lazily as possible, smiling at the vacant appearance which sleep, broken by our sudden arrival, had stamped upon the visages of some of our fellow-travellers. The baggage was dismounted, and dinner ordered. Some of the country folks were eagerly pressing forward to gaze on the newly arrived, together with their packages, bird-cages and children. In the midst of this bustle, a fat, red-faced man, about thirty years of age, an insipid babler, who had favored us the whole length of the journey with the history of his great speculations at Fontainebleau, and of his marriage, which he was at the present time coming there to consummate, drew out his watch, and exclaimed :

"Already four o'clock !"

"I'll bet you that it is not," said a gentleman in slippers, who was smoking a cigar before the door of the low-roofed apartment.

"Tis one of Briquet's watches," proudly answered the rubicund-faced gentleman, at this interruption.

"Ten louis, that it is not one of Briquet's," replied the smoker.

The other gave him a look of pity, and went into the traveller's room, saying to me,

"Don't dine here," and with a touch of the elbow, "we will go to a café, where we can do better."

"I'll wager any thing you choose, that the watch is worth nothing," persisted the one in slippers, following after.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir."

"I'll bet that you did," retorted the other.

My fellow-traveller, confounded at this persecution, raised his hand, pointing to his forehead, signifying that the intruder was deranged.

"I defy you to prove it," continued his persecutor ; and with this parry and thrust, the two regarded each other with the most snarling looks it is possible to conceive, just like two dogs about to be let loose at one another.

"Upon my word," said the traveller to me, "I know nothing of the fellow, but I have a great inclination to make him march off."

"As to that, I wager you do not," answered the obstinate intruder. "Moreover, I will bet that I make you take the route back to Paris, and that, too, without much delay."

"That will be no easy matter for you, as I came here to be married."

"One hundred louis that you do not !"

"Sir, you are an impertinent scoundrel, and I will box your ears."

"I bet 'tis a lie !"

Upon this, the ruddy-faced gentleman stamped with

rage, and passed before the fellow making a sign for him to follow.

"Yes, my love," said the other, taking with him a box containing a brace of pistols.

I interposed between them to stop this joke, but it was no longer a jesting matter, and my representations were useless. We reached a solitary spot in the park, where the cigar hero was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second. I threw up into the air a five-franc piece as a signal, the report of a pistol followed, and the piece of money fell indented.

"Bet," said the never-ceasing and immovable marksman, "that I pierce that leaf, trembling at the extremity of the bough ;" and it was pierced.

"Wager that I kill you," added he, coolly regarding the astonished traveller.

"Tis probable," replied the other, changing from the ruby to a ghastly hue ; "and since it is probable, 'tis useless. Consequently, I take again the road back to Paris, and have the infinite honor to be your very humble servant."

In fact, we saw him deposit himself upon the *impériale* of the diligence. I solved the enigma. This was a rival, to whom the fair lady had given a description of her intended. Need I add, that he won the lady in question ? After the honey-moon, I learned that the dead-shot had encountered the crest-fallen suitor at Paris, and said to him :

"I wager that you return to Fontainebleau." And the fat, red-faced man returned accordingly.

BOOKS.

THERE are three capital mistakes in regard to books :—First, some persons, through their own indolence, and others, from a sincere belief of the vanity of human science, read no book but the Bible. But these good men do not consider, that, on the same principle, there ought to be no sermons.

Second—Some collect great quantities of books for show and not for service. Of such as these, Louis XI. of France aptly observed, that "they resembled hunch-backed people, who carried a great burden which they never saw." This is a vain parade, even unworthy of reproof. If an illiterate man think by this art to cover his ignorance, he mistakes ; for while he appears to affect modesty, "he dances naked in a net," &c.

Third—Then there are others, who purchase large libraries, with the sincere design of reading all the books ; a very large library, however, is but a learned luxury. Nations may sometimes become celebrated by such accumulations—but the individual is likely to be overwhelmed with the vastness of his stores. *Book-collecting and book-reading are two very different things.*

JEMMY BARR, THE WORLDLY WISE.

I ACCOMPANIED Simon Frazer in one of his long walks up the country side. It was a fine, lovely evening when we set off, and he must have a cold or a wicked heart, who can gaze unmoved on all the varied charms which nature, in this delightful season, scatters around us. We gained the brow of a mighty hill, and I paused to admire the surpassing beauty of the view. Simon sat thoughtfully down upon the grass. It was not often that he was so long silent—At last, pointing to a cluster of cottages under a clump of fine old trees a short way off—he looked mournfully in my face, saying—"That tenantless clay once sheltered a blythe and thriving family—and now, in yon far-off field, in an unhallowed grave, lie the bones o' him that was its master. I went by—and he was not—I sought him—but his place could not be found!" I looked at the good man, and saw a tear trembling in his eye, but did not speak.

"Aye, silence, silence is best over such a grave!" he continued, with a heavy sigh. "Many a time have I trudged this hill road; and many a merry evening I've passed up yonder beside the fire that's quenched for ever. James Barr, the tenant of this farm, was a jovial, thorough-gaun chield, active and laborious—up early and late—driving forward his work, and keeping his farm and all about it in the highest possible order. His wife was a clever and most worthy woman, who, in her department, fulfilled every duty well and wisely. I never met with them but at the time of my periodical visits, when I was sure to receive a most hearty welcome, and stayed sometimes an hour or two, sometimes a night, and all seemed well. The wife was of a sober and rather a grave cast, and James, though restless and rattle-brained, and apt to let his tongue run on at random, was yet, when we sat down to chat, a rational, clear-headed fellow, with fewer prejudices than common farmers then generally had, of which his fields bore sufficient evidence; for he had adopted many new improvements. I, therefore, found my occasional visits to him very agreeable, and thought time would, ere long, mend his faults.

"I, however, did not like the manner in which I heard him spoken of by his neighbours, even those who I did not think had any cause to dislike him.—Some laughed, and shook their heads, calling him a queer man, giving many a hint that, if he did not grow rich, it would not be because he stickled at the means. 'Only let Jemmy get sight o' the thing he's wanting, and, my word! he'll make a steeple race for't. It will be a gay big bar in his gaet that he'll no lowp owre.' And then, another would add, 'he's gotten in wi' the laird. Ye see, he takes the laird's bidden about drainin', and dykin', and limin', and dungin'; and, ye see, that pleases the gentles, but what ken they about lan' and craps? but just, ye see, they like puir folk to do their bidden', and that's what

Jemmy does. And if ye but heard him wi' the laird, how *impudent* he is! and the laird laughs, and thinks him sic a clever chield, and, my words, *he is that!* and that the laird 'll fin', yet, owre the finger-nebs, or I'm mista'en."

"The hint of his being in favour with the laird, seemed to explain away much of what I heard: and though some things *did* stick in my mind, and though all seemed going on as hitherto in his house, every year seemed to add a graver and graver cast to the disposition of his wife, and to furnish his neighbors with new subjects of suspicion. In the course of my usual journeyings, in the common room of an inn, far from this, on the night of a fair, I sat with a number of farmers, and dealers of various descriptions, who were enjoying themselves round a good fire, and over their ale and whiskey-punch: telling many a strange tale of cheats, pranks, and supple tricks they had witnessed in the course of the day, when an old man seizing a pause in the conversation, began: 'Ay, but what d'ye think o' that devil's limb, Jemmy Barr? there was he and a bit wee twal year auld cow to sell. So, what had he done, but twa or three weeks syne he closes her up in the byre, and to wark he fa's on puir aul' Crumie, and he feeds her wi' the stuff they gie to game cocks, *deil fa' me*, gin I dinna believe it was stown frae the laird,—I kenna what they ca't; but he and the bit callan Jemmy curried, and scoured, and buttered, and brushed her aul' hide, till they garred her shine like a race-horse. Neist he fa's o' her old rough horns, that I'll swear had a dozen o' nicks in them; and he and the bit callan—sorrow fa' him to learn his ain bairn sic tricks—and they pared and they scrapit wi' this thing and the tither thing that wrights polish their wark wi', till they made them like only three year aul' quey's.'—Some laughed, some looked grave, but the speaker went on. 'But, what do ye think o' the graceless dog gieing such a lesson to his ain laddie? And that's no the warst o't.—Aft comes he to the fair with his dainty young cow. But he's owre weel kenned now-a-days to come muckle speed at a fair, so he gies Jemmy Crumie's tether, and set him into the fair by himself, weel instructed how he was to proceed. The father and son took no notice o' ither whan they met, but they had their ain signals for a' that, and about the height o' the fair the callen gets amang a wheen stranger folk. So they took notice o' him, for he's a bit bonny callan, and they spe'ert about his cow, and I've warrant you she was his 'granny's cow, and she had to seel't to pay the ren't,' and, tho' he's as sharp as a needle, he lookit like a simpleton. So by comes the father, by *chance*, ye're sure, and he began jawing him about the cow, spe'ert gin it was a year aul', and gin he would gie't for twa notes. So the folk took the callan's part, and the twa played into ane anither's han's, till, deevil be on me, gin they did na manage

atween them, to sell the puir auld worn-out b——, that 'll die in the calving, for a five year auld, o' the Guernsey bluid, and got fifteen guineas for her!

"The expressions called forth by this recital were various, as usual, among such people, many of them hardened in sin; but, though some laughed loud at the successful knavery, all, with one feeling, reproached with execration the conduct of the godless father. As for me, I was mute in grief and astonishment, and for many years travelled little by the hill road, and saw little of James Barr. I could now account for the melancholy of his excellent wife, and for her sake, occasionally stopped at the house for an hour. Every thing seemed thriving; the farm, the cattle, the houses, all appeared in the highest order. His eldest son, this very Jemmy mentioned by the old farmer, had grown a fine, tall handsome fellow, and had married well. The wife alone looked sad, and low in spirits, and broken in health. The last time I saw her, when I was about to take my leave, she said to me, "So, Simon, and you must go! Farewell, Simon, it's no likely we'll ever meet here again, for I'm wearing awa, and the Lord's will be done! I have tried as do my duty to the best of my knowledge, but I have been a poor, unprofitable servant. It has no pleased the Lord to gie me power over the evil spirits I've had to encounter." I fixed my eyes on the poor woman's face, fearing her brain was touched with some fanatical fancies, but she went on. 'James cares for none of these things. This world, and the things o' this world are a' he looks to; the manna o' unrighteousness has blinded his heart. These barns and byres; these bits o' fields, his crops and his cattle, these are his gods! Oh, Simon! Simon! I daur say he has never said in his heart, There is no God; but sweet I wat, he lives without God in this world, and seems never to remember that there is another. When he comes as near to the entrance of that unseen world as I am, what will a' that be's gathering and fechtin' for here avail him? I have done my best, and strove my best to lead him to higher thoughts, but it has pleased God to give me nae power owre him; and, oh, Simon, Simon, that's heavy at my heart, but it's so a' He has ruined my bairns. Young things are thoughtless enough at the best, and oh, a mother has muckle ado, even wi' the best help o' her guidman, to teach them, and lead them in the way o' their duty to their Maker and their neighbor, and far mair to gar them perform it. But oh, wae's me! I've had ony thing but help frae the father o' my unhappy weans. Gleg are they, and easily did they learn that he would find little fault, though they should fling a' their puir mither's counsels at their heels! I have prayed, day and night have I prayed, when nae mortal e'e saw, nor mortal ear heard me; and like king David, when he prayed for pardon o' his ain sins, and the sins of his cruel and rebellious sons, I ha'e mony a dreary night watered my couch wi' my tears. But it availed not, and now I can greet na mair. My head's burning dry, and my heart's withered. I cannot last lang now, the Lord will soon tak me hame; and though it has been his holy will to deny me an answer to my prayers while livin', oh, maybe, Simon, he may

vouchsafe an answer in mercy when I'm dead; he may yet touch their cauld and stony hearts, and open their eyes, before they sleep the sleep o' death. They say deeing folk see whyles muckle that's coming, and if the thoughts o' my heart, that's gaun like a hammer, dinna mislead me, there's baith woe and want afoor them when I'm awa. Ill gotten gear winna last. A little that a just man hath is better than great riches o' the ungodly. And, O Lord! it may be that the unthankfu' hearts, that grew careless and hard in the day of prosperity, may melt and be purified in the furnace of affliction.'

"The poor woman's cheeks had rapidly assumed a vivid red, and her eyes sparkled intensely, as if with inspiration, as she spoke, not in the usual subdued mournful tones, but with the rapidity and force of delirium. She turned suddenly from me and went into the house; and I sought the field for some of her family. I found her son James, and told him I thought his mother alarmingly ill. He looked sincerely concerned, and instantly quitting his work, hurried into the house; I believe a doctor was sent for without loss of time, but the good woman died in the course of the next day.

"I do not know how soon her dying words began to be fulfilled, for fulfilled they were, at least in part. I was disgusted to hear how little her husband regarded her death. I suppose he had felt her silent serious virtue and piety a severe restraint; and, as his neighbors said, 'gaed clean aff at the nail,' as soon as she was removed. But still he went on accumulating wealth by all sorts of means, and every thing seemed to thrive with him, and round him; when, suddenly, he became dull and dispirited, and careless of all his former idols. He shut his eyes upon fine horses, his prize cows, his beautiful fields, and his rich crops; the neighbours said he had got the blink o' an ill e'e, or that he had seen a bogie, and some that his wife's ghost haunted him. Others thought 'his conscience was waukened, and it might lead to guid, if he didna quench the workings o' the spirit; but, oh, sire! James is unco like a man that *would do that, ye see, he has nae gaen near the minister!*'

"Meeting his son, he begged me to go in and see his father, who was 'sore changed, and sat continually by the fire moaning and sighing. And when we ar what ails him, he only repeats in a voice that would break your heart, "What ails me!" And we daur na leave him alane for a minute, since as day I caught him hiding a piece rope wi' a rinnin' noose on't.—Gude save us! Amen, God save us! repeated I. Your father, and you, and all the rest of us, have much need to pray, Lord save us, else we perish. Lord, lead us not into temptation! You have all had a long period of prosperity and health. If you have not received and used these blessings well, see that you profit by adversity, should it now be at hand. You, James, are still a young man; and be warned to 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them,' as your wretched father now does; for you may rest assured that whether you have prosperity or adversity, this

life, with all its joys and sorrows, will soon, soon pass away, like a tale that is told. Even should we arrive at old age, which very few of us do, and we are liable to death every moment; but, supposing we should attain to the extremest length of life, still death comes at last, and mark me, James, 'after death, the judgment.' 'Ay, that's just like my puir mother, she was aye speaking that gate. O, it was beautiful' to hear how she could speak, just like the minister or you, Simon.' 'It is little matter what we speak or hear, unless we make good use of it,' said I, 'unless, indeed, to bring us under a heavier condemnation. He who knows his duty, or who, from his opportunities, *might* know it, and who does not fulfil it, shall be beaten with many stripes. Your excellent mother's life was as good as her conversation was instructive and edifying. And if you don't make a good use of both her precepts and her example, it would be better for you at the last day if you had never been born. I say, James—far better would it be never to have known life at all, than by our own wilful sins and impenitence, to incur the risk of living to all eternity in torments prepared for the devil and his angels.' 'Thae's awfu' words, Simon!' said he. 'Yes, they are awfu' words,' I replied, 'but not the hundredth part so awfu' as the fact is terrible and true. They are awfu' *now*; they are of infinite importance *now*: how awfu' then will they be at the hour of death! though, even then their real importance cannot be increased; for it is only *now* that it will avail us. It is during every moment of our fleeting lives that it is of eternal importance to us to consider their awfu' meaning, not merely at the hour of death. What will it avail us *then* to remember the words of God spoken to us through the voice of our mother? what, but to aggravate the terrors and the horrors of death! After a life of sin, of utter disregard of our duties to God and to man, when we can do no more ill, when temptation is extinguished in the dregs of existence, when the surfeiting of sin fills us with loathing and remorse—should we *then* be happy to make a snatch at heaven, rather than eat of the fruit of our doings in that place prepared for the evil spirits to whose guidance we abandoned ourselves as long as we could—what will it avail? will *that* wish entitle us to enter on a state of eternal enjoyment?' Through our Saviour, said the young man. 'He pardoned the penitent thief on the cross.' 'He did,' I replied, 'the thief received his pardon at the hour of death; but what authority have we to suppose that his *repentance* was deferred till then? It is nowhere said at what time he had committed the crime for which he suffered. Detection and condemnation don't often follow instantly; it might have been years before; and, probably, from the feelings he showed, it had been deeply repented of. And never forget, this was a case without a parallel on earth. The Lord and Giver of life was at the moment making atonement for the sins of the world, and with his own divine lips, gave the assurance of pardon to a repentant human brother in the agonies of death, who had confessed his divinity at that dark and dreadful hour when his own apostles had forsaken him and fled. And, more-

over, it is only God and our Saviour who can judge of the degree of guilt that accompanies *any crime*; so, do not let any frantic hopes, arising from *this one case*, which, as I have said, can never have a parallel on earth—delude you to put off the hour of penitence and amendment. If you read your Bible, it is impossible you can overlook the perpetually recurring testimony of both the Old and New Testament, that, without holiness, no man can see God. And, James, holiness is not a thing to be put off and on at pleasure. It is no particular act of repentance, of piety, or of good works. It is the habitual temper. It is truth, honesty, and purity, influencing our whole conduct to our neighbour, and devout worship of our God, fitting the soul, after death, to join the pure and glorious spirits in heaven in their divine occupations.' The young man was very attentive while I spoke, and very grave. He thanked me for my good advice,—and, perfectly resolved to begin to repent next morning, he found, as multitudes before and since have found, the road to perdition made smooth and pleasant by a pavement of good resolutions.

"I went into the house with him, and then saw the father, a breathing monument of what poor frail man is when touched by the finger of God! He sat scowling around him, with mingled hatred and fear in his angry countenance, refusing to eat or speak. He was lean and haggard, and old-looking for his years, and it was very difficult to believe him the same person I had formerly known, full of jokes and joviality; at work from morning till night, through foul and fair weather, heaping up uncertain riches; and now that he had got them, there he was, to show us that, without the blessing of God, our hope and our labor are all in vain. Surrounded with comforts and blessings, he knew no comfort, and felt no blessing! He had, no doubt, through life, attended church regularly. He had paid God external worship; had honored Him with his lips when his heart was far from him; but it may be truly said, he had never devoutly and piously prayed God to bless him, or his work; and God left him to himself! He looked at me as I entered, and a consciousness that I knew him and his doings, seemed to cross his mind with a strong feeling of shame. His pale face reddened for a moment, and then became paler than before. He rose from his seat, and gave me his hand as cold and damp as clay. 'Neighbor,' said I, 'I am sorry to see you thus.' 'Ay, I ha' na been weel,' he replied; and the croak of his hollow, sepulchral voice, made me chill, and brought to my mind strange thoughts of the doleful creatures, we are told, were to howl over Babylon. 'Ay, I ha' na been weel,' he repeated, 'and I canna just say either what ails me.' 'You are needing exercise, for one thing,' said I; 'you are grown quite cauld and stockit wi' sitting there dozing at the fire. Go out to your work, man, and do your duty.' 'My duty!' he uttered after me with a shudder. 'Ay, your duty,' I also repeated; 'do you think our duties cease though we cease to perform them?' 'Maybe no,' came from his breast, nearly inarticulate in the groan which accompanied it: 'but, ye see, I'm no like mysel', Simon: I care na' for my work, no! no! I canna bide to see

my wark, it's a' ahin'; every thing's gane wrang.—The grund's cald, wat, and dirty. There's nae light nor heat in the sun now; the world's grown dark and ugly; the very bits o' birds that used to sing sae merry and sweet when the world was bonny, their din deaves me now; they do naething but screech in my lugs like a wheen jay-piets. I hate the world, and I wish I war out o' 't: there's naething like what it wont to be. I gaed into the barn—to do a thing—his son's eyes and mine met—to do a thing—I kent nane were near me, and that I would get peace to do't. But just then, just at the moment, such an awfu' sound pierced my ears, the dreadfu' thought entered my mind that it was the last trumpet: I fell through my purpose, and I stottered down to the floor, and there I stood still trembling; cald draps fell frae my brow and chin, and the noise o' a hundred rails was in my brains. At last I cam a wee to mysel' again, and what was a' this about, think ye? Heard ever ony body the like? What was't but the crawling o' the cock on a bauk, at my lug! heard ony ane e'er the like o' 't, that I should be sae bewitched as to staun there shiverin' and gaspin', as if I was in the dead thraws, because the cock craw'd! 'The crowing of a cock has awakened the conscience of a sinner, before now,' said I, solemnly. 'If you were conscious of any crime, either perpetrated or intended, I hope, like Peter, you went out and wept bitterly?' His face changed color, but he went on, as if he had not heard me, to repeat, 'I hate this ugly world, I wish I were weel out o' 't.' 'Speak no ill of this world,' said I, 'it's far too good for those who are in it, neighbor; and see that ye be fit to leave it, and fit to appear before your Maker in judgment, before ye impiously revile it, and wish to leave it. Remember, there is neither knowledge, nor device, nor repentance in the grave, to which we are all hurrying fast enough; it may be, most of us will think it too fast, when the time comes, though we speak so daringly. Meantime, crack at leisure about quitting this beautiful world; and send for your doctor to look after your body, and send for the minister to look into your soul; and mind, my friend, to attend to the advice of both, for they both know their business and their duty well, and they may fit you either to live or die when it is God's will.'

"The doctor did his part effectually, and soon set the sinner on his feet and into his fields again. But the worthy clergyman's ministrations were poured into deaf ears and a stony heart; and, could you believe it? the very next time I saw this wretched man was in a haberdasher's shop, buying finery for a glaiket, impudent young gipsy, whom he afterwards married.

"His son, and his family, and the rest of his children, then left the house; and James took a small farm some miles distant; for, as the gash old neighbours foretold, the laird had got over the finger nebs, and would let him none of his land.

"The father returned to his work, but, as he had truly said, 'every thing was ahin'. The drains were choked, the fields were ill-ploughed, the fences were broken down, and the cattle ranging in all directions, among cornfields, turnips, and hay. The potatoes

were not hoed, the turnips not thinned, the corn full of thistles, dockens, and gule. His precious horses were all in bad condition; one was coughing, another was lame, a third broken-winded. Carts, ploughs and harrows, and barrows, and harness,—shovels, and spades, and hinges, and locks, and keys, were all damaged, and disordered, and broken, and lost. He toiled, and stormed, and cursed all through. Turned off one servant, and beat another for insolence, who immediately left his place, by way of mending matters. His sons were away from him; nothing remained but one or two boys, who had early learned to imitate the men, who had imitated the sons, who had imitated the father; and it would have been difficult to say which of them had arrived at the highest state of perfection in the science and practice of knavery.

"The fellow he had beaten, while trudging towards the next town, fell in with one of those blights of civilized life, those cankers, gangrenes, worse than moth and rust, and mildew, and dry rot,—a pettifogger in a petty town; and this nuisance was trudging, like himself, in quest of mischief. They were originally nearly of the same rank in life, though the scavenger of brawls and iniquity was a smart youth, and a beau withal. However, people generally find their level in this world, and they soon entered into conversation. The disbanded ploughman related his heavy affliction in being forced to leave his place at mid-term without warning; and also gave a full and particular account of the thrashing he had received from his master. He was proud of the deep interest and sympathy with which so fine a gentleman entered into his case; repeated it over and over again, and redoubled his blows at every repetition. The consequence is easily anticipated,—James Barr was regularly cited to appear before the sheriff, for an assault upon his servant.

"The inextricable confusion and ruin in which he found his affairs out of doors, put him, as may be believed, into no very pleasant frame of mind in the house. Even very good men seem but too often to imagine, that their best remedy for the ills and provocations they meet with abroad, is to make their wives and families as uncomfortable as possible at home. And, it must be confessed, that most men are, more or less, actuated by the same spirit as the brave fellow immortalized in Christ's Kirk on the Green, who, to avenge himself for the ills sustained abroad, 'gaed hame and paid his wife, for he could pay nae ither.' But Jamer Barr, though an unprincipled, was not an ill-natured man; and circumstanced as he was now, such a wife as he had lost, might have done much to console and assist him in head and hands, and have guided him, both in worldly and spiritual evils, through his labyrinth of misery. While she lived, he had at all times, on coming home, found his house, his wife, his children, and his meals, in readiness and comfort. The cows were milked; the cheese and butter made; the poultry fed; calves and pigs, and chickens reared; and all these various articles prepared and arranged, and sent to market at the regular moment. He never knew, and never inquired how these and fifty other things were done. How the blankets, and sheets, and shirts, and clothes, of him-

self and his family, were got, or made, or mended; all things were done, *that was all he knew*. Sun set and rose, and he rose in health and strength, and went to his fields, and came home, and eat, and drank, and slept, without its having ever occurred to him that there was any thing in all this for which he ought to thank God, or his wife. He never saw her dirty, or in a hurry, or angry, or toiling; so, he concluded that all that work cost no trouble or fatigue, but just came about in the ordinary course of nature, like the returns of daylight, or the different seasons, for so he had seen things go on in his father's house; and he looked upon it as a settled matter, and that it always was so, and could not be otherwise.

"His consternation, therefore, was not small to find the state of his household affairs now; and he could not, though a clever man, he *could not* understand what was the matter; and why his house was dirty, his meals never ready, his fine wife all moiled and soiled, scolding and fuming; her clothes half put on, her fly-cap riven, and pooks of her uncombed, dirty hair sticking out at the holes. He got leave to eat his ill-boiled, uncomfortable porridge, by the help of a splash of blinket milk, all alone; for his wife had no time to sit down with him, and chose rather, at some other time of the morning, to breakfast on tea by herself; spending ten times as long as her husband, what with frying ham, boiling fish, or preparing some other savoury dose, to season her protracted meal. Then, up she would start, and rush away to overtake and huddle through some work which should have been done three hours before, thinking herself very clever, because she was in a hurry: while the table covered with jaups of tea and cream, half-melted pickles of sugar, half-buttered half-eaten pieces of bread, bitten pieces of ham, dirty cups and saucers, and bowls, and tea-pot, were left to adorn the hitherto well-ordered, comfortable apartment. The fire was left unattended, the dinner forgotten, while she was employed in alternately flying and laughing with the maids, and half-doing at mid-day the work of yesterday.

"Wet, and weary, and hungry, sick and sore at heart with the evils he everywhere encountered on his farm, who would not have pitied even James Barr when he came home to such a wife and such a house, and found her blowing and puffing to kindle up the forgotten fire, and to prepare some hasty, smoky dose for his dinner! Her hands and arms smutted with coals and soot, and a black patch left on her nose, when she wiped off the last dribble; *there she floundered about, her handkerchief flying loose from her neck, and her dragged petticoats kilted and tied in a knot at her back.*

"Had things been only one-tenth part as bad, it is probable he would have wasted himself in rage and abuse; but these things were so new to him, so utterly incomprehensible, so far beyond all appearance of ever being remedied, that it was astonishment and despair, a sort of bewildering speculation as to what all this would end in: not *wrath*, that he felt. He groaned heavily, and held up his hands in silence, as he at length saw the dirty tea-cups, and other wrecks

of the breakfast, hurled off the table to make room for his raw, tough, smoked, singed, disgusting dinner.

"I have often in my own mind compared the exemption from punishment which such wives enjoy, even from men who would have visited the most trivial mistake or error of an excellent woman with the bitterest reproaches, to a circumstance I have frequently had occasion to observe in the course of my business. If a rascal makes a fraudulent bankruptcy, and fails for a hundred times more, than he can pay, the case seems desperate; and the creditors, rather than involve themselves in law-pleas, and other unprofitable expenses and troubles, in the vain effort to recover any thing like a reasonable dividend, at once give all up, and after muttering and blustering out a few hard names and devil-take-thims, leave a villain, who deserves the gallows, in peaceable possession of a house and furniture, and comforts and luxuries, such as dazzles their own eyes with magnificence. But when an honest man, from inevitable causes, is forced to declare himself insolvent, though he spends weary days and sleepless nights, and lives upon a pining that he may be able to pay them nineteen shillings in the pound; it is a fact, my dear fellow, I have seen it more than once, I have seen it often,—they will soap even to the bed he sleeps on,—*they will bring his infant's cradle to the hammer* to obtain the other shilling!

"In the midst of such a meal as those James Barr was now obliged to eat, or want,—a tap at the door set both his dogs on their feet, barking and growling with their teeth set, and every hair erect with rage. One of the lads held them in, while the other went to the window to see what excited such ire. 'Oh, the poor beasts,' cried he, 'just to see the naturalty o' them! nae wonder they barkit, it's twa messenger chieft.' 'Messengers!' exclaimed his master. 'Ay, thae kind o' chaps that come to poor folk.' Another tap, louder than the first, announced the impatience of the visitors, and exasperated the rage of the collops. James went to the door, and was formally served with a summons, at the instance of his discarded ploughman, to appear before the sheriff to answer for his conduct in having beaten and cruelly maltreated his servant, and putting him in fear of his life. And he was also served with another summons at the instance of this said aggrieved ploughman, for the payment of wages and board wages on or before such a day, both papers being properly fenced around with all right alarms and threats of the law. Having felt himself the injured party, James Barr was not a little astonished at this turning of the tables. He expressed some natural impatience and anger at the rascal's wickedness and audacity. The two fag-ends of the law spoke pacifically—said they were not to blame—were only doing their duty—and so forth; and after he had given some farther vent to his overburdened feelings in abuse of the villain who had ruined his horses, destroyed his patent plough, stolen his hay, his oats, and his beans, they walked off, leaving, as is their wont, little peace or comfort behind them.

"In the midst of his overwhelming load of cases and work, all must be left, and he must go six miles

off to consult some man of the law as to what was now to be done. As he turned from the confusion and ruin that everywhere encountered his view, and the set of wretches he left revelling in the midst of it, some internal force seemed almost to throttle him; he struck his clenched fist on his breast, and they heard him mutter, 'Oh,—my lost wife!' And it is probable some agonizing thoughts as to the change wrought by her death had crossed his heart.

"This expedition cost him one entire day. Much he grumbled, but soon had greater cause, for he was forced to attend first to the demands of the small debt court; then at the sheriff's court; and thirdly, on a new charge brought against him, by the everlasting ploughman, of defamation! Hour after hour, and day after day, were consumed either in traversing the weary road, or in waiting upon the endless, and, to him, incomprehensible delays of the law. He had been a very liberal-thinking man, had most beautiful notions of freedom and equality, and a most just abhorrence of arbitrary governing. But wonderfully were these notions melted away in the furnace of his own afflictions, when he found his own wicked servant, who had cheated him, robbed him, and put his most valuable property to ruin, standing in a court of law and equity, on *more* than equal terms with himself. But, such is the perfect equality of the laws to rich and poor; and he was obliged to pay the wages of the fellow who had robbed him to twenty times their amount. He was obliged to pay a fine for having given him a beating, not the tenth part of what he deserved; and, still more hard, was obliged to pay him damages for calling him a villain, because he had not sufficient proof to bring home to him the charge of robbery. This was a species of equity he by no means liked; and the only mitigation of his rage and wretchedness was, that the judge, though obliged to give sentence according to law, it being clear the servant was guilty, reduced the fine and the damages to sixpence each, and ordered him to pay his own ex-

penses. This was what his new friend, the amiable lawyer, had not anticipated. So he instantly threw his triumphant client into jail, his wages and his fines going but a small way to liquidate his own magnificent bill.

"Weary and sadly did unhappy James, his law concerns at last laid at rest, now take the long, and, of late, hateful road to his comfortless home, where every thing seemed to be going to destruction with accelerating speed. During his attendance in those detested law-courts, even the most needful work about his farm was at a stand. No one was there now to overlook or direct when his own back was turned.

"The more he looked at his affairs, the more he saw, or *supposed* them irremediable. The cattle had been allowed to break into a clover field, and before any help was afforded, two of his finest cows were past recovery, and died. Many of his fine English sheep were left to perish among the briars, now overrunning every corner, and their lambs died of want. His calves were mismanaged, and unfit for the market, or sold for a trifle, that they might not die on his hands. A mare and her foal were stolen—the bees were not watched, swarms flew away,—the breeding sow—some said she was starved,—at any rate she was dead, and her thirteen pigs soon followed her. The fox stole his turkeys and geese, the whiterets killed the chickens and carried off the eggs,—the butter was bursted, the cheese fire-fanged, the spate swept away the lint. 'Oh, oh, oh, God! oh, my poor, dear, dear, departed wife!' he exclaimed. He rushed out to his barn, seized as he passed, a hank of her yarn from a reel where she left it at her death, flung it round his throat, sprung upon a cart wheel,—no cock crowed—"

Simon's voice quivered, and he stopped. After some minutes, he added, "*there is the barn, and yonder is his grave.*" And getting up from his turf seat, we walked forward once more in silence.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR TO DIE?

Why should I fear to die?—The grave
Should have no dreadful fears for me;
Its quiet is the boon I crave,
In its dark confines would be free.
Why should I ask to live
Some few brief moments more,
When earth has nothing left to give
But that 't has ta'en before?

'Tis true that youth as yet
Has flow'rs upon my brow;
But, oh! those flow'rs have oft been wet
With sorrow's tears, 'ere now.
The with'ring hand of Care
Has nipp'd their early bloom,
And Hope but placed them there,
To find with Love a tomb.

Why should I fear to die?—The friend
That shar'd my boyhood's play,
Hath met, than me, an earlier end;
And yet I fain would stay;—
Whilst others, whom my heart
Had held deep in its core,
Are now estrang'd—and *part*,
But *meet* as friends no more.

Then, Hope! no longer fling
Your bright enchantments round;
Death has no deeper sting
Than slighted friendship's wound:
The grave is not so cold,
As this world's slight shall be,
And the worms securer fold,
Is the truest grasp for me.

W. H. M.

MY DARK-HAIRED SPANISH MAID.

A SERENADE FOR THE SEA.

THE WORDS BY W. E. BURTON.

THE MUSIC BY CARL MUELLER.

Now first published.

ALLEGRO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO.' The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'On E - bro's banks we've fond - ly stray'd, My Spa - nish maid, my Spa - nish maid, Beneath the green A - ca - - cia's shade, And sigh'd our tales of love. Thy cheek unstain'd by sorrow's tear, Thine eye as bright and brow as clear As our own blue vault above. Then cheer thy soul with'. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), and a 'Cadenza ad lib.' section. The piece concludes with a final piano accompaniment.

p

On E - bro's banks we've fond - ly stray'd, My

Spa - nish maid, my Spa - nish maid, Beneath the green A - ca - - cia's shade, And

sigh'd our tales of love. Thy cheek unstain'd by sorrow's tear, Thine

Cadenza ad lib.

eye as bright and brow as clear As our own blue vault above. Then cheer thy soul with

p

songs of home, My Spanish maid, my Spanish maid, To that lov'd clime again we roam, My

dark-hair'd Spanish maid. Then haste away, then haste away, While pleasure's ray beams

on our way, In joyous play, with accents gay, we hail the happy day, the

hap - py hap - py day, the hap - py hap - py day.

II.

Our barque awaits the fav'ring gale,
 My Spanish maid, my Spanish maid,
 With hope elate, we spread the sail
 To liberty and love.
 Then rouse the lustrous smiling grace,
 That erst bedeck'd thy beauteous face,
 In our own dear olive grove;
 And rival with those lips of thine,
 My Spanish maid, my Spanish maid,
 The clust'ring rubies of the vine,
 My dark-hair'd Spanish maid.
 Then haste away, &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE THEATRE, IN ITS INFLUENCE UPON LITERATURE, MORALS, AND RELIGION. By Robert Trumbull, Pastor of the South Baptist Church, Hartford, Connecticut.

THIS little book professes to be an enlargement of a discourse delivered in the Centre Church, Hartford, and published, as all sermons are, *by request*. How is it that every attack upon the drama is pulpit-born? The poor histrian is compelled, every succeeding year, to endure a repetition of certain stereotyped assertions from some rising popularity-hunter of the day—who thumps right and left at the volary of the stage, and is content to use the worn-out weapons of his predecessors. Garbled extracts, misrepresented predications, and erroneous conclusions, are foisted upon the faithful congregation—half-a-dozen old women cry “wonderful;” and the lecture is printed, to the delight of the author, and the profit of the typographer alone.

The pulpit, from whence should alone proceed the word of God, and the exemplifications of faith, hope, and charity, whose works are peace and good will to all men, is defiled by the foul anathemas of the worldly, self-sufficient priest, who arrogates to himself a power that was never assumed by his pious master, nor any of the holy men who conscientiously undertook to propagate His name, and the precepts of His divine morality. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Corinthians, quotes a well-known sentence from one of Menander's comedies—again, in the book of Acts, he refers to the Greek poets; and when his companions were forced by the violence of the mob into the theatre at Ephesus, not one word is said by the apostle against the establishment or its purposes. Nay, more—he would himself have entered the building, but for the persuasions of his friends, who dreaded the temper of the populace—yet, Rowland Hill, a *reverend* member of the Methodist church, publicly returned thanks to God for killing some of the firemen, (the devil's children, as he called them,) who were endeavoring to extinguish the flames at the burning of one of the London theatres—and a Baptist minister, Boatswain Smith, declared the destruction of the Brunswick theatre, which fell beneath the weight of a ponderous iron roof, to be a manifestation of God's judgment—because a few carpenters, an unlucky actor or two, a dancer, and a painter, were victims to the builder's incapability. But when the chapel fell at Aberdeen, and upwards of twenty persons were killed during divine service, we heard not of the Omnipotent's displeasure; the distressing *accident* was the topic of the day. But we have no occasion to travel to Europe for examples—dreadful accidents have happened in American theatres; and the ignorant in their fanaticism have not failed to insult the mercies of the Eternal God.

Mr. Turnbull has embraced many of the errors of his brother combatants, and has not been fortunate in the strength of any new positions. He affirms that the drama is injurious to the cause of literature, because “authors, who would willingly employ their faculties in nobler offices, devote themselves to the drama, because such productions are *better paid* than those of more sterling value.” The latter are often a mere drug in the market, whilst the most vapid and miserable stuff commands a rapid sale.” The italics belong to Mr. T., and the whole sentence evinces how thoroughly ignorant he is of the subject he is endeavoring to elucidate. America possesses no dramatic literature, comparatively speaking; so far from playwrights being *better paid*, they are not paid at all. The convenience of transmission from London floods the managers' desks with every successful piece within a few weeks from its production, and prevents the necessity of employing an American pen. The few splendid (hearsay) instances to the contrary but prove the rule; but we trust that American authors will shortly compete successfully with the European playwrights, and that our sons may boast of a drama of their own.

The minister frequently contradicts himself. He allows that “the drama has been the means of eliciting some of the most brilliant efforts of human genius, and that it has been illustrated and embellished by the learning and talent of some highly distinguished men.” He confesses that he does “not know that *there is any thing absolutely improper* in that form of composition called *The Drama*,” neither is he sure “that there is any thing in mere scenic arrangement and *histrionic* performances, as such, to vitiate the principles and corrupt the morals of the community.” A few pages farther on, he stigmatises the actors as “a lost and degraded part of the community; distinguished for their dissipation, their want of high and honorable principle, their imprudence, improvidence, irreligion, and licentiousness.”

“It is a well-known fact,” says our reverend author, “that even in those places where the institutions of religion are regarded, they, (the players) are generally in the habit of rehearsing their parts, and making preparations for the amusements of the ensuing week, on the Sabbath.” This is *not* a well known fact, Mr. Trumbull; and whoever informed you of the prevalence of such practices was guilty of wilful misrepresentation.

He farther asserts that he never heard of one of the actors “who was a member of a christian church, or who ever attended regularly upon Divine worship.” We beg leave to assert that we know many—very many, members of the theatrical profession, who every way fulfil their duties towards God and their neighbors. Nay, more—we boldly assert, and defy a contradictory provement, that actors are peculiarly given to a

strict attendance at a place of worship—but that many of them have been driven from their seats in the house of prayer by the pious brutality of the reverend officiator, who has meanly taken the opportunity of insulting his hearer, and desecrating the holy tabernacle, into which foul things should creep not, by the pointed contumely of a public vituperation of the actor and his craft. Sheridan Knowles, during his recent visit to Philadelphia, was compelled to leave the church of a pious preacher, who drew the eyes of the whole congregation on the poor unoffending player, by the personal nature of his remarks. Knowles has immortalised the minister in a sonnet of peculiar power. Numerous other instances may be adduced; there is scarcely an actor of respectability who has not had his feelings outraged in the same way—nay, the ladies have received their share of the insolence of fanaticism—and we ourselves have attended as mourner at an actor's grave, when the clergyman illustrated the charity of his religion by insulting the poor clay over which he had been summoned to perform the last sad offices—by agonising the feelings of the bereaved and suffering wife—and conferring a gratuitous outrage upon the friends and relatives of the deceased, whose profession he stigmatised as the path of crime, and whose doom was brimstone and eternal pain.

At page 29, we are told that "it was a long time before the theatre could obtain any permanent establishment in Rome, owing to the opposition of its most upright citizens." This is a favorite assertion with all persons opposed to the stage. We are also told that the profession of an actor was declared infamous by the Romans. Let us see what history says upon the subject.

"In 353, B. C., Rome was afflicted by a dreadful pestilence, and after various means had been ineffectually used for appeasing the Gods, it was proposed to exhibit stage plays, which, in all antiquity, had a religious and solemn signification. In Rome, they had not, at that time, become usual; the only amusements of the warlike Romans having been the games of the circus, races, and other contests. They therefore obtained from the Etruscans (from whom they borrowed many religious rites) dancers, who performed their mimic dances to the sound of the tibia, on stages erected for the purpose. The Roman youth, delighted with this new spectacle, imitated them, and recited, at the same time, ludicrous verses. This new kind of exhibition was cultivated by native Romans, to whom the name *histriones* was given (from an Etruscan word signifying a stage player). They now recited comic poems (*saturne*, satires) accompanied with action and music. Livius Andronicus, who composed the first regular comedies, about 240 B. C., as was usual at that time, acted in them himself." This is Livy's account (vii. 2). The art of acting became so popular that the greatest men, particularly the orators, took lessons from the performers. The theatre became the fashionable rage—and not only the principal citizens, but the knights, the members of the senate, and even the sovereigns themselves, participated in the representations. Politics, which too often have injured the drama's prosperity, became interwoven with the matter of the play: the tyrant trembled beneath the lash of the poet—and Nero, the most villainous of the blots upon the page of history, declared the profession of an actor to be infamous, and banished all performers from the city, although the imbecile monarch would himself fiddle and sing in public places, and cause his soldier spies to arrest those persons who did not admire his execution. Another reason that rendered essential the suppression of dramatic amusements, was the fact that the performances extended throughout the whole day, and the artisan and the mechanic were induced to devote a longer period to their amusements than the necessities of their families could allow. But in the proud and palmy days of glorious Rome, the actors and dramatists were highly honored, and, as in ancient Greece, the first and noblest spirits of the age were proud to claim them as their masters and their friends. Cicero was the pupil of Roscius: Cato the Censor and Scipio Africanus enrolled themselves among the scholars of Ennius the Calabrian; Hiero of Syracuse patronised Æschylus and Epicharmus; Euripides, who sojourned at Macedonia on the invitation of King Archelaus, had a cenotaph erected to his memory at Athens with this inscription: "All Greece is the monument of Euripides; the Macedonian earth covers only his bones." Let us not then be told that actors were always a degraded race, or that "they have been regarded, in all ages, with suspicion and distrust."

In Roman Catholic countries, the members of the dramatic art are treated with every possible respect during their life, and refused the privilege of interment in consecrated ground after death. This anomaly has been frequently used as a reproach, but what are the causes of these opposite effects? The old states of polished Europe have for many centuries revelled in the enjoyment of theatrical amusements; they are now a part and parcel of the people's being—and the clergy have suffered a considerable decrease in their revenues by losing the monopoly of the acted mysteries and religious plays which in every country were the origin of the drama. Hence the cause of the animosity and interference of the priestcraft—an interference that developed itself in brutal revenge upon the *manes* of their unwilling foes.

The state of the drama is ever a type of the nation's strength. This is a startling assertion, perhaps, but let us examine into the facts. In Great Britain, France, and America, the drama is firmly fixed—a national amusement, recognized by the laws. In Germany, it develops the characteristics of the country, and meets with warm support in that liberal and literary clime. In Denmark, Sweden, and the black inhospitable regions of the north, it is but rarely seen. Czar Peter introduced the drama into Russia, but it has never flourished—it cannot breathe in a tyrant's land. Its success is a proof of wholesome civilization, not of feudal slavery or corrupt effeminacy; in warm and luxurious Italy, it assumes the shape of opera, and languishes in melting tones. The lazy and voluptuous Turk enjoys it in the primitive state of acted parables or tales of the Arabian story tellers. The brightest and purest days of the drama are to be found connected with the

glory of the land. In the Elizabethan age, Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, Dryden, and a long, "long trail of lights descending down," shed lustre on the British stage. During her Georgian era, when England held her highest rank in the scale of nations, what could excel the stage's great success? In America, the connexion is as strongly developed; theatres have increased in number with the growth of the Atlantic cities, and the drama's progress in the wilds of the great West, will accompany the onward march of civilization. In the Augustan age, the period of our Saviour's birth, the name of Roscius spread a glory on the professors of the histrionic art, and Herod, the conqueror of Jerusalem, with other institutions intended to be beneficial, established a theatre among the Jews; it was scarcely likely to meet with much success from

That pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, and no God could please.

Mr. Turnbull strongly comments on the profligacy observable among the audience portion of the theatres. Upon that topic, he has full right to enlarge, and if he must interfere with the intentions of the legislature, and, according to his own account, he preached his sermon to *influence* the minds of the representatives, (how strange that ministers of the gospel will be meddling with the slime of the world!) let him exert his power to remove the nuisances from the front of the curtain, and he may rest assured that the good sense of an American audience will always keep the stage and its members in a state of wholesome discipline. It is rather hard to visit upon the unfortunate actor, the sins of the drunkard, pickpocket, or courtesan, who may form portions of the auditory assembled to witness his exertions. We imagine that Mr. Turnbull would decline being answerable for the consequences of every love appointment kept in his church, or agree to become responsible for the virtue of every member of his pious fraternity, purged and cleansed as it is, of actors and their unholy associations. Let the pastor look at this:—it was a good thought of the peasant girl, who, observing Thales, the Milesian philosopher, walking in the court-yard of the house and bending his gaze upon the heavens, threw a small stool in his path, and caused the star-gazer to stumble. There are other erudite moralizers have need to look well at home before they fix their sight on things beyond their ken.

Our remarks have assumed a length not contemplated when we took up Mr. Turnbull's pamphlet—a notice of which, like the publication of his sermon, was forced upon us by our friends. The well-being of the stage is, to us, an object of selfish and of serious import;—we thoroughly despise the maudlin gentility that prompts some few of our empty-headed inanities to sneer at a science which requires, for the achievement of a successful issue, a greater portion of general and minute knowledge than any other profession. A good actor must be a gentleman of sound education and manifold accomplishments; a close observer of the manners of the age—with studious habits and persevering industry. Yet the reverend Mr. Turnbull stigmatizes them as "a set of idle and improvident spendthrifts, who have nothing to recommend them but the elasticity of their limbs, the melody of their voices, the grace of their appearance, or at the very most, the truth of their mimic and pantomimic representation!"

In conclusion, we shall quote the words of a reply to another anti-play sermon published last year, which reply was inserted in one of the Philadelphia papers. It says all that we desire to say.

"Let us not boast of our progress in the ways of science—of our advent from the clouds of barbarism—of our high cultivation of the humanities of life, which alone distinguish the biped from the brute—the enjoyer of God's blessings, and the grateful liver of this world's life, from the gloomy and unthankful misanthrope.—Let us talk no more of civil liberty—of the age of toleration—the black bands of ignorance and fanaticism have not been routed by the vaunted march of intellect. Cant, like the huge car of Juggernaut, yet rolls gloomily along, and crushes our vitalities in its path. The pulpit is turned from its holy use—the minister of God ceases to breathe the charities of Christianity, and

Thunders deep damnation thro' the land.

The Bible, the holy book of love and peace, is cast aside, and the worldly priest wades through the obscenities of Prynne and the atheistical impurities of Rousseau, to illustrate a sermon, unchristian in its purport, and branding thousands of his fellow creatures with the mark of shame."

SNARLEY YOW, OR THE DOG FIEND. *An Historical Novel, by Capt. Marryatt.*

MESSES. CAREY and HART having purchased the remainder of this tale from Captain Marryatt, and published it in book form, the author has entered the copyright in his own name, in the Clerks' Office of the Southern District of New York. This is the commencement of Marryatt's exertions to secure a property in his own productions, and we cordially wish him every success. The principal portion of *Snarley yow* appeared in monthly chapters in the *Metropolitan*, and on the arrival of the respective numbers in America, was speedily transferred to the pages of the multifarious periodicals. If the concluding part, hitherto unpublished in England, should be pirated here, which there is very little doubt but it will be, the Captain is resolutely determined upon prosecuting the offenders, and the issue will exhibit the capabilities of the copyright law in its present shape, and determine whether a foreigner cannot secure the production of his brains from the same robbery which becomes penal when practised on the effects of his handicraft.

Our readers must be too well acquainted with the tale of Snarleyyow, to require a critique upon its merits. It certainly is not the best of the Captain's works, and while "The Diary of a Blazé" is allowed to exist, cannot be considered as his worst. The last part of the novel is superior in interest to the commencement; the old woman's death is graphically described, and the execution of the Dutch captain and his dogfiend, is well "worked up." Snarleyyow is termed an historical novel; it might as well be termed Marryatt's Zoology. The historical details are ridiculously meagre, but the dog's life and manners are elaborately detailed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Now Publishing in Europe.

PIERCE EGAN, the concoctor of that infamous and ridiculous work, "Life in London," is now issuing the numbers of a new publication, entitled "THE PILGRIMS OF THE THAMES," describing the adventures and sights of various cockneys who visit the banks of the Londoner's river "in search of THE National." We have looked through six numbers of Mr. Egan's production, but have failed in discovering what substantive he wishes us to place after the word national. If nationality is the word intended, the pilgrims need not extend their rambles beyond Greenwich and Chelsea Hospital, for the most liberal exemplification of the phrase.

Pierce Egan, an illiterate vulgarian, a frequenter of prize fights, and a slangologist, arrogantly undertook to depict the varieties of life in London, although he had never extended his researches beyond the interior of the watch house, and knew nothing of respectability superior to the parlor of a flash tavern. His descriptions are bald and obscure, and his work would have experienced the damnation it deserved, but for the eloquent beauty of the prints, designed by the inimitable Cruikshank. When Monerief, the playwright, was requested by Rodwell to dramatise the work, he declared, that after spending several days over the inanity of Egan's pen-work, he threw the letter press portion into the fire, and completed his play from the living pictures presented by the artist's skill.

Pierce Egan has also perpetrated "The Life of an Actor," published with colored prints; but the heaviness of the author swamped the limner, and the work sunk to the bottom of the Lethean stream.

In "The Pilgrims of the Thames," Mr. E. has pursued his ardent love of quotations, and lugs in every possible variety of prettinesses. The first piece of poetry quoted in "The Pilgrims" will display the author's taste, and the apposite nature of the extract, as applied to the Venus di Medicis, the subject in illustration.

Ladies, like variegated tulips,
'Tis to their changes, half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak;
Their happy spot the nice admirer take.

Mr. Egan has not informed us who is the author of this gem; can any our of readers discover the pater-nity!

The Illustrations by Pierce Egan the younger, are totally devoid of interest, and seem as if etched upon pewter. Some of the wood engravings are good.

THE most interesting work on India that we have yet seen, has lately appeared in London under the title of "FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND SCENES FROM NATURE IN HINDOSTAN. By THOMAS BACON, Lieutenant in the Bengal Horse Artillery." Mr. Bacon gives the result of his experiences in a very attractive form; every page is full of incident, and a lively satisfied air runs through the work. It is to be hoped that we shall shortly see an American edition upon our table.

Military men are partial to amateur theatricals; the excitement connected with the production of a play is a welcome relief to the ennui of the peaceful camp, or the tedium of garrison duty. The following sketch will give some idea of the difficulties of the play-loving parvenues, particularly of the gentlemen who undertook to represent the feminine portion of the dramatic personæ.

"The rehearsals were, by no means, the least amusing part of the dramatic entertainments; here a high-born heroine came strutting on in a peasant's petticoat, put on to break her into a more maidenly gait, the upper part of the figure being clad in a drab shooting coat and a tallyho hat; then came the lover, habited very possibly in a countryman's smock, and a red scratch, which he had been fitting on in the wardrobe, when the prompt-call hurried him to his post, the costume being intended perhaps for the afterpiece; again, the gardener or groom would very likely appear in a gold-laced uniform jacket, with a pair of leather inexpressibles drawn on over the regimental trowsers, the gold stripes appearing from the knee downward. Then the stage-manager is heard: "Prompt-boy, pass the call for the Earl of Westmorland." "He's serving out the wax candles for the play-night, your honour."

"Prince John of Lancaster, stand by." "He's making a nose for Bardolph, sir."

"Then send the drummer, who is to play Dame Quickly." "She's drunk, sir."

After the rehearsal, a pic-nic supper formed no disagreeable conclusion to the exertions of the evening, and here the cheerful laugh went round right merrily; the viands, the wine, the joke, and the song, were all good, and were all full cordially enjoyed.

Upon one occasion, during the race-meeting, when a large influx of society from other stations had rendered the cantonment more than usually gay, the manager had been induced to launch out more boldly than was his custom in preparations for a succession of plays. The first one to be performed, was "The Gambler's Fate," and much labor and expense were bestowed upon it. A well-crammed house rewarded the efforts of the manager, and the piece was going off most brilliantly. The feelings of the audience were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement during that beautifully portrayed scene, wherein, after Julia's marriage to Albert Germaine, and her husband's imprisonment through the perfidy of Malcour, the latter obtains in the dead of the night admittance to her chamber, by the window. So profound was the silence of the house at this critical juncture, that a pin might have been heard to fall upon the stage during the progress of the scene. Julia, having been repeatedly foiled by Malcour, in her efforts to escape, or to alarm the house, is thrown into a pitiable state of confusion and horror by the voice of her husband at her chamber door; he having effected an escape from confinement, and being pursued by the officers of justice, eagerly demands admission. Malcour has secured the key; Albert hears his voice within, and violently bursts open the door at the moment that Malcour escapes through the window, and Julia, overwhelmed with terror and dismay, swoons, in a dead faint, falling upon her face.

The heroine performed her fall in her best possible style, and much to the admiration of the audience; but the whole delusion was suddenly dissipated in bursts and "screeches of laughter," by a jump from the summit of the sublime to the abyss of the ridiculous. Julia, bedecked in very splendid bridal array, wore in her hair a large plume of ostrich feathers, and a heavy brilliant comb; the weight of these burst the horse-hair which secured her wig, and with the impetus of the fall, away flew wig, feathers, and all, straight over to the foot-lights, leaving exposed poor Julia's naked scalp, fresh from the barber's hands, and shining as bright as a new penny.

And now La Ruse, who personated Albert, displayed an instance of his consummate self-possession and address in a stage dilemma. The chamber was supposed to be in darkness, and Julia to be unseen by Albert. La Ruse threw himself between the prostrate bald-pated heroine and the audience, with his cloak thrown over his arm, and his arm extended as if feeling his way; with a well-directed touch of his toe, he then kicked the wig and head-dress within the lady's reach, and managed to screen her from the audience until she had re-adjusted them. She was too much convulsed with internal laughter to do this cleverly, and when raised from the ground by her husband, it was found, "Ohe! Jam satis," that the wig had been put on hind-part before, so that the plumes were hanging down her back. For this difficulty, even La Ruse, with all his masterly address, failed to find a cloak; but after poor Julia had retired from the stage to rectify the evil, the play went on without let or hindrance.

These perplexities are more frequent upon an amateur stage than among professional people, and I could fill a tolerable volume with those which have come under my own notice in India. I will content myself, however, with one more anecdote of the kind.

"One night, Lydia Languish being somewhat overcome with the fatigue of acting, and the enervating heat of the climate, had seated herself, while her services were not required, upon a couch behind the scenes, and was refreshing herself with a bottle of iced champagne and a cigar. She was chatting away with some amateur groom or fiddler, when she heard the prompt boy's call, 'Lydia Languish, stand by;' the young lady tossed off her wine, popped her cigar in her mouth, and catching the cue, tripped on to the stage, all flounces and affectation, whiff—whiff—whiff, too well accustomed to the use of tobacco to be at all aware of her singular blunder, until a roar of laughter from the house brought her 'to a sines of her situation.'"

Mr. Ward's new book, "THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMAN LIFE," has gone into a second edition in London—a fact that, in these times, speaks mightily for the merit of the work. The author, who has had considerable experience amid the various classes of the world, is more philosophical in this production than in his didactic novels of Tremaine and De Vere—but he is too aristocratic in his views of the present workings of society—too querulous at the sweep of liberal opinions among mankind to reason, with unbiassed predication, upon the habitudes of human life. He imagines that he has conquered his prejudices of early life—but with all his philosophy, evidence to the contrary is to be found in every page. The following extract from the division termed "Atticus," is a good specimen of his style, and descriptive of his own opinion of himself.

"In my youth, when training for the world, which I hoped to conquer and possess, I read Homer and Shakspeare, Plutarch and Thucydides, Clarendon and Davita, certainly in a great measure from taste, but in a much greater to fit me for public life. With the same view also, I may have devoted myself even to the muses, whose haunts are any thing but public; but excellent in this, that in cultivating the taste by the delights of Belles Lettres, you improve those qualities which give a polish to talents for business, and therefore increase their value. This was then my chief object. But this is no more. I have been *satio spectaculum et rude donatum*; the business part of life is over, nor seek I to prolong it. Pleasure is now my business; but the pleasure that befits an old man—the pleasure of the mind. I have passed through the world, and but for your visit, might think myself forgotten in it; but not therefore are forgotten all that formerly softened or swelled the soul; not the less cease I to be interested in the character and nature of myself and fellow-men; and if history is, as it has been called, 'Philosophy teaching by examples,' I, as a philosopher, have a right still to read history. Its politics and its party rage are, thank God, done with; and a man who has lived his life, can propose no good, nor even feel interest in reviving them. But the power of genius, the inspirations of eloquence, and the stern judgment of impartial historians, must still, and for ever, interest us, as promoting a more correct knowledge of men and things. This could not be so well done when under the influence of party bias, and when truth itself is, as it sometimes is, wrested from its straight line, in order to serve a particular object. The object gone, our love of truth revives; our minds are purified; the judgment is no longer obscured; and we love and read history, as we love and read poetry, for its own sake, independent of any interest but what itself inspires."

"THE GAMBLER'S DREAM," is the title of a new romance of the *Roué* school. The plot is curious, and the style animated and agreeable; but the undisguised villany of every member of the *dramatis personæ* excites disgust, rather than interest in their proceedings. An impoverished gambler falls asleep by his own fireside, after a run of excessive ill-luck. He dreams, and imagines that "the gentleman in black" invites him to a snug little supper, which, with singular taste, is to be held in the cellar of Crockford's splendid "hell." The arch-fiend introduces the luckless leg to half a dozen other worthies, "friends of his," from various parts of the globe. The geniuses entertain each other with narratives of their doings in this every-day world, and develope as pretty a series of scenes of revolting depravity as Old Nick could possibly desire. The author has concealed his name, and wisely, for the debasement of intellect is an offence deserving the bitterest execration.

MUSIC.

THE Tyrolese Alpine Singers have been gaining much reputation and some little profit by their performances in Philadelphia during the last month. Madame BABET LEIDL, LÉON HART BACHLER, her father-in-law, and FRANZ SCHLEGEL, his nephew, have in them the elements of good music; the lady, a petite, black-eyed brunette, possesses a round, clear toned voice of tolerable quality, but limited extent. Franz Schlegel is a tenor of ordinary capacity, but he thumbs the citterne, discourses most eloquent music from a brace of Jew's harps, and capers the national dances with all the agility and grace of an Alpine goat—jumping, curvetting, frisking and frolicking around his lady love with an activity that, like the virtues of a quack medicine, must be seen to be believed. Bachler, the elder Tyrolien, is a prodigious wonder; his voice embraces every known quality, and he can "murmur you as gentle as a sucking dove, and anon, roar you like a lion." The clear tone and wonderful power of his falsetto is truly astonishing; and his *portamento di voce* being extremely perfect, the transition is imperceptible. The echo *terzette*, with an original solo, was a masterly performance; and his *goître* song is a curious illustration of that malady of the mountaineers. His accompaniments on the mandoline were marked with correctness and exquisite grace. The rude German patois in which the words of the melodies are framed, is but little suited to the softness of musical expression; but the singers, by a distinct utterance and musical expression, rounded the volumes of consonants into clear and exquisite harmony. The *doer* of the songs into *English*, as it is called, deserves some notice for the elegance of his translation; take a couple of verses from the "Tyrolese in America:—"

Philadelphia is a town,
Splendid and vast;
Where one sees carriages and horsemen,
Dash by so fast.

And the people are so kind,
Happy and good;
I should like to be an American,
By my soul I would.

But the crowning glory is reserved for the following verse:—

Here they know what life is, and money
Does so abound,
The people voyage in "big ships,"
All the world round.

The Alpine Singers are worthy a visit, not only from their actual desert, which is great, but from the motive of their visit to the shores of America. The son of Bachler, when recently married to the interesting Babet, was unfortunately included in the last draught of men made by the Austrians for the recruitment of their military force. A long series of years must the younger Bachler pass in the regiment, unless his family are able to raise the price of his redemption—they are now employed upon that holy errand, and the father and the wife blend their voices in the simple ballads of their native hills, to gain in a foreign land—the land of freedom—the means of liberty for the husband and the son.

BIG SHIPS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA—the most perfect specimen of modern handicraft—has been safely committed to her destined element. The launch was perfect, and created enthusiastic delight in the minds of the largest body of spectators that ever congregated on or about the river. The *Pennsylvania* is undoubtedly the monarch of the seas; we have heard of larger craft—we have seen longer—but we doubt if it is in the power of man to frame a vessel more complete in all the essential qualities. Objections have been made to the enormousness of her bulk, but it is confidently asserted by experienced shipwrights and nautical veterans of high repute, that owing to the superiority of her build, she will be as easily handled as any of the crack seventy-fours.

"Big ships" have uniformly been unfortunate in their career; the huge monsters built to gratify the fancies of various nations, although scarcely exceeding the tonnage of many of our Atlantic packets, have generally proved heavy useless craft, unmanageable in a gale, and ridiculously impotent in war. The Dutch, in the meridian of their naval greatness, never exceeded ninety-gun ships; and though first-rates, as they are termed, have been built in England and France, they have been regarded rather as vessels of superior show than of additional practical power.

There is very little doubt but that the ancients occasionally constructed vessels equal in magnitude to any of the monsters of modern times. The recorded size of the *Isis*, built by Ptolemy Philopater, or the cedar

ship of Sesostriis, or the wonderful craft built by Archimedes, by order of Hiero, containing sufficient wood for the construction of fifty galleys. The curious classicist may read a lengthy account of this leviathan in Athenæus' *Feast of the Sophists*. This ship contained, beside the requisite arrangements, a magnificent temple of Venus, superb banqueting apartments with floors inlaid with scenes from the *Iliad*, elegant galleries, baths, stables, and fish-ponds. When this floating city was finished, the monarch perceived that there was not a port in Sicily capable of receiving it; he, therefore, filled the ship with grain, and sent it as a present to Ptolemy of Egypt, who was much in want of corn.

Constantius built a vessel of sufficient capability to remove the largest of the obelisks that stood before the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, and weighed fifteen hundred tons. His father, Constantine, had removed two of the obelisks to Byzantium, but, frightened at the size of the third, had abandoned all idea of disturbing it.—His son succeeded, and even transported the enormous block to Rome, and erected it in the circus of the Vatican, where it now stands. Besides the crank, unmanageable burthen of the obelisk, the vessel was filled up with eleven hundred and thirty-eight tons of grain—making in all twenty-six hundred and thirty-eight tons, almost the burthen of the *Pennsylvania*. How this craft would have astonished Cicero, who mentions a ship of fifty-six tons as a vessel of remarkable capacity.

After these ancient leviathans, the largest ships on record are the celebrated *Santissima Trinidad*, the pride of the Spanish navy; the French vessel, the gigantic *Commerce de Marseilles*, the English *Great Harry*, *The Caledonia*, and *The Great Michael*, whose warlike appurtenances are described as "bassils, mynards, hagters, culverings, flings, falcons, double dogs, and pestilent serpenters." These wondrous specimens of naval architecture in the olden time, had prodigiously high bows and figured sterns, immense beaks and solid castles at the stem, with towers at each side of the poop and gangways—looking like the turrets of a castellated chateau. The signal lantern on the poop of the *Great Harry* was on a level with the round tops, owing to the height of her extremities, and the sudden sinking-in at midships. She had four masts, with tops actually round, and shaped like huge inverted cones. Gilt work, carving, and gaudy streamers were profusely scattered over her hull and rigging. She cost \$550,000 dollars, an enormous sum in those days, yet was not over one thousand tons burthen. She was burnt at Woolwich through the negligence of persons aboard.

Henry VIII., in the year 1512, built "the largest ship in the world." It was thus that the English denominated *The Regent*, yet she did not exceed one thousand tons. She was burnt while engaging the great carrack of Brest; both ships were blown up, and sixteen hundred men destroyed. To replace the *Regent*, the king built a larger ship, and named it *Henri, Grace de Dieu*.

The East India Company, in the reign of James I., built a ship of twelve hundred tons, and named it *The Trades Increase*. She was also considered the greatest ever built, and the Royal Family attended her launch. She was lost when returning from a voyage to the Red Sea, and nearly all her crew were cast away. After this mishap, James himself built a vessel of fourteen hundred tons, and mounting sixty-four pieces of ordnance; he gave it to his son Henry, who named it after his own dignity, *The Prince*.

The unfortunate but gifted monarch, Eric XIV., of Sweden, lost, in a sea fight with the fleet of Frederic II., of Denmark, his mammoth ship, which is described as having been of enormous bulk, and mounting two hundred pieces of brass cannon. The vessels of the enemy surrounded her, and being difficult to manage, was easily overpowered, and set on fire. She is presumed to have been the largest man-of-war that was ever built.

The English navy boasts of several vessels of one hundred and twenty guns, two of which, *The Lord Howe* and *The Waterloo*, have never been in commission. The *Lord Nelson*, launched July the 4th, 1814, from the King's Yard, Woolwich, is the largest man-of-war in the service, but is something smaller than the *Pennsylvania*, as the following comparison will evince.

	<i>Pennsylvania.</i>		<i>Lord Nelson.</i>	
	Feet.	Inch.	Feet.	Inch.
Length from figure-head to stern-gallery,	247	6	244	0
Length on the range of the lower gun-deck,	205	6	205	1
Length of the keel for tonnage,	173	6	170	10
Breadth extreme,	58	1½	54	6
Depth in the hold,	25	9	28	0
Perpendicular height from bottom of keel to rail amidships,	54	9	53	2
Length of the foremast,	120	0	118	1
Diameter of ditto,	3	8	3	3
Length of the mainmast,	132	0	127	2
Diameter of ditto,	4	0	3	2
Length of the main-top mast,	70	0	77	2
Length of the mainyard,	110	0	109	3
Diameter of ditto,	2	0	2	2
Draft of water,	25	0	25	0
Tonnage,	3000	0	2617	0
Number of guns,	136	0	120	0

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THE HALF BREED.

A TALE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

READER, imagine thyself transported to the thirtieth degree of southern latitude, and at the foot of the eastern base of the giant Andes. The ground is broken into stony ridges, whereon grow various species of cactus and thorny plants, with here and there some beautiful wild flowers. Some scattered algarrova trees are seen in clumps; and the golden barked chanar presents its mellow fruit to the hand of the gatherer, if perchance any one should approach in that wild region. On yonder steep track, up the mountain side, there is something moving, which looks in the distance like a slender thread. Look yet closer, and you will see that it is a herd of guanacocs advancing in single file. Hah! they have broken up their orderly march, and are confusedly scattered over the rocky surface. An animal is bounding upon one of them. It is a puma (silver lion); the sharp fangs are fixed in the guanaco's neck, and vain is his speed up the stony height. He falls, and the body is at the disposal of the spoiler. Cast your glance higher! Heed not the gray fox which is looking at you within five yards. It is rarely that he looks on a human being; and he does not yet understand that there are modes of doing hurt to a foe, besides teeth and nails. Hither! hither! press not onwards in that direction; look at that pied animal of black and white, close to the old root. Small and pretty though he be, he is a fearful foe. He is a zorillo, and if you approach too near, his poisonous odour will infect you, and shut you out from communion with your fellows for six months to come. Now, mount this point of rock, and look upwards! Mark the ridged steeps rising one above the other, with an uncertain bluish hue, which half deceives the vision. That last one is more distinct, for the jagged outline is backed by the eternal snow of the main ridge, whose summit is lost in the clouds. Turn your gaze eastwards over the unbroken expanse of the boundless plains; the sea of grass, where the wild rider, on his desert-born steed, revels in the very drunkenness of freedom, with the green level below, and the blue sky above him, laughing to scorn the poor sun-parched Arab and his barren sands, which limit his movements by starving the animal that bears him. The day shall come, when we will scour those plains together, in the full tide of rapture, with a hundred gallant steeds to each separate saddle. We

will, I tell you, but not now. It is near the time that they burn the grass, and I like not a blackened surface beneath an unshodden hoof. When the young grass hath matted over the ashes of the old, and half whistles as the limbs of the coursers dash through its crisp intertwinings,—then is the season of joy; and beneath the well armed bolas and the unerring lazo, neither the speed of the wild deer, nor of the wilder ostrich, shall be found availing. Ha! your color mounts and your heart beats high. It may well be so; for if aught of rapture exist on earth, yonder grassy desert can yield it. But turn your glance southward, where yonder small stream is meandering over the low and narrow valley. Trace its upward course, and mark where the hills separate on either hand; and even the giant crest of the snowy ridge is cloven, as if to leave a pathway for the purposes of man. It is the southern pass from the eastern side of the Andes, to the fair region of Chile, along which, in by-gone years, caravans of laden wagons—the land-ships of the Pampas—were accustomed to travel under the escort of Blandengui soldiers, ere renegade Christians had taught the Pampas tribes to combat and conquer their brethren.

It was during the summer of the year **** that a traveller, well clad and well mounted, and accompanied by a hardy looking guide, who drove before him a pack-horse and several spare saddle horses, stopped to rest for the night near the stream before described, just as the sun sank in the ridges of clouds which surmounted the summit of the snowy range. The horses were quickly tethered out to feed by the guide, while his patron lighted a fire, on which he piled several large branches of the dense algarrova wood, which is nearly as durable as coal, for fuel, and then sat himself down on his saddle trappings with an air of great contentment, while he stripped off his poncho, or Indian mantle, and appeared clad in a shooting jacket of blue cloth, containing a host of pockets, and slung over it, several loose pouches or havresacs, constructed of coarse sail-cloth. Having examined a fowling-piece which he carried, he drew the charge and wiped it out, after which he re-loaded it, and added a ball to the small shot, apparently by way of additional security for the night. Then spreading his poncho on the ground, he proceeded to empty his

pockets and pouches of their heterogeneous contents. Plants, birds, stones, insects, and various reptiles, were laid out in order; and the guide, having placed by his side a rude square trunk, formed of the untanned hide of an ox, with the hair on, he took from it several tin cases and wooden boxes, with an assortment of papers, in which he proceeded to dispose of his treasures of natural history, after skinning his birds, and rubbing them with red pepper, contained in a small calabash. The age of the traveller might be about forty, and the expression of his handsome countenance was remarkably benevolent. While he was thus occupied, his guide was busied roasting some small but long strips of beef, which he dexterously threaded on a thin stick of algarrova, and placed in a slanting position over the fire. The guide was considerably younger than his patron, and was garbed in the ordinary habiliments of the Gaucho peasantry, viz. a species of kilt, and loose cotton drawers, with a round jacket and straw hat, all marvellously dirty, from the length of time they had been worn unchanged on the journey. His swarthy features gave indications of great intelligence, and his muscular and well moulded limbs marked him out as a "respectable man," which phrase, in Spanish, means one who well understands how to make his hand keep his head. Having carefully eyed the proceedings of his patron, he broke silence in the intonation of language peculiar to the class he belonged to.

"Senor, now that your honour has done with those birds, it will be well to roast them for supper, instead of leaving them for the foxes!"

"Do so, Pablo! I should like to change beef for poultry for once."

"Ah, if we could but light upon a quiriquincho."

"An armadillo, you mean, Pablo. I want a specimen of a shell."

"And I should like a specimen of the meat, patron. But what do you intend to make of all these little animals? Are they for remedies?" (medicinal purposes.)

"No, Pablo, they are to show, when I return to my own country."

"You must never return, patron. What will all the people in Mendoza do, now that they have been so long accustomed to be cured by you? They will never trust themselves again in the hands of that kill-all, Don Bonifacio."

"How did they manage before I arrived, Pablo? But that beef is roasted enough, and I am hungry. By our lady, the night is chilly. The breeze that blows over the mountain tops pierces from breast to back. Give me the horn of wine, Pablo, and see to the hide-lashings, that they remain firm round the barrel. It will be three days yet, ere we are in Chile."

The traveller drank off the presented draught with apparent content, and Pablo handed him the rude spit with the meat, to help himself.

"Not a crumb of bread left, Pablo?"

"Not one, patron; but here is some toasted maize-flower in the kid-skin bag. Shall I mix some with water, for your honor?"

"Do so, Pablo. And the first hacienda we come to

in Chile, we will have some hot bread, though we lie by half a day for it."

"Take this partridge, patron, though it would have been better had you left the skin on it."

"Bah! Pablo, that is the wild pigeon, as bitter as gall."

"Your own fault, patron, for skinning it. This must be the partridge, then—the two birds are not easily distinguished except by taste, when skinned. This is a bad time for pigeons, for they feed on the bitter seeds. But, patron! your honor has not yet told me, why we have come this long way round to get to Chile, when the Portillo was at our right-hand, and invitingly open."

"Why, Pablo, I wanted to collect the curious plants which are not to be found farther north. And I wished also to see this part of the Andes, now that the Pampas Indians are at peace with Mendoza, and the province of Concepcion is free from robbers. It would have been no easy task last year, when Pincheira held the pass; and perhaps, next year, some other robber will do the same thing. We have a lucky time of it just now."

"That Pincheira was a desperate villain, patron."

"So I have heard, Pablo; but who is he? and where does he come from? and, above all, where has he gone to?"

"He is the son of a royalist officer, whom God confound!—by the daughter of one of the Caciques of the tribe of Pehuenches. He held a commission in the army of the king; and when La Patria was triumphant, he turned common robber, as chief of a band of Indians and renegado Christians. Since he was last defeated by the Chileno troops, when he had the impudence to call himself Viceroy of Chile, it is supposed that he has contrived to pass over to Chiloe—to Quintanilla. But hark, patron! what shouting is that?"

Both instantly sprang to their feet, and retired to a distance from the fire, to ascertain the cause of the numerous voices that were borne upon the wind; and not without considerable fear, when they reflected upon the bad name the neighborhood they were in had no long time before acquired. There was no moon, but the night was bright and starlit. They listened anxiously for a while, and Pablo ascended the trunk of one of the algarrova trees, when his practised ear distinguished the heavy tramp of cattle. Without another word, he instantly went to the stream, and filled a goat-skin bag with water, which he poured on the fire, and extinguished it, devoutly hoping that, as it was close under a rising bank, it had not been seen by the approaching party, whom he strongly suspected to be marauders, on account of their numbers and apparent security. This suspicion he communicated to his patron; and, by his direction, forthwith saddled two horses, and untethered the others ready for loading, when they retired to a greater distance from the spot where their fire had been. Still the sounds continued to approach, and the lowing of cattle was distinctly heard. While they were painfully watching, they observed a blaze shoot up at the distance of a few hundred yards from them;

and, as the light increased, they distinguished several men seated round, in the act of preparing their supper; while other persons, on horseback, from time to time rode up to them.

"What do you make them out to be, Pablo?" asked his patron.

"Thieves, patron, I fear, but not Indians. I will get closer to them."

On his hands and knees Pablo approached; and favored by some low bushes of a saline plant, called humé, he was enabled to listen to their conversation. For a while he was uncertain, but at length he recognised the features of a cattle dealer he had known in Mendoça, and, springing on his feet, he joined the group.

"Friend Pablo, is it thyself or thy ghost? Where, in the name of wonder, hast thou come from?"

"I had just done what thou art about to do, Antonio—supped; but thou and thy comrades have given me and my patron a fright. Where are ye bound to?"

"To Chile, to sell a thousand head of cattle we have with us. They are worth ten dollars a head in Chile, I am told. We shall make some profit, as we bought cheap."

"From whom?" asked Pablo, with a grin.

"From the Pampas Indians; we have a safe conduct from one of the Caciques in order to traffic."

"What did ye change away for the cattle?" asked Pablo.

"O! as usual, beads and knives, and some lance-heads, and some few sabres; much red baize, sugar, tobacco, but, above all, wine and brandy."

"Are the Pampas Indians turned cattle-breeders?" asked Pablo, with a knowing look.

"They are not likely," replied Antonio, with a look quite as knowing in reply, "while they can procure them at an easier rate."

"Who has suffered this time?"

"The Estancias (grazing farms) of Cordova and Buenos Ayres. Santa Fé would have been the same, only they had nothing to lose. The Chinos (common nickname for the Indians) carried off safely ten thousand head. Well, 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good."

"What have they cost you per head?"

"Something under a dollar. Beads were cheap, and the English bring sabres and knives for almost nothing. Excellent ones, too, for our purpose, for they will break in the hands of the Chinos when they go to use, them. Our speculation will be a good one, if we once reach Chile safely. The boasting Portenos (natives of the *Port*, Buenos Ayres) who get all the duties on goods, will be squared up with in this fashion. But who is your patron now?"

"Don Juan, the foreign physician."

"Don Juan. Ava Maria, but he is a good man! Fetch him, Pablo, fetch him; we all want curing of complaints."

"But Don Juan is knowing in the brand marks of cattle. What will he say when he sees them?"

"How will he know that we have not bought them of the estancieros (graziers)?"

"Because he knows that, three moons since, the Indians did not leave the estancieros a hoof."

"Well, it matters not. Don Juan has lived long enough in Mendoça to understand that each province must look after itself. The Indians had got the cattle, and the Mendoçinos might as well get a good bargain as leave it, as neither Porteno nor Cordovese had any chance of getting a hoof back, unless on the same terms. Every one for himself, and God for us all! If we remain poor men, how can we pay our physician well? Don Juan is a reasonable man, and knows that every one must get his living. The English heretics on the sea, I have heard tell, used to rob all the bullion ships they met with in the time of the king; and, not many years past, they took four galleons loaded with treasure, just as they were entering a Spanish port, one of which blew up. Don Juan, who is an Englishman, though no heretic, but a good Catholic, must hear reason, and not blame us for doing by land what his countrymen are accustomed to do by sea."

"True," replied Pablo, with a nod of assent. "Very true! but I wish I had known of this traffick. I would have had a share in it, even at the risk of Don Juan's displeasure. He would have forgiven me afterwards."

"But why should Don Juan be so displeased, and wherefore are you afraid of him?"

"Afraid! Antonio; look at these knife wounds. I am afraid of nothing. But Don Juan cured me when I was all but dead of a fever, and gave me money besides, as I was poor. So I owe him a life. But he is a strange cavalier, and has a notion of civilizing the Indians, and making Christians of them, as the Jesuits did formerly; and has bought a large estancia, near the river Diamanca, from the Pehuenches tribes."

"Ha! ha! ha! He is a good man, but how simple! he might as well have bought a piece of yonder blue sky, to breed cattle on."

The subject of their conversation now rode up, and was received with general expressions of pleasure, while Pablo was sent away for the wine barrel and baggage. After they had supped, and were in full glee, taking turns to rest, and watch the cattle, which were grazing around the valley, all found time to complain of some corporeal ailment, for which they wanted a remedy; and the benevolent physician listened in the most kindly manner, giving them the advice he deemed requisite. Sweet was the sleep into which he soon after sunk on his simple couch of horse-trappings, spread on the grassy turf; while surrounded by the rude, but kindly men, whose hearts he had won by the beneficence of his disposition, which constantly showed itself in words and acts, alike unpremeditated. To look on that scene by the light of the watch-fire, to which many trees had contributed, while the half-savage looking beings, sat on the earth, around the cultivated man of high civilization, amidst the mournful lowings of the stolen cattle; might have stirred up in the philosophic mind, many sources of deep thought as to the origin and definition of good and evil.

So soon as the morning star peeped above the horizon, all were in motion, preparing to continue their

journey across the mountain range; and our friend Don Juan was not displeased at the addition to his escort. The cattle drivers were twelve in number, and with a thousand head of bulls and cows, of somewhat restive disposition, they had quite sufficient work in hand; so that it was only at intervals that Don Juan could glean information from them respecting the localities and the plants he met with; and even his guide Pablo felt more disposition to attend to the exciting sport of cattle driving, than to answer questions respecting matters whose utility he could not comprehend. As they advanced, the valley became broader, and various grassy ravines opened into it at intervals, up which the cattle continually strayed; so that it became necessary for half the men to go on ahead, to keep them in the right track. At mid-day, they reached a spot where the hills on either side rose in tall cliffs, and the valley narrowed so, that there was only space on one side for a road, and on the other for the stream, which ran deeply and rapidly down. At this spot, the cattle were necessarily huddled close together; and they were scarcely got through the narrow pass to a more open spot, when a herd of guanacoës were seen to dash away from the pasture on which they had been feeding, and rush up a track on the mountain side. At this spirit-stirring sight, the men forgot their cattle, and spurred their horses up the steep path, till there was no possibility of advancing farther, and then dismounting, they set on two fine dogs, who needed no urging to follow their prey; yet the voices of the men rang loudly, as they echoed from rock to rock, while they cheered their four-footed friends on their task. O! it was a joyous time, with the bright sun over-head, and a green valley below, and the gurgling clear stream, alternating with the precipitous crags, and the fixed attention of all to the animating sport, and the shouts of rapture as the dogs gradually gained on their chase. At length they came up with their prey; but heeding not those whom they first reached, they sprang through the whole body, and fairly turned them back upon their footsteps. Don Juan, who had hitherto been merely watching, now dismounted from his horse, and prepared his gun, which he successfully discharged on the first who approached; and at the report, several others were so startled, that they sprang madly over the steep, and were dashed to pieces. Some few out of the herd escaped the lazoes of the hunters, dashed down the valley and escaped, the dogs being too wearied to pursue them; and moreover, occupied in satiating themselves with the blood of those the hunters slaughtered with their knives.

"To our work, comrades!" exclaimed Antonio, so soon as the bezoar stones* had been extracted from the slaughtered animals.

"Shall we not carry some of the guanaco meat with us?" asked Don Juan.

"If your honor wishes it," replied Antonio; "but not for us. Only the poor beggarly Chilenos eat guanaco from choice. We might eat it if we had

nothing else; but with a thousand head of beeves, we shall hardly eat inferior meat."

"Well, let Pablo put up two haunches for me, on the baggage horse. It is as good as venison."

"What a strange taste!" muttered Antonio to his fellow gauchos, as they again began to gather their cattle.

Notwithstanding all the haste they made, the unruliness of the cattle, and the time they had lost in the guanaco hunt, delayed them so much, that night overtook them as they were passing through a straggling grove of the chanar, the algarrova, and the thorny acacia, which filled the valley from side to side. Much trouble was experienced in driving the cattle away from the shelter of the trees; and they had scarcely got through, when a most hideous and deafening yell startled them back upon the drivers, and a number of horsemen, dashing forwards at the same moment, threw their lazoes over the heads of the astonished gauchos, and dragged most of them to the earth.

"Indians! Indians!" shouted Pablo to his patron; and putting spurs to their horses, they endeavored to ride beyond the reach of pursuit. But the unerring bolas instantly left the hands of many pursuers—the limbs of the horses were fettered, and they sank to the ground, while their riders were noosed by lazoes, and they were made prisoners. Some few of the gauchos had been killed, while making unavailing attempts at resistance, and the remainder, with Don Juan and Pablo, after their hands had been bound behind their backs, were fastened upon horses, and led away by some of their assailants, whose numbers they could not discover; while the remainder occupied themselves with looking after the cattle, and driving them up the valley. Don Juan spoke once or twice to his guards; but the only reply was the exhibition of a knife, or rather the pressure of the point against his breast. He said no more; but sat still upon his horse, as it was led forward.

After advancing half a league, the leader of the party turned up a ravine leading southwards, which made several windings; after which they entered the sandy bed of a rivulet that ran between the stupendous walls of lofty rocks, and was in some parts intersected by mountain masses of granite. At length they began to ascend a steep slope, over which the stream fell; and at the top they emerged on a small level plain, surmounted on all sides by mountains. One of the guides now placed his hand on his mouth, and gave vent to the startling Indian yell, which was instantly replied to. The whole party then turned an angle of the mountain slope, and several large fires were seen. They halted before a large building, formed of rough stones, piled one on another, without cement, and covered with a thatch of rushes; several skins of wild animals sewn together, serving as a curtain instead of a door.

Don Juan and the rest of the party then dismounted, and were led to a fire, where a guard of wild looking men of white blood, and also others of the red race, were assembled; but all alike clad in the Indian costume. A more ferocious assemblage it had never been

* *Piedra bezales*.—*Calculi* formed in the stomachs of guanacoës.

the lot of Don Juan to look upon. Their clothing consisted of one poncho of gaudy colors thrown over the shoulders, and another fastened round the waist; and boots made from the skin of a horse's legs, taken off entire. Some of the whites had, in addition to these, the ragged and worn out clothing of Christians, and wore a species of foraging cap on their head. Their arms were, for the most part, rusty sabres and carbines. The Indians wore cuirasses of hardened hide, and bore long lances of canes, headed with rude points of iron; some of them had sabres, and all knives. Most of them were bare-headed—if long and thick bushes of hair, which resembled the tail of a horse in all but smoothness, can be called bare. Others of them wore a species of hide helmet, set round with ostrich feathers, in the form of a coronal. In the countenances of the Indians there might be seen a dull ferocity, but in those of the whites there was a malignant expression of diabolic cunning which commonly marks the civilized renegade when he turns to the savage state.

One after another the prisoners were removed from around the fire, and conveyed to the dwelling, with a considerable interval of time between each: Don Juan was the last who was summoned. An Indian held him on each side, notwithstanding his arms were pinioned; and the skin curtain being lifted, they entered the dwelling. The apartment Don Juan found himself in, was of large size: in the centre was piled up a heap of burning embers, and around the sides were reclining a number of armed white men in tattered uniforms, whose deficiencies were made up with various articles of Indian clothing. It was with much difficulty that Don Juan recognised the uniform as that of Spanish soldiers, though those who were there were evidently natives of Spain. They scowled ferociously upon Don Juan, who was ushered by his guides, through a door on the right hand, made of strong planks, into a second apartment, the interior of which was hung round with Indian ponchos, to serve as hangings. In the centre was a chafing dish of copper, filled with burning charcoal, and over it was suspended a kind of flat bowl of red clay, with two ears, upon a ramrod of a musket which was stuck in the earth at an angle of 45 degrees. Tallow, kept fluid by the hot charcoal, was swimming in the bowl; and a shred of filthy rag served as a wick. From this coarse kind of lamp, proceeded a broad glare of smokey light, which enabled Don Juan carefully to examine the only tenant of the apartment, who reclined upon a low couch, rudely formed of the pack-saddles of the mules, on which was spread a large dry hide of an ox, and upon that some soft sheepskins, overlaid in turn by ponchos. The occupant was not a man easily forgotten, when once looked upon. He was in height about six feet, broad shoulders, and of muscular frame. His features and dark complexion, as well as his strong black hair, evinced that he was of half Indian blood. His forehead was of that proportion which gives indication of strong intellect, and a most resolved spirit; and the unshaven beard which covered the lower part of his face, was not thick enough to hide its handsome form. He seemed a man

who might have been liked, but for the quick and restless glancing of his full, black eye, which told the tale of latent ferocity. His dress was principally of the kind worn by the wealthier class of gauchos, and the jacket of overworn uniform, with its tarnished silver epaulets, seemed to tell that the gaucho costume had been adopted to supply the want of that part of the uniform there was no means of procuring. But it was at any rate cleanly, and the spurs which covered his horse-leg boots, were of massy silver; his head was covered with a silver mounted dragon's helmet, in which was placed a plume of ostrich feathers. In his girdle was worn a large knife in a sheath, flanked by a pair of large pistols; and by his side was suspended an iron-sheathed sabre, with a silver hilt; while on the couch, close at hand, lay a military carbine.

He did not vouchsafe to turn his eyes upon Don Juan, but asked in a stern tone—

"Whence comest thou?"

"From Mendoza?"

"What seekest thou in these mountain passes?"

"I am a stranger, wishing to survey the country, to glean a knowledge of its plants and minerals."

The ferocious chief started from his couch, and fixed his piercing eyes for a while on the countenance of the speaker. He then spoke—

"Art thou not the foreign physician who hast lived so long in Mendoza?"

"I am!"

The chief drew the knife from his girdle, and approached Don Juan, who awaited his death with a calm look. That was not, however, the intention of the chief, who cut the fastening from the prisoner's arms, and set him free. Then he asked—

"Dost thou not know me?"

"Your voice seems familiar; but where I know not."

"You remember the robber who was shot by the order of the public authorities—but not dead; he whom you afterwards cured, in secret, and dismissed with money? Here is the scar!"

"And you have turned robber again? I now remember you. Is this my reward?"

A bitter smile passed across his countenance, as he replied—

"Stranger! I am no robber. I hold the commission of the king of Spain. Behold it!"

As he spoke, he drew forth the document, and handed it to Don Juan, who, after perusing it, exclaimed—

"You are then Pincheira; he who was so long the terror of Southern Chile, and who was supposed to be in Chiloe?"

"I returned with a fresh commission from the governor, as general for the king of Spain, to wage a war of extermination, of which the patriots set me the example, when they shot me, and left me for dead."

"But you were then a robber?"

"I was what they made me. I was sent to San Luis to be butchered in cold blood, after my father had fallen in battle. I escaped, and lived long unknown. My father was a Spanish officer: to be the son of a Spaniard was a deadly crime; but my mo-

ther was an Indian woman of the Pehuenches tribes, and that was held to be a dishonor. I resided in the city of Concepcion, under a feigned name; and as I lacked not coin, I was made welcome in the dwellings of those, who, reckoning only Spanish ancestry amongst their kindred, deemed themselves of noble blood. My blood was hot as theirs, and like an idiot I madly loved a daughter of one of their proudest families. I would have laid myself at her feet; I would have poured forth my blood at her command; I would have taken service in the patriot army, had she wished it. She might have made a god of me, and she turned me into a demon! Unskilled in the arts of women, I deemed that they were all faithful and simple as the mother who nursed my youth, in the fort of San Carlos, on the frontier of the Pehuenches. The white-blooded woman received my offerings, she smiled on my rude and untutored affection, and I believed it was the smile of sincerity, when it was but the mockery of what she deemed my presumption. I spoke out plainly; I humbled myself before her, and asked for love, where love was not. She spurned me with contempt; she called me 'Indian, base blooded Indian,' and told me that if I presumed again to address her thus, the carcel (Spanish prison) and stripes should be my portion. She then took the hand of a newly-made patriot officer, who sat near her, and declared him her accepted lover. I had not in my youth been taught the arts of the whites; but the feelings of nature prompted me, and I frowned defiance on him who was to rob me of all that I valued in the world. He arose and struck me. My left hand was upon his throat, and my right hand reached to my girdle, when the shriek of her who loved him and hated me, restrained the stroke; and her father and his slaves entering, I was bound in her presence, and the carcel and stripes she had threatened became my portion. She spoke no word to save me from shame, and all feelings of mercy were scourged away from me. I thought of vengeance while in prison, and I escaped from my bonds to wreak it. Had I possessed power at first, I had slain her lover; but I had time for reflection; and I remembered that if he perished, I might make room for another rival.

"With two companions I lurked about, and within an hour after his marriage, ere he had greeted his bride on her return from the cathedral church, with whose pompous ceremonies he had dreamed to make her his own—within one hour he was seized, and I bore him away to the woods. I slew him not—he lives still—but I was revenged. This comely bride might but weep over the wreck I caused to be made. He endures a living death, and she curses the hour in which she burst the ties that bound Pincheira to humanity. I fled from the spot. I crossed the snowy ridge, and I sought the tribe of my mother. They looked on me and said, "Why comes the white man amongst us?" My heart was turned to bitterness.—The white man had cast me out, and the red man said I was not of his blood. I cursed the hour when I was born, the father who had begotten me, and the mother who had given birth to me. I was an alien upon the

face of the earth, and none loved me. I aroused me from my despair, and I resolved that those who loved me not should fear me. I met with some deserters, and I enlisted them in my service, in the name of the king of Spain, in whose service my father had procured me a commission, while I was yet a boy. I was captured: I was shot for a robber. You saved my life. Since then, I have at times defeated the troops of Chile; at times I have fled before them; and since I last returned from Chile, I have recruited a larger number of men than before; many, also, of the Indians, who have quarrelled with Caciques, have joined me, and I am about to go on an excursion into Chile, pursuing a war of extermination."

"This is horrible!" exclaimed Don Juan. "Why should you pursue such a war?"

"I have been driven on to it. I shall fall a sacrifice at last, I well know, and I will be revenged before-hand. You are the only one from whom I have received kindness. Ask what boon you will, and it shall be granted."

"Keep the Indians at peace with the Christians!"

"That cannot be! It is beyond my power. I am myself at war with the Indians."

"Do you not live in the constant fear of treachery?"

"I know not fear. I have lived so long in danger that fear is a stranger to me. My people dare not disobey me. I have set life on a cast, and I take life from others to secure mine own."

He spoke some words in Indian to one of his guides, who replied in the same language. He then spoke to the other Indians, and calling in one of the soldiers from the other apartment, asked him if the first Indian had not been seen speaking to one of the tribe from which he had deserted, outside the pass. The man replied in the affirmative, and Pincheira, drawing a pistol from his girdle, shot him dead.

"Take the carrion away!" he exclaimed to the others, and the body was removed.

"Have you any favor to ask, Don Juan?" he continued.

"Leave to depart with my guide, and the cattle drivers with their cattle!"

"The life of your guide should have been granted, but he is already slain with the rest, agreeably to a rule we have. Were we to suffer travellers to pass this way, it would not long be a strong hold for us. Neither drivers nor cattle could on any account have been spared. The former might have betrayed us, the latter we need to eat. Every man's hand is against us, and ours must be against every man. Every Christian you have seen amongst the men I rule over has shed the blood of more than one of his fellows, in his own private quarrel or for his own private gain, and the Indians around me are men of broken tribes, proscribed by their Caciques. It is their interest to uphold me; for, were I slain, they would soon be destroyed. Neither the red man nor the white would have mercy on them."

The good physician was horror-struck at what he had seen and heard, but he was void of fear as the robber-chieftain before him; and he hesitated not to

speaking his opinion freely. A life passed in the constant exercise of humanity, had, given him claims even over the outcast of society, in whose power he was.

"Pincheira! now do I regret that I saved thy life, since thou livest only to inflict evil on thy fellows. The war thou wagest is hopeless. The king of Spain may never hope for power in these regions, for all men's hearts are against him. Remember the fate of Benavides, in whose steps thou treadest. Turn away from this evil course, which daily soddens thy hand in blood, and loads thy conscience with crime. By what has fallen from thee, I know that thou wast formed for better things. Change thy resolves, and I will secure the means of thy escape to other lands."

Something of remorse seemed to pass across the swarthy face of the robber, which was quickly chased away by stern defiance, as he replied: "Stranger! had I met with thee in early youth, ere this hand had shed man's blood, I might have been other than I am. My father committed a crime when he begat me, and gave me this aspiring spirit, enclosed in a corporeal mould of low caste. The rank he procured me in the Spanish army could not wipe away the mark of degradation which is upon me. In my early youth I was subjected to the taunts of my fellows in rank, who were not my fellows in birth. When I was last defeated in Chile, I fled to Chiloe, and would have lived a peaceable life, but the withering scorn of the white man was still more bitter upon the unsuccessful warrior than it had been upon the child of a race whom none acknowledged, and all conspired to crush. I sought a command from the governor, with the resolve to carve a road to fame and power, or to perish in the pursuit of it. I thank you for your offer, but it is needless. I could myself command a retreat to Chiloe through the heart of Aranco, did I need it. But my resolve is taken, and I must succeed or fall. When the royalist general gave me the commission, I understood his feeling. If I am successful, he will take my place, as he thinks; but he judges unwisely. If I succeed I will be Viceroy of Chile. As a Viceroy, I can command through fear that respect which is denied me as a man."

"It is impossible for you to succeed!" remarked Don Juan.

"The chances are against me; but, with fortune at my back, I may succeed. Better is it to undergo the fate of Benavides, than to live the life of a dog. Enough! I wage the war of extermination which my fellows showed me the first example of. I know the gain and the risk, and am content to take the chance of the penalties."

"Knew ye not that there is a joy in doing good to your fellows?"

"I believe it, for I rejoice in doing good to you who have been my benefactor. You are the only one. I and my fellows are at strife. They wish to end the strife, by depriving me of existence. They have driven a tiger to bay, who will fight till he falls, and slay many ere he falls. Enough! Andres, come hither!"

One of the soldiers entered from the outer apartment.

"Let the baggage of this cavalier be brought hither, to the minutest portion. See that nothing be wanting, or look to thyself; and let a supper be prepared of the choicest food we have. Fill the flagons with the richest wine of Penco, and all quickly. Let all my people know that this cavalier is my friend, and must be respected as such. We march by early daylight."

All was executed as the despotic robber commanded, and he motioned Don Juan to set down to supper on the couch by his side; the dishes of silver being placed on some trunks made of dried hide, which were covered with the remnant of a silken banner which had once belonged to a Spanish regiment. He appeared to have forgotten, that but a few minutes previous he had slaughtered a human being near the spot with his own hand, and had caused to be slaughtered thirteen others. It was a matter of frequent occurrence, and not heeded by him. Swallowing a large draught of wine, he called on Don Juan to do the same; but horror and disgust had chased away from him both hunger and thirst, and the food seemed to him compounded of the flesh and blood of human beings. Pincheira noticed it, and spoke:

"I feel deeply enough the pain of being abhorred by a good man. Had I a safe apartment to offer you, I would not keep you here; but I will not trust you where I cannot look on you. I myself trust not my men. You had better lie down, and try to sleep—I do not sleep often. I live in the hope that success on a large scale may convert my acts of human slaughter, which are now called murders, into acts of determined gallantry. As a successful conqueror, in the name of the king, the slaughter of fifty thousand men will be less heeded, than the slaughter of fifty, done for my own gain!"

He arose, and, closing the rude wooden door of the apartment, placed against it several stout bars, slanting upwards from the earth at an angle. He then again sat down, and devoured a quantity of food, apparently without relish; swallowed another large draught of wine, and again threw himself on the couch to sleep, with his weapons placed near him in readiness. Don Juan also lay down, but vainly tried to shut his eyes. The hard breathing of his murderous host, and his frequent convulsive starts, would have driven sleep away, even if he had sought it. In weariness and sickening horror the night passed slowly away, and it seemed to Don Juan as though the dawn would never come. It came at last; and Pincheira started from his couch, and summoned his guest to go forth.

The sun rose magnificently over the mountain top, as the horses were saddled, and the whole body rode away—Pincheira and Don Juan at their head. Little conversation passed between them, and the physician even neglected his beloved botanical pursuits. On the evening of the second day, they emerged on the western side of the Andes, from a rocky ravine, and entered a heavily wooded grove, situated in the opening of a valley. Pincheira gave the word to halt, and tethered out the horses without unsaddling them. Although the party had eaten little that day, he would-

not suffer them to light a fire to cook provisions; but ordered them to remain with their arms in readiness, in case of a surprise. He then beckoned Don Juan to follow, and led the way along a narrow path, which, as they emerged from the wood, ascended a rising ground, from which they overlooked the distant valley, whose hoary hills were distinctly marked against the star-lit horizon. Pincheira raised his arm, and pointed out a light, which glimmered some two leagues from the spot where they stood.

"See you yonder light?"

"Plainly!"

"It is the Hacienda de ****. Its owner is the husband of her who scorned me. Five times have I reaped his harvests—five times have I gathered his grapes—five times have I driven every hoof from his domain. It was his favorite summer residence; and his brother undertook to defend it with his peasantry. I defeated the men, and slew his brother on the very threshold. I burnt not the dwelling, but retained it as my own for many days, when the troops of Chile came against me, and I abandoned it. They have dreamed that I was dead, or fixed in Chiloe, and therefore it is again stocked, as the light truly tells. Manuela *****! thou shalt yet be the mistress, though not the wife, of Pincheira. I will humble thee, for making me that which I am!"

Two of the Indians approached at this moment, dragging in a man in a Chileno garb, whose arms were bound to his body with a lazo. They did not see Pincheira, and were speeding towards the main body, when their leader ordered them to leave the prisoner with him and retire; after which he began to examine the man, who showed signs of considerable fear.

"Whence comest thou, fellow?"

"From the Hacienda de *****"

"What art thou?"

"An Inquilino." (Tenant.)

"Is the Hacienda stocked with cattle?"

"Fifteen hundred head, besides sheep and horses."

"Who is residing there now?"

"The patron himself, Don Felipe!"

"Ha! who is with him?"

"Donna Manuela, his wife!"

"Have they any troops in the neighborhood?"

"At three leagues distance!"

"It is well!" exclaimed Pincheira, in a half-muttered tone. "She is then mine, at last. To-morrow, at nightfall, when our horses are fresh, the attack shall be made. They are at present jaded. Follow me, fellow! and see that thou stirrest not from my side. Don Juan! to-morrow you shall be liberated, when yonder dwelling is once more mine. This fellow shall serve you for a guide."

But the physician had resolved to risk his life, to save the victims of Pincheira's destined cruelty. He found an opportunity of whispering to the prisoner, and promised to help him to escape. Watching his opportunity, he drew his knife from his boot, and divided the lazo by which the man's arms were bound. The man instantly darted amongst the trees, and Don Juan followed him. Pincheira at first did not notice

their disappearance, as he was walking a little in advance; but the moment he missed them, he called out in a loud tone to them to follow. But the Chileno did not heed him; on the contrary, he rushed amongst the underwood, like one who was perfectly familiar with its paths, and Don Juan followed in his wake. Pincheira rushed after them, but missed the turn they had taken, and his foot stumbling over a root, he was half-stunned with his fall. In the mean time the Chileno advanced with a speed of foot, which in one almost born on horseback, seemed nearly miraculous; but fear lent him her wings, and he betrayed no signs of weariness. Don Juan was sorely encumbered with his large spurs—an article of which the Indians had relieved the Chileno the moment they captured him—but his muscular strength was great, and he contrived to keep up with his guide. After proceeding a league through the woods, they emerged into the opening valley; and the Chileno, looking cautiously back, applied his hands to his ears, to listen.

"Haste! onward, cavalier!" he exclaimed; and at the distance of a few hundred yards, they came to a corral, wherein some horses were shut up. The guide immediately took down a long tether, which was hanging on the top of the stakes, and with it caught two horses, into whose mouths he put pieces of the tether, to serve as bridles, and turning the other horses loose, they drove them before them down the valley, riding barebacked at full-speed. In a short space of time they reached the house, and dashed into the enclosure of low earthen walls which surrounded it. Pincheira! Pincheira! exclaimed the guide to a number of frightened laborers and domestics; and, with Don Juan, he dismounted and rushed into the sala, where the family were assembled at supper, seated at a round table in the centre of the apartment. An effeminate, languid looking young man, bearing marks of premature age, was at the head of the table, and by his side a lady of great beauty, about twenty-two years of age, on whom sorrow had prematurely made ravages. Opposite to them sat an elderly woman, and a man of decent exterior, who was apparently the Mayor of the Hacienda; while some Indian-looking servants were busily employed in removing and replacing the dishes. The lady was bending a look of pity and sorrow mingled, on her unfortunate husband, as Don Juan and his guide entered, when all arose to their feet.

"What new misfortune, Santiago?" she exclaimed to the guide.

"Pincheira is within two leagues!"

Her face grew deadly pale; and the elderly woman, who appeared to be her mother, swooned in affright.

"Drive in the horses!" said Donna Manuela, who was the first to recover her energy.

But ere that could be done, a distant tramp was heard; and Don Juan exclaimed, "Fly, lady, or we are lost.—Pincheira comes to seize you!"

"Never!" she replied, and drew from her bosom a small dagger, which she kissed and then replaced.

At a sign from her, the Major-domo, who was a powerful man, took his patron in his arms, and the whole party, rushing through a back entrance, gained

an orchard, which communicated with the vineyard, a part of whose fence was quickly destroyed, and they entered a wood. Loud shouts and Indian yells rang upon their ears, and the screams of some of the captured peasantry told that the work of death was going forward.

"Lead the way deeper into the recesses of the wood, Santiago!" exclaimed the lady; "and make a circuitous course to the village where the troops are."

They had advanced nearly a mile, when a bright light suddenly shooting up in their rear, pierced even the obscurity of the woods, and enabled them to advance more rapidly. Two of the peasants joined them, and carried their imbecile patron between them. They at last emerged from the woods upon the hill-

side, within a few hundred yards of a village, when the tramp of horses again startled them—but it was a sign of safety; for they proved to be twenty soldiers, who were placed as an outpost, and they gave the information that five hundred more were advancing. The wanderers turned to look round, and Donna Manuela sighed as she beheld her dwelling in flames, while her husband impatiently demanded instant removal with childish petulance.

In the village they were provided with horses, and Don Juan accompanied them to the city of Concepcion.

Pincheira was defeated by the troops, and beaten back once more; but it was not long ere he again made head, and many wild tales are told of his exploits.

P.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale,
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind;
Deaf to the melody of song,

To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns,
With rapturous pulses thro' my veins;
My heart, new-born within me, burns,
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains,
Rekindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old gray rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep;
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap;
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depths of ether sing.

O Earth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time;
O Earth! Earth! Earth! for man's offence,
Doom'd to dishonor in thy prime;
Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss was left!

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
Labor, man's punishment, is nurse
To halcyon joys at sunset hours:

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Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

And Death himself, with all the woes
That hasten, yet prolong, his stroke,—
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke;
Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life, with all its burthens, dear!
Friendship is sweet, Love sweeter still;
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill!
Home, kindred, country!—these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known,
Unvex'd felicity their lot;
Their sea of glass before the throne,
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not:
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased,—are troubled soon.

Well, I will bear what all have borne,
Live my few years, and fill my place;
O'er old and young affections mourn,
Rent one by one from my embrace,
Till suffering ends, and I have done
With all delights beneath the sun.

Whence came I?—Memory cannot say;
What am I?—Knowledge will not show;
Bound whither?—Ah! away, away,
Far as eternity can go:—
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O God! Thyself mine helper be.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

WITH ANECDOTES OF SEVERAL LITERARY CHARACTERS.

A WRITER, who appears to be well acquainted with the subject, observes, in a recent number of the Dublin University Magazine, that while every gentleman's house in England has its library, very few of the Irish gentry possess a dozen volumes. This fact—which may be partially referred to the indolent and heedless habits of the people—will explain, in a great degree, the reason why Ireland has never, at any period of her history, maintained a periodical press of higher importance than the newspapers of the day. The Irish, emphatically, are not a reading people—all the world knows that they are not a thinking people—yet, strange as it may seem, they are unquestionably a literary people. They possess an extraordinary aptitude for letters—touch the surface of things with amazing rapidity—are either indifferent to, or incapable of amassing details, but exhibit a remarkable faculty for catching at principles, which their eloquence, wit, and invention enable them to employ, if not to the best advantage, at all events with surprising facility, tact, and adroitness. The education of good habits is wanted in Ireland to make the people turn these peculiar traits to account. The gentry are quite as reckless in their own way as the peasantry. The knowledge they acquire in the rapid examination of every novelty that comes within their reach, instead of being concentrated and dedicated to the production of useful results, is wasted upon the air. There are men, says an Arabian proverb, who, instead of keeping their perfumes in cotton, allow them to evaporate in open bottles. An incapacity for the regular division and cultivation of time, and for the continuous pursuit of a settled object, render them at once various and capricious. And to this distraction of pursuits, and not to the want of ability, must be traced the failure of every attempt that has hitherto been made to establish, with success, that species of publication which is known in this country under the general name of Periodical Literature.

The primary cause of this perpetual diversion of the public mind is, no doubt, to be found in the political circumstances of Ireland. Where there is an incessant warfare between religious sects and civil factions, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a dispassionate and constant audience for those calm and abstract pleasures that are calculated to carry us out of the immediate business of life. In a country so much engrossed with daily feuds about passing affairs, it is not very likely that literature could take root; or that, if it did, it could long survive in so uncongenial an atmosphere. But that is a view of the subject upon which we do not desire to enter here:—it is enough to indicate the influence which politics have exercised, without a single interval of relief, upon the destiny of Irish genius. With the exception of a few treatises upon science, got up generally in

the immediate vicinity of the University, an occasional reprint of an old school-book, or an ardent pamphlet, theological or political, printed, published, and distributed at the author's expense, we rarely hear of a new publication from one end of the island to the other. Original works of fiction seldom appear, and when they do, it is almost invariably under the sanction of some London house; so that, in fact, they cannot be said to belong to the Irish press. Men of talent, finding no encouragement at home, naturally repair to the most profitable market. A very large proportion of what is called English literature, is well known to be written by Irishmen. Some of the most striking papers in Blackwood are of Irish birth; and it is only necessary to mention the names of Dr. Maginn, of the Rev. Mr. Mahony (Father Prout), of Crofton Croker, Lover, Croly, &c., to show to what an extent the talent of Ireland is rendered available in our periodicals. Seven-eighths of the reporters engaged upon the newspaper press of London are Irishmen. This is natural enough. The nature of the reporter's occupation, laborious as it is, appears to be admirably adapted for men of an imaginative and restless temperament. It employs them intensely for a short time, drawing out in haste all the points of skill they possess, and exercising their superficial versatility in a way that is well suited to their discursive habits. The rest, and by far the larger portion of their time, is open to the indulgence of idleness or pleasure; which is still more in conformity with their tastes, and in consideration of which they are not unwilling to compound for all that is irksome and toilsome in their duties. But we do not find them in any of the plodding professions, where unremitting attention is indispensable, and where industry and judgment are requisite for the attainment of eminence.

The country that produced an Usher, (one of the most learned men of any age,) a Swift, a Sterne, a Goldsmith, a Sheridan, a Flood, a Grattan, a Ponsonby, a Curran—has never been able to support a magazine! A few magazines were attempted within the last fifty or sixty years; but they exhausted the pockets of their projectors, and were speedily abandoned. We will glance at them for the purpose of showing the sort of materials of which those brief literary speculations were composed.

The earliest of which we have been able to discover any trace, is the "Gentleman's Magazine." Such of our readers as may happen to have seen any of the old repositories, in which wonderful voyages, strange anecdotes about dogs and bears, curious facts in natural history, letters upon the powder tax, and "original poetry" are to be found, may form a tolerably correct notion of the contents of the "Gentleman's Magazine." It fairly represented the fictitious manners of the day, and was as rapid, maudlin, sentiment-

al, and jejune as could be desired. Its good-natured readers were delighted every month with little engravings of Lady T—, and my Lord S—, looking at each other through two circles, intended to give the effect of locket-frames, their eyes staring out straight forward without a ray of thought or emotion, their hair combed and pomatumed back, and their regular features exhibiting the most placid tone of infancy. Underneath the ambiguous couple was printed some such mysterious announcement, as "The Delicate Intrigue,"—or more probably, "The Conscious Lovers!" Occasionally the plates were varied by the introduction of a new muslin pattern spread over a whole sheet, the interest of which was usually heightened by some anecdote about the fashion, or an account of the reception of a certain macaroni at court. The slender tales of love troubles were numerous, and it was customary to give them a sort of scandalous tendency, by suppressing under initials, the supposed names of the chief actors, in order that the credulous and innocent public might be led to believe that the story was true, and that the editor had delicately concealed the personalities out of respect for the noble persons involved. All this, of course, only made people more curious, and, in proportion, increased the patronage of this sly old periodical. Then there were deaths, births, and marriages out of number; news of the fleet, in a couple of lines headed in huge capitals, that engrossed more space than the intelligence they introduced; elaborate accounts of street accidents, printed in large type,—picking pockets being at that time considered one of the black arts; and singular discoveries in geology, mineralogy, and astronomy, which sciences were then and there esteemed to be almost above the reach of the human intellect. The "Gentleman's Magazine" passed away like a shadow—noiseless, and leaving no impression behind. How long it lived we know not; nor do we believe, unless by accident some copies may yet be found in the lumber rooms of family houses, that a single copy of the work is now in existence.

The next magazine in order of time was a miscellany entitled "Walker's Hibernian Magazine, or Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge." It is fifty years since this work flourished, and yet to this hour stray copies of it are to be met with in auction rooms, and in private houses; for, antiquated as it is in shape, in substance, and in style, the Irish people seem to regard it with a sort of lingering pleasure. It was published by the keeper of a lottery office, who, as appears by the following appropriate doggerel verses, dispensed alike the gifts of Fortune and the beauties of Literature. These stanzas afford a fair exemplar of the poetry which formed part of the staple of the work:—

Not only Entertainment flows,
In pleasing verse, instructive Prose,
But Wealth, from Fortune's store,
Descends to those who seek them all,
And for their friendly succour call
At Walker's lucky door.

In vain shall Envy curl each snake,
And raging Fury strive to break
The union that is found,
'Twixt sweet Amusement, and the charm
That every generous Heart can warm
In full Ten Thousand Pound!

A string of these verses is stitched up with an appendix to a volume of the magazine "for the year 1787." The reader will not fail to observe with what consummate ingenuity Walker contrived to make his two occupations assist each other; how the entertainment is blended with the wealth, and how the "sweet amusement," which he takes it for granted the reader must derive from his magazine, is connected with the "ten thousand pound," which is to be the certain prize of the purchaser of a ticket. In those days, primitive as the people were, they seem to have had a very clear conception of the art of puffing; and it is doubtful whether in later and more refined times, so palpable a method of forcing a sale either of books or of lottery tickets, would have been attempted.

An odd volume of Walker would be a treat to the lover of old magazines. It was filled with the usual varieties—crude suggestions in materia medica—cases of hydrophobia (at a time when they used to smother the patient between two feather beds)—original anecdotes,—essays, transcending Theophrastus, upon human character,—prophecies, legends, epigrams, anagrams, and acrostics. But the most remarkable, and, perhaps, the most valuable part of the work, consisted in occasional criticisms on new works, with copious extracts, which furnish, on the whole, a tolerably satisfactory view of the state of literature in Ireland at the close of the last century. The results are not very flattering, but they prove that at that time a great number of books were published, and that there existed some encouragement, however slight, for the labors of authors. This fact, taken in connexion with the domestic politics of the period, is worth consideration. We find that previously to the general agitation consequent upon the American war, works of fiction were frequently published in Ireland, and supported by a respectable reading population. With discussion, however, came dissension; and, after nearly a century of tacit acquiescence in forms which neither of them understood, the Catholic began to think that he was cheated of his rights by violated treaties and unredeemed pledges; and the Protestant to assert an ascendancy which rendered the positive advantages of his position at once invidious and insecure. The doctrines proclaimed by the Americans, were rapidly spread amongst the people; popular writers compared the situations of America and Ireland in relation to the mother country, drawing deductions favorable to the establishment of national independence; and the whole frame of society was soon convulsed by civil feuds. England, alarmed at the growing disaffection of the Irish, which was not wholly confined to the Catholics, but which was shared by some members of the Established Church, and by almost all the Presbyterians, consented to make concessions. The Free

Trade had been already procured by the indefatigable perseverance of Grattan, and the elective franchise was now bestowed upon the Catholic population.

Walker's Miscellany was, for its day, a clever and spirited work. Its classification was not destitute of utility, and its subjects were various, exhibiting an amusing diversity of styles. Some of the writers emulated the well-poised, redundant, and antithetical pomp of Johnson, which was then the fashion; while others, struggling out of the mode, attempted new flights of the most fantastic description. The most curious trait in the magazine was the absence of a presiding mind and uniform manner. It was evidently working between two tides. It marks the period of a transition in the prevailing taste, without embodying the full spirit of the change. The poetical department was, as it is in almost all magazines, the worst. The Sylvias, and Delias, and Chloes, exhibited their usual tinsel and morbid finery in its columns, and with the exception of a few extracts from the ribald and sarcastic muse of Peter Pindar, imported fresh from London, the rhyming corner was thoroughly unreadable. The most popular division of the magazine was dedicated to legendary tales and romances, which appear to have formed its chief stock in trade. These pieces describe themselves: the horrors of the Radcliffe school, the mysteries, the profuse euphuism of that delectable spring of wonders, were carried in them to the last point of extravagance. One of the most memorable of the fictions which were first given to the world in the pages of Walker's Magazine, was the Romance of the Pyrenees, which has since been published in four or five volumes. It was continued for a series of years through the magazine, and actually prolonged its life beyond its natural term, in despite of a waning connexion, and many general causes of depression; until, at last, after an existence of twenty or thirty years, as fluctuating as the lottery itself, the readers of Walker's Miscellany suddenly found their shares turn up blanks!

The demise of this pleasant old twaddler was followed by a magazine entitled the Anthologia Hibernica, which exhibited a hundred fold its claims to public patronage, and which lived only through two years. It was commenced in 1793, the year when some of the most oppressive parts of the Penal Code in reference to the Catholics were repealed. Previously to that time, the office of the Roman Catholic priest was discharged under the terrors of the law; Catholics were not allowed to hold property, nor to possess educational foundations. It was a period of considerable excitement, but the Anthologia was established with a pledge of neutrality, which, however, at such a season it was almost impossible to fulfil. Accordingly we find incidental traces of a political tendency, which, with an instinct natural, perhaps, to genius in want of patronage, ran throughout in favor of the government.

The Anthologia was a work of ability, and would have reflected credit upon a more accomplished and advanced age. It administered, of course, to the taste of the day, against which it would have been vain to run counter, and surrendered a portion of its space to

idle and frivolous matter; but it rescued many important antiquarian researches from oblivion, and drew into its pages nearly all the available ability within the reach of its influence. Some embellishments which it presented to the public at intervals, attest the advance that had then been made in the art of engraving in Ireland, since sadly fallen away; while its political pieces were selected, on the whole, with some care and judgment. One division of the work was dedicated to the solution of mathematical problems. Such a feature in a magazine now-a-days would weigh it down like lead; but it must be remembered that extraordinary advances have been made in that department of science since the time when the Anthologia flourished, and that people had not then such facilities of acquiring knowledge of that kind as we possess. The principal contributor of the mathematical conundrums, was a gentleman who always printed his name in full, Daniel O'Reardon. He took the greatest delight in announcing himself to the public as the author of the mysterious papers filled with diagrams and profound calculations; and enlarged with commendable pride upon elaborate explanations of things, that to the vulgar were wondrous strange, but that every young gentleman of fifteen years of age could have elucidated quite as clearly as Mr. Daniel O'Reardon. Poor O'Reardon used to consider himself the first mathematician in Europe. He had a share in shortening the days of the Anthologia, which drooped under the weight of his solemnrodomontade. But his glory was not to be eclipsed by the death of the periodical through which he illuminated the world. He survived it many years, to the ineffable satisfaction of his numerous pupils. O'Reardon's employment was that of preparing students in the "mathematical line" to enter college. He generally had the good fortune to obtain pupils who had money to spend, who did not care how they spent it, and who had no desire whatever to learn any thing. This exactly suited O'Reardon: he was a bon-vivant of the first water—not gay, not witty, not even musical—but he could drink deeply, could listen conscientiously, enjoy any mischief that was going forward, provided he was allowed to get drunk, and he possessed the art of talking *blarney* in perfection. His pupils—wild Irish roystering rogues—were enchanted with so lax a master of the mathematics, and accordingly the evenings were usually appointed for giving lessons, when O'Reardon might drink as much as he liked, and his *élèves* might learn as little as they thought fit. Had they taken O'Reardon of a morning—when his head was cloudy, and his humor dull—the whole business would have been a mere waste of time; for, in fact, the bibulous O'Reardon knew nothing more of mathematics than its bare forms. To be sure it was a waste of time as it was, but as the night advanced, O'Reardon could make the most of what he did know, talk thick and loud, expatiate grandiloquently upon single phrases, and confound the arch pupils so admirably, that they felt a sort of wicked pleasure in paying him for getting up so much fun. When he once fell into a mood of talking, it was impossible to stop him; then it was that the inward vanity of the teacher

broke out; then it was that, with a rich Irish brogue which confiscated all the parts of speech with the most confusing rapidity, he was wont to assert that no man in the British dominions spoke such "pure, vernacular English;" and then, too, it was that he would propose to his scholars to teach them Latin, in addition to the mathematics, premising that he knew all its depth as intimately as his mother tongue. His was O'Reardon's favorite subject when he became very obtuse over his liquor: and on such occasions he was in the habit of illustrating his knowledge of Latin, by the following familiar quotation, which he gave with a rich flood of voice, and a sinister twinkle of the eye that cannot be made intelligible in description: "And Horace said to his mother, Do you drink punch?" "No, my son," said she, "*nemo mortalium omnibus Horace capui!*" We give this literally as it was rendered by O'Reardon. Poor fellow! his end was like his life—he went out in the same state of mental oblivion in which it was his glory to live!

But there were other contributors to the Anthologia who have since acquired a wider fame than our thirsty mathematician: It is worth recording, that the Anthologia Hibernica first introduced to the public two poets, one of whom at least will survive as long as our language is spoken or read. Those poets were Dermody and Moore. The first verses that are known to have been published by Moore, appeared in the Anthologia, and are, no doubt, some of the earliest he ever wrote. As there is always attached to such reliques a greater or lesser amount of curiosity, we will present the lines to our readers exactly as we find them in the pages of the Magazine, with the note, introductory and deprecatory, to the editor.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA.

"Aungier street, Sept. 11, 1793.

"Sir,—If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader.

"TH—M—S M—RE."

TO ZELIA,

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING
TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

'Tis true my muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines;
Quits all aspiring, lofty views,
And chants what Nature's gifts infuse;
Timid to try the * mountain's height,
Beneath she stays, retired from sight;
Careless, culling amorous flowers,
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.
When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The god a faithful promise gave—
That never should she feel love's strings,
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings.

* Parnassus.

The argument, it must be confessed, is not very satisfactory; but the tone of this little poem, and its epigrammatic termination, indicate the character of the writer's genius, subsequently developed in more ambitious and brilliant displays. To this piece was added the following:—

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Ah, Celia! when wilt thou be kind?
When pity my tears and complaint?
To mercy, my fair! be inclined,
For mercy belongs to the saint.

Oh! dart not disdain from thine eye!
Propitiously smile on my love!
No more let me heave the sad sigh,
But all cares from my bosom remove!

My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe they all flock to my song;
They deck me with laurel and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now,
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow.

Then, adieu! ye gay shepherds and maids!
I'll hie to the woods and the groves;
There complain in the thicket's dark shades,
And chaunt the sad tale of my loves!

That the young poet's head, when he was writing this pastoral, was filled with Shenstone, whose very words, as well as rhythm, he echoes in this artificial strain, is apparent enough; but poets are, in nine cases out of ten, the source from whence young poets first derive their inspiration. Moore was a boy when he wrote these verses; but in seven years afterwards he produced his translation of Anacreon, which was the foundation of his fame. The address which he gives in his note to the editor, will remind the reader of his well-known answer to the Prince Regent's question, whether he belonged to a certain ancient family of his name, residing in Ireland. "No," replied the poet, "my father kept a grocer's shop in Aungier street, Dublin!" That reply lost him the favor of the prince, and threw him into an opposition that produced those withering satires, in which his royal highness's name will be transmitted to all posterity.

Dermody's history is one of the most melancholy in the whole range of literary biography. He was rather in advance of Moore, and had he possessed as much respect for the dignity of the poetical character, he might have, perhaps successfully, contested with his contemporary the honor of being regarded as the bard of his country. But Dermody, suddenly noticed by

the great, and raised from poverty to high and flattering associations, was unable to keep his dazzling position. His mind constantly reverted to the original meanness of his condition. Nature had made him a poet, but circumstances degraded him into a prodigate of the lowest grade. His life was filled to overflowing with miseries of his own creation. As the story runs, his abilities were discovered by accident. One day, a gentleman, whose name has escaped us, was turning over the leaves of an old volume at a bookstand in the vicinity of the Four Courts, in Dublin, when his attention was attracted by a squalid boy in the ragged dress of a peasant, standing close beside him, devouring in silent abstraction the contents of a mutilated Greek Homer. The circumstance naturally excited curiosity, and produced inquiries, which led to the discovery that, with the powerful impetus of genius struggling against obstacles, the wretched-looking boy had abandoned his native village, destitute of friends and means, to seek books and mankind in the metropolis. Fortunately, the gentleman was a patron of letters, and a man of influence: he undertook to advance the fortunes of the stranger, and through his means Dermody, whom the reader will have recognized in the ragged urchin, was introduced to the Countess of Moira, who continued to patronize him until he exhausted her patience by his irreclaimable vices. At first, his professions of gratitude were boundless, and his numerous odes of devotion to the countess which appeared in the *Anthologia*, attested the enthusiasm of his feelings. But kindness was lavished upon him in vain. He wasted the gifts of his benefactress in the haunts of depravity. On one day caressed by the virtuous and the noble, he was to be found on the next in the dens of the licentious and the outcast. Many attempts were made to redeem him, but without success. At length, he enlisted in a marching regiment, when his friends again interfered, and purchased him a commission: the restraints of a military life, however, did not suit him; he sold out, came to London, and published a volume of poems, but the fate of Chatterton awaited him. Pressed by the extremity of want, he subsisted for some time upon the bounty of the charitable; but their interest in him was soon wearied out. Homeless and in despair, with a volume of *Hudibras* in his pocket, he wandered into the village of Lewisham, where he took up his abode at a poor ale-house. As long as his host permitted him, he lived there; but the sympathy of the landlord did not last long, and poor Dermody was driven forth to die upon the highway. His spirit, unbroken by these accumulated misfortunes, still sustained him, and in a mood of morbid resignation, he possessed himself of an unclaimed and untenanted ruin on Sydenham Common, that afforded him one room dilapidated and roofless. Some passing stranger discovered him in this forlorn situation, and communicated the fact to Sir J. B. Bruggess, who was then, we believe, the President of the Literary Fund Society. That gentleman immediately hastened to his relief, and when he entered the wretched apartment, he found Dermody seated on a stone which he had dragged into a corner for shelter, with his book in his

hand, and ghastly famine in his eyes. To the first question that was put to him, he replied, holding up *Hudibras*, "See, sir, I am merry to the last!" He was speedily removed to a comfortable inn; but it was too late, his frame was wasted by long suffering, and death was close at hand. He expired in a few hours, and his remains were conveyed to the village church, where a marble slab, inscribed with a few of his own verses, points out the spot where he sleeps.

The poems of Dermody are remarkable for an eastern gorgeousness of imagination; they are full of exuberant feeling, rich images, and a profuse display of critical eccentricities. It is difficult to predicate from what he did, what he might have done, had his taste been corrected by time and observation; but he possessed, in a remarkable degree, some of the elements of poetry—a fertile fancy, a rapid invention, and an extraordinary descriptive power, if not a deep sense of the qualities of beauty.

We ought not, perhaps, to omit from this enumeration of Irish publications, a strange periodical libel that was printed in Dublin for many years, during the worst periods of insurrection, entitled "*The Irish Magazine*." It was edited, and written, by a Mr. Walter Cox, who endured in turn, as the reward of his daring violations of truth and decency, the popular punishments of fine, incarceration, and pillory. His monkey, glee and truculent satire could not be restrained by the terrors of the law; and, in despite of repeated penalties and imprisonments, he continued to etch coarse caricatures upon the authorities, and to pour forth vulgar ribaldry against men in power who happened to fall under his displeasure. His magazine, however, finally ceased; it was said that his silence was purchased by an annuity of 200*l.*, on condition that he would leave the country. The worthy scribbler came to America, but not meeting with success, returned to his native city, where, after a faint struggle to establish another two-penny lampoon, he died in obscurity.

The magazines that remain to be noted, may be dismissed briefly. Of these the *Examiner* was most distinguished for the spirit with which it was conducted: but its career was short. Its projectors could not make head against the indifference of the public, and after a few numbers, abandoned their ill-repaid labors.

The *Dublin Magazine* was originated by some young students of Trinity College. It wanted solidity, and a general purpose; there was but little talent, and less skill displayed in its pages; and it was too evidently the work of inexperienced hands to exercise an influence over the reading world. It was memorable only as being the work through which the unfortunate Bertridg Clarke was made known. That early genius contributed largely to this periodical. The wildness of his imagination was not more remarkable than the teeming fertility of his mind. He wrote verse with steam-engine velocity; verse, too, in which there was high promise of excellence which he did not live to achieve. His tragedy of *Ramiro*, produced with some success on the Dublin stage, afforded a fair specimen of his powers and of his faults.

It was replete with fantastic images, thrown out in such rapid succession, that the spectator was lost as much in the mazes of the design as in wonder at the apparently inexhaustible resources of the writer. This was the besetting sin of Bertridge Clarke's poems. He makes one of his characters, after receiving his death wound, deliver a long apostrophe to the beauties of nature, and expire in a cloud of metaphor. Clarke was to the full as passionate and luxurious in his habits (as far as circumstances permitted him) as in his poetry. He used to sleep during the summer months in an Indian hammock, and revel through half the night talking the most extravagant nonsense about the poets that could well be conceived. Dublin was too confined a sphere for a spirit so ardent, and he tried the more ambitious field of London, where he brought out a tragedy, not less wild than *Ramiro*, but which still promised that, when he had tamed the excesses of his muse, he might accomplish something worthy of perpetuity. To him the London public are indebted for that small scrap of play-bill criticism, called the *Theatrical Observer*, the plan of which was originated in Dublin, where it had an extraordinary sale, by a Mr. Johnstone. But, although it was a novelty that excited some interest on its first appearance, it did not repay the trouble of its production, and was given up. Some humble hanger-on of the theatres

has since resumed the design, and the penny sheet still, we believe, continues to be issued.

The last of the expired magazines was the *Dublin Inquisitor*—a quiet, pleasant miscellany, aiming chiefly to fill its hour with agreeable literature. It lived through one single year—its young conductors finding in other spheres a more ambitious employment for their pens. There was another attempted in Cork, called "*Bolster's Magazine*," but it lasted only a few months. There was some literary talent displayed in its pages; but no skill. Its subjects were *passé*, and it wanted the necessary spirit of activity to carry it forward to success.

We must not conclude without a reference to the *Dublin University Magazine*, the successor of those vanished periodicals, a work of great ability, which deservedly ranks amongst the first productions of its class of the present day. It would be unjust to the talent with which it is conducted, not to observe that it promises to redeem Ireland from the charge of being either unable or unwilling to sustain her portion of the periodical literature of Europe.

The *Dublin Penny Journal* is conducted with considerable tact, and several well-written articles are contained in its pages; but it is too confessedly an imitation of the *London Penny Magazine* to confer any credit on the literature of the country.

THAT BURIED VOICE.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

THAT buried voice is with me still,
Tho' silent long ago;
It whispers to me from the rill,
Where sparkling waters flow;
It murmurs thro' the silent woods,
In many a gentle moan,
And tells me, in my solitude,
I am not all alone;
In many an echo sighing near,
That buried voice comes on mine ear.

That buried voice, when all is hush'd
In soft repose around,
Breathes thro' some flow'r the winds have crush'd,
Too early to the ground.
I hear it, as the breezes wave
The tall and slender grass,
For o'er thy sad and lonely grave,
Those summer breezes pass.
And they have linger'd by thy mound,
To bring me back its buried sound.

That buried voice,—in lighted halls
Where music weaves her spell,
Breathes to me thro' its dying falls,
Like some sad heart's farewell.
I hear it in the giddy throng,
When youth and beauty meet,
To carol some remember'd song
Thy tones have made so sweet;
And in their soft and gentle strain,
I hear that buried voice again.

That buried voice—there's not a breeze
But wafs it to mine ear,
There's not a murmur thro' the trees,
But that soft tone I hear.
It twines round me its blessed spell,
To lead me where thou art,
To follow where the angels dwell,
This music of my heart;
To where my soul shall yet rejoice,
In concert with that buried voice.

THE RAVEN'S RAVEL.

The raven she croaked as she sat at her meal.—SOUTHEY.
Croak, croak, croak!—ARISTOPHANES.

IN the midst of one of the most beautiful vales in the west of England stands a small country-town, called by popular consent or traditional custom Gray-stone; a corruption (so it has been surmised by some of the more learned antiquarians of the place) of its original, if not appropriate name of Gravestone. And here I may as well inform the topographical inquirer, that no search, however diligent, will enable him to discern the town in question defined upon any map of England and Wales with which I am acquainted. He must, accordingly, take my word for it that such a town does exist; and must be constrained also to believe that the characters which I am now about to introduce to his notice, enjoy an actual individuality and existence apart from that "many-coloured life," which the *vraisemblance* of fiction is sometimes supposed to confer.

Not far from the town-hall, contiguous likewise to the market-place, and the corner house of — street, (this last particular *must* remain a secret), lived, or rather was not yet dead, Mr. Simon Raven, the undertaker. Mr. Raven had at one time superadded to the post-mortem branch the more lively avocations of auctioneer and appraiser; but whether he had met with small encouragement in these minor branches, or to speak figuratively, twigs of profession, or whether (which is more likely) his genius led him to prefer the former to the entire exclusion of the other two, I cannot satisfactorily determine; certain, however, it is, that at the time of which I now treat, Mr. Raven was solely, and I may also add souly and bodily, an undertaker.

It was Mrs. Raven's delight, habited in a black velvet cloak (a pall in former days,) every morning to descend her door-steps (two obliterated gravestones, a present from the sexton,) and to go forth with the humane intention of visiting the sick. She had acquired, by dint of incessant practice, a wonderful skill in the closing of eyes, and the folding together of shutters; and "coming events cast their shadows before" so distinctly to the vision of Mrs. Raven, that she would often bespeak the mutes, and hoist the funeral feathers, before the breath was out of her friends' bodies.

This worthy couple delighted (but their joy was of a grave and solemn character) in the existence of a daughter, Miss Niobe Raven. This young lady partook largely of the mournful merits of her respected parents. Her reading was choice, and her accustomed resort was the church-porch. Here she would pore over the exhilarating pages of Drelincourt, Sherlock, Hervey, Mrs. Rowe, and Dr. Dodd; and sometimes, to interpose a little ease, she would solace her soul with the lighter effusions of poetry. It need scarcely be

added, that Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts," and Blair's "Grave," obtained and secured her preference.

" — Passing well,
She loved the passing bell."

and her favourite musical performance was the Dead March in Saul.

But one thing was calculated to encourage the growth of this melancholy disposition. Miss Niobe Raven, for a much greater length of time than she could have anticipated, had been floundering in the unpleasant slough of celibacy. She had long wished to obtain a settlement in the parish, or neighborhood, or indeed anywhere; but it so happened no one came forward to win or to wear her. No one would stick this branch of cypress in his bosom. Young Mangel Wurzel the farmer, indeed, some years before, had bethought him that the churchyard was a field out of which Mr. Simon Raven had probably reaped more profitable crops than his father had been enabled to do from his own acres; but, like a discreet shepherd, he had never ventured to go beyond sheep's-eyes in his attentions to Miss Niobe Raven. Midge, the magnanimous but minute barber, as he strutted from chin to chin, like a self-satisfied bantam, with a fine comb stuck upon his head, had sometimes lingered on his way to exchange compliments with her; nay, he had once presented her with a silver-wire tooth-brush and a many-colored wash-ball; but from this time forth he never would speak word. Neither by sign, look, or gesture had he even hinted a wish to establish her as Mrs. Midge. Something, therefore, must be done, and Miss Niobe Raven had concocted a cunning plan. She had too long toiled to obtain a husband by fair means—she must now endeavor to catch one in her toils. Let us relate the sequel."

Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch, the linendraper, lived exactly opposite the evil-boding abode of the Ravens. No vulgar swain was Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch. No person in town carried his head higher than he—and yet he was but a yard and a half high by his own measure, and some were base enough to say it wanted an inch. Neat to a fault, he had no other. When he stood at his door betimes, alternately rubbing his chin and his hands, one might have surmised that he was merely scenting the morning air; not so, he was sagacious of his quarry from afar. The tyrant custom usually kept him indoors during the day; but there was one particular pane at the shop-window end of his counter, through which he occasionally stole a glimpse at the on-goings of the neighbourhood. Through this counter-pane (for so it must be called) he contrived to behold the world; being himself as securely hidden

as though he were shrouded by the blanket of the dark. From all the world, I say, was he effectually shrouded—except from one individual in it. Miss Niobe Raven had long cast her lynx, or rather links, regards upon him, for her glances were so many links, creating a strong chain of interest, which irresistibly drew her towards him; but which, as yet, had not succeeded in drawing him towards her. That mournful person had long mused over his many advantageous requisites, considered as a connubial votary; she with a sad earnestness contemplated his desirable qualities; she desiderated his stock in trade, lease, and fixtures; in a word—

“Melancholy marked him for her own.”

It was a fine evening. Dowlas, the corpulent apprentice, was preparing to shut up shop, and his master had retired into the back parlor, to relax his mind after the laborious avocations of the day. At this moment he was engaged in amiable sport with a puppy of a pug-dog, which had been recently presented to him as a mark of friendship and esteem, and which strongly resembled a Bath brick, running about on four knife-handles. Thus amiably and innocently employed, Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch was not precisely in a situation to heed the first interruption of his assistant, who tendered him a letter, which had been just delivered into the shop; but the whitey-brown parcel of caninity commencing a headlong assault upon the protruded leg of the apprentice, recalled his owner to the consciousness that there was another presence in the room.

“Any answer required, Dowlas?”

“None, sir. Mr. Stoa’s clerk left it on the counter, and I saw him afterwards call over the way—at Ravens.”

“Oh! very well.”

Left to himself, Nonsuch broke open the letter, with the air of one who is about to peruse the various items of a profitable order: instead of which he read as follows:—

“Sir—I am instructed by my client, Mr. Simon Raven, to acquaint you, that unless you instantly fulfil your engagements with Miss Niobe Raven, proceedings will be commenced against you.

“I remain your obedient servant,

“CAYMAN STOA.”

It may be unnecessary to state that this epistle acted as an aperient upon the linen-draper’s mouth and eyes; indeed, so marvellously were they extended by wonder, that his face for the time lost that significant sagacity of expression which some have been pleased to ascribe to it. His first impulse, however, when reason was partially restored to him, was to re-peruse the document which, in the first instance, had so strangely discomposed his equanimity; and now he became tossed about in a sea of doubts and fears, out of which he emerged with a wet skin (for he was now perspiring copiously,) to wander in a mazy labyrinth of conjecture. What could this letter mean?—

what engagements had he ever contracted with Miss Niobe Raven? What proceedings were to be had against him in consequence of his non-fulfilment of this mysterious contract? Oh! it was a joke—a pleasant deceit practised upon him—a funny thing, contrived by that arch wag Raven, and that rum fellow Stoa. But soft!—Raven was anything but an arch wag, and not the least like a rum fellow was Stoa. Conscience came to his aid at this juncture; a powerful auxiliary at all times, but particularly efficient as an agent to smooth down the ruffled soul of Nonsuch at the present moment. “Never!” and he arose with dignity; “never in thought, word, or deed, have I trifled with the peace of Miss Raven; never have I gone about to blight the happiness of that young lady.”

Nonsuch was soothed and somewhat affected by the speech he had just concluded; and, taking his hat, he proceeded through the passage to the private door. “I will see Stoa, instantly, at all events,” said he, “and learn what this letter means.”

The fresh air slightly cooled his feverish gills, standing for a moment at the door, he sucked in a draught of the salubrious element; and now he went his way towards the residence of the attorney, with a studied and difficult steadiness, as of a conscious drunkard, purposely avoiding a glance at the opposite window, where he felt assured two evil eyes were employed in taking his likeness in one minute upon their several retinas. It was, as I have said, a fine evening, and doubtless the genial influence of the air and sky contributed to calm his inward perturbation; and by the time he had reached the field, which it was necessary to cross ere he might arrive at Stoa’s door, a sentiment of tranquil peace was glowing in the bosom of Nonsuch.

It was a pretty paddock, over the sward of which he was now hastening; and yet at times he lingered—for the scene invited admiration. A few cows were picturesquely grouped in reclining attitudes, making, as it were, side faces as they ruminated;—standing silently at right angles, the head of one resting over the neck of the other, were two horses, looking like one clothes-horse; and by the side of the hedge, on which clean linen had been laid to bleach, a skittish foal played his pranks—like an emancipated washing-stool overjoyed at the conclusion of its laborious duties.

“Innocent beasts!” exclaimed Nonsuch, with emotion, “how happy ye appear!—and is there then no happiness for me? Oh! yes, yes—” and as he strode over the stile and sprang into the road, another “yes” was jerked from his bosom—“I will soon put this little matter to rights.”

“Good evening, Mr. Stoa,” said the linen-draper, entering the private office of the attorney, who appeared deeply engaged in letter-writing. “What do you mean by this?” and he handed him the note;—“’twas an absurd joke—indeed it was. Ha! ha! you’ll get no six-and-eight-pence for this, Stoa—no go, my old boy!”

“You may call it an absurd joke, Mr. Nonsuch, if you please; but I am afraid you won’t find it one,” said the lawyer solemnly; “but I would much rather be referred to your legal adviser: we can settle the business much better between ourselves.”

"What do you mean?" faltered Nonsuch.

"We have the most incontestable evidence," resumed Stoat, "the most conclusive evidence, that you have gone so far in your attentions to Miss Raven, as to be unable to recede without rendering ample compensation."

"What do you mean?" reiterated Narcissus. "What do you mean?" and he sunk into a chair; "oh! tell me—how is this? what is it? how can it be?"

"The damages are laid at five thousand pounds," said the relentless lawyer; "young men should be discreet, Mr. Nonsuch—but now I fear it is too late."

There was an awful sincerity in the tones of Stoat, that fell like conviction authenticated upon the ears of the linen-drawer.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with the vague vacancy of a lunatic; "very good! Five thousand pounds! ha! ha! but tell me——"

"You are not in a situation," interrupted Stoat, "to listen to reason at the present moment. Who is your solicitor?"

"Ferret—Ferret—" said Nonsuch, waving his hand. "Ferret of Street End."

"We will consult together," cried Stoat, opening the door. "Good evening, Mr. Nonsuch."

"Good evening," said the other, and he departed with a mechanical motion worthy of an automaton.

A very different aspect did nature present to the linen-drawer, as he sneaked over the paddock, which, but a few minutes ago, had called forth the finer feelings of his nature. The cows were evidently making grimaces in ridicule of his forlorn plight; the two horses stared at him intently, as though about to burst into horse-laugh; and the foal, as he approached kicked up its long, straight hind-legs with an air of unfeeling contempt.

"That foal is a fool," muttered Nonsuch, with bitter emphasis. "But, oh! what a conspiracy is now brought to maturity—let me, however, meet it like a man."

Thus saying, he deviated into a kind of canter, and by these means soon brought himself to the door of Raven's house.

"Are Mr. Raven, Mrs. Raven, and Miss Raven within?" demanded Nonsuch, with astonishing firmness of utterance.

"They are, Mr. Nonsuch," said the servant; "will you walk in?"

"I will," cried Narcissus, and he sprang upon the mat; "conduct me to them instantly."

The servant tapped at the parlor-door; and, presently, a confused sound of voices broke upon the linen-drawer's ear.

"Bid Mr. Nonsuch to come in."

With a palpitating heart and a low bow did Nonsuch attend their summons.

"Oh! sir," said Mrs. Raven, with a distant air, "we have been expecting you for some time.—But, Niobe, my child," and she turned towards her daughter, "what is the matter? I have to beg you will compose yourself."

Miss Niobe projected her hand deprecatingly towards her mother.

"No—no—I can never more be happy," she sobbed, as she buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief. "Oh! it is too much—too much indeed!"

"Retire, my love, retire," urged the mother, with the face of an affectionate shark.—"You see, Mr. Nonsuch—" and she turned towards our hero, "how tremblingly sensitive the poor girl is!—Take your shroud with you into the drawing-room—you can finish it there."

Nonsuch turned an oblique eye upon her as she retired.

"Horrible geule!" he muttered; "take your shroud into the drawing-room, and finish it there! Would she could betake herself in her shroud to the drawing-room of death, there to be finished—unholy cannibal!"

"We are making shrouds, Mr. Nonsuch," said Mrs. Raven, with a simper; "we have several funerals on hand, and business must be attended to, you know; will you excuse me for a few minutes? Mr. Raven will attend you directly."

"Certainly—certainly," exclaimed Nonsuch; and as he watched the diligent needle of Mrs. Raven, plying at the ghastly head-gear of the deceased unknown, and heard the monotonous ticking of coffin-nails from the back shop, a superstitious horror pervaded his frame. But the entrance of Raven dissipated in some measure this unmanly weakness.

"Well, Mr. Nonsuch, you are come at last," said Raven, with a cavernous croak; "but you look ill."

"I *am* ill—very ill," cried Nonsuch; "my mind has been harassed by a letter I have received."

"Oh!" exclaimed Raven, "you are very ill, are you?" and he gazed upon the other with a silent intensity of speculative expression, as though he were calculating how many square feet of oak, and how many gross of nails would be sufficient to furnish forth a genteel eternity packing-case for his victim;—"you may well be ill, considering how you have treated our poor Niobe."

"Indeed he may," sighed Mrs. Raven, crimping the border of the deadly night-cap she had then in hand.

"How I have treated your poor Niobe!" cried Narcissus, starting up. "What the devil—I beg pardon—what the deuce do you mean?—I have paid her no attentions—don't wish to do so—don't like her—won't have her."

"Oh! you won't—won't you?" said Raven, approaching with a malignant grin—"but you shall have her—we will make you have her—you must have her."

"I'll be d——d if I do!" said Nonsuch, between his teeth, buttoning his breeches-pockets with the air of one who *will* not be over-reached.

"And I'll be d——d if you don't!" retorted Raven, bearing away the now completed shroud towards the door.

"Fie! fie! gentlemen," interposed Mrs. Raven!—"Mr. Nonsuch, compose yourself.—Mr. Raven—Simon, my dear, be calm—for mercy's sake, be calm."

"What does it all mean?" cried Nonsuch. "Raven, come back—explain, explain!"

"The short and the long of it is," said Raven, "that you must marry my daughter, or let the law take its

course—we have your own letters against you—several.”

“Affectionate and tender letters,” interrupted Mrs. Raven.

“Affectionate—tender letters!” and Nonsuch staggered towards the door; “letters!”—he repeated, while his eyes rolled about their sockets with melodramatic rapidity—vile counterfeits—base forgeries.—But Ferret shall see to this, depend upon it.”

“I thought he’d say as much,” said Raven, addressing his wife—“but let him prove it if he can.”

“It is a vile world, Mr. Raven; and Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch is as bad as the rest,” remarked the wife.

“Well, sir, we have nothing more to say to you,” resumed Raven, pointing to the door—“we have these letters against you—we have you in black and white—good evening.”

“Oh, very well,” said Nonsuch, with affected stoicism; and, muttering some unintelligible announcement respecting Ferret, he retired from the house, carrying over the way a burden of anguish, such as the most brawny martyr must necessarily have tottered under.

Once more within the silent secrecy of his little back parlor, did Nonsuch con over the eventful proceedings of this unfortunate evening.

“To what have I been destined by a cruel and merciless fate!” he apostrophized—“they say, the Ravens say, that they have got letters against me; they have taken out letters patent, as it were, for the purpose of making me their peculiar property—they have me in black and white—the Ravens say they have me in black and white—Ha! ha! a magpie between three ravens—a precious chance of coming off with good colors.—But, hilloah! who’s there?”

The door opened, and a head made its appearance. “Are you alone?” inquired its possessor, as the rest of his person made itself visible in the parlor. He was a short stout man, in a huge neckcloth and whiskers, with large calves upon very short legs, and small feet, like flat-irons, stuck at the end of them. It was Captain Trigger.

“Come to have a rubber at cribbage with you,” said he. “But what’s the matter?—you look ill.”

Nonsuch gazed earnestly at his visitor. “No, no; I’m not ill,” he replied; “but there’s something here.” And he placed his finger upon the centre button of his Valencia waistcoat.

“Take Brandreth’s pills,” cried the other, handing down the cribbage-board from the mantel-piece; “they’ll set you to rights, I warrant you.”

“Throw physic to the dogs!” said Nonsuch, waving his hand, and tossing fretfully in his chair.

“To the dogs, eh?” rejoined Trigger.—“Bark is the thing for dogs—ha! ha!” and he laughed vociferously.

Nonsuch heaved forth a heavy sigh; and, with much apparent deliberation, replaced the cards and cribbage pegs into the small box, which, when open, also officiated as a board.

“Can you be secret?” said he, advancing solemnly towards the captain; “for, oh! Trigger—can you be secret?”

“As dead men are; or the watchman who helps to

put them into the sack,” cried his friend.—“But go on—don’t gasp in that unusual manner; you look hideous—upon my soul you do.—Let’s have some grog.”

“Mix for yourself; I know you like it cold,” said Nonsuch, with woful emphasis; and, as the captain proceeded with his agreeable employment, and sucked in the congenial cordial, the linen-draper imparted the full nature and extent of his present woes.

The captain took a pinch of snuff at the conclusion of this narrative, and pounced upon the spirit-bottle; and, as he gazed long and earnestly at his friend, in like manner as long and as earnestly did his friend gaze upon him.

“It is very strange!” at length remarked Trigger.—“Did you never love this young Raven, Nonsuch?”

“Never!”

“Nor paid your addresses to her?”

“Never!”

“Nor addressed letters to her?”

“Never!”

“Nor to anybody else?”

“Nev — ha! ha! ha!” and now suddenly starting up,

“Like moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest wo.”

Nonsuch discharged an unintelligible ecstasy of mirth fearfully prolonged.

“Oh! Trigger—you good fellow,” cried he, at length, capering towards his companion; “you have hit it, my boy;—I have addressed letters to Penelope Pincroft, which——”

“They have got into their possession,” interrupted Trigger.—“Sit down—where does Pincroft live?—I’m off to her house at once—d’ye think she’s at home?”

“She’s at her long home!” said Nonsuch, mournfully. “She died six months ago.”

“Poor Pincroft!” ejaculated the captain. “That’s unlucky; but stay—the letters were addressed to her of course?”

“No, they were not,” replied Nonsuch alarmed; “they were conveyed through a servant, without any address, lest they should fall into the old lady’s hands.”

“Oh Lord! oh Lord! that’s worse still,” said the captain, scratching his head; and a pause of some minutes ensued.

Intense thoughts appeared to be travelling hastily athwart the brow of the captain, as leaning forward towards Nonsuch, he demanded:—

“Has old Raven feathered his nest?”

“I believe so.—He has plenty of money.”

“Any settled on the daughter?”

“Oh yes!—lots.—Two thousand pounds.”

“Ha!” cried Trigger, significantly, “then why don’t you marry her?”

“I marry her,” cried Nonsuch, with emotion; “live in a family vault! No, no; I should soon be a job for my father-in-law, depend upon it. Why, they live upon the dead; they’re jackals—hyenas—”

“Not laughing hyenas, at all events,” cried the captain; “but, Nonsuch, my boy, upon second thoughts

it will be the best thing you can do. You'll never be able to prove that these letters are not addressed to her; they'll get singing damages, and I don't think that will be money well laid out."

"I'll be laid out myself first," exclaimed Nonsuch, in a rage; "I would shroud it with pleasure, rather than put up with that spotted spinster—that gawky giraffe—"

"I say, Nonsuch, do you know," said Trigger, after a pause, playing with eighteen-pence which he had got, all in sixpences, in his pocket, "do you know that I am steeped in poverty to the very lips, into which a very unsatisfactory portion of provender finds its way; do you know that life is dear, and living not cheap; and do you know that money is important to me, and that I must have money?"

"Captain!" expostulated Nonsuch, somewhat afrighted—

"Listen to me," interrupted the other; and now in a voice of secrecy did the captain pour into the ear of his host a well-digested plan, which it is not expedient at present to disclose.

Various were the emotions that seemed to agitate the linen-draper during Trigger's recital. Hope, fear, doubt, expectation, uncertainty, rapture, coursed over his expressive countenance with inconceivable rapidity.

"It'll do, won't it?" inquired the captain, with a knowing wink, as he concluded.

"I think it will," returned Nonsuch.

"You'll go through with it, without fail, 'pon honor?" asked the other.

"I will."

The two friends here indulged themselves in a burst of exhilarating laughter, and shaking hands with enviable cordiality, separated for the night.

With a very peculiar flourish did Nonsuch jerk the razor over his beard on the following morning; and with a more than usual attention was every appointment of the outward man arranged and disposed. Leaving his shop to the management, *pro tempore*, of the corpulent apprentice, Nonsuch sallied forth with almost fairy lightness of footfall, bending his way towards the churchyard. He was not mistaken. Miss Niobe Raven was already there; she started, and turned blue, with a slight admixture of green, and prepared to flee, but Nonsuch detained her with his persuasive tongue.

"Am I then so odious, dear Miss Raven?" he murmured, and seizing her hand, he led her to a convenient flat gravestone, under which reposed (perhaps) the remains of Wiggles the surveyor—"sit down one moment, I entreat, and let me confess all."

"Your meaning is mysterious, sir," said Miss Raven, inclining her ear towards him—"explain yourself."

"Let me elucidate," cried Narcissus—"you love me, nay, deny it not—else why that excusable fiction concerning the letters—you blush! but, perhaps, there was no other method of loosening my tongue-tied diffidence. Why, however, did your respected parents—why did that worthy couple refer the matter to Stoa?—there I am destroyed."

"How so, Mr. Narcissus?" demanded the lady.

"Let not that cold word 'Mister' be permitted in your discourse; call me Nonsuch—dear Nonsuch—I have loved you long—let us elope."

"Elope!" screamed Miss Niobe, opening and anon closing with sweet confusion her eyes, which, in the latter predicament, looked like two black gaiter button-holes—"Oh! Mr. Nonsuch, fie! fie!"

"What would the world say," cried Nonsuch, with animation, "should I be tamely led to the altar like a sheep to the slaughter? The neighborhood is, no doubt, already aware of the contemplated proceedings against me; let us mystify them—let us consult our own inclinations—let us tie the knot at once—let us proceed with the ceremony without any ceremony."

Miss Raven was balancing the matter upon the point of her mind, when Nonsuch destroyed the prudential equilibrium by a *coup-de-main*.

"I have no time to wait," he cried; "the shop requires my presence." She smiled with grim satisfaction—"Your shop," he added, tenderly taking her hand, which he pressed devoutly. A reciprocal pressure assured him.

"Say that you consent," he whispered.

"I do," was the soft and complying response.

"Meet me, then," cried Nonsuch, eagerly, "at the end of Gaffer-lane, to-morrow morning, six o'clock; a license, and a licensed postchaise shall be ready for you. Here comes Gargle, the apothecary—Farewell!"

Darting down the yew-tree walk, Nonsuch was out of sight in a moment.

On the eve of that eventful diurnal period, the sun took a cold bath as usual (for he is very regular in his habits) and arose "with shining morning face," punctually at four o'clock on the following day.

It was about half-past five when Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch was seen to emerge from a postchaise that drew up at the end of Gaffer-lane. With an anxious uncertainty, as he sniffed the morning breeze, did he look into vacancy for the object of his expectation; and at length, his best wishes were realized. Miss Niobe Raven was approaching with hasty steps the scene of projected flight.

"Are you ready?" inquired the linen-draper.

"Perfectly," was the tremulous rejoinder.

"Then let me hand you to the vehicle in waiting," cried he, as in a style of his own, he handed her over the stile of Mullins, the grazier, and escorted her to the carriage.

"Will you allow me?" cried a voice from within that convenience—a voice which, it was plain, did not belong to Nonsuch; and a hand was put forth at the same moment, which, it was equally evident was not his property.

The repetition of that polite question, put, as it was, in politest accents, appeared in no slight degree to unsettle the serenity of Miss Niobe Raven; but a somewhat metropolitan thrust from behind, and the sudden sliding of the steps under the vehicle, precluded farther parley, and the carriage drove off without such satisfactory explanation as, in common cases, might have been deemed respectably indispensable.

Nonsuch lingered for some moments in the high road in a pleasing reverie, and a face disclosed itself

at the miniature window in the rear of the postchaise which appeared to be pleasing unto him; waiting, therefore, till the bobbing up and down of the postilion ceased to be discernible by the naked eye, he retraced his steps, and soon found himself at the door of Mr. Simon Raven, the undertaker.

That dolorous individual and his exemplary sleeping partner were at this moment in the pleasing pursuance of their respective dreams—narcotic avocations which they usually enjoyed without molestation till eight o'clock; but Nonsuch, bursting without ceremony into the chamber, caused them suddenly to erect themselves in the bed; where they sat arranging their nightcaps with visages of extreme perplexity.

"Are you not a precious pair?" cried Nonsuch, drawing aside the curtains at the foot of the couch, and revealing himself to their gradually extended gaze; "are you not a pretty pair?" and he projected his hand like an Athenian orator, "to connive at these doings on the part of your daughter?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Nonsuch?" cried the parents conjunctively.

"What do I mean?" ejaculated the other, poking his forefinger towards each, "why, that Niobe has eloped with Captain Trigger."

"Gracious goodness! God bless my soul!" and other outcries followed, as the two tumbled out of bed, and Nonsuch closed the bed-curtains, and retreated to the door.

"Shall I order a hearse and four directly?" cried he, through the keyhole, "we shall be able to overtake them at Gravelstone, doubtless. I know we shall catch them at the Spilsbury Arms."

"Will you step down," said Raven, hurriedly, through the same medium, "and see my horse put into the chaise-cart directly?"

"I will;" and Nonsuch trotted down stairs with serene composure.

It was a sorry animal whose energies were now about to be called into requisition. Guiltless of oats, it seemed very little better acquainted with hay; and the state of the rack evinced the lamentable fact, that the forlorn steed had been fain, occasionally, to solace its digestive organs with timber.

After a brace of shakes, however, on the part of the paralyzed palfrey, he suffered himself to be attached to the vehicle; and the two Ravens, having by this time adjusted their plumage, and followed by Nonsuch, took their seats in the chaise-cart, and were soon seen goading the debilitated brute towards the Spilsbury Arms.

A clean-napkin'd waiter met them as they hurried into the passage.

"A lady and gentleman!" demanded Raven.

"A lady and gentleman!" urged his wife.

"A lady and gentleman!" echoed the linen-drawer.

"You'll find them in No. 4," said the waiter, pointing with his finger; and as they rushed past, the wind of their garments lifted with undulating motion the clean napkin of the much marvelling retainer.

A scene presented itself as the three made their way into the room, which may easily be conceived, and with no less facility described. Captain Trigger

had been fighting with hunger, and having called toast to his aid had now commenced the second round, while Miss Niobe Raven was enacting imitation woe on the sofa. At the sight of her family, however, the young lady shrieked hysterically, and rising suddenly tossed herself into the arms of the maternal branch.

The old lady heaved a groan, but whether caused by corporeal or mental trouble, did not at the moment appear altogether evident.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Raven, advancing towards the table; "restore my daughter instantly; she is contracted to Mr. Nonsuch."

"No such thing!" returned the captain, coolly, decapitating an egg: "she is mine—she must be mine. Call your good lady hither, and let me explain. Come hither, Mrs. Raven."

The old lady approached, and being politely handed to a seat by the captain, prepared herself for the statement, which, it was evident, by sundry clearings of the throat, he was now about to make.

"Do you see my injured friend yonder?" said he, pointing towards Nonsuch, who during the preceding arrangement had opened a conversation with Miss Niobe; "and do you remember poor Penelope Pin-croft?"

A ghastly derangement of the facial organs made itself manifest in Mr. and Mrs. Raven.

"We have the most conclusive evidence to prove," continued Trigger, "that the letters you proposed bringing in evidence against my friend, were addressed to that deceased person. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We will have—that is, I will have Miss Niobe—or we'll take five hundred pounds—or we'll indict you for a conspiracy."

"What do you mean?" stammered Mr. Simon Raven.

"Oh dear me! only think of that!" faltered Mrs. Raven—and a pause ensued.

"He has loved you long and deeply," urged Nonsuch, at the other end of the room; "why, Lord bless you! he's a military man, and only wants a little money to obtain a colonelcy. Brave as a badger, hang me if he isn't!"

"Well, what do you both say?" resumed Trigger; "I have loved your daughter long and deeply, as my friend observes, but my confounded modesty has prevented an earlier disclosure of my sentiments."

"Do you hear that?" insinuated Nonsuch.

Miss Raven smiled through her tears.

"We will consider about it," cried Raven, more calmly; "there's plenty of time, Captain."

"You military men are so pressing," observed Mrs. Raven. "Niobe, my love, walk this way. Do you object to Captain Trigger for a husband, my child?"

"Dear me, mamma, what can I say?" said Miss Raven, and a glance towards the captain conveyed the rapturous remainder of the assent.

"I see how it is," said Trigger, in an under-tone to his friend.

"Come, then, let us all have breakfast together," exclaimed Nonsuch, in an ecstasy; "and if Miss Raven will permit me, I shall be most happy to present her with a wedding-dress—white gauze, of the finest

manufacture, over white satin of equal richness: a very stout article, I assure you."

"I would much rather it should be black satin," observed Mrs. Raven.

"Black, of course," said Raven, decisively.

"Let it be black, if you please," simpered Miss Niobe; "I would much rather, as mamma says, have it black."

"Black be it then," cried Nonsuch; "and now let us sit down to breakfast."

FANCY'S GOLDEN DREAMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

O! wilt thou faithless take thy flight,
And, with thy joys and sorrows, leave me?
Depart with Fancy's radiant light,
Deaf to my prayers, of all bereave me?
Bright Morn of Life, with flowers bestrewn!
Can nought arrest thy rapid motion?
In vain! thy waves are rushing down
Into Eternity's dark ocean.

Quenched are the cloudless suns that shone
With splendor on my youthful course,
Those rapturous thoughts for ever flown
That swelled my heart with maddening force;
Fled, too, the sweet enchanting faith
In beings formed by Fancy's spell;
To dull Reality's cold breath
A prey their heavenly beauty fell.

As erst Pygmalion prayed and glowed
The marble clasped in his embrace,
Till warmth and feeling gushing flowed
Into the statue's icy face—
So round fair Nature, filled with love,
My youthful arms I fondly wreathed,
Till in my breast she 'gan to move,
And on my heart responsive breathed.

In passion's flame, that brightly burned,
She, kindling into speech, took part,
My fervent kiss of love returned,
And heard the music of my heart:
Then lived for me, the rose, the tree—
To me the silver fountain sang;
And senseless things, in sympathy,
Even of my life an echo rang.

How did my teeming heart, too vast
For its small cell, impatient bound
To tread life's scenes with eager haste,
In word and deed, in form and sound!
How great this world had Fancy moulded,
While in the bud it lay unseen!
How little proved it when unfolded!—
This little, oh, how poor and mean!

The youth's eye lit with daring gleam,
How sped he on in life's career!
Beguiled by hope's illusive beam,
A stranger yet to care and fear.

High as the blue heaven's palest star
He soared in visionary schemes—
Nought was too high, and nought too far,
For his wing'd fancy's golden dreams.

How boldly did he build on air!
What could resist his prospering hand?
How danced around life's chariot fair,
In proud array, the ethereal band!
Fortune, with diadem of gold—
Love, whose delights no sorrow mars—
Truth, with her sun-bright robe unrolled—
And Glory, with her crown of stars.

But, ere the middle of the way,
Alas! he lost the escort bright;
They turned their faithless steps away,
And in succession took to flight.
Away swift-footed Fortune flew,
The thirst for knowledge found no spring;
And Doubt o'er Truth's effulgence threw
A dark cloud from his sable wing.

I saw the sacred wreathes of Fame
Round worthless brows profanely twined!
Too soon young Love's expiring flame
In dreary darkness left the mind.
Lonelier and lonelier still it grew,
Upon life's bleak and rugged waste:
On the dark path Hope scarcely threw
A glimmering ray to cheer my breast.

Of all the gay attendant throng,
Who tarried fondly by my side?
Who still consoles with angel tongue,
And will till death with me abide?
Friendship, 'tis thou! whose hand prepares
A healing balm for every wound,
And kindly life's sad burden shares—
Thou, whom I early sought and found!

And thou! her mate in willing band,
When calms the soul her siren voice,
Stern Industry's unwearied hand,
Which slowly forms, yet ne'er destroys:
Which, to creation's work sublime
Atom on atom only bears,
Yet from the mighty debt of time
Strikes away minutes, hours, and years.

THE DEATH OF HUSSEIN KHAN, THE ROBBER OF THE INDIES.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

IN the course of one of my frequent rides over the burning plains of India, it was my fortune to encounter an adventure that deserves recording. We were hastening to the shelter of a few dwarf shrubs that crowned the brows of some gentle acclivities, and promised an agreeable refuge from the vertical rays of the burning sun. The spot which was presently disclosed to our view, I never can forget: it seemed peculiarly adapted for the bloody tragedy which had been there enacted. A beautiful valley was enclosed by the hills, to which, from the side we approached it, there appeared to be only two modes of entrance, formed by the dry beds of two shallow rivulets. On entering one of these, the first object that struck us, before emerging from the gorge in the valley, was the half-devoured body of a sipahzee, who had evidently been placed there as a sentry: a jackall was busily employed in eating him, and preventing the vultures, three or four of which hopped around, from sharing his repast. At the sight of us he fled immediately, and we then came full on the most appalling prospect I ever beheld; our horses, snuffing and snorting, could scarcely be urged forward. Amidst a considerable number of tents, many of which were half-burnt, lay the gnawed and mutilated corpses of more than a hundred men: a troop of jackals and wolves, and one immense tigress, with cubs, were feasting on the vast banquet; while the sky above seemed actually alive with vultures, waiting till the others were gorged, for their time to come. We halted and fired a volley, which had the desired effect of scaring the beasts away; and the field was left clear to us and the vultures, which nothing can drive away from a human body. We then dismounted, and picketed our horses, in order to examine the place more minutely. It had apparently been a night attack, and complete surprise; the sentries had fallen at their posts, and their muskets were still loaded, with the exception of that belonging to the man whose body we had first seen; and it was but too evident that the picket had been slain asleep, or immediately on awaking, for they appeared to have regularly retired to rest, to which criminal breach of discipline this unfortunate affair was doubtless to be ascribed. From the numerous carts, used only by Government for that purpose, we concluded it had been a party escorting treasure, and from their number, it had probably proved a valuable booty for Hussein Khan, to whom we, of course, attributed the business. The officers, of which there had been three, were slain in different parts of their respective tents, in the act of huddling on their clothes; they had all made a desperate resistance, as was evident from the bodies of the robbers lying near them, who appeared to have fallen by their hands; not above a dozen, however, of the attacking party were

found. The bodies of some of these presented an awful spectacle, for the slow match used for their matchlocks, and coiled round their bodies, had ignited, and communicating with their cotton-wadded garments, they were half-roasted. The only living animal of the whole unfortunate party was a small terrier, which was lying near the body of one of the officers, probably its master; he occasionally howled in a piteous manner, and we found it difficult to induce him to quit the corpse, even after we had lain it in the earth, a service we performed for the mangled bodies of the officers, with such maimed rites as the occasion only allowed.

A messenger having been dispatched to the headquarters of the regiment to which this unfortunate detachment belonged, giving an account of the melancholy sight we had witnessed, our horses' heads were turned homewards. We had not, however, proceeded far, when one of our scouts met us, with the intelligence that Hussein Khan, after his last bold enterprise, fearing an immediate and hot pursuit from a stronger force than he was willing or able to encounter, had dispersed his band, and he himself was about to seek refuge in some of the strong fastnesses in the neighbouring hills; the scout at the same time intimated that some goatherds had seen a Rohillar suwar, completely armed, dressed in white, and wearing a red turban, about two miles from the spot where we then were.—Although by no means certain that this suwar was the man we were in pursuit of, yet, determined not to throw a chance away, we immediately started off at a good pace in the direction pointed out to us. After riding fast for about an hour on a most extensive sandy plain, intersected by the deep and wide ravines and beds of small rivers, always so numerous on the plains of India, Shaw, who possessed peculiarly keen sight, pointed out to me a speck on the verge of the horizon, which he asserted was a horseman. Our horses, now somewhat jaded, were, nevertheless, forced to their utmost speed; the pace soon began to tell, and the inferior animals gradually "tailed off." After about ten minutes' hard racing, Shaw, who was mounted on a remarkably fine English thoroughbred horse, Mehtur Ali and myself, on Arabe, found ourselves alone; but the speck we had first seen was more distinct, for it had now beyond a doubt assumed the appearance of the notorious Hussein. He was evidently urging his drooping horse to a speed he was unequal to sustain, and we could perceive him turn his head anxiously round, as he prepared his spear and matchlock for the encounter. When only a few hundred yards from the object of our pursuit, a tremendous yawning ravine presented itself: we all three at this sight hesitated a moment, but a moment only, for, having merely given our panting horses time to reco-

ver their wind, we charged the leap abreast. Shaw alone, with his usual fortune, got well over; the horse Mehtur Ali rode, having on a standing martingale, was unable to rise to his leap, and refused it altogether; mine came with his chest against the far side, broke his spine, and rolled over with me to the bottom. When I had extricated myself, which I did with extreme difficulty, having sprained my ankle, I discovered Shaw rapidly gaining on Hussein, and Mehtur Ali riding up and down the side of the ravine, endeavoring to find a place where he could cross over to the assistance of his master. In vain did I desire him to dismount, leave his horse, and go with his utmost speed on foot: nothing parts an eastern soldier and his horse but death. In the mean time, it became evident that a fearful combat must shortly ensue, of which I felt very doubtful of the issue; it was, however, impossible for me to attempt to render any assistance, for one of the combatants must be victorious, before I, lame as I was, could reach them. Hussein had his matchlock, spear, shield, and tulwa, whilst Shaw had nothing to oppose to these arms but his sabre and pistols, with which weapons he was, however, a proficient of no contemptible abilities. When his antagonist was about fifty yards from him, Hussein turned, and, taking a cool aim, fired his matchlock. I observed the horse Shaw rode check his pace, but neither fell. Hussein having relinquished his matchlock, commenced the wheeling career, of which Orientals are so fond, for single combat, afraid to charge with his spear, as he was aware that, advancing in a straight line, would inevitably make him a victim to the unerring aim of his opponent. On the other hand Shaw, throwing his horse on its haunches, and having him well in hand, drew a pistol from his holster, and

prepared to take advantage of the first opportunity offered him. After Hussein had made a few rapid circles, he poised his long spear, with the evident intention of darting it at his adversary, who, seeing there was no time to be lost, fired his pistol, and horse and rider came to the ground; but, as he was in the act of cocking his second pistol, his own horse staggered and fell dead. He had been wounded by the matchlock-shot, but, as if aware how much depended on his continued exertions, the noble animal had sustained his sinking energies till nature failed. Shaw's second pistol went off as he fell with his horse; but, instantly recovering himself, he perceived that his adversary was still entangled with his wounded steed. Drawing his sword, he advanced to give him the coup-de-grace; but ere he could reach him, the freebooter was on his legs, and ready to receive him sword in hand. Winding a shawl round his left arm, (for he was, as usual, attired in Eastern costume,) Shaw prepared to engage his desperate enemy. Both were expert and active swordsmen, but the advantage of length was much in favor of Shaw, whose stature was almost gigantic. After several cuts given and received without any great effect, he had recourse to a common trick of the weapon, which, with natives, who always fight at the legs, is often successful; he advanced his right leg considerably beyond what would be the regular balance distance, even for him. Hussein took the bait, raised the shield to his head, and made a desperate cut; but he had not calculated upon the very disproportionate length of his opponent, who quickly drew back the advanced limb, avoiding the sweep of the weapon, made a feint cut at the head, and the next moment buried his sword to the hilt in the loins of the unfortunate Hussein Khan.

MUSIC.

"Il cantar, che nel' animosi sente."

NAV, tell me not of lordly halls!

My minstrels are the trees,

The moss and the rock are my tapestried walls,

Earth's sounds my symphonies.

There's music sweeter to my soul

In the weed by the wild wind fanned—

In the heave of the surge, than ever stole

From mortal minstrel's hand.

There's mighty music in the roar

Of the oaks on the mountain side,

When the whirlwind bursts on their foreheads hoar,

And the lightning's flash blue and wide.

There's mighty music in the swell

Of winter's midnight wave—

When all above is the thunder peal—

And all below is the grave.

* There's music in the city's hum,

Heard in the noontide glare,

When its thousand mingling voices come

On the breast of the sultry air.

There's music in the mournful swing

Of the lonely village bell—

And think of the spirit on the wing,

Released by its solemn knell.

There's music in the forest stream,

As it plays through the deep ravine,

Where never Summer's breath or beam,

Has pierced its woodland screen.

There's music in the thund'ring sweep

Of the mountain waterfall,

As its torrents struggle, and foam, and leap,

From the brow of its marble wall.

There's music in the dawning morn,

Ere the lark his pinion dries—

'Tis the rush of the breeze thro' the dewy corn—

Thro' the garden's perfumed dyes.

There's music on the twilight cloud

As the clanging wild swans spring,

As homewards the screaming wild fowl crowd,

Like squadrons on the wing.

There's music in the depth of night,

When the world is still and dim,

And the stars flame out in their pomp of light,

Like thrones of the cherubim! H.

EXPERIENCES OF
A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Dans les petites boîtes les bons onguens.

LESSON THE THIRD.

XIX. MATRIMONY has been likened, by one of the ancient philosophers, to a feast, where the grace is often better than the dinner—this remark will hold good, so long as both sexes consider it of more importance to catch their prey than to render it worth keeping after all the trouble expended in the attainment. The ends of marriage frequently resemble two very important results in chemistry, by which, in one instance, charcoal (carbon) is converted into diamond, and, in the other, diamond into charcoal. One man takes up a piece of charcoal, and by a skilful process, turns it into a diamond of the purest water. His unlucky companion imagines that he has selected a brilliant diamond, but, when exposed to trial, it turns out to be nothing but charcoal—and the unfortunate experimentalist either dirties his hands or burns his fingers. Be cautious, therefore, how you meddle before your judgment is somewhat matured; early marriages, on the male side, are generally unfortunate. It is a dreadful thing, after a few years wedlock, to fancy that you have discovered another lady with whom you could have lived more happily, and whom you could, and perhaps do, love more intensely than the object of your boyish solicitude—such instances are painfully frequent even among men of regulated life. There ought to be at least from ten to fifteen years difference in the ages of the husband and the wife—therefore, you can easily avoid the hallucinations of childish love, and yet marry a young wife. Enter not the temple of the saffron-robed god within ten years of your teens—nor delay many almanacs beyond that time, lest you fare as the man did who went into the wood to cut a stick. He found many that would have suited him well, at the very entrance of the wood; and as he progressed on, was confused at the great variety of straight, tall, and handsome sticks that met his eye. Observing such a plentiful choice, he determined to select at leisure, and with a curious search; so, on he went, expecting still a better than the last, till he arrived at the end of the wood, and there he found none but crooked and ill looking sticks, and no great variety of them.

XX. Never indulge in that too general but beastly habit of licking your cigar all over, previous to ignition. If the cigar is well rolled, licking is not required—if broken, all the slaver in the world will not mend it; but, on the contrary, be very likely to make it burn in an uneven manner—to render one side more susceptible to the advances of its natural enemy, moisture, and cause one part to be flaming like a torch, while the other is hard and crackled like the shell of a roasted chesnut—to give it all the rankness of a new cigar, and make it burn with a black unseemly ash. How can you judge of the delicacy of the smoke of your soddened and abused cigar, when

you have sucked out half the virtue of the outside leaf, filling your mouth with tobacco water, and imbuing your taste with the very worst qualities of the weed? While sucking the tip, the preponderating potency of the smoke prevents the acrid taste of the leaf from being observed. Why should we object to new or damp cigars, if we lip-lap and slobber our saliva over an old and dry one? A wet day will have a detrimental effect upon all cigars; what, then, must be the result of this tongue moistening?

Mrs. Woodville, of the Havana, who has long been considered the fabricator of the finest article, remarks, in her circular to the merchants who deal with her, "It should be observed, that no cigars are fit for use, at least six months after a voyage; and very frequently, even then, they should not be smoked, if there has been much previous damp weather; as it is a general rule, that as long as cigars are not perfectly dry, they are unfit for smoking." If all this is not sufficiently convincing why the licking of cigars should be discontinued, allow me to acquaint you that the negroes who roll them, insert every cigar between their lips, lick it all over to bind the wrapping leaf by the gluten of their saliva, and form the twist of the tip by a turn between their teeth.

XXI. Keep your temper in controversy or quarrel. As your antagonist warms, do you cool down, and the victory is yours. The cold hammer fashions the red hot iron into any shape he wills.

XXII. Do not be ambitious to be thought a first-rate carver. Strangers may imagine that you have been professionally employed, and owe your proficiency to continuous practice. If a gentleman can slip off the sides of a canvass-back, dismember a pair of chickens, or relieve a lady of the partridges at a *petite souper*, he can do all that a gentleman should be expected to do. We are not annoyed in well-informed society, by being expected to hack huge turkeys' limbs, or rend asunder the joints of geese—or slice eternally some endless beef or well-reputed ham, with the consequent splashings of grease and gravies. The edibles come to table in helpable order, and require not a display of butcher's skill before the plates can be plenished. There is a story told of a man who was impotently endeavoring to part the bones of a goose, and, missing his point, jerked the unctuous lump into the lap of a lady opposite. Without apologising for his *gauche* conduct, or the destruction of her silk dress, he coolly said, "Madam, when you have done with that goose, I'll thank you for it." Now, this is just the ridiculous and brutal speech that I should have expected from any body ignorant enough to attempt carving a goose at a dinner table. If the lady of the mansion, in the simplicity of her soul, had undertaken such an old-fashioned

Queen-Elizabeth, Michaelmas-day operation, it is the duty of the next gentleman to relieve her, certainly,—but let him order the waiter to take it to a side table and carve it in quiet and in comfort. No man has a right to require any thing of a brother diner that will cause him to rise from his chair. When I see ladies and gentlemen laboring with moist brows and anxious faces over some terrific dish, to the destruction of their own enjoyment, and the promulgation of dismay in the minds of all around, while some half-dozen grinning waiters are idly looking on, I can scarcely help addressing the host in the words of the Chinese Mandarin, who was invited by Lord Macartney to a ball, and after watching the evolutions of the dancers during a sultry evening, stepped quietly up to the Ambassador, and said, “Why do you not suffer your servants to do all this for you?”

XXIII. A male flirt is a more disgusting character than a she coquette. The he animal is a thing against nature, and deserves unmixed contempt. A young and pretty girl is generally flattered into coquetry; and we have no right to grumble at the practice of the sin we have ourselves conveyed. There is something delightful too in the airs of a young sunny thing, flirting with and domineering over the hearts and habits of some half-dozen six-footed, whisker-faced fellows—that is, when the coquetry is the natural result of good spirits, and the joyousness of a young, uncontaminated mind, not the trick of a practised jilt—but the male flirt, who devotes his attention to winning the maiden affections of a fond confiding girl, and, when her friends interfere, professes, with apparent surprise, that he meant nothing serious, leaving her to the agony of unrequited love—deserves to be turned loose amid a jury of disappointed spinsters. I know several handsome and accomplished young men, who hang over the temporary objects of their vampyre love with apparent sincerity of devotion, and after preying on their hearts, walk off unconcernedly to some other beauty of the hour, viewing the whole affair as a little innocent flirtation—although the fair one's blighted cheek and languid eye too plainly show the force of withering slight. I hate them all; and, like a true lover, would dare them to the death. I heard a good-looking fellow, a ladies' man, declare that he had tendered his attentions to no less than five young ladies at a watering place, and he had consecutively blarneyed them all into the belief that he was devotedly in love—and doubtless,” said he, “the poor, dear creatures all look forward to be the chosen she with whom I must enter the happy state, but they are all d——y mistaken.” I have despised the fellow ever since.

XXIV. Beware of large lobsters. They are coarse, strong, and indigestible, particularly those with incrustations or lumps upon the shell, which arise from excess of age. The male lobster has a narrower tail than the hen, and is preferable for the table; pick out a few, about six inches long; put them into a quart of boiling water, mixed with half a pint of Madeira; let them bubble for half an hour; mix them with a good white celery salad, and you will learn what a lobster really is.

XXV. When riding on horseback in company with a lady, eschew the cockney habit of placing your animal upon the off or right hand side of your companion's horse. It is the prevalent custom, I admit; but it is very wrong. Let us argue the positions—if you ride, as usual, with the lady on your left hand, the dear creature, if she wishes to speak to or look at you, must twist her poor little body into a painful posture, or screw her lovely throat into tortuosity. You also have the misery of knowing that she is speaking from you, instead of towards you; and if, in your eagerness to catch the charmer's words, you ride your nag too close to her palfrey, and bring the steeds in collision, a small jostle on the off side is more likely to unhorse her than a terrific thump upon the near side. The best rider may slip occasionally; and supposing that a stumbling nag causes you to knock your fond companion from her saddle, by bumping against her on the off or fashionable side, how splendidly ridiculous you will appear when endeavoring to make an apology as you are picking her up. Again, by riding on the off side, you leave the lady's legs to the chance of rubbing against every vehicle you meet or attempt to pass—take, then, the proper situation on the near side, and protect her from the rubs of the road. In this, the only eligible place, you have your good right arm at liberty to seize the lady's bridle, should her animal prove refractory. I dislike bringing forward instances from other nations, because a philosopher should always speak from the self-conviction attendant on experience; but a *magister* has a right to certify the practice of his precepts by any popular exemplar. A Frenchman would as soon think of sitting on the same saddle with a lady, as of riding on the off side—and the French are a polite and gallant people. It is an absurd and awkward habit, repudiated by every European nation, and in vogue with us because we have reversed the English custom of the road, and take to the right whenever they turn to the left—but we have no more occasion to change the sides of association than we have to alter the stirrup side of the ladies' saddle, or to mount our own horses right leg first, and countenance the tail. I have heard one objection raised to riding on the near and proper side of ladies, inasmuch as it was likely to cause an entanglement of the spur on the right foot with the flowing proportions of the lady's habit. He must be a poor equestrian, indeed, who would stick his heels into the skirts of a dress instead of the sides of a horse—but I wish my pupils distinctly to understand that the use of the spur in exercise or pleasure rides has become entirely obsolete. In fox-hunting, or indeed any field sports where leaping and other violent efforts are required—in military manoeuvres, or long and painful journeys where extraordinary exertions are expected from your equines, the spur is a necessary portion of your equipment; but when merely taking a little saddle exercise, a gentleman would as soon be seen riding with a crupper as with spurs. The use of a persuader upon ordinary occasions is at once an acknowledgement that you know not how to ride.

B.

LAYS OF THE EARLY MARTYRS.

No. I.

THE iron chain hath bound him,
Which Mercy never broke;
The echoes sleep around him,
Which Gladness never woke;
No bright ray cheers his dungeon-gloom,
Meet prelude to the darker tomb!

His young bride knelt imploring,—
They reck not of her prayer;—
His aged sire was pouring
The plaints of wild despair:—
In vain—they dragged him to his cell,
Scarce might he pause to breathe “Farewell.”

Yet calmly is he sleeping
On earth, his only bed;
While armed guards are keeping
Their vigil o’er his head;
And voices through the midnight gloom,
And hurrying steps proclaim his doom.

A tyrant’s wrath enchains him
To die the death of shame;
The only guilt that stains him,—
He bears a Christian’s name;
That name—unhonored,—unforgiven—
So loathed by man—so loved of Heaven!

Now joyous morn is breaking
Bright o’er th’ empurpled sky;
The fettered captive, waking,
Remembers death is nigh:—
Yet his firm air, and placid brow,
Nor signs of doubt, nor dread avow.

A quenchless hope shall cheer him,
In Nature’s weakest hour;
His Lord is ever near him,
With arm of matchless power:—
And guilt may fear,—or falsehood fly—
The faithful Christian dares to die.

One prayer for her, the dearest,
His own beloved bride,
In peril’s hour the nearest,
And firmest at his side:—
Then on, without a tear or sigh,
On to the scene of agony!

But soon shall he awaken,
On realms more bright and fair:
Here lone,—though not forsaken:—
By angels welcomed there.
Where, Death, shall then thy triumph be,
And where, O Grave, thy victory?

No. II.—THE MAIDEN TO HER APOSTATE
LOVER.

LIVE—if thou wilt deny thy God,
Thy plighted bride betray,
And from the path thy fathers trod,
A recreant turn away;—
Yes—live—since for a few short years
Of sorrow, toil, and care,
Thou canst forget a Mother’s tears,
A Father’s parting prayer.

I scarce had wept to see thee bear
The doom thy sires had borne;
To die the death—and dying hear
The crowd’s unfeeling scorn:—
Then but a few short hours were thine
To bow beneath the rod,
Till thou hadst won a wreath divine,
And reached the throne of God.

Live, then—nor think of her who dies—
Whose keenest pang must be,
Though plighted thine by fondest ties,
She may not die with thee!
Yes—live—but not to feel thy breast
With hopeless anguish riven;
Live, that thy guilt may be confessed,
Repented, and forgiven!

No. III.—THE WIFE’S ADIEU.

I SOAR to the realms of the bright and the blest,
Where the mourners are solaced, the weary at rest;
I rise to my glories, while thou must remain
In this dark vale of tears, to dejection and pain.

And hence, though my heart throbs exultant to die,
And visions of glory expand to mine eye,
The bosom, that struggles and pants to be free,
Still beats with regret and affection for thee.

I fear not another, more fond and more fair,
When I am forgotten, thy fortunes should share,
Oh! find but a bosom devoted as mine,
And my heart’s latest blessing for ever be thine!

I fear, lest the stroke, that now rends us apart,
From the faith of the Christian should sever thy heart
Lest, seeking in anguish relief from despair,
The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.

But oh! should it tempt thee awhile to resign
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine;
Should the light of His glory be hidden from thee,
In the hour of thy darkness, Oh think upon me!

Remember the hope, that enliven me now,
 Though the dews of the damp grave are cold on my
 brow :—
 The faith, that has nerved me with transport to see
 The hour of my doom, though it tears me from thee !

NO. IV.—THE HUSBAND'S REMEMBRANCE.

Since thy pure soul has burst the chain,
 That o'er its clay too harshly prest ;
 Since—freed from earthly bliss or pain,—
 I, too, am blotted from thy breast ;—
 I would not break thy dreamless rest,
 If rest like thine disturbed might be ;—
 Or grieve to think that thou art blest,
 Although thou art not blest by me.

The Victor's promised pure attire—
 The wreath approving Angels twine—
 A Seraph's strain, a Seraph's lyre,
 And—more than all—the love divine
 Of Heaven's Eternal King are thine :—
 Yea—thine for ever more shall be ;—
 And could I call thee thence to pine
 In this drear wilderness with me ?—

No—in ecstatic raptures there
 Thy Saviour and thy God adore,
 While I in patience meekly bear,
 The cross my happier consort bore ;
 Soon will the last dread strife be o'er ;
 And soon the chains of earth shall sever ;
 We part—but not to meet no more—
 We meet—to part no more for ever !

C.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

A TALE OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLERS.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

Alas, how light a cause may move
 Disension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOORE.

I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl ; she was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw ; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure, by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanor than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies ; and the sweet, high, and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all ; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations ; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it ; and Sibyl surmised that they were vastly impertinent, and by no means worth satisfying.

There was a small grotto by the lake that wound before the old arched windows of the hall ; a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the kingfisher, who plunged, meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen ; and an endless variety of woodbines leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favourite hiding-place. It was in this choice retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagine that for which she seemed created ; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, excepting that she had grown a little more pale and more slender, she continued for three whole years.

On the third anniversary of her resolution—she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Childe Wilful, chose for his departure to the wars—on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl

again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea-time; but, not as on other days, the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a kindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back again and again at the hall, slackened her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox-hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banqueting-room, and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew-trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was half afraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go on or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

"Sibyl! dear Sibyl!" it exclaimed, "wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?"

Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and with an agitated look, which was meant to be indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat in execution. He was a light, well-made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine Frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assaulted a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with a voice which was a little out of breath, and with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valor back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance!" is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray, did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for the third time, do not be inquisitive, and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing these three days."

"I will, as you desire, take both your hands and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome: and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever since you lost your beauty, or whether you have ever mustered humility to drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in toiling to be worthy such a mighty lady?"

Sibyl laughed, and snatched away her hand from him to draw it across her eyes.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years?—And has not such an age of experience made our

boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same—excepting far more lovely—the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal for the most dismally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sibyl, your miniature half given, half stolen, at our last parting;—it has been my shield in a dozen fights; has healed with its smile, as many wounds;—it has asked me if this was a brow whereon to register deceit—if these were the lips to speak it—if these were the eyes—as I live, they are weeping even now!"

She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered, with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to make such minute observations. "I, too, have had my comforter," she said, drawing the fellow-miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes;—"it has been my shield against a dozen follies—it has warned me to benefit by sad experience;—it has asked if this was the brow whereon to register anything good—if these were the lips to speak it—if these were the eyes—as I live, they are concealed even now!"

"But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart?"

"And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it?"

"Did you ever try him?"

"Oh, Childe Wilful! can you change countenance at such a name even now? No; I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger and must be indulged,) I will tell you wherefore. I would not have given it him for his head; nor for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon; and so now see if you can contrive to be jealous of him;—nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me?"

"No more of that, sweet Sibyl."

"And will you never counterfeit a headache, to hide your displeasure, when I dance with Sir Duncce, or gallop with Sir Gosling?"

"No, never, Sibyl."

"And you will never take leave of me for ever, and return five minutes afterwards to see how I bear it?"

"Never, whilst I live."

"Why, then, I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you—when I can think of it."

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please;—make it appear that now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning hook, and yourself

into an accomplished squire;—and then—and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

* * * * *

It was not long afterwards that Childe Wilful, to the great surprise of Sibyl, arrived at the hall in hot haste from foreign parts! He had always been a favorite for his liveliness, and was, indeed, almost as much liked as abused. The old lord took him by the hand, with a comical expression of countenance which seemed to inquire how much mischief he had done; and the old ladies thought him vastly improved by travel, and awfully like a great warrior.

The only persons to whom his presence was not likely to be strikingly agreeable, were a few round-shouldered suitors of Sibyl, who, in common with country squires in general, were largely gifted with the blessings of fleet horses and tardy wits. Amongst these stood pre-eminent, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell. He was a tall man, with not a bad figure, and really a handsome face; though the dangerous tendency of the first was somewhat marred by peculiar ideas of the Graces; and the latter was perfectly innocuous, from an undue economy of expression. Altogether, Sir Lubin was a very fine camel: he was a man of much dignity, always preserving a haughty silence when he did not exactly know what to say, and very properly despising those whom he could not hope to outshine. Thus it was that the meeting between Sir Lubin and Childe Wilful was very similar to that between Ulysses and the ghost of Ajax.

Had this been all the mortification which the Childe was doomed to undergo, he might perhaps have contrived to bear it with fortitude; but Sibyl had subjected him to the task of obtaining a good character, and his trials were insupportable.

In the first place, he had to tell stories of sacked cities and distressed virgins, at the tea-table, till he became popular enough with the maiden aunts to be three parts out of his mind; for Sibyl was all the time compelled to endure the homage of her other lovers. It is true that her keen wit could no more enter their double-blocked skulls, than the point of her needle could have penetrated the Macedonian phalanx; but then each villain fixed his eye upon her with all the abstracted expression of the bull's eye in a target, and seemed so abominably happy, that the sight was excruciating. Sometimes, too, Sir Lubin would muster brains to perceive that he was giving pain, and would do his best to increase it, by whispering in her ear, with a confidential smile, some terrible nothing, for which he deserved to be exterminated; whilst, to mend the matter, the old ladies would remark upon the elegance of his manner, and hint that Sibyl was evidently coming to, because she seemed too happy to be scornful, and had lost all her taste for solitude. They would undoubtedly make a very handsome couple; and the Childe was appealed to whether he did not think that they would have a very fine family.

In the second place, his opinions of ploughs and politics, on which love had taught him to discourse but too successfully, made him a fixture at the punch-bowl; while Sir Lubin and his tribe profaned Sibyl's hand in country-dances as long as they had breath for

a plough. It, moreover, left them ample opportunity to negotiate with the aunts upon the arrangement of her plans for the next day, when he was still condemned to admire some new farm, or ride ten miles to rejoice with his host over a wonderful prize-bullock. Sometimes, too, the old lord would apologize for taking him away, by observing, that it was better to leave Sibyl to her lovers, for it was time that she should take up with some one of them, and the presence of third parties might abash her.

In the third place, when he retired to bed, to sum up all the pleasures of the day, it was never quite clear to him that Sibyl did not expose him to more disquietude than was absolutely necessary. It might indeed be proper that her attachment to him should not be too apparent till he was firmly established in grace, seeing that his merit was the only thing that could be put in the scale against the finest globe in the county; but then, could she not appear sufficiently careless about him without being so unusually complaisant to such a set of louts?—If his presence made her happy, there was no necessity to give them license to presume to be happy likewise; and, besides, she might surely find some moments for revisiting her grotto, instead of uniformly turning from his hasty whisper, with—"It is better not." It was not so formerly, and it was very reasonable to suppose that her three years' constancy had been sustained by some ideal picture of what he might turn out, in which she was now disappointed. He could not sleep. His restless fancy continually beheld her bright eyes looking tenderness upon the wooden face of Sir Lubin. He turned to the other side, and was haunted by a legion of young Lubins, who smiled upon him with Sibyl's looks till he almost groaned aloud. In the morning he came down with a hag-ridden countenance, which made people wonder what was the matter with him, and Sibyl asked him, with a look of ineffable archness, whether he was experiencing a return of his head-aches.

Time rolled on very disagreeably. The Childe grew every day more pale and popular: the old ladies gave him more advice, and the old lord gave him more wine, and Sibyl grew mortified at his mistrust, and Sir Lubin grew afraid of his frown, and one half of the hall could not help being sorry, and the other half were obliged to be civil. Ajax and Ulysses had stepped into each other's shoes, and Sibyl to keep the peace, was obliged to accede to an interview in her little boudoir.

It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious—but Sibyl was somewhat vexed and the Childe was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting

out; and when he had obtained them he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done. "My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill!—Heaven and earth! Have I not labored to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh, yes; and hind-side before, as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting, and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition is likely to have told very much in your favor."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time—so many more of your smiles—than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question?—Oh!—is it possible to mete out attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world?—Would nothing, do you think—no tell-tale countenance—no treacherous accent, betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me, even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time—let us seek happiness by the readiest means—and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea;—her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have prac-

tised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible that you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence; for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now—"

Her anger had never been more than a flash—she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was, he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of railery, "Childe Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is any thing to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history, excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing-case—I pray you stand still now while I read over the wondrous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour at which she had engaged to ride with him. Childe Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said; "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture amongst your cast-off ornaments."

This was rather too much—to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present; if you ask me for it to-morrow I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly

compatible with the Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

Her answer was a little indignant—his rejoinder was a little more provoking—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve—and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Child's.

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserve to be treasured up."

The picture was produced from its pretty hiding-place and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl had sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul;—but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honor!—was he to endure the possibility of being triumphed over by such an eternal blockhead as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?

Sibyl made her appearance in the drawing-room, soon after him, in her riding-dress. Her manner was cold and distant, and she heard him feign business at home without condescending to notice it, only there was a fever upon her cheek, which spoke an unwonted tumult of feeling. Her horse was at the door, and Sir Lubin was ready to escort her down. As she took leave of her cousin they were both haughty, and both their hands trembled. In a minute she was seen winding through the old avenue. Sir Lubin, who was observed poking his head from his shoulders with all the grace of a goose in a basket, was evidently saying tender things, and, altogether, looked cruelly like a dangerous rival. The Child drew his breath through his teeth as though they had been set on edge, and moved from the window like a spirit turned out of Paradise.

Sir Lubin did not find his ride very satisfactory. He discovered that it was a fine evening;—made a clever simile about Lady Sibyl's cheek and a poppy—and another about her cruelty and a bramble; but they had little or no effect. She answered "no" when she ought to have said "yes," looked bewildered when he asked her opinion, and, in fact, as he poetically expressed it, was extracting honey from the flowers of her own imagination.

"Will he indeed have the heart to leave me thus?" said Sibyl to herself. "Unkind—ungrateful—to take my little treasure from me—the sole com-

panion of my bosom—the witness of all the tears I have shed for him—the comforter of all my doubts of his fidelity;—it is gone for ever—I never can stoop to receive it back—I never will forgive him—no, never—that is, if he be really gone."

And really, when she returned, he was gone. Sibyl, however, would not persuade herself that it was not his intention to return; and every night had to take her pride to task for having looked out upon the road all the day. Perhaps he would write; and she stole away as heretofore, alone, to meet the tardy post a mile off. There were letters for my lord—for Sir Lubin—for the Lady Jemima.

"No—no!—I want not them. For the Lady Sibyl—what for the Lady Sibyl?"

The letters were turned over and over, and still the same deadening sound fell like a knell upon her heart—"Nothing for the Lady Sibyl."

She returned unwillingly to her company, and retired, at the first opportunity, to wonder if her cousin were really in earnest—if he had really deserted her, and whether she had ever given him cause to do so. Her pride would seldom suffer her to weep, and the tears seemed swelling at her heart till each throb was a throb of pain. Sometimes she would bewilder herself with suggesting other reasons than want of inclination for his absence, and for his silence. Might he not wish to return, and be prevented by his family, who had not seen him for so long, and would naturally be importunate? Might he not be fearful of writing, lest his letter should fall into hands for which it was not intended, and betray the secret which she had desired him to keep? It surely might be her own overweening caution that was afflicting her, and he might be as impatient as herself. Her imagination would begin to occupy itself in ideal scenes, till she forgot those which had really occurred, and her hand would rise fondly to her bosom to draw forth the semblance of her suffering cavalier. Alas! it was then that poor Sibyl's deceptive dreams were dispersed. The picture was gone—was even now, perhaps, the bosom companion of another, who pitied her with smiles, and gaily upbraided him for his falsehood. Then again would the flush of shame rush over her cheek, her maiden indignation determine to forget him, and her wildered wits busy themselves upon plans of teaching him that she had done so.

In the mean time Sir Lubin began to congratulate himself that he had made an impression. Sibyl had lost the spirit to repel his advances as she had done before, and the little she had afforded him of her company was clearly a pretty stratagem to bring him to an explanation. He had a great mind to be cruel in his turn, and lead her heart the dance, as he expressed it, which she had led his—but then she was very pale, and might have a fit of illness. On the evening when he had resolved to make her happy, Sibyl indeed received a letter, but it was from her lover's sister. It was full of the gay rattle which usually characterizes the correspondence of hearts which have never known sorrow; but it was other news that Sibyl looked for. She toiled through lively descriptions of fêtes, and finery, and flirtations, scarcely knowing what she read,

till, at last, her eyes glanced upon the name she sought. She stopped to breathe ere she proceeded, and then, Childe Wilful was gone to —, and was paying violent attention to the lady Blanche.

She tore the letter calmly into little strips;—her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and, in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered—she knew not what.

It was not long after that the Childe was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful—but, oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high-minded; but it was not the sweet pride that fascinated whilst it awed—it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was accomplished; but they were the accomplishments approved by the understanding rather than the heart—the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by heaven! her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported about him—wild, exquisite and mysterious—which were the same, whether wasted on the desert, or wafted delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose—she was a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth. Oh, but Sibyl was false! and oh, again, it was just possible that he might be mistaken. He was sadly bewildered, had another bad headache, and was strongly of opinion that it was not the way to forget Sibyl to put her in competition with other people. He hardly liked to confess it to himself, but he was not quite sure that, if he had any excuse which would not compromise his dignity, he would not turn his horse's head towards the hall, and suffer the fiends which were tormenting him to drive him at their own pace.

It happened that such excuse was not far distant. He had no sooner alighted at home than he was presented with a hasty note, which had been for some days awaiting him, from Sibyl's father, inviting him—a film came over his eyes, and the pulsation of his heart was paralyzed—inviting him to what he knew would give him great pleasure, to Sibyl's wedding! Should he send an excuse, and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it; or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex of the whole party? No matter, he would consider of it on his way. He gave his steed the spur as though the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for festivity, upon the fine slope of the chase, came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider; and the slow stride, which was accompanied by a deeper and a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. The Childe felt that he was too late. He inquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the

church. He looked down upon the hilt of his sword—he was still in time for vengeance—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph—to disappoint the anticipations of — Spirits of fury! were there none to inspire a few minutes' vigor into his fainting steed. The steed toiled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master;—troops of peasant girls dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side of the road, soon told him that he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust, in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six. They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the Lady Sibyl, looking amongst her bridesmaids, intense as a planet amidst its satellites, and they were all in ecstasies, which, if possible, increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the old elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the May-day multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the county. He sprang from his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party was still standing before the altar; and he staggered and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

"More water," said one in a low voice; "she is going to faint again."

Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?"

Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly; her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not.

It was pronounced a third time—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysterical scream.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible!—I cannot!—I cannot!"

Her astonished lover sprang forward, and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance at each others countenance was sufficient to explain all their sufferings—to dissipate all their resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

"Sweet Sibyl, forgive—forgive me! I will atone for it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "but I do not like this!"

"By my word!" added the Lady Jemima, "but here is a new lover!"

"By mine honor!" responded the Lady Bridget, "but he is an old one!"

"By my word and honor too!" continued the lady something else, "I suspected it long ago!"

"And by my gray beard," concluded the old lord,

"I wish I had done so too!—Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bride-man still, though you cannot be bridegroom; and who knows but in our revels to-night, you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Childe Wilful's eye, which kept them bubbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable hems, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the company with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword, as he turned, between his legs, and strode, or rather rode, out of the church as fast as his

dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom, on such great occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamorously, and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

"The wedding feast must not be lost," said the old lord; "will nobody be married?"

Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and, in the room of Sir Lubin, was handed the cavalier Wilful.

"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words "I will," it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale.

OCEANA.

BY ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

O thou astonishing, unresting main!

Whence are the fountains of thy stores supplied?
Chief of created elements! in vain

We trace the ceaseless motions of thy tide;
Philosophy, arrested in her pride,

Darts fruitless glances to thy desert caves;
Whose deep recesses human search deride.

Call now to man, and bid him count thy waves;
Or gauge thy rampant billows, when the tempest raves.

Thou boundary of Empires! whose renown

Lives but in mockery of history's page;
Whose tyrant kings went prowling up and down,

Till vanquish'd in the grasp of with'ring age:
Decay subdued their greatness, for the rage

Of conq'ring time has chas'd them from the earth.
Their arts, and records, are a theme t' engage

Long disquisitions, of but little worth;
While thou art reigning still, in thine unsocial mirth.

The young sun woo'd thee with his dawning light,

And the first moon-beams sported on thy breast;
Ere madd'ning tempests rous'd thy giant-might,

Breaking, with desperate peals, thy dream of rest.
And sometimes now thou slumb'rest, and art drest,

Gay as a bride, in robes that sun-beams weave;
When crimson clouds adorn the glowing west,

And thy scarce rippling waves in beauty heave—
All faithless when serene, and smiling to deceive.

The mariner thy surface may explore,

And cast his plummet to its destin'd goal;

May measure thy extent from shore to shore,

Until obstructed by each ice-bound pole.

Yet who shall number out each various shoal

Of that vast brood which haunt thy depths unknown;

That dart in swiftness, or unwieldy roll;

Which He call'd forth, whose potent word alone,

Bade thy strong arms enfold this footstool of his throne.

O, ever solemn and majestic sea!

How glorious art thou when the tempest sleeps;

When, o'er thy curves the light breeze wanders free,

And quiv'ring sun-beams revel o'er thy deeps.

And O, how awful, when the black storm sweeps

The rugged furrows of thy desert wild;

When, to thy noise, the shipwreck'd merchant weeps;

Or, while thy raving wilderness grows wild,

And sobs through broken slumbers—like an o'erwept child.

Thou art not of the things that feel decay!

We look upon thee, in our youthful morn,

When the glad hours flee joyfully away,

And buoyant smiles our careless brows adorn.

Again we mark thee, when old age forlorn

Bears deep-trench'd wrinkles, and the frost of time;

When life hath shed its fruit, but kept the thorn;

And thou art rolling on thy course sublime,

Unshrinking in thy strength, and bounding in thy prime!

THE IRISH HOWL.

BY BENSON HILL, ESQ.

[An Irish Lieutenant of Artillery, at the point of departure from France, is invited by his brother officers to a carouse; falling asleep, his friends disguise themselves in female apparel, and proceed, with mock solemnity, to wake him, in the Irish style, as if he had been really dead.]

SIM had invited three or four of our most intimate acquaintance to meet me, including the two Grattans, Meade, and Furlong: knowing that I should have to start early, I determined, in spite of Sim's attempts to the contrary, to keep sober, and a hard fight it was. Towards eleven o'clock I made an attempt to leave them.

"Restey trankeel mun amee," said Simon.

"Oh, listen to that, Hill," shouted Grattan. "D'ye hear Fairfield's delicious French? You are mightily improved, Sim, since I first knew you. It was in the Palais Royal I had the good fortune to be introduced. The friend on whose arm I was leaning asked where the Eighty-eighth were quartered. I shall never forget your answer—'Faith, then, I don't know the exact name of the place, but the people calls us the Boys of Bull-on;' and sure enough encamped in the Bois de Boulogne I found my brother. But I must tell you, Hill, one blunder of Fairfield's, which was enough to shock the whole bench of bishops. He walked into a Café, which, I suppose, had formerly been a religious house; and, being at a loss for French enough to order supper, was glad to perceive the bas-relief of a dove upon the ceiling. 'Garson, commong appeley vous cette bete la?'—'Monsieur,' replied the waiter, with a look of horror, 'c'est l'insigne de l'ordre du Saint Esprit, par exemple.' 'Beang portey mois trois santespreys roti pour mon souper!' Scandalized as the Frenchman was, he would not lose a customer, and a dish of pigeons was provided for the sacrilegious Simon."

"Well, boys, I must be off now positively," said I.

"Oh, by Jabus, you'll not think of going yet; you have your passport, and I can answer for your luggage being all ready. There'll be a broiled bone in a minute. Come, I'll sing you, 'Woman, war, and wine;' that was always a favourite of your's in Limerick; and it will be a long time before you hear it again from me, any way."

There was no possibility of refusing to listen to a song of Fairfield's, and hour after hour fled.

"I'll drink no more, at any rate," I said at last; "so, lads, as I'm pretty tired, and have a long journey before me, let me rest my legs upon yon sofa!"

Permission was given for this refreshment. At first I strove to keep my eyes open, and join in their chat, but my contributions to it soon sunk into monosyllables, not too much to the purpose. Their voices ceased to bring me any distinct ideas, and, by degrees, I fell asleep. How long my slumber remained sound and dreamless I know not; it was first haunted by an indefinite sense of motion, as if either in a coach or a ship; after which my vision changed, but became more clear. Methought I lay extended on a board, and covered, all but my face, by a cloth, with candles at

my head and feet. Five figures, in white flowing drapery, surrounded me, beating their breasts, and uttering a plaintive wail. I neither remembered nor felt the effects of any accident; therefore thought my wisest plan would be quietly to examine the company into which I had fallen. They were taller than the generality of women, their faces nearly concealed by the frills of head-tire which fell veil-wise down their backs, adorned with sleeves and gussets. The line of Macbeth crossed my mind—

"Ye should be women, but that your beards," &c.

In a pause of their chaunt, the leader exclaimed, "Wake him dacint, my dears! for here's large givins out. 'Tis no use keenin and croonin under our breaths for the likes of him. Rise it, your sows!"

Thus urged, they 'sot up the cry' in full chorus.

"Oh, pillaloo! why should ye go, my boy, and lave all the good atin and drinkin? Och hone! ma cushla, why will we stay behind, to call you the dear departed? Willaloo astore! 'Tis you that'll be missed, ma-vourneen!"

"You spake raison, Mother Fairfield," cried the junior of the party; "big cause we have to give him a scrame, the darlint!"

"And an iligant voice ye have for it, Miss, said the hostess. 'Maid's your name, I'm fond to belave.'"

"'Tis that, ma'am. Maid I am," answered the damsel, dropping a courtesy.

"You look so, my beauty! Rise it again, ladies!"

CHORUS. "Oh gra ma chree! Why must we lose ye, my heart?"

"Short purgatory for them as falls asleep in their innocence," added Miss Mead.

"You're in glory this night, my lamb," said her sister belle.

"He is, Miss Furlong," spoke the chieftainess; "for sorrow the oath, or bit of undacence ever passed the blissed lips of him; he might have been a praste, Mrs. Grattan, Ma'am, for holiness entirely."

CHORUS. "Och hone pillaloo!"

"He's better off, Biddy jewel! d——! the big liar can say he ever made a baste of himself with regard to the whiskey. Spake for him, Colley honey."

"Oh thin, mother dear, play-houses he could not abide; cards he ever and always called the devil's books."

CHORUS. "Willaloo! Ochone!"

"Wimin," hiccoughed Miss Mead; "he had no call to, barrin sich as was varthous as ourselves, here present."

"Faix, that's throe for you, miss; ochone, my son, my own dear beautiful babby, that I nussed in Menaghén, that I should ever—"

"The boy was born in county Lim'ric, ma'am," put in the other matron.

"He was not, ma'am; sure a'n't I his mother?"

"You may be his mother, my lady, but you know nothin about it."

"You never had a mother, for you're illegitimate."

"Hear that, girls!" cried Miss Furlong; "part 'em. Kip 'em quite, Colley, 'tis you that have the sinse!"

"I'm mightily beholden for your good word, Miss; aisy now, mother."

"You're a pace-maker, ma'am; are you a Roman, if one may ax?" continued Miss Furlong.

"I am, ma'am;" answered Colley.

"'Tis more nor your nose is, then;" shouted the entertainer, with arms a-kinbo.

"I'd be sorry," retorted the other, "to be walkin behind the trunk of an iliphunt, like parties I'll not name, Mother Fairfield."

"Ah! then, don't set her back up," pleaded Colley's relative, "or she'll becall you more names than I'll lay my tongue to."

"Were you christened after your cow, Miss Colley?" persevered the hostess; "but go on wid the wake. Ah, why would you lave me like a bird alone?"

"I've scratched till I'm dry," said Miss Mead, seizing a bottle.

"Don't do't, ma colleen!" cried one matron.

"Time enough for yez," said the other; and each secured the drinkables from the maidens' hand, begging her "to lave it them that was mothers of families."

Round me they closed again, roaring, "Oh the power o' larnin that's lost in ye, my buck; a tall fellow you are, and fat, nate, and comely to see, bating your red hair."

This was past bearing; my long controlled laughter broke forth; I popped up my insulted black head, and, flinging myself from the table amongst them, begged to know what time it was.

"About half-past five," said Furlong.

"Oh, lads, I shall lose my place; I hav'n't a minute to spare; do, like good souls, come and help me with my luggage to the diligence."

Without divesting themselves of the shirts and sheets in which they were arrayed, these merry fellows threw great coats loosely over their shoulders, and followed me to my lodging; we knocked up poor Madame Fripperie, who, terrified beyond measure at finding her house besieged at such an hour by a groupe of nondescripts, was, with difficulty, persuaded to open her doors and permit me to obtain my trunks. After some pause she descended; boxes and portmantaus were seized by the ladies. I bade a hasty farewell to my hostess, who could not say that nothing in my life at her abode became me like the leaving it.

I soon overtook my friends; the diligence was on the point of starting; the conducteur had his foot on the step, about to ascend to his place on the roof, when he was prevented by the wild cries of my carriers.

"Stop a while, here's a passenger for you," cried one.

"Arretey maa amee, pour un jeune gentilhomme

que payer pour son place, dans votre sacre carrosse hier au soir," said Sim, in his delicious French.

I saw my trunks safely stowed, and got into the carriage. Not one serious good-by could I extort. As soon as I was seated in the vehicle, the pillaloo was recommenced, and distance only softened to my ear the "Why would you go, ochone, why would you lave us?"

After such a night of debauch, it is no wonder that I scarcely passed the gates before I fell into a profound sleep, from which I never awoke, till the diligence stopped at Bouchain, to allow the passengers to breakfast. I was surprised at finding that we had already travelled twelve miles, and, hearing that ample time was granted for the meal, I ordered coffee to be brought me in a bed-room, and I sipped like a Turk, whilst performing the duties of the toilette. Heaven knows, I needed the refreshing aid of ablution, external and internal, after the scene in which I had so lately been engaged. I felt myself a new man, and re-entered the carriage, hoping that the odd circumstances of my first bundle in had not given my fellow-passengers any unfavorable impression.

They were all so busily engaged in conversation, that I despaired of obtaining a word from one of the party; thrown back upon my own thoughts, and hardly aware of what I was doing, I commenced singing a *sotto voce* imitation of Sim's lament. A sudden pause ensued, and, after a few notes had reached the ears of the talkers,

"How wild," said one; "it must be a national air. I have heard that the songs of Scotland and Ireland are of a most melancholy and impassioned character. I should like to know what that 'Och hone' means."

This was said quietly to the fellow-listener; then, turning to me, the gentleman added,

"Is Monsieur an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"And that *chanson* you just now began, the same that the friends who came with you to the coach sang as we drove off?"

"It is not a *chanson*, Monsieur," I said gravely, "but what we call an Irish howl, used to express grief."

"Ah! oui," cried one; "I have been told of such ceremonies being performed for the dead, but—"

"In any case of extreme regret," I added with a sigh, "the feelings of friends break forth in melody."

"Bon Dieu! there is much sentiment in that idea; and do they always assume such draperies?"

"Always."

"Ma foi! a similar rite exists in the Greek church; brothers in arms wear a white veil."

"Bien," said his companion; "I thought at first it was a mere *pleasanterie*."

"Sir," I exclaimed, with mock dignity, "Britons have not your vivacity; we are a serious people, and parting with those we love, for any considerable time or space, is not a jest with us."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the Frenchman, "*que c'est touchant*. A thousand thanks for your explanation of your country's custom. Henceforth I shall ever respect the Irish howl."

A PASSAGE IN SHAKSPEARE PARAPHRASED.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

I have lived long enough—my May of life
 Is fallen into the sear—the yellow leaf—
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep—mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would feign deny, but dare not.—SHAKSPEARE.

These beautiful lines from the "Prince of Bards," are too splendidly perfect, as they are, to admit of any amendment—and any attempt to vary their present shape must necessarily injure them, by weakening their force, and lessening their expression. I have thought, however, that a little extension of the sentiment, in the form of rhyme, if comparatively worthless, might be at least excusable; and I have therefore endeavored to embody the substance of the foregoing pathetic "Lamentation of Macbeth" in the following verses.

WHEN all is past that made life dear,
 'Tis time for man to die—
 Ere he becomes like foliage sear,
 Beneath a winter sky.
 Ere storm and tempest rack his heart,
 And wither all his joy,
 And leave him nothing but the smart,
 E'en hope cannot destroy.

I have liv'd long enough—my bright
 And sunny hours are o'er—
 The beams that gave my morning light
 Will shine on me no more.
 The happy days, when calm repose
 Spread heaven before my eye—
 The blissful dreams from which I rose,
 Are gone forever by.

Why should I wait for haggard age?
 Its hopes are lost to me,
 The honors that reward the sage,
 Whose virtues thousands see;
 The blessings that attend the path,
 Where good mens' steps are found,
 The love that ripen'd manhood, hath
 To me an empty sound.

I once had friends, when fortune smil'd,
 Upon my onward way—
 The sweets of social life beguil'd
 Each moment of the day.
 But since the blight of fate and fear
 Hath saddened o'er my brow,
 My former stations disappear—
 I cannot view them now.

The day has been that I have known
 Respect and fond esteem,
 Golden opinions shower'd down,
 Like Danae's heavenly dream.
 All sorts of men united stood,
 And shouted forth my fame—
 Till echo's voice from vale and wood
 Was busy with my name.

But these are past—and in their stead
 What have I now to own?
 The world's sincerity has fled,
 And friends are quite unknown.
 Vile sycophants, with lying breath,
 Pour round me their applause,
 And with mouth honor tell the death
 Of my deserted cause.

The blood that I have shed cries out
 For vengeance on my head,
 And the bereav'd lift up their shout,
 In memory of the dead.
 The deep anathemas of Fate,
 Around me they unroll,
 And, with the smother'd curse of hate,
 They execrate my soul.

O! for a long release from care,
 From wretchedness and sin!
 O! to escape the dark despair
 That hems my spirit in!
 I must despise these scoundrel days,
 That such false hearts supply,
 E'en while I listen to the praise
 Which I would fain deny.

THE COFFIN MAKER OF DROGHEDA.

They say this town is full of cozenage.—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE few dreary hours of a misty December day were fast verging and darkening into the shrouding and moonless obscurity of nightfall, which indicated sleet and storm, when two weary and road-stained travellers passed slowly on foot down the steep long hill that circuits part of the old town, and forms an acute angle with the bridge, whose arches overhang the Boyne, as it ripples against the quays of Drogheda. The houseless, and desolate prospect of the country through which they had journeyed, as it lay fallow and dormant beneath the freezing breath of winter, increased the cheerfulness and comfort with which the clustering buildings of the town, now illuminated for the night, and resounding with the hum and bustle of their occupants returning after the past labors of the day, inspired the hearts of the toilworn wayfarers—contrasting so powerfully with the wildness of the sea-shore road they had been traversing on their harassing march.

The appearance and garb of the men, as they stopped for a moment beneath one of the lamps, that was raised at the corner of a long lane of mean suburban cottages, and pointed a shorter and steeper road out from the eminence to the base of the hill, and which descended into the centre of the main street, were distinguished by strangely-contrasted marks of opposite callings and pursuits; one, whose tightly-built, well-fitting clothes, though coarse and soiled, black stock, hair closely cut, (slightly silvered by years and foreign service) and high erect bearing, denoted at once the veteran soldier—appeared anxious to separate from his companion, a low, pallid man, of ghastly complexion, attired in rusty black, originally made for a person much above his height, whose company was evidently forced upon him,—and at the same time wished to effect his object with courtesy and quietness.

"Here then, I repeat what I have already stated, that it is full time, and fitting place, for us to part; for your society during our journey, and information respecting our route, though unsought for on my part, I thank you; but as to housing myself for the night, and foraging for a supper, though absent five-and-twenty years from my native town, I am too old a campaigner not to be aware how to find a billet, without either your advice or assistance. So, once more, good night."

"But stay, you know not where to look," rejoined the other; "you will not find a single friend or acquaintance living or left; the character of the place is quite changed since you were last quartered here; and as you have cash and valuables about you, you will be robbed and plundered by the crew among whom you intend to trust yourself. I speak as a friend

to you. Come home, and lodge with me to-night, and in the morning you can please yourself better, if you wish."

"What, go and lodge at a coffin-maker's shop—for of such a concern you have represented yourself to be the owner; with shrouds for my sheets, and tin angels for my companions? No, I would rather lie under that turf-clump yonder all night, with the sky for my quilt, and the wind to sing me asleep. But, sir, I dismiss at once you and your interference; you have fastened yourself upon me this day, insensible to all the hints I gave how unacceptable your company was; you wormed out of me the secret, that I had concealed about my person, all my little stock of wealth, the earnings of my past service—and now you insist on being my pioneer in my private arrangements for the night. You see, sir, these two roads, this one I choose for my line of march, the other is your way; adopt it forthwith, or I shall be compelled to teach you a quick step, that will leave the remembrance of my drill on your back for the next quarter."

"Oh, captain, if you are afraid to trust me, though may I never screw down another——"

"Fear you, you miserable shadow of an undertaker! not if you were marching at the head of all the muffled drums in the Guards. Lead on there to your hovel, the entertainment cannot be so bad as the host."

The man who lived "by death's doings" turned away his face to conceal a low chuckle of satisfaction at the consent his last insinuation had wrung from the reluctant veteran, and burying his pale, withered features in the high standing collar of his old-fashioned single-breasted coat, at the same time stooping low to escape the violence of a cutting shower that now began to fall, and slanting full into their faces, intimated his readiness to proceed—and, followed by the soldier, crossed the Pont Neuf of the Boyne, and entered the "loyal and corporate" city of Drogheda.

As they passed through the streets, brilliant with the lights in the windows of the shops and hotels, and crowded with artisans, sailors, grooms, laborers, and soldiers thronging to their barracks, the wanderer returned to his birthplace felt regret at so unwisely trusting himself to the guidance of one he knew nothing of, and seemed to dislike; and several times was on the point of breaking from him, and accosting one of the troopers as they passed him with a look that recognized him as a brother of the service, to request a direction to a decent lodging for the night; but his guide and his promise recurred to his recollection as often, to strengthen the silly resolution he had been nettled to adopt.

A fountain which may be stepped across is the source of the Nile—the actions that color the course

of our lives, are often dictated by some forgotten trifle. Following his pilot in silence, and watching him narrowly, to detect any intercourse or concerted league with an associate who might be waiting for him near the locality of his abode, he was partially satisfied at finding him pass by the various groups on the way without either sign or word to denote previous acquaintance, and hold a direct course for the further extremity of the long principal street, until they came to a break in the line of houses, formed by a narrow lane (one of the outlets of the town), that branched down towards the river's edge, whose black, discoloured current, stained by the floating lees and scum from an extensive manufactory, glided sluggishly past a row of mean, gloomy cabins, built upon its brink, parallel to the line of the main street—and increased, while it harmonised with, the dreariness of the situation and prospect.

"Here we are," said the artist of coffins, the last master of mortal ceremonies; "we are now near home, keep close to me through this passage, or you may miss me in the dark—we turn, mind you, to the left, along the river;" and darting down the "angiport," he led the way to his retired abode.

Along the margin of the black, silent flood they moved for awhile, like shades wandering on the banks of Acheron, until the traveller's guide suddenly plunged aside into a dark opening, which at first appeared like the yawning entrance to some subterranean excavation, and the soldier for a moment paused, and considered the prudence of following further the strange and mysterious track his companion selected. "No matter," he reflected "it cannot be worse than a breach!" and hurried after.

Extending his hands cautiously before him, he discovered by the damp footing of an uneven and broken flagway, (on which he often slipped and fell against the rough-plastered surface of surrounding walls), that they were passing through a long, narrow, partitioned hall, leading to a steep winding staircase, on whose lowest flight his associate waited for him, and grasping him by the hand, conducted him up to the landing-place upon the second story of the lonely and secluded building into which he had so unexpectedly been ushered.

"Here is the door of my own room—now do not feel uneasy, as my workshop is below stairs: I am glad to see, too, the fire is not quite extinguished—I must try for the key."

The vigilant old veteran remarked, that although he very ostentatiously produced a large iron key, of curious and complex construction, the door, before a single ward of the lock could be turned, yielded to a gentle push, and had evidently not been secured. He entered the room, however, without noticing the device contrived to lull his suspicions: a few red coals were gleaming in the bottom of the grate, but threw out insufficient flame to illumine the furniture, or discover the extent of the apartment. He was able, notwithstanding, to reconnoitre the general bearings of the room with a hasty glance, and as he was now much wearied and fatigued, any sign or promise of rest and refreshment was eagerly welcomed.

The appearance of the room was small and confined; a number of household goods, and heavy unwieldy fixtures, large garde-robes, tall book-cases, carved in old quaint figures, and inlaid with brass, discolored by age and neglect, tables of brown mahogany, and old defaced Dutch paintings in tarnished gilded frames—all being of different styles and patterns, purchased at various intervals at rummage-sales of bankrupt brokers, were stowed and crowded together in most perplexing and promiscuous confusion.

The guest was much astonished at perceiving this goodly, though diverse and motley array of appointments massed together, so different from the squalid and impoverished mien of their proprietor—and throwing himself into a large highbacked chair, attempted to examine more closely the features of his host, who, as if unwilling to undergo a personal scrutiny, concealed his face, and commenced stirring up the sinking fire with a zeal and earnestness that too soon betrayed his purpose, as the embers, as if by accident, were entirely raked out and quenched.

"That will not do," said he, as the quivering flames subsided, and at last totally expired. "I must get candles; my store is below stairs—I shall not be absent a moment."

When he left the room, which was now quite dark, the soldier was positive, that *this time* the door, when it closed after him, was really locked, and the key withdrawn. Starting up, he rushed to the door, and pulling it forcibly, assured his senses of the fact—He smiled, and quietly reseated himself—"What can he mean? Does he fear I may rob him in his absence? or does he mean to try that trick on me? Let him if he choose! I have two friends here that I have not yet introduced to him, who will not see me injured!"—and he grasped firmly a brace of pocket-pistols concealed beneath his coat, and waited patiently for the returning step of his extraordinary entertainer.

When Steevens was last dwelling in Drogheda, every house, street, face, and walk, was familiar and beloved as his own home and brethren. Twenty-five years, a fragment of a century, had gone over, and he was entrapped, confined in a base den in the purlieus—an unknown, disregarded alien, with distrust and melancholy fastening on his heart, in lieu of the joy and welcome from expectant friends he had vainly anticipated.

Successive trains of ideas were moving gradually more slowly and measured through his mind, from the absence of external objects to excite their corresponding images, and sleep began to steal upon his wearied frame, sealing up the fountains of thought and sensation, when a sound, as of a suppressed and regular breathing at the opposite end of the apartment, put to instant flight the approaches of repose, and like a trumpet blast, roused him to energy and action. He sprang from the chair on which he had been sinking into slumber, and endeavoured to thread his way through the labyrinth of incumbrances towards the direction the sound seemed to indicate; but at that instant, a footstep was heard upon the outer lobby, the door was thrown open, and a glare of light, bright, powerful and sudden, as the uplifted footlights

of a proscenium, kindled up every object in the room, and diverted his attention from further pursuing his investigation. His host had returned, preceding a domestic—an elderly, austere female, who carried a large tray, laden with glasses, wax candles, cold meats, and wine, served with more neatness and taste than the appearance of the dwelling would warrant, who set them on the table, and directing one look of peculiar, searching meaning at her master's guest, silently withdrew.

"Come, now, and drink a glass of wine with me, after all the ill-natured things you have said upon your way here; but I forgive you; my own appearance (and he looked round his room with some pride) is, I am glad to say, the worst of my possessions—your health, and welcome!"

The soldier moved over, and somewhat cheered at the prospect of a good supper and old wines, sat down in the friendly spirit of the invitation, and pouring out a bumper, smiled at his host, who placed himself opposite him, and behind the light. "A promise of this bottle would have kept me closer than that lock twice bolted. By-the-by, what did you intend, when you left me just now, by turning your parlor into a guard-room? You locked me in."

"'Twas but from habit then; I treat all my customers so; but how like you your entertainment and lodging?—You are not eating, nor do you seem inclined to drink either."

"Nay, I am freely employed at both. The style of your abode, and the repast you have served up, are such as I have seldom fallen in with; but the variety of articles here, all old and worn, look all like legacies bequeathed by the dead, whom you have furnished with their narrow houses—grouped together in awful and solemn assembly. Are they really gifts from your departed friends?"

The proprietor gave no answer, and by his instant change of color, seemed to disrelish the remark.

"But, however, your extensive acquaintance with those who have gone before us on the last long march, may aid you in answering a question I wish to put concerning a very near relative, the only one indeed left me in this world, whose death I have heard reported; but the correctness of the rumor I have invariably distrusted.—Can you say with certainty, does William Stevens yet live in this town? You must have known him—Stevens, the draper in High street? I hear he left the town long since, and fear he went to the bad."

"I will consult my books, and inform you if his name be registered on my list."

He arose, unlocked a large folio volume in black funeral binding, and running over his private alphabetical reference, turned to the given page, and without reading the entries on the leaf, marked the place with ribbon, and closed the book again, questioning, as he did so, his guest fiercely and abruptly:

"And so, you too are interested in this man's life or death! Who are you—and what has brought you home? What has brought you *here* at this unlucky moment? Are not you his youngest brother, the soldier—the life that I was told had long since dropped

in the lease of Magallen, which the old Lord Dunlea made to your father—into the purchase of which farm I have been cheated?"

"My brother's breath, if he yet draws it in this troubled world, shall not disturb you in possession; the ground you speak of has been too unfortunate in all our family ever to tempt us to re-settle on it. I have had a hard and rugged road myself to tread through life, 'tis nearly over now, and all I wish is to sink quietly into the grave, without strife or contention with my kind."

The solemn and quiet tone, in which the veteran confessed the gentle spirit of resignation that reigned in his heart, appeared to sink into the soul of the crafty and designing wretch who had enticed him into the house, and for an instant staggered the resolution that was beginning to gleam from his piercing and blood-thirsty eyes. "But how can the interest have reverted to Lord Dunlea, when you yet live? You are the third original life, even admitting that your brother's has dropped, as your father's surely has, these some years back—and you his heir have now returned to dispossess me, man, I see it plainly. The title that I purchased on, from the scheming agent, is defective, and you stand between me and my right."

"You give me information of my own legal claim to my father's property that I have hitherto been ignorant of, for I was a boy when I enlisted and went abroad, and of course knew nothing of his affairs.—My brother's mysterious disappearance from his home, an account of which reached me some short time before my father died, is yet no proof of his demise, and now answer me: how came you to challenge me for William Stevens's brother?"

"The likeness—"

"You knew him well then, you confess; what is your own opinion of his fate?"

"That your own may be similar! but come, we will talk of business in the morning, at present I am weary and feel disposed to sleep; you will find a couch within there, what say you to occupy it?"

"If it were as hard and narrow as one of your own 'wooden surtouts,' I would stretch myself upon it willingly."

"Then we will try it; come—"

Holding one of the branch-lights, he led his guest to the end of the apartment next the window, and most remote from the door, drawing down the thick double-blind of the former as he approached, and pointing to a sofa, intrenched between two ponderous and lofty presses, which afforded scarcely sufficient space to the traveller to extend himself at full length. He waited until he had lain down, and then opening the wardrobe beside him, which, when lowered, formed a couch, he extinguished the taper, and stretched his limbs to sleep.

The soldier, though fatigued, did not sink into that ready slumber which a consciousness of comfort and security so quickly lulls the senses into; he still distrusted his host: he had disliked him from the first, and the burst of passion into which he was betrayed, when on discovering the character and identity of his guest, continued to excite and fan the flame of suspi-

cion, that yet smouldered in the mind of Steevens.—He listened, the room was dark, and still, and hushed; the breathing of his neighbor was of one in the enjoyment of regular and tranquil repose, and yet, he was not satisfied; he examined his weapons, and the click of the spring, as he half-cocked each pistol, echoed through the room, with a report startling and doubly loud, from the intense silence and quietude of the place.

"I must remain awake," thought he, "and perhaps 'tis better. I can fancy myself once more an outlying picket."

Some three-quarters of an hour might have elapsed, when his vigilance was stung to its highest pitch, by distinctly hearing his host rise from the couch, and creep with silent pace, as if, like Lear's horseman, he was "shod with felt," to the far corner of the room, whispering in accents that would be almost inaudible in the echoing gallery of St. Paul's cathedral—"Now!" The signal was responded to by a creaking on the floor, and a suppressed yawn, as when one struggles with slumber and a sudden summons to awake; and then there was a voice, another and a strange one, yet whose accents fell on Steevens's ear with a dim transitory sense of being heard before, and in another place; but all continued murky and dark as midnight.

"Well, what's the go now, that you stir me up before I have half slept off that poison, nicknamed usquebaugh, you dosed me with last night? What foul trick is on the cards now, old black knave?"

"Only a turn, for which I hired you. You have done nothing lately to earn your peck. I have a bird asleep here, a *goldfinch*; his singing must be stopped—that's all."

"Heartless—merciless villain!—must we spill more—"

"Silence! Sing small, my canary, or you will twist the hemp for your own neck. Where is your gratitude? Did I not find you starving in the streets of London; shivering in a snow-storm behind the pillars of St. Martin's church?"

"Yes, the devil sent you to my aid, when I had no other prospect of help on earth; and the twelve months I had spent cab-driving and drinking at 'The King of Denmark,' left me apt enough for your work. What have I come to! You knew me well, what I once was, here in my own town."

"Why a runaway bankrupt woollen-draper was not a bad beginning, to—"

"End with turning out a common murderer. But I was honest and respected once."

Of this dialogue Steevens had been an earnest auditor; and, fully aware of his danger, and the odds against him, yet felt as tranquil and resolved as ever he did under fire at broad noon. He addressed a prayer of gratitude to Heaven that his assassins had not found him sleeping, and watched the slightest sound that gave notice of their approach.

At this moment a faint gleam of light glided along the room, which for an instant illumined and revealed two figures, one of which was raising a small trap-door in the recess beneath the window, while his

confederate, who held a small, sharp axe, was employed in turning the flame that flickered in a dark lantern, which was immediately covered, and the momentary brightness quenched.

The impossibility of rolling off the couch on either side was evident to Steevens, escape being cut off by the lofty wardrobe that hemmed him in; but no time was given now to deliberate; he heard the breathing of his foes near him—and nearer—he sprang up, swerving aside from the levelled blow, that passed his shoulder, and guided by the *whiz* of his assailant's weapon, fired. There was a heavy fall—the soldier leaped through the smoke, after his second foe, who had retreated from his attack, and dashed him to the ground; then seizing the lantern, he held it full in the face of the man who had fallen beneath his fire—it was his host—shot through the lungs, but not yet dead. He pointed to the other assassin, who was now endeavoring to rise, and motioned to Steevens to stoop and speak with him; his conqueror did so. The dying man grasped him convulsively round the neck and hissing into his ears—

"Kill him too, for he is your missing brother," fell back dead, his life-blood gushing forth upon his slayer as he gasped those thrilling words.

In horror and dismay Steevens now held up the light, and gazed upon the livid countenance of the trembling wretch before him.

"Your name?"

"Will Steevens,"

"Of—"

"Magallen, formerly—"

"My miserable brother, indeed! You might have been a fratricide!"—And the hand which a moment before had been raised in hostility, was now extended in friendship and reconciliation.

Long and speechless was the agony of the repentant criminal, as he wept over his strangely-found and long-absent brother. The thoughts of the years that had intervened since their first separation, and the event that covered the retrospect with the sable hues of remorse and guilt—the memory of their parents now mouldering in the grave, their alienated home, and the startling change from the open innocence of boyhood, to manhood's stern and wild-worn character, swelled in the minds of both; and the wild and thrilling yearning of their hearts, heaved forth at last in a deep sigh, melted into tears.

"But, William, you must fly: the voice of justice will soon be yelling for you. To the magistrates here must I at once account for that miscreant's death. Take my purse—it is well filled with gold—begone, and seek a foreign country, where, under another name you may earn an honest character, and the forgiveness of Heaven.—Farewell!"

"Should I not rather stay, and on the scaffold meet the fate of the murderer's accomplice? But our family, you would say! Well, I will fly: yet before I leave for ever, let me confess—though the tale is too hideous!—Beneath that trap-door a vault is sunk, deeper than the river's bed, whose flood has often swept into its sepulchre. Many a poor traveller, trapped into this house by your blood-stained victim

has—oh, brother, pray for pardon for me!—I dare not ask it myself—”

He walked to the window, and letting himself down into the river that flowed beneath, dropping with a loud splash, swam the current to the opposite bank, and escaped into the mountains.

When morning dawned, the municipal authorities were apprised by Steevens of the transactions of the preceding night. The vault was penetrated into; some bleached and fractured human bones were discovered, which corroborated the accomplice's testimony, and explained the mysterious disappearance of several solitary travellers, who had been traced into the town, and never heard of after.

The murderer's corse was buried in unhallowed ground; his effects disposed of by auction, and the proceeds divided among the destitute of the neighborhood—while, by universal acclamation, the house, the

theatre of such treacherous and bloody deeds, was razed to its foundation.

Insufficient evidence being adduced to implicate the female servant in her master's guilt, she was discharged, but was obliged to leave the town, and seek a settlement in another country.

Steevens soon after recovered possession of his paternal property, and lived long, respected and beloved. Still his days, though peaceful, rolled away heavily; for he was alone; and often while sitting over his solitary hearth, sipping old port from a silver tankard, while the winter wind moaned without, he would sigh for the cheerful bivouac, and jest and flowing can of his comrades; and deemed the hardships of his past career more joyous and exciting than the ease and indolent enjoyments of his declining days, which he reckoned as too dearly purchased by the adventures of that night he spent with the COFFIN-MAKER OF DROGHEDA.

THE ARNO.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN, ARTIST, PHILADELPHIA.

It is midnight over Florence,
And the moon is up on high,
And no sound is heard but Arno,
As it hurries hoarsely by.

With a melancholy lustre
Looks the moonbeam thro' the pane,
And I turn upon my pillow,
But I strive to sleep in vain.

Yet I close my eyes a moment,
And forget 'tis not the stream,
To whose roar so oft I've listened,
In my boyhood's happy dream.

When I lay within my chamber,
And I could not sleep for joy,
On revisiting the dwelling
Where I romped, a careless boy.

Tho' the sound of that blest river
Ne'er again so dear can be,
As in days when young existence
Was all holiday to me;

Yet my heart must echo ever
To its glad, exulting roar,
And my breast be but the mirror
That reflects its lovely shore:

But I start up from my pillow,
And a tear is in my eye—
It is not the Susquehanna—
But the Arno hurrying by!

Oh, 'tis not that lofty mountains
With their snows may intervene,
And 'tis not that angry ocean
Rolls a watery world between;

But it is that when I hear it—
If I e'er should hear it more—
There's a deeper tone of sadness
Will be mingled with its roar:—

There were voices once to greet me
I shall listen for in vain;
There were eyes to bid me welcome
That will never smile again!

So then dash, thou sullen Arno!
And tho' hoarse thy voice should be,
With a dirge-like sound to others,
It will welcome seem to me.

Florence, April, 1837.

CALL AGAIN TO-MORROW.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHARLES JOHNSON and EDWARD JONES were boys at the same school. Johnson was then considered a youth of a dull slow spirit and wit; and, apparently without feeling, felt silently for all who deserved it, and sometimes for those who did not; while Jones, with much loud talk of feeling, and a collection of the most approved maxims of charity at his tongue's end, seemed never to possess either charity or feeling.

These boy-friends were parted, and became men at last. Charles now burst out into the man of genius; the early morning of his life looked dull, but the noon of it gave promise of a glorious after day; while Jones, who had excited the greatest hopes in his youth, shrunk into a mere man of the world. Though the one was now mammon minded and sordid almost to avarice, and the other a mere creature of the elements, "that plays in the plighted clouds;" though one was poor and the other rich; though as dissimilar as darkness and light—as immixable as water and oil, and as opposite as ice and fire, they were still friends—such friends as the world understands by that much-abused word.

Jones throve much faster than his poor friend could grow unfortunate. To keep up the appearance of friendship and humility, however, when he fell in with him, he would not loose his sleeve till he had him safely seated at his silver-spread table; and Charles, who was too noble to be the grudger of another's happiness or wealth, was there the merriest man of the merry, and kept the table in a roar, with equal pleasure to himself and to others. Time, however, who was rather slow in reconciling the riches of the one to the poverty of the other, did at last so far succeed, that Jones began to care about half as much for Johnson's neediness as he did himself;—and here we come to our story.

Jones had employed a poor mechanic to repair his chaise; and the business being done, as was his custom, he thought no more about paying than Dives did of Lazarus. The poor creditor had let his rich debtor stand in his books longer than the usual time, for he was (as a poor tradesman often is, to the shame of the rich,) afraid to ask "so great a man as Mr. Jones" for so small a sum. At length, (for Patience herself will sometimes grow impatient,) the poor man called himself. Mr. Jones could not look at his bill then: he had a particular friend with him, (Johnson was there) he might call again next month. The humble man turned away from the proud man's door with a weary foot and a more weary heart, for he had journeyed some miles, and was sick with wasted strength, and sad with a worn-out spirit. The month slowly passed away, and he called again; but he could not see him: ("Thomson, his particular friend Thomson, was there:") he might call again in a week: he called in

a week; he was not at home: (his still more particular friend, Wilson, was there then:) "call again," he did; he was not up: "call again:" he did; he was not down: "call in the city:" he was out of town: "call at the villa:" he was in town:—in short, let him call when he would, it was to no purpose.—Charles's humaner heart was shocked at the long reluctance of Jones to part with his money; and he resolved when an opportunity offered, to punish his unfeeling friend in some way that would show him the cold enormity of his covetousness. In the mean time, by one of those unaccountable accidents in the life of a poor man of letters, which, like a sudden flash of lightning, in a dark night, cheers for the instant but to render the succeeding blackness more observable, happening to obtain possession of a hundred dollars, he privately paid the poor sick mechanic the fifty he so much wanted, contenting himself with the hope that when he had shamed his penurious rich friend once again into feeling, he should get repaid.

An opportunity soon served for his scheme. Jones had lately left him a large estate in the West Indies, by a rich bachelor uncle, and having sold it by his agent there, was in daily expectation of receiving the proceeds. Johnson, by some means, had heard of the arrival of this agent at New York, but concealed the information. In the mean time, Jones had grown into such a feverish and mammonish impatience to finger the expected cash, that, what with plethora and passion, and the megrims which every day's disappointment in not touching it threw him into, he took to his bed room with a feverish affection; and it was now that Charles determined to try at a cure of him, and to revenge the neglect and wrong he had done to the poor, sick son of poverty; accordingly, on the following morning, he was at Jones's door, dressed in all the importance and loose nankeen trowsers of a warm West Indian. The lion-headed knocker was as yet unmuffled: he knocked, and after a reasonable dressing-time, descends an appearance in a mob-cap, and dull, death-watching face, with a mouth yawning to the circumference of a tin kitchen; it was Mrs. Shufflebotham, the nightly nurse. "Mrs. Jones, I presume, Madam?" said Charles, bowing most respectfully to her inaudible list shoes. "No, sir," simpered the flattered feminine, very proud of the mistake. "Mrs. Shufflebotham, night-nurse, at your service," curtsying herself down to about half her altitude.—"Well, then, good morning to Mrs. Shufflebotham, at my service. Pray how's Jones this morning? I've just arrived here from the West Indies, and the first thing which I hear is, that Jones, my dear Jones, is ill?" "Yes, ill indeed, sir, poor dear gentleman: he's had five doctors!" "Five doctors!" exclaimed Charles, "that's a very dangerous complaint, indeed! He must be a hale, hearty man to survive such an attack!"

Five doctors! deliver me, and poor Jones, too, from five doctors! Good morning, Madam; my compliments, and all that." "May I have the honor of your name!" curtsied Mrs. S. "Oh certainly, certainly: Hurricane, Madam—Hurricane, from the West Indies, —Hurricane, the agent. You'll wake poor Mr. Jones, if he should happen to be asleep, and tell him that I called, but didn't wish to disturb him; so I'll call again." "Dear sir," exclaimed Mrs. S., "you are the very gentleman that Mr. Jones is so anxious to see!" "Very possible; but I really cannot wait: I've my cousin Thomson to call on, and condole with him on the death of his wife's pug-dog—poor things, they have no children, and such a loss is very terrible!" "But he's so very anxious to see you," urged Mrs. S. "Very likely; but I must see Thomson: you'll say my name is Hurricane—Hurricane: I am in the greatest hurry possible, or I would wait on Mr. Jones. Good morning, Madam! Hurricane—you'll remember?" poking Mrs. S. in the ribs impatiently with a walking-cane; and then off he hurried, leaving the nurse all womanly wonder at his conduct.

Two hours are past, and he has again knocked at Jones's door, as if he would knock down him who opened it; and again Mrs. Shufflebotham descends in all the freshness of a starched tucker, flounced apron, morning-gown, and "shining morning face." "Well, how's Jones now?" "The powers of goodness!" exclaimed she, lifting up her hands and her eyes; "I'm as glad as all Boston that you have come back so soon, sir! Poor Mr. Jones, as soon as he heard that a white gentleman from the West *Hinges* had called, leaped out of bed like a lunatic." "Then Jones is better? I'm very glad to hear it, indeed! Good morning, Madam, and my compliments, and whatever is usual to be said on these occasions." (*Going.*) "But, my dear sir," remonstrated Mrs. S., seizing Charles by the button, "he wishes of all things to see you; pray now do, dear Mr. Hurricane, walk in!" suggested and implored the kindly nurse. "It's impossible, my dearest madam!" "But he's dying, sir!" insisted she. "I'm sorry, but it's impossible: he must not die till I see him, but I've the most positive engagement with my particular friend Wilson, who is leaving town for his country house to-day, and he would think me particularly inattentive to him, if I did not see him set off." "Well, but my dear sir"—"Mrs. Shufflebotham!" said Charles, with a mock earnestness and solemnity of manner, "it is impossible. Good morning, and my compliments as before." (*Gone.*)

Mrs. S. looked all astonishment, and quietly shutting the door, and then opening it again, as if to look once more after the cause of her wonderment, she shut it, and went up to poor Jones, who was more sick with impatience than with any other complaint, and told him what a strange gentleman "that Mr. Hurricane was." "The man must be a brute, to trifle with a dying man," vociferated Jones, as he pushed his patient nurse out of the room half-way down the stairs. "If I had ever treated any man so, I should have deserved this."

At eight o'clock Charles returns: the knock, the

Mrs. S., and the "Well, how's Jones?" occur again: to which the nurse, who had not yet recovered from the rudeness with which she had been thrust out of the bed-room, answered with "lack-lustre eyes," evidently pale with vexation-tears, "Ah, sir, poor Mr. Jones is certainly mad, and will not live out to-day!" "God bless me," replied Charles, coolly playing with his cane, "then I'll call to-morrow; for I have promised to meet the very best fellow in the world, my friend Jackson. Good morning, Mrs. Shuffle!"—(botham he would have said, but the good nurse at that moment remembering the push she had had down stairs, or else impatient at the supposed Mr. Hurricane's prevaricating puttings-off, shut the door in his face, and went off in a huff without her "botham.")

At nine he returns, and rings, for he was afraid the lion's head would not answer his inquiries, as it was by this time muffled in white leather, and looked totally sick and silent: but the wary and weary Mrs. S. saw through the blinds that it was her old trouble, and perhaps out of a momentary spirit of revenge for the violence which had been done to her sacred office, and more sacred person, refused to open. At ten, therefore, he sends a nigger-porter, with instructions to ring long and loud; this succeeds, and down again descends the surly nurse, looking as if she could wring his nose as long as he had rang her bell. "Oh—a geddleman wants a know werrer Misser Jones see Misser Harrikim a some day next week?" Jones heard the message, and losing all the little patience he ever possessed, he bawled out, "Tell the scoundrel to come here immediately, or I'll have him arrested for embezzlement, and teach him what it is to trifle with a dying man."

The porter departs growling, and at twelve another comes to say that "he guessed the geddleman would see'im in de mornin', cos he got a see Misser Timkins, de tailor;" at one, another porter inquires how Mr. Jones was at twelve; at two, the same porter comes to know how he was at one; and at three Johnson himself returns, and ringing louder than before, Jones is heard in the distance, cursing all his household, from the cat to the cook, and swearing all his most select oaths; and "Tell the barbarous Barbados rascal to come up stairs, or I'll send the contents of a blunderbuss after his heels," were the last words of Jones, as his man opened the door with an "Ah, how do ye: Mr. Johnson?" "How's Jones now?" asked Charles, with a negro-bullying, West-Indian sort of voice, that seemed to be half choked with raw rum, raw sugar, and suffocating cigars. At this critical juncture, Mrs. Shufflebotham appeared from a side parlor, and Jones at the stair-head, in his bed-gown and velvet cap: this was an unexpected *dénouement*. Charles was compelled now to enter in; and being asked his motive for such an unseasonable frolic, and having explained "that it was to teach him who had been insensible to the sickness and patience of another, the cruelty of being trifled with, and the pain, which is worse than sickness, of seeing man indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow-man," (here he placed in Jones's hand the poor chaise-mender's receipt for his fifty dollars,)—Jones saw, with a blush of

shame, the cold cruelty of his conduct to the needy creditor, and taking Charles by the hand, pressed it with more than his usual warmth, forgave him the manner of his lesson, forgot his megrims, and patiently waiting the arrival of his agent, who came the next day with the immense produce of his estate, is now a man of great wealth, who gives liberally to all who

want that do not deserve to want; is kind and considerate to all men, whether poor or rich; and loves his friend Charles above all men, as the man who taught him the true value of wealth, and that it can only give happiness where it gives the means of making those happy who are less the favorites of Fortune.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN FAUST,

THE GERMAN SORCERER.

It has generally been imagined that Doctor John Faust, or Fust, the inventor of printing, was the same individual who has been immortalized by the pens of Marlowe and Goëthe, and who stands the accredited head of the German professors of the black art, "whose name is Legion." It has been stated that when Faust, the printer, who was originally a goldsmith, at Mentz, went to Paris to sell a second edition of his Bible of 1462, the public were astonished at the rapid manufacture of his books, and their exact resemblance to each other, no other method of multiplying copies being known, but the act of transcribing—a long and expensive process. Natural means being insufficient to account for the wonder, superstition suggested the idea that the German stranger must have been assisted by the devil in the prosecution of his trade—the monks seized upon the meddling man who had spoiled their sale of manuscript Bibles, and sacrificed him to their vengeance. This little romance is perfectly in keeping with the characteristics of the age, although we can hardly imagine that even the selfishness of the monks would venture on authorising a report that his Satannic Majesty had assisted in the propagation of the word of God. But the whole affair is groundless; Faust, of Mentz, died of the plague, in 1466, leaving his printing business and materials to his partner, Schæffer, who was also his son-in-law, and the inventor of the punches and matrices used in the formation of separate words and letters—Faust's operations having been confined solely to characters engraved on solid blocks of wood.

Faust, the printer of Mentz, quitted this world twenty-five years before Faust, the sorcerer, was born. The latter personage claimed Wittenburg as his birth-place—but he was doubtless the son of a peasant in that vicinity, and placed at an early age at the neighboring university. Many persons have doubted the existence of this redoubted magician, and conceive that the accounts of his prowess were the idle invention of the monks and miracle-mongers of the day. But Melancthon speaks of a personal acquaintance with him and Trithem, Cornelius Agrippa, and Paracelsus were well known to him. Conrad Gessner refers to him as a cotemporary—Martin Luther published opinions re-

specting him, and Camerarius, in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, speaks of the celebrated magician, Faust, without reference to the romantic character of his reputed exploits; and Wierus, in his work, *de Præstigiis Demonum*, gives an undoubted belief to the existence of Faust.

John Faust was adopted in his early years by an uncle dwelling in the city of Wittenburg, who had no children. He removed his nephew from an humble residence on the banks of the Roda, to a collegiate apartment in the vicinity of the Elbe. The young Faust soon distinguished himself by the superiority of his talents, and the rapid progress he made in every species of learning that was placed before him. In his sixteenth year, he went to Ingolstadt and studied theology, and became in three years a *magister*—but he shortly abandoned theology, and applied himself to medicine, astrology, and magic, in which he likewise instructed his disciple, John Wagner, the son of a clergyman at Wasserberg. Faust's uncle died, and left him in possession of a rich inheritance, all of which he spent in the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of wonderful experiments in chemistry, wherein, probably, lies the origin of his extraordinary fame.

There are several very curious old pamphlets, professing to be authentic lives of the conjurer, Faust, and all of them agreeing in the main particulars respecting his power over devils, his wonderful life, and miserable death. Franciscus Schottus, of Toledo, is supposed to have executed the original work in the Latin language, but the Spaniard's production is little more than a translation of an old German tract, known to have been in existence many years before. Copies of two "Histories" are now in existence; one of them, without date, printed at Cologne and Nuremberg, called *The League of Doctor Faust, the Enchanter and Sorcerer, known throughout the world, with the Devil, his adventurous Life and terrible End*. The other work is entitled, *True History of the Horrible Sins of Doctor John Faustus, Hamburg, 1599*. The authors or translators of this history have embodied in it all the approved ideas of necromancy and profane and sacrilegious dealings with the devil. Very slender materials have been expanded with great art, and the

pretended tricks of sorcery have been judiciously interwoven.

Doctor Faustus, after taking his degree as a doctor of medicine, aspired to celebrity as a doctor of physic. His success made him proud and headstrong, and he sighed for distinction as a man of the world. About the same time, he fell in with certain cotemporaries of tastes similar to his own, and associated with them in the study of Chaldean, Greek, and Arabic science, of strange incantations, and supernatural influences—in short, of all the arts of a sorcerer.

Having made such progress as he could by dint of study and intense application, he at length resolved to prosecute his purposes still further by actually raising the devil. He happened, one evening, to walk in a thick, dark wood, within a short distance from Wittenberg, when it occurred to him that that was a fit place for executing his design. He stopped at a solitary spot where four roads met, and made use of his wand to mark out a large circle, and then two small ones within the larger. In one of these he fixed himself, appropriating the other for the use of his expected visitor. He went over the precise range of charms and incantations, omitting nothing. It was now dark night, between the ninth and tenth hours. The devil manifested himself by the usual signs of his appearance. "Wherefore am I called?" said he, "and what is it that you demand?" "I require," rejoined Faustus, "that you should sedulously attend upon me, answer my inquiries, and fulfil my behests."

Immediately upon Faustus pronouncing these words, there followed a tumult overhead, as if heaven and earth were coming together. The trees in their topmost branches bended to their very roots. It seemed as if the whole forest were peopled with devils, making a crash like a thousand wagons, hurrying to the right and the left, before and behind, in every possible direction, with thunder and lightning, and the continual discharge of great cannon. Hell appeared to have emptied itself to have furnished the din. There succeeded the most charming music from all sorts of instruments, and sounds of hilarity and dancing. Next came a report as of a tournament, and the clashing of innumerable lances. This lasted so long, that Faustus was many times about to rush out of the circle in which he had enclosed himself, and to abandon his preparations. His courage and resolution, however, got the better; and he remained immovable. He pursued his incantations without intermission. Then came to the very edge of the circle a griffin first, and next a dragon, which, in the midst of his enchantments, grinned at him horribly with his teeth, but finally fell down at his feet, and extended his length to many a rood. Faustus persisted. Then succeeded a sort of fireworks, a pillar of fire, and a man on fire at the top, who leaped down; and there immediately appeared a number of globes here and there red hot, while the man on fire went and came to every part of the circle for a quarter of an hour. At length the devil came forward in the shape of a gray monk, and asked Faustus what he wanted. Faustus adjourned their farther conference, and appointed the devil to come to him at his lodging.

He in the meantime busied himself in the necessary preparations. He entered his study at the appointed time, and found the devil waiting for him. Faustus told him that he had prepared certain articles, to which it was necessary that the demon should fully accord,—that he should attend him at all times, when required, for all the days of his life; that he should bring him every thing he wanted; that he should come to him in any shape that Faustus required, or be invisible, and Faustus should be invisible too whenever he desired it; that he should deny him nothing, and answer him with perfect veracity to every thing he demanded. To some of these requisitions the spirit could not consent, without authority from his master, the chief of devils. At length all these concessions were adjusted. The devil, on his part, also prescribed his conditions. That Faustus should abjure the Christian religion, and all reverence for the Supreme God; that he should enjoy the entire command of his attendant demon for a certain term of years; and that at the end of that period the devil should dispose of him, body and soul, at his pleasure, [the term was fixed for twenty-four years;] that he should, at all times, steadfastly refuse to listen to any one who should desire to convert him, or convince him of the error of his ways, and lead him to repentance; that Faustus should draw up a writing containing these particulars, and sign it with his blood; that he should deliver this writing to the devil, and keep a duplicate of it for himself, that so there might be no misunderstanding. It was further appointed by Faustus, that the devil should usually attend him in the habit of a cordelier, with a pleasing countenance and an insinuating demeanor. Faustus also asked the devil his name, who answered that he was usually called Mephistophiles, (perhaps more accurately Nephthophiles, a lover of clouds.)

Previously to this transaction, in which Faustus sold himself, soul and body, to the devil, he had consumed his inheritance, and was reduced to great poverty. But he was now no longer subjected to any straits. The establishments of the Prince of Chutz, the Duke of Bavaria, and the Archbishop of Saltzburgh, were daily put under contribution for his more convenient supply. By the diligence of Mephistophiles, provisions of all kinds continually flew in at his windows; and the choicest wines were perpetually found at his board, to the annoyance and discredit of the cellarers and butlers of these eminent personages, who were extremely blamed for defalcations in which they had no share. He also brought him a monthly supply of money, sufficient for the support of his establishment. Besides, he supplied him with a succession of mistresses, such as his heart desired, which were in truth nothing but devils disguised under the semblance of beautiful women. He farther gave to Faustus a book, in which were amply detailed the processes of sorcery and witchcraft, by means of which the doctor could obtain whatever he desired.

One of the earliest indulgences which Faustus proposed to himself from the command he possessed over his servant-demon, was the gratification of his curiosity in surveying the various nations of the world. Accord-

ingly Mephostophiles converted himself into a horse, with two hunches on his back, like a dromedary, between which he conveyed Faustus through the air wherever he desired. They consumed fifteen months in their travels. Among the countries they visited, the history mentions Pannonia, Austria, Germany, Bohemia, Silesia, Saxony, Misnia, Thuringia, Franconia, Suabia, Bavaria, Lithuania, Livonia, Prussia, Muscovy, Friesland, Holland, Westphalia, Zealand, Brabant, Flanders, France, Spain, Italy, Poland, and Hungary; and afterward Turkey, Egypt, England, Sweden, Denmark, India, Africa, and Persia. In most of these countries Mephostophiles points out to his fellow-traveller their principal curiosities and antiquities. In Rome they sojourned three days and three nights, and, being themselves invisible, visited the residence of the pope and the other principal palaces.

At Constantinople Faustus visited the emperor of the Turks, assuming to himself the figure of the prophet Mohammed. His approach was preceded by a splendid illumination, not less than that of the sun in all his glory. He said to the emperor, "Happy art thou, oh sultan, who art found worthy to be visited by the great prophet." And the emperor, in return, fell prostrate before him, thanking Mohammed for his condescension in this visit. The doctor also entered the harem, where he remained six days under the same figure, the building and its gardens being all the time environed with a thick darkness, so that no one, not the emperor himself, dared to enter. At the end of this time the doctor, still under the figure of Mohammed, was publicly seen, ascending, as it seemed, to heaven.

Faustus had conceived a plan of making his way into the terrestrial paradise, without awakening suspicion in his demon-conductor. For this purpose he ordered him to ascend the highest mountains of Asia. At length they came so near, that they saw the angel with the flaming sword forbidding approach to the garden. Faustus, perceiving this, asked Mephostophiles what it meant. His conductor told him, but added, that it was in vain for them, or any one but the angels of the Lord, to think of entering within.

Having gratified his curiosity in other ways, Faustus was seized with a vehement desire to visit the infernal regions. He proposed the question to Mephostophiles, who told him that this was a matter out of his department, and that on that journey he could have no other conductor than Beelzebub. Accordingly, every thing being previously arranged, one day at midnight Beelzebub appeared, being already equipped with a saddle made of dead men's bones. Faustus speedily mounted. They, in a short time, came to an abyss, and encountered a multitude of enormous serpents; but a bear, with wings, came to their aid, and drove the serpents away. A flying bull next came with a hideous roar, so fierce that Beelzebub appeared to give way, and Faustus tumbled at once heels-over-head into the pit. After having fallen to a considerable depth, two dragons, with a chariot, came to his aid, and an ape helped him to get into the vehicle. Presently, however, came on a storm, with thunder and lightning, so dreadful, that the doctor was

thrown out, and sunk in a tempestuous sea to a vast depth. He contrived, however, to lay hold of a rock, and here to secure himself a footing. He looked down, and perceived a great gulf, in which lay floating many of the vulgar, and not a few emperors, kings, princes, and such as had been mighty lords. Faustus, with a sudden impulse, cast himself into the midst of the flames with which they were surrounded, with the desire to snatch one of the damned souls from the pit. But, just as he thought he had caught him by the hand, the miserable wretch slid from between his fingers, and sank again.

At length the doctor became wholly exhausted with the fatigue he had undergone, with the smoke and the fog, with the stifling, sulphureous air, with the tempestuous blasts, with the alternate extremes of heat and cold, and with the clamors, the lamentations, the agonies, and the howlings of the damned every where around him,—when, just in the nick of time, Beelzebub appeared to him again, and invited him once more to ascend the saddle, which he had occupied during his infernal journey. Here he fell asleep, and, when he awoke, found himself in his own bed in his house. He then set himself seriously to reflect on what had passed. At one time he believed that he had been really in hell, and had witnessed all its secrets. At another he became persuaded that he had been subject to an illusion only, and that the devil had led him through an imaginary scene, which was truly the case; for the devil had taken care not to show him the real hell, fearing that it might have caused too great a terror, and have induced him to repent him of his misdeeds perhaps before it was too late.

It so happened that, once upon a time, the Emperor Charles V. was at Innspruck, at a time when Faustus also resided there. His courtiers informed the emperor that Faustus was in the town, and Charles expressed a desire to see him. He was introduced. Charles asked him whether he could really perform such wondrous feats as were reported of him. Faustus modestly replied, inviting the emperor to make trial of his skill. "Then," said Charles, "of all the eminent personages I have ever read of, Alexander the Great is the man who most excites my curiosity, and whom it would most gratify my wishes to see in the very form in which he lived." Faustus rejoined, that it was out of his power truly to raise the dead, but that he had spirits at his command who had often seen that great conqueror, and that Faustus would willingly place him before the emperor as he required. He conditioned that Charles should not speak to him, nor attempt to touch him. The emperor promised compliance. After a few ceremonies, therefore, Faustus opened a door, and brought in Alexander exactly in the form in which he had lived, with the same garments, and every circumstance corresponding. Alexander made his obeisance to the emperor, and walked several times round him. The queen of Alexander was then introduced in the same manner. Charles just then recollected he had read that Alexander had a wart on the nape of his neck; and with proper precautions, Faustus allowed the emperor to examine the apparition by this test. Alexander then vanished.

As Doctor Faustus waited in court, he perceived a certain knight who had fallen asleep in a bow-window, with his head out at window. The whim took the doctor to fasten on his brow the antlers of a stag. Presently the knight was roused from his nap, when, with all his efforts, he could not draw in his head, on account of the antlers which grew upon it. The courtiers laughed exceedingly at the distress of the knight, and when they had sufficiently diverted themselves, Faustus took off his conjuration, and set the knight at liberty.

Soon after Faustus retired from Inspruck. Meanwhile the knight, having conceived a high resentment against the conjurer, waylaid him with seven horsemen on the road by which he had to pass. Faustus, however, perceived them, and immediately made himself invisible. Meanwhile the knight spied on every side to discover the conjurer; but, as he was thus employed, he heard a sudden noise of drums, and trumpets, and cymbals, and saw a regiment of horse advancing against him. He immediately turned off in another direction; but was encountered by a second regiment of horse. This occurred no less than six times; and the knight and his companions were compelled to surrender at discretion. These regiments were so many devils; and Faustus now appeared in a new form as the general of this army. He obliged the knight and his party to dismount, and give up their swords. Then with a seeming generosity he gave them new horses and new swords. But this was all enchantment. The swords presently turned into switches; and the horses, plunging into a river on their road, vanished from beneath their riders, who were thoroughly drenched in the stream, and scarcely escaped with their lives.

Many of Faustus's delusions are rather remarkable as tricks of merry vexation, than as partaking of those serious injuries which we might look for in an implement of hell. In one instance he inquired of a countryman who was driving a load of hay, what compensation he would judge reasonable for the doctor's eating as much of his hay as he should be inclined to. The waggoner replied, that for half a stiver (one farthing) he should be welcome to eat as much as he pleased. The doctor presently fell to, and ate at such a rate, that the peasant was frightened lest his whole load should be consumed. He therefore offered Faustus a gold coin, value twenty-seven shillings, to be off his bargain. The doctor took it; and when the countryman came to his journey's end, he found his cargo undiminished even by a single blade.

Another time, as Faustus was walking along the road near Brunswick, the whim took him of asking a waggoner who was driving by, to treat him with a ride in his vehicle. "No, I will not," replied the boor; "my horses will have enough to do to drag their proper load." "You churl," said the doctor, "since you will not let your wheels carry me, you shall carry them yourself as far as from the gates of the city." The wheels then detached themselves, and flew through the air to the gates of the town, from which they came. At the same time the horses fell to the ground, and were utterly unable to raise

themselves up. The countryman, frightened, fell on his knees to the doctor, and promised, if he would forgive him, never to offend in like manner again. Faustus, now relenting a little, bade the waggoner take a handful of sand from the road, and scatter it on his horses, and they would be well. At the same time he directed the man to go to the four gates of Brunswick, and he would find his wheels, one at each gate.

In another instance, Faustus went into a fair, mounted on a noble beast, richly caparisoned, the sight of which presently brought all the horse-fanciers about him. After considerable haggling, he at last disposed of his horse to a dealer for a handsome price, only cautioning him at parting how he rode the horse to water. The dealer, despising the caution that had been given him, turned his horse the first thing towards the river. He had, however, no sooner plunged in, than the horse vanished, and the rider found himself seated on a saddle of straw in the middle of the stream. With difficulty he waded to the shore, and immediately inquiring out the doctor's inn, went to him to complain of the cheat. He was directed to Faustus's room, and entering, found the conjurer on his bed, apparently asleep. He called to him lustily, but the doctor took no notice. Worked up beyond his patience, he next laid hold of Faustus's foot, that he might rouse him the more effectually. What was his surprise, to find the doctor's leg and foot come off in his hand! Faustus screamed, apparently in agony and pain, and the dealer ran out of the room as fast as he could, thinking that he had the devil behind him.

In one instance three young noblemen applied to Faustus, having been very desirous to be present at the marriage of the son of the Duke of Bavaria at Mentz, but having oversteaid the time, in which it would have been possible, by any human means, to accomplish the journey, Faustus, to oblige them, led them into his garden, and, spreading a large mantle upon a grass-plot, desired them to step on it, and placed himself in the midst. He then recited a certain form of conjuration. At the same time he conditioned with them, that they should on no account speak to any one at the marriage, and, if spoken to, should not answer again. They were carried invisibly through the air, and arrived in excellent time. At a certain moment they became visible, but were still bound to silence. One of them, however, broke the injunction, and amused himself with the courtiers. The consequence was, that when the other two were summoned by the doctor to return, he was left behind. There was something so extraordinary in their sudden appearance, and the subsequent disappearance of the others, that he who remained, was put in prison, and threatened with the torture the next day, if he would not make a full disclosure. Faustus, however, returned before break of day, opened the gates of the prison, laid all the guards asleep, and carried off the delinquent in triumph.

On one occasion Faustus, having resolved to pass a jovial evening, took some of his old college companions and invited them to make free with the Arch-

bishop of Salzburg's cellar. They took a ladder, and scaled the wall. They seated themselves round, and placed a three-legged stool with bottles and glasses in the middle. They were in the heart of their mirth, when the butler made his appearance, and began to cry thieves with all his might. The doctor at once conjured him, so that he could neither speak nor move. There he was obliged to sit, while Faustus and his companions tapped every vat in the cellar. They then carried him along with them in triumph. At length they came to a lofty tree, where Faustus ordered them to stop; and the butler was in the greatest fright, apprehending that they would do no less than hang him. The doctor, however, was contented, by his art, to place him on the topmost branch, where he was obliged to remain, trembling and almost dead with the cold, till certain peasants came out to their work, whom he hailed, and finally, with great difficulty, they rescued him from his painful eminence, and placed him safely on the ground.

In the year 1523, he rode out of Auerback's wine cellar in Leipzig, on a wine barrel. An old painting, representing the subject, is still to be seen there.

On another occasion, Faustus entertained several of the junior members of the University of Wittemberg at his chambers. One of them, referring to the exhibition the doctor had made of Alexander the Great to the Emperor Charles V., said it would gratify him above all things, if he could once behold the famous Helen of Greece, whose beauty was so great, as to have roused all the princes of her country to arms, and to have occasioned a ten year's war. Faustus consented to indulge his curiosity, provided all the company would engage to be merely mute spectators of the scene. This being promised, he left the room, and presently brought in Helen. She was precisely as Homer has described her, when she stood by the side of Priam, on the walls of Troy, looking on the Grecian chiefs. Her features were irresistibly attractive; and her full moist lips were redder than the summer cherries. Faustus shortly after obliged his guests with her bust in marble, from which several copies were taken, no one knowing the name of the original artist.

No long time elapsed after this, when the doctor was engaged in delivering a course of lectures on Homer, at Erfurth, one of the principal cities of Germany. It having been suggested to him that it would very much enhance the interest of his lectures, if he would exhibit to the company the heroes of Greece exactly as they appeared to their contemporaries, Faustus obligingly yielded to the proposal. The heroes of the Trojan war walked in procession before the astonished auditors, no less lively in the representation than Helen had been shown before, and each of them with some characteristic attitude and striking expression of countenance.

When the doctor happened to be at Frankfort, there came there four conjurors, who obtained vast applause by the trick of cutting off one another's heads, and fastening them on again. Faustus was exasperated at this proceeding, and regarded them as laying claim to

a skill superior to his own. He went, and was invisibly present at their exhibition. They placed beside them a vessel with liquor, which they pretended was the elixir of life, into which, at each time, they threw a plant resembling the lily, which no sooner touched the liquor than its buds began to unfold, and shortly it appeared in full blossom. The chief conjurer watched his opportunity; and, when the charm was complete, made no more ado but struck off the head of his fellow that was next to him, and, dipping it in the liquor, adjusted it to the shoulders, where it became as securely fixed as before the operation. This was repeated a second and a third time. At length it came to the turn of the chief conjurer to have his head smitten off. Faustus stood by invisibly, and at the proper time broke off the flower of the lily without any one being aware of it. The head, therefore, of the principal conjurer was struck off; but in vain was it steeped in the liquor. The other conjurers, were at a loss to account for the disappearance of the lily, and fumbled for a long time with the old sorcerer's head, which would not stick on in any position in which it could be placed.

Faustus was in great favor with the Prince of Anhalt. On one occasion, after residing some days in his court, he said to the prince, "Will your highness do me the favor to partake of a small collation at a castle which belongs to me out at your city gates?" The prince graciously consented. The prince and princess accompanied the doctor, and found a castle which Faustus had erected, by magic, during the preceding night. The castle, with five lofty towers and two great gates, enclosing a spacious court, stood in the midst of a beautiful lake, stocked with all kinds of fish, and every variety of water-fowl. The court exhibited all sorts of animals, besides birds of every color and song, which fitted from tree to tree. The doctor then ushered his guests into the hall, with an ample suite of apartments branching off on each side. In one of the largest they found a banquet prepared, with the pope's plate of gold, which Mephistophiles had borrowed for the day. The viands were of the most delicious nature, with the choicest wines in the world. The banquet being over, Faustus conducted the prince and princess back to the palace. But, before they had gone far, happening to turn their heads, they saw the whole castle blown up, and all that had been prepared for the occasion, vanish at once in a vast volume of fire.

One Christmas-time Faustus gave a grand entertainment to certain distinguished persons of both sexes at Wittemberg. To render the scene more splendid, he contrived to exhibit a memorable inversion of the seasons. As the company approached the doctor's house, they were surprised to find, though there was a heavy snow through the neighboring fields, that Faustus's court and garden bore not the least marks of the season, but, on the contrary, were green and blooming as in the height of summer. There was an appearance of the freshest vegetation, together with a beautiful vineyard, abounding with grapes, figs, raspberries, and an exuberance of the finest fruits. The large red Provence roses were as

sweet to the scent as the eye, and looked perfectly fresh and sparkling with dew.

As Faustus was now approaching the last year of his term, he seemed resolved to pamper his appetite with every species of luxury. He carefully accumulated all the materials of voluptuousness and magnificence. He was particularly anxious in the selection of women who should serve for his pleasures. He had one Englishwoman, one Hungarian, one French, two of Germany, and two from different parts of Italy, all of them eminent for the perfection which characterized their different countries.

As Faustus's demeanor was particularly engaging, there were many respectable persons in the city in which he lived, who became interested in his welfare. These applied to a certain monk of exemplary purity of life and devotion, and urged him to do every thing he could to rescue the doctor from impending destruction. The monk began with him with tender and pathetic remonstrances. He then drew a fearful picture of the wrath of God, and the eternal damnation which would certainly ensue. He reminded the doctor of his extraordinary gifts and graces, and told him how different an issue might reasonably have been expected from him. Faustus listened attentively to all the good monk said, but replied mournfully that it was too late, that he had despised and insulted the Lord, that he had deliberately sealed a solemn compact to the devil, and that there was no possibility of going back. The monk answered, "You are mistaken. Cry to the Lord for grace, and it shall still be given. Show true remorse; confess your sins; abstain for the future from all acts of sorcery and diabolical interference, and you may rely on final salvation." The doctor, however, felt that all endeavors would be hopeless. He found in himself an incapacity for true repentance. And finally the devil came to him, reproached him for breach of contract in listening to the pious exhortations of a saint, threatened that in case of infidelity, he would take him away to hell even before his time, and frightened the doctor into the act of signing a fresh contract in ratification of that which he had signed before.

At length Faustus ultimately arrived at the end of the term for which he had contracted with the devil. For two or three years before it expired, his character gradually altered. He became subject to fits of despondency, was no longer susceptible of mirth and amusement, and reflected with bitter agony on the close in which the whole must terminate. During the last month of his period, he no longer sought the services of his infernal ally, but with the utmost unwillingness saw his arrival. But Mephostophiles now attended him unbidden, and treated him with biting scoffs and reproaches. "You have well studied the Scriptures," he said, "and ought to have known that your safety lay in worshipping God alone. You sinned with your eyes open, and can, by no means, plead ignorance. You thought that twenty-four years was a term that would have no end; and you now see how rapidly it is fitting away. The term for which you sold yourself to the devil is a very different thing; and, after the lapse of thousands of ages, the prospect

before you will still be as unbounded as ever. You were warned; you were earnestly pressed to repent; but now it is too late."

After the demon Mephostophiles had long tormented Faustus in this manner, he suddenly disappeared, consigning him over to wretchedness, vexation, and despair.

The whole twenty-four years were now expired. The day before, Mephostophiles again made his appearance, holding in his hand the bond which the doctor had signed with his blood, giving him notice that the next day the devil, his master, would come for him, and advising him to hold himself in readiness. Faustus, it seems, had earned himself much goodwill among the younger members of the university, by his agreeable manners, by his willingness to oblige them, and by the extraordinary spectacles with which he had occasionally diverted them. This day he resolved to pass in a friendly farewell. He invited a number of them to meet him at a house of public reception in a hamlet adjoining to the city. He bespoke a large room in the house for a banqueting room, another apartment overhead for his guests to sleep in, and a smaller chamber at a little distance for himself. He furnished his table with abundance of delicacies and wines. He endeavored to appear among them in high spirits; but his heart was inwardly sad.

When the entertainment was over, Faustus addressed them, telling them that this was the last day of his life, reminding them of the wonders with which he had frequently astonished them, and informing them of the condition upon which he had held this power. They, one and all, expressed the deepest sorrow at the intelligence. They had had the idea of something unlawful in his proceedings; but their notions had been very far from coming up to the truth. They regretted exceedingly that he had not been unreserved in his communication at an earlier period. They would have had recourse in his behalf to the means of religion, and have applied to pious men, desiring them to employ their power to intercede with Heaven in his favor. Prayer and penitence might have done much for him; and the mercy of Heaven was unbounded. They advised him still to call upon God, and endeavor to secure an interest in the merits of the Saviour.

Faustus assured them that it was all in vain, and that his tragical fate was inevitable. He led them to their sleeping apartment, and recommended to them to pass the night as they could, but by no means, whatever they might happen to hear, to come out of it; as their interference could, in no way, be beneficial to him, and might be attended with the most serious injury to themselves. They lay still, therefore, as he had enjoined; but not one of them could close his eyes.

Between twelve and one in the night, they heard first a furious storm of wind round all sides of the house, as if it would have torn away the walls from their foundations. This no sooner somewhat abated, than a noise was heard of discordant and violent hissing, as if the house was full of all sorts of venomous reptiles, but which plainly proceeded from Faustus's

chamber. Next they heard the doctor's room-door vehemently burst open, and cries for help uttered with dreadful agony, but in a half-suppressed voice, which presently grew fainter and fainter. Then every thing became still, as if the everlasting motion of the world was suspended.

When at length it became broad day, the students went in a body into the doctor's apartment; but he

was nowhere to be seen; only the walls were found smeared with his blood, and marks as if his brains had been dashed out. His body was finally discovered at some distance from the house, his limbs dismembered, and marks of great violence about the features of his face. The students gathered up the mutilated parts of his body, and afforded them private burial at the Temple of Mars, in the village where he died.

A WET DAY AT A WATERING PLACE.

What is this passing scene?

A peevish April day—

A little sun—a little rain—

And then, night sweeps upon the plain,

And all things fade away.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE boarders were at breakfast. The black waiters skipped briskly up and down the double line of tables, the cutlery and the crockery jingled merrily, and huge masses of toast, omelette, ham, chicken, fish and steak rapidly vanished. Cauldrons of coffee and tuns of tea were required to wet the whistles of the two hundred and odd ladies and gentlemen who were doing their *déjeuner*.

Talk of a Scotch breakfast! pooh! "the land o' cakes" never saw a spread to equal the maternal meal at a well-kept American hotel. We can allow them the Highland muircock, and the kipper salmon, and the oat cake, and the "bannocks o' barley meal," and the dried venison, and the parritch, and the crowdie, either brose or stir-a-bout, and the wee drap o' Farintosh to settle a queasy stomach after such an ollapodrida,—we can give "the land o' the leal" all these, and beat them by a string! Talk of a Parisian *déjeuner à la fourchette*! if we cannot play as good a fork as a Frenchman, let us use our knives about our jugulars! We chatter, in the innocence of our hearts, about their *café au lait*; why, an American landlord would be lynched if he dared to insult his boarders with the weak decoction of the Mocha berry, or the paltry sky-blue apology for milk, which the generality of the keepers of the *cafés* dispense to the ill-used public of Paris. I have been there, and I know it.

Dr. Kitchener, who rules the roast on matters of tabular moment, dogmatizes from experience that a good meal puts every body in a good humor, and our breakfast, superlative in quality as quantity, proved the fact. "Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," ran round the board. Smart sentences and slices of ham, coffee-cups and compliments, eggs and flummery, were banded about, and responsive grins illuminated the countenances of the muffin munchers. In short, as an old lady in a closely rolled cap and minutely plaited cape, with a pair of finely-framed glasses bestraddling her nose, said, as I dropped the fifth lump of chrystallised saccharine into her cup of green—"Every body somehow smiles on every body, and nobody is never glumpy."

The edibles and potables were duly conquered, and the victors, resigning their spoons, began to arrange the business of the morning. For many days the weather had been serene and summer-like. A sea breeze, balmy as the breath of Venus, the ocean-born, had alleviated the excess of the dog-day heat, and mosquitoes and blue devils were driven far inland. Every possible vehicle, "land carack or water carack," had been engaged for the day; fishing parties, shooting parties, pic nic parties, walking parties, riding parties, dining parties, beach parties, wood parties, blackberry parties—in duetts, trios, quartetts, quintettes, sestettes, septettes, and octaves—all were harmoniously inclined, when a bar, a double bar, was put to their proceedings. A little Frenchman who had been under the piazza, returned with an elongated phiz—and shrugging up his shoulders as he wiped his silk hat with his blue handkerchief, said to the friend whose buggy he was to have shared, "Que ferons nous? il pleut."

"What does he say?"

"He says that it rains."

"Rains? impossible!"

Every body turned their attention to the doors and windows. It did rain; and the first glance convinced them that it was not a passing shower—a sprinkle and stop—or a violent pour-down, "too heavy to last long," but a regular set-in, steady-going rain. Aquarius had emptied his jars into the filtering pots of the clouds, and was giving a most extensive watering to the dry and dusty earth.

How can I describe the effects of this sudden damp on the propagators of parties and their partisans? The ladies joined in a chorus of "Dear, dear!" "What a pity!" "My!" "Lor!" and "Good gracious!" while the men grumbled a very respectable base. All egrets was stopped for the day—and as the feline quadruped said when she began to masticate her caudal extremity, after being locked up for a month in an empty house, "it's not always agreeable to be thrown upon your own resources." Good humor, the unfailing accompaniment of large assemblies, turned the tide, and, giving up all idea of going out, the various

parties sat round the drawing room, in little groups, and tried to while away the time.

I retired to my dormitory, threw myself upon the bed, and devoured a large portion of the Rocky Mountains.

The rain continued: I heard its dull pattering on the window as it rattled in the gush of the sea gust, and drowned the rumbling of the surf which broke heavily on the beach beneath. I peeped abroad; the fish-hawk, with rapid flight, was returning from his feeding grounds upon the distant shoal, and making wing to the fastnesses of the wide salt marsh.

I returned to the drawing-room about noon, to notice the effects of the weather upon the crowd of *detenues*. Let us walk round the room, make our observations on the various groups, and listen to their remarks. I am acquainted with nearly all our boarders, and can act the Asmodeus.

Observe that group in the corner, near the large window that looks out to windward, where the little girl is vainly hoping to find a bit of blue sky. That party was to have pic-nicked in the woods, by the side of a murmuring stream—the preparations were all made, the wine bottled, and the chickens boiled and baked. The children have but just finished crying at their disappointment; the papa originally opposed the party, but was compelled to succumb to the superior dictum of his wife, who is angry because she is now unable to carry out her plan—while the poor hubby may not indulge in a triumphant little giggle at the failure of the opposition, for he knows that his deary's temper has received a sufficient souring to embitter the next fortnight of his life. The eldest daughter, that fat girl with the large gray eyes, laments the day's wetness; for Mr. John Smiggles was to have been of the party, and he is such a nice man, with such nice whiskers, and does say such a sight of nice things!

Hark to the square-headed old fellow yonder—how he grumbles.

"Rain! rain! that's my fortune! I came down last night only, and here it's raining cats and dogs already. I can stop but three days, and I'll wager my expenses it rains all the time. While I stopped at home, nothing but sunshine, roundabouts, straw hats, and perspiration. I came down here to enjoy myself—nothing but splash-splash and slush. I knew when I started, that it would rain. I know that it will rain till I am gone."

"Then, sir, it was unkind to damp the delight of several hundred persons, by coming here to pour cold water on the enjoyments of your fellow creatures.—You are our Jonah; and some of these ladies feel their disappointments so bitterly, that if they knew your predestination to wet weather, they would throw you into the sea to propitiate the elements."

The coquette has her usual party of beaux about her, and is dispensing her accustomed generality of brilliant smiles, despite the gloominess of the day. I will wager a basket of *Œil de Perdrix* that, beautiful as she is, she dies unmarried—all men despise a confirmed coquette. As the old-school scribbler says:

I would not live to hear it told
That mine was made another;

Young Love has sisters manifold,
But he will have no brothers.

"Yaw—y-a-w! cursed sleepy business, by jinks! Tom—yaw—what shall we do, e-h? The ten-pin alley is full to the bung, and the billiard-room is boiling over; all the mint has absquatilated, and juleps are things that were. Yaw! I shall gape myself into a lock-jaw, I do believe, and one can't go to bed when one's only just got up. How are we to keep up the steam, eh?"

"Go a gin sling; sneak to my snoozey, and let us hammer away at old sledge for a We, as Mr. Weller says."

The young men were moving to put their designs in execution, when a quiet, quaker-looking gentleman patted one of them on the shoulder, and said—

"Have a care, Charles, that your wife does not have a broken rib before long."

"How so, my dear sir? Yonder she sits, entirely free from danger."

"Not quite. If her husband ruins himself at the gaming table, will she not have a broken rib?"

"Ha! ha! strange method of reproof. Do not alarm yourself, sir; all the effect of the weather. If the sun won't favor us, we must cut up a few shines of our own."

Look at that pretty little fairy-formed creature! She can barely reckon her fifteenth birth-day, yet she loves, and dreams that she is beloved. The chosen one stays at another house, and was to have met her upon the beach. She is attired for the wished-for stroll—she will not believe that the rain *can* last; she has drawn her chair apart from her friends, and while her pretty little feet industriously beat the devil's tattoo, she casts a reproachful glance at the steamy windows, and thinks that he might have come, although it does rain a little.

"I said it would rain," exclaimed one of those very knowing gentlemen who are ever pestering us with their *postridie* prophecies.

"So did I," exclaimed another. "Those porpusses did not jump about so near in shore for nothing—and the sun set red and streaky—and the cat rabbed her ear—and the pigs grunted—and the ducks screamed like mad—and my dog barked all night—and my corns thrubbed dreadful. All of them sure signs of rain, and never miss proving true."

"I was in England at the time of the demise of George the Third, and was standing in the vicinity of St. James's Palace, when the heralds and pursuivants marched forth to proclaim the accession of the new sovereign, George the Fourth. It was a miserable wet day, gentlemen, as dull and deplorable as it is to-day."

The auditors turned towards the windows, and sighed audibly.

"I was compelled to remain among the mob in the open street, being unable to procure shelter, but my anxiety to see one of England's monarchs proclaimed, overcame the annoyance of the weather. The rain came down in one continuous sheet—we were all completely drenched, and it was evident that there was a fresh hand at the forcing pumps, just as the he-

ralds drew up for the purpose of reading the proclamation. During this interregnum, for such it was—one monarch being dead, and the other not proclaimed, a poor fellow, whose hat was soddened out of shape, looked up at the clouds as the additional impetus was given to the falling stream, and said, in a quiet, quaint way, "Pray, sir, is this George the Third's rain, or George the Fourth's?"

"Il pleut bien fort, monsieur," said the Frenchman to a full-grown dandy, in hopes of making himself agreeable. The dandy was flattered at being addressed in French, and rubbed his hand through his hair, as he endeavored to recollect his three quarters instruction, saying, in answer, "Oui, mossu, oui—beaucoup de pleut—excessively—all day—oui."

There are two persons in the corner yonder, who care but little for the weather. By the fixedness of her full blue eye, and the close compression of her lips, and the vermeil of her burning cheeks, he is pouring forth his vow of endless love! How his eyes sparkle—his lips tremble with the fervor of his speech! See, he has gently taken her fair, white hand—observe her glance—said it not millions? her fate is sealed. She is suddenly pale—but, now, how deep the blush! the traitor blood rushed violently to the heart, but, alarmed perhaps at the violence of its beatings, coursed back with redoubled potency to illumine that peachy cheek. Let us not interrupt them, nor call them from their intensities to the dullness of our every day life.

What unto them is the world beside
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things, its earth, its sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
And heedless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had pass'd away,
They only for each other breathe.

That bald-headed elderly gentleman at the middle window, has thrust both his hands into his breeches pockets, and sports a pliz that speaks of grave dubiety. His fat and rolling chin rests solemnly upon his chest; his lips pout frowningly; and he looks out upon the wet world with a dry eye, and longs for a game at quoits. Not that he ever played at quoits, and in fine weather would as soon think of tarring his maiden aunt, as of pitching a heavy quoit. It is the perversity of human nature—the ground is all swamp—it is impossible to go out—and he longs for a game at quoits.

His companion—at the window, not in fellowship, for they have been standing together above an hour, yet, as they have not been introduced to each other, of course it would be improper to speak (they *do* manage these things better in France)—is a short, bottle-bellied, round-headed, red-whiskered fellow; he is in a contemplative mood, and thinks that he is deeply thinking. He has observed the progress of seventeen rain-drops as they glided down the dull surface of the greasy pane, and he endeavored to get up a train of thought about the progress of human life. He was

nearly catching a glimpse of an idea from the Pilgrim's Progress, when his attention was arrested by the constant wagging of the left ear of a cart horse, tied to the palings of the house. He is now concentrating the whole force of his mental energy to the solvment of that extraordinary propensity in a well-soaked horse.

The ladies are retiring to dress for dinner. Observe the grace of that beautiful girl, with the Spanish cast of countenance, and yet her delicately polished brow, and fine soft eyes with their rich fringed lids, would remind you of Italia's sunny clime. Is she not transcendently lovely? Such must have been the style of beauty that drew the angels down, when they forsook their empyrean home, and dwelt on earth enamored of the daughters of men. I saw that lady at church yesterday, and was so charmed with the devotional modesty of her conduct, and the beauty of her expressive face, that I could have thrown myself at her feet, and have bowed down and worshipped her.

Here—peep through that window, and observe that poor devil of a dandy, sitting on the arm of the bench, under the piazza. His cigar, without which he cannot exist, excludes him from the presence of the ladies and the comforts of the drawing-room. The heaviness of the atmosphere, and the dullness of the day, are almost too much for the poor creature's spirits. How prettily he taps his French boot with the end of his rattan! how complacently he twists the curl of his whisker! Hark! with a face as long as a two dollar tea board, and a voice as lugubrious as a wood-splitter's cry in a snow storm, he is actually trying to carol the words of "Begone Dull Care." It is a failure—the foul fiend has him hip and thigh.

Dinner! dinner!—what a relief!

The meal passed heavily and drear—the men set in for heavy drinks, and the ladies retired to their rooms. I was dozing over the remainder of my book, when I was suddenly aroused by the lively voice of the little Frenchman, who was pointing might and main to the north-east, and shouting, loudly, as the idlers hastened to his summons,

"Voyez quel superbe arc-en-ciel!"

"So there is! see—a splendid rainbow—we shall have fine weather now. You know the rustic adage,

A rainbow at morning
Is the farmer's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the farmer's delight.

A burst of joy ran through the house. The clouds broke—the rain disappeared—the sun peeped out, and in ten minutes time, a numerous wagon train and auxiliaries were splashing down the green lanes, and rattling the shower drops from the leaves of the roadside trees. Loud voices and merry laughter resounded through the glade—like children escaped from school, the boarders rejoiced in their liberty, and hoped no more to experience the horrors of a Wet Day at a Watering Place.

B.

LETTERS OF SALATHIEL, THE WANDERING JEW,

TO SOLOMON BEN ISRAEL OF JERUSALEM.

LETTER I.

New York, June 1, 1836.

MY BROTHER,—I call you my brother, for you are the only living man to whom I have communicated the terrible secret of my protracted existence. You only know the extent of my wanderings; you alone have the means of conjecturing what may be the nature of my joys and sorrows, my feelings and habits; you are the only one who can in any degree sympathise with me; and to you alone will I communicate my views of what claims my notice in this new world, to which I have at length found my way.

I have already informed you that Columbus was one among the many whom I may very properly term my old acquaintance—not so very old neither; for it is but little more than three hundred years since I accommodated him with a loan of a thousand dollars to aid him in his famous outfit at Palos. I have his note for it now, among the papers which I left in my portable desk in the care of my friend Verrazani, in Venice; for Columbus being rather a favorite of mine, and a very worthy man, and unfortunate withal, I never had the heart to ask him for the money. Little do these men of yesterday, among whom I am just now sojourning, think how considerably I contributed towards the discovery of their country. If I recollect rightly, it was a full twentieth of the whole cost of his famous expedition.

But I must not amuse you with recollections. You will feel more interest in my present than my past adventures; and I must hasten to inform you how I fare in this portion of that peopled wilderness—the world.

Before my arrival at the metropolis of the Americans, which they call New York, I had paid so little attention to the progress of Columbus's new world, that I was rather surprised at the extent and populousness of the place. Surprised, I say; meaning of course that qualified sort of surprise which is possible in one who has seen so much of the world as I have. Indeed I think if any one can lay claim to the "*Nihil admirari*" of Horace, it must be myself. If not greatly surprised, however, I have certainly been considerably amused at what I have here observed.

The city is well enough—a well-built town, and a place apparently of considerable business. But it is the people who afford me the most amusement. They are certainly a very curious race, and their manners, customs and character have afforded me many subjects of reflection and speculation.

It is always an object with me, you know, to attract as little attention as possible. I consider myself merely a spectator in the world—and being under the neces-

sity of always preserving a strict *incog.*, I go along as quietly and as noiselessly as may be. Of course I brought no letters with me, except a single letter of credit from Verrazani to a banker here, who, from my familiarity with the language, probably takes me for an English Jew; and from his conversation I suppose he has settled it in his mind that the object of my visit is trade, whenever I shall have become sufficiently acquainted with the country to take an active part in its commerce. I believe I shall humor this notion of his, especially as it appears to be hardly possible for the people here to understand how a man can have any other object in this world than to *make money*, as their phrase is. This appears to be the grand subject of all their thoughts and hopes. It appears to me that nearly all their conversation relates to this; and all their actions are ultimately referred to this point.

I have taken lodgings at one of the principal hotels of the city; and as I have generally, of late years, been accustomed to the attendance of a servant, I have just provided myself with one, who is a native of the easternmost of the states, Maine. He was sent up to my sitting room this morning by the landlord, to whom he had applied for employment. He came in as I was taking my chocolate, and planting himself in front of me, afforded me an opportunity of taking a deliberate survey of his dress and address. He wore a short blue coat, of an awkward cut, with sleeves some inches too short, so that his large hands looked like shovels depending on each side of him. His waistcoat was of red plush; and his pantaloons, which were rather too short, were of striped cotton stuff. His hair was straight and greasy, and a portion of it was tied in an eel-skin by way of cue. His countenance was fresh and fair, with an expression of mingled simplicity and shrewdness.

"Well, young man," said I, "what are your commands?"

"Mr. Brown," he replied, "told me you wanted a hired man, and as I have just come on here, from down east, on purpose to hire out, I thought it would be polite just to call and let you know."

"I am very particularly obliged to you. Have you ever acted in the capacity of a gentleman's servant?"

"Why, sir, we never have any servants in this country, except the officers of government, who, you know, are the servants of the people. But I have been Squire Jones's hired man for more than a twelve-month."

"Hired man—Ah! yes. I understand the distinction. So you are willing, as a particular favor to me, to become my hired man. Pray, sir, what wages do you expect?"

"Why, in the country we always have ten dollars a month and found. I calculate twelve dollars would be little enough here in the city."

"That is to say, twelve dollars and your board and clothes."

"Twelve dollars and board. But if you've a mind to throw in the clothes, I should like it all the better."

"I think I should prefer that arrangement. Can you read and write?"

"I should be a disgrace to New England if I had grown up to be out of my time, and could n't do such things as that, and cipher to double fellowship too."

"Very well. Cipherying to double fellowship is the very thing I want in a hired man. So you may come along with me;" and, finishing my breakfast, I took him to my tailor's, and had him fitted out in a dress which would suit equally well for a body servant or a private secretary; into both of which offices you may consider Jonathan Long as fairly installed. I expect to find him useful in more ways than one."

After dinner, I had a hired gig brought to the door, in order to take a ride, Jonathan driving. When we were fairly seated in the vehicle, he inquired which way I would go. "You have been about the city, Jonathan, you may drive round a little by way of airing, and take me to those parts which you have found most interesting." I gave him this liberty in order to discover something of his bent; for I look upon him as a sort of type of his countrymen, and am determined to make him a study.

"Well, sir," he replied, "if you have no objection we'll just ride out and see the 'up town lots,' which people are making their fortunes on so fast. Perhaps you may like to go in for a few of them."

"Very well. Drive on."

After driving through the long, populous and busy street, called Broadway, for several miles, we got clear of the city and came to an open place, where some surveyors were laying out the ground into house lots. I think the spot must have been four or five miles from my lodging and a mile beyond the suburbs. I desired Jonathan to stop, and alighting, we walked up to the men, who had just completed their survey of a lot of about 3,000 square feet.

"Pray, sir," said I to one of the men, "what may be the value of this lot?"

"Why, sir," he replied, "it was sold last week for five hundred dollars, and yesterday it was sold again for three thousand; and as there was a dispute about the quantity, we have had it to survey over again."

"I should like to know," said Jonathan, putting in his oar, "what the folks that buy it, calculate to raise on it. It don't look to me as if any thing but huckleberry bushes would grow upon it."

"It is intended for a house lot, sir, and it is contemplated that the whole of the ground from here to the city will shortly be covered with houses and stores."

"May be so, and may be not," replied Jonathan, "but I rather think that this speculation beats the Maine lands, out and out."

On our way back to the city, Jonathan enlightened me concerning his allusion to the Maine lands, which had afforded grand opportunities, a year or two since

of *making money*, and had brought ruin on a great many of the speculators. Neither this nor the present mania of the New Yorkers for speculating in city lots, excited any surprise in me. I had been in Amsterdam when the tulip speculation was at its height, and having seen one of these worthless flowers sold for many thousand dollars, I could easily understand the species of management which attaches an undue value to improvable lands.

The mania here is quite as remarkable as the old tulip fever of the Dutch. People seem to be perfectly infatuated, and risk their all with the same recklessness, and, to my apprehension, with precisely the same feeling as the gambler stakes his last guinea on the cast of a die. This, however, is but one symptom of the national disease—an inordinate desire for money-making.

For the present, my brother, farewell. I shall write by every packet for France or England, and my agents will have no difficulty in forwarding the letters. Remember me to Leah. You will direct to Mr. Marcus S. Smith, New York. That is at present my name.

Your brother and friend,

SALATHIEL.

LETTER II.

New York, June 10, 1836.

VERILY, brother Solomon, this man Jonathan of mine is a curious animal. It might be supposed that, with my extended and long continued experience of mankind, I might easily fathom his character, refer him to some class with which I am familiar, and like a botanist who has found out the scientific name and place of a plant, pay no further attention to the specimen. But Jonathan does not come into any of the classes of men with whom I have met in the old world. He is a native of the soil—nondescript in my books—a production of the new and singular institutions of his country, and to me a perfect natural curiosity.

His familiarity of manner with me, he being, in his own phrase, my *hired man*, amuses me. The patronizing, paternal air which he occasionally puts on, when he is instructing me in the manners and customs of the natives, makes it rather difficult at times for me to preserve my gravity. However, I have succeeded so far; and in reward for my self-control, have learnt much.

"Mr. Smith!" said he to me, the other day, "Mr. Smith, if you're a goin' to settle in these parts, you should go to Maine. That is the country for you. Such land as we have there! such timber! such water privileges! such potatoes! such fat calves! such butter! and more than all the rest, such clever folks! I wish you knew my aunt Nancy, and Mrs. Squire Jones, and the old Squire himself. Then you'd know what sort of folks there is in Ameriky. We'd

show you how to live. If you could only go down there and spend one fall and winter at Waterborough Corner, you would know what it is to live real comfortable. The huskings that I would take you to—the quiltings—the sleigh-ridings—the squirrel-huntings! oh, you would never want to come to such a head-over-heels place as this noisy New York again. Then you might make your fortune, too. I dare say, you might marry Sally Jones; and she'll have the homestead—two hundred acres of the best land in Waterborough!—aye, for that matter, the best in all York county, and the saw-mill, too, into the bargain. She's the Squire's only child, and very handsome, and can spin and weave; and makes such pumpkin pies! He'll be a lucky fellow that marries Sally!"

"Well, Jonathan, there is time enough to think about going to Waterborough," I replied. "You know I have not got through with all my business here yet, and I have to go to Philadelphia soon."

"Well, every man knows his own business best; but the sooner you go to Maine, the sooner you'll have real comfort. I suppose you are on the look out for some speculation here. But, Lord, sir, Maine is the place for speculation after all's done. There was Abel Jones, the Squire's brother, that lives in Kennebunk, had an old sheep pasture, that he bought for a dollar and a quarter an acre, and fenced in with a stump fence; and every body said he had got powerfully chiselled in the bargain. It was the roughest, rockiest, ugliest piece of land I ever laid my eyes on. But Abel found a thundering big rock on it, that run a great way under ground, and he sold it out to a company for a granite quarry, and got twenty thousand dollars for half the pasture, about twenty acres. There's a speculation for ye."

"But the State is not all granite quarries, is it?"

"Oh no!—by no manner of means. But then there are the water privileges for factories, and the timber lands. I wish I could take you into a piece of pine woods that I know of, just to show you the tall timber pines. They stand all so straight and handsome, like the tall pillars of the churches here, only three times as high, running up eighty or ninety feet without a branch, except a little sort of a crowning tuft at the top, which makes a kind of a roof over head; and the branches move and whisper always in the wind. It is like a great, great building, and you hear the song of the whet-saw, and the tap of the woodpecker, echoing and ringing through the trees. That's what I call music. It beats the grinding organ out and out."

"But how can these woods be made a subject of money speculation?"

"If you'd been there last year, you'd have seen. The Boston people came down there, and were so completely captivated and dumbfounded with the trees, and the music, and the rivers, and the mills, and altogether, that they bought up the land like all natur, and all the folks that sold out their lands made their fortunes. How the Boston folks came out was no affair of theirs, you know."

"Did you ever speculate, Jonathan?"

"Speculate! I guess you'd think so. A'n't I a

Yankee? Wer'n't I brought up to it? I swopt knives when I was a little boy at school. I swopt horses before I was out of my time; and after that I traded off a load of tin-ware and made all the money that I lost last spring in that ternal land speculation."

"So you have lost, as well as gained, by speculation?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith, but I made it up in a little trade here in Wall street, last week."

"You trade in Wall street?"

"Oh, yes, sir, you needn't open your eyes so wide. I guess I'm a match for any body in Wall street—though I did lose a matter of three hundred dollars on my pasture-land."

"Well, Jonathan, you are a curiosity. That's a fact. Come now, and tell me all about it."

"Well, it was no great things to tell of. I went into a broker's in Wall street to get a bill changed, and there I saw Sam Spriggins from Alfred, just in our neighborhood, talking with the broker about some land he had bought on the Penobscot river. He looked rather rusty and rather discouraged; and the broker treated him kind of offish. So I made up to him. He was very glad to see me, and seemed to be rather surprised at my dress and appearance. In fact, by your kindness, my outfit was such that I think I looked considerably more knowing, more up to things—you understand—than Sam himself did. Says he to me, after we had walked into the street, 'Mr. Long,' (very respectful, you observe,) 'I've got a business here which gives me a good deal of trouble; and if you will only take hold and help me, I think it will be for your advantage as well as mine.' There was reason in that, you know. So I told him I was very willing to give him a helping hand. 'You must know, Mr. Long,' says he, 'that I have bought a piece of land, half a township, down on the Penobscot, for fifteen thousand dollars, and another for five thousand. Now I have got twenty thousand dollars to pay in a week's time, and though it's a burning shame to make such a sacrifice, I am willing to sell the first piece for this twenty thousand dollars to meet my notes, and trust to the sale of the second piece for my profits on the whole. Now if you could only find me a purchaser'— 'I may take a fancy to buy the land myself,' says I, looking rich and grave. 'How long will you give me the refusal of it at twenty thousand.'— 'Three days,' said he. So we went into an oyster shop, for retirement, and there he showed me all the plans and deeds and soon. I took them and bundled them up, and making an appointment to meet him the next day at the oyster shop, I walked off to Wall street again. There is no need of my telling you all the shaving shops I went into, and all the walks I took on 'Change, while you were looking at the pictures in the exhibition, nor all the talks I had with the knowing folks; but the upshot was that I sold Sam's land for twenty-six thousand dollars, and had the deeds made right out from Sam to the man I sold the land to—so that I did not have to put pen to paper about it, except to give Sam a resate in full of all demands."

"Well done, Jonathan, that was a very nice speculation. You do credit to your schooling. You have

not studied the rule of double fellowship for nothing."

"I calculate," replied Jonathan, with a look of profound wisdom that would have done credit to my Lord Burleigh, "that my education has not been neglected."

"Pray what have you done with your money?" I inquired.

"Oh, I just put it in bank, till something should turn up."

"Well, Jonathan, you may go and fetch the gig now."

Now you would suppose that a servant would be completely spoiled by such a piece of good luck as this. But not so with Jonathan. He takes the thing with the utmost coolness, is just as faithful, careful and attentive to my affairs, as if he had not a penny in the world. I think he is attached to me, and will not leave me in a hurry. In the mean time I am very busy in studying his character, and do not believe that

I have half fathomed it yet. You would be amused at those conversations in which he refers to the personages in his native village by way of authority and sanction; and at the curious anecdotes he brings in to illustrate any point which he is anxious to establish beyond all controversy. He mentions Mrs. Jones, and Sally Tibbets, and Deacon Stone, and Limberchops, the lawyer; and refers to their opinions as you or I would to those of Socrates, Tacitus and Josephus, considering them quite as decisive; and when he brings in the adventures of Jerry Samson and Isaac Mountain, he does it with such a dogmatical and matter of fact way of quotation that you would suppose these characters as well known to history as Alexander or Julius Caesar.

In my next I hope to tell you more of myself. But I take it for granted that you have the same curiosity that I have with respect to the people of this new world, and, therefore, I tell you just what interests me most at the moment. Your brother, SALATHIEL.

SEPTEMBER.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Ruddy September, with wide wicker maunds,
Treads his full orchard now, and at all hours,
Gathers delicious sweets where are no sour.
And numerous rural youth, in clamorous bands,
With nut hooks arm'd, clamber with knees and hands
Old hazel trees, and brown nuts rain in show'rs,
Pattering and pelting every maid that stands

Within their sportive reach, who fall like flow'rs,
When hard hails pelt, and feign alarming cries,
As they were hurt beyond the cure of kisses;—
Their lovers drop, and read their roguish eyes,
Kiss them, and feigned pain unfeigned bliss is.
And thus the merry month wears well away,
With feast and fruit, revel and roundelay.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

FORGET me not at morn, when thou art treading
O'er grassy paths familiar to our feet;
When the young sun its early light is shedding,
Sipping from sleeping flowers the dew drops sweet.

Forget me not at even, when thou rovest,
With bright-eyed beauty smiling at thy side,
When thou hast bent the knee to her thou lovest,
And thy fond heart hath found its destin'd bride.

Forget me not, although her cheeks' young brightness
Wear the rich glory of the op'ning rose;
Though her young brow, in all its early whiteness,
Rivals the mountain height's untrodden snows.

Forget me not—although my brow has faded,
And the warm blood no more in fullness plays
Through my wan cheek, though time hath darkly
shaded,

With his broad wing, my heart's once happy rays.

N 2

Forget me not, when thou art sadly bending,
By the old haunts of bright but perished days;
When the young moon, its silvery lustre lending,
Gilds all its pleasant paths and flowery ways.

Forget me not, though she may bend above thee;
Though the green hills are taught strange echoes
there;
Though the apt heart, that learn'd too soon to love
thee,
Can never more thy joy and sorrow share.

Forget me not—but let my memory linger,
As a soft, shadowy twilight, on thy mind,
And like a harp, touched by some fairy finger,
My voice shall whisper through the evening wind,
Forget me not.

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.—No. III.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

THE SECRET CELL.

I'll no more—the heart is torn
 By views of woe we cannot heal;
 Long shall I see these things forlorn,
 And oft again their griefs shall feel,
 As each upon the mind shall steal;
 That wan projector's mystic style,
 That lumpy idiot leering by,
 That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
 And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
 While struggling for the full-drawn sigh.—CRABBE.

ABOUT eight years ago, I was the humble means of unravelling a curious piece of villany that occurred in one of the suburbs of London; it is well worth recording, in exemplification of that portion of "Life" which is constantly passing in the holes and corners of the Great Metropolis. My tale, although romantic enough to be a fiction, is excessively common-place in some of the details—it is a jumble of real life; a conspiracy, an abduction, a nunnery, and a lunatic asylum, are mixed up with constables, hackney-coaches, and an old washerwoman. I regret also that my heroine is not only without a lover, but is absolutely free from the influence of the passion, and is not persecuted on account of her transcendent beauty.

Mrs. Lobenstein was the widow of a German coachman, who had accompanied a noble family from the continent of Europe; and, anticipating a lengthened stay, he had prevailed upon his wife to bring over their only child, a daughter, and settle down in the rooms apportioned to his use, over the stable, in one of the fashionable mews at the west end of London. But Mr. Lobenstein had scarcely embraced his family, ere he was driven off, post haste, to the other world, leaving his destitute relict, with a very young daughter, to buffet her way along the rugged path of life.

With a little assistance from the nobleman in whose employ her husband had for some time been settled, Mrs. Lobenstein was enabled to earn a respectable livelihood, and filled the honorable situation of laundress to many families of gentility, besides divers stray bachelors, dandies, and men about town. The little girl grew to be an assistance, instead of a drag, to her mother; and the widow found that her path was not entirely desolate, nor "choked with the brambles of despair."

In the sixth year of her bereavement, Mrs. Lobenstein, who presided over the destinies of my linen, called at my rooms, in company with a lady of equal width, breadth, and depth. Mrs. L. was of the genuine Hanseatic build—of the real Bremen beam—when in her presence, you felt the overwhelming nature of her pretensions to be considered a woman of

some weight in the world, and standing in society.

On the occasion of the visit in question, her friend was equally adipose, and it would have puzzled a conjurer to have turned the party into a tallowy trio. Mrs. L. begged leave to recommend her friend as her successor in the lavatorial line—for her own part, she was independent of work, thank heaven! and meant to retire from the worry of trade.

I congratulated her on the successful termination of her flourish with the wash tubs.

"Oh, I have not made the money bless you! I might have scrubbed my fingers to the bones before I could have done more than earn my daily bread, and get, maybe, a black silk gown or so for Sundays. No, no! my Mary has done more with her quiet, meeting-day face in one year, than either the late Mr. Lobenstein or myself could compass in our lives."

Mary Lobenstein, an artless, merry, blue-eyed girl of seventeen had attracted the attention of a bed-ridden lady whose linen she was in the habit of carrying home; and in compliance with the importunities of the old lady, she agreed to reside in her house as the invalid's sole and especial attendant. The old lady, luckily, was almost friendless; an hypocritical hyena of a niece, who expected, and had been promised, the reversion of her fortune, would occasionally give an inquiry relative to the state of her aunt's health; but so miserably did she conceal her joy at the approach of the old lady's dissolution, that the party in question perceived her selfish and mercenary nature, and disgusted at her evident security of purpose, called in an attorney, and executed an entirely new will. There was no other relative to select—Mary Lobenstein had been kind and attentive; and, more from revenge than good nature, the old lady bequeathed the whole of her property to the lucky little girl, excepting a trifling annuity to the old maid, her niece, who also held the chance of possession in case of Mary's death.

When this will was read by the man of law, who brought it forth in due season after the old lady's demise, Mary's wonder and delight almost equalled the rage and despair of the hyena of a niece, whom we

shall beg leave to designate by the name of Elizabeth Bishop. She raved and swore the deadliest revenge against the innocent Mary, who one minute trembled at the denunciations of the thin and yellow spinster, and in the next chuckled and danced at the suddenness of her unexpected good fortune.

Mr. Wilson, the lawyer, desired the disinherited to leave the premises to the legal owner, and staid by Miss Mary Lobenstein and her fat mama till they were in full and undisturbed possession. The "good luck," as Mrs. L. called it, had fallen so suddenly upon them, that a very heavy wash was left unfinished, to attend to the important business; and the complaints of the naked and destitute customers alone aroused the lucky laundress to a sense of her situation. The right and privilege of the routine of customers were sold to another fat lady, and Mrs. Lobenstein called upon me, among the rest of her friends, to solicit the continuance of my washing for her stout successor.

A year passed away. I was lying in bed one wintry morning, and shivering with dread at the idea of poking my uncased legs into the cold air of the room, when my landlady disturbed my cogitations by knocking loudly at the room door, and requesting my instant appearance in the parlor, where "a fat lady in tears" wished my presence. The existence of the obese Mrs. Lobenstein had almost slipped my memory; and I was somewhat startled at seeing that lady, dressed in a gaudy colored silk gown, and velvet hat and feathers, in violent hysterics upon my crimson silk ottoman, that groaned beneath its burden. The attentions of my landlady and her domestic soon restored my cidevant laundress to a state of comparative composure, when the distressed lady informed me that her daughter, her only child, had been missing for several days, and that, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of herself, her lawyer, and her friends, she had been unable to obtain the smallest intelligence respecting her beloved Mary. She had been to the police offices, had advertised in the newspapers, had personally inquired of all her friends or acquaintance, yet every exertion had resulted in disappointment.

"Every body pities me, but no one suggests a means of finding my darling, and I am almost distracted. She left me one evening—it was quite early—to carry a small present to the chandlers' shop woman, who was so kind to us when I was left a destitute widow. My dear girl had but three streets to go, and ran out without a cloak or shawl; she made her gift to the poor woman, and instantly set out to return home. She never reached home—and, woe is me, I fear she never will. The magistrates at the police office said that she had eloped with some sweetheart; my Mary loved no one but her mother—and my heart tells me that my child could not willingly abandon her widowed parent for any new affection that might have entered her young breast. She had no followers—we were never for one hour apart, and I knew every thought of her innocent mind. One gentleman—he said he was a parson—called on me this morning, to administer consolation; yet he hinted that my poor girl had probably committed self-destruction—that the

light of grace had suddenly burst upon her soul, and the sudden knowledge of her sinful state had been too much for her to bear, and, in desperation, she had hurried from the world. Alas! if my poor Mary is indeed no more, it was not by her own act that she appeared in haste before her Maker—God loved the little girl that he had made so good; the light of heavenly happiness glistened in her bright and pretty eyes; and she was too fond of this world's beauties, and the delights of life showered by the Almighty upon His children, to think of repaying Him by gloom and suicide! No, no! Upon her bended knees, morning and night, she prayed to her Father in Heaven, that His will might be done; her religion, like her life, was simple, but pure. She was not of the creed professed by him who thought to cheer a parent's broken heart by speaking of a daughter's shameful death."

The plain, but earnest eloquence of the poor lady excited my warmest sympathy. She had called on me for advice; but I resolved to give her my personal assistance, and exert all my faculties in the clearance of this mystery. She denied the probability of any one being concerned in kidnapping, or conveying away her daughter—for, as she simply expressed herself, "she was too insignificant to have created an enemy of such importance."

I had a friend in the police department—a man who suffered not his intimacy with the villany of the world to dull the humanities of nature. At the period of my tale, he was but little known, and the claims of a large family pressed hard upon him; yet his enemies have been unable to affix a stain upon his busy life. He has since attained a height of reputation that must ensure a sufficient income; he is established as the head of the private police of London—a body of men possessing rare and wonderful attainments. To this man I went; and, in a few words, excited his sympathy for the heart-stricken mother, and obtained a promise of his valuable assistance.

"The mother is rich," said I, "and if successful in your search, I can warrant you a larger reward than the sum total of your last year's earnings."

"A powerful inducement, I confess," replied L—, "but my professional pride is roused; it is a case deserving attention from its apparent inexplicability—to say nothing of the mother's misery, and that is something to a father and a son."

I mentioned every particular connected with the affair, and as he declined visiting Mrs. Lobenstein's house, invited her to a conference with the officer at my lodgings, where he was made acquainted with many a curious item that seemed to have no connexion with the subject we were in consultation upon. But this minute curiosity pleased the mother, and she went on her way rejoicing, for she was satisfied in her own mind that the officer would discover the fate of her child. Strange to say, although L— declared that he possessed not the slightest clue, this feeling on the part of the mother daily became stronger; a presentiment of the officer's success became the leading feature of her life; and she waited for many days with a placid face and a contented mind. The prophetic

fancies of her maternal heart were confirmed; and L— eventually restored the pretty Mary to her mother's arms.

About ten days after the consultation, he called on me, and reported progress—requiring my presence at the police office for the purpose of making the affidavit necessary for the procurement of a search warrant.

"I have been hard at work," said he, "and if I have not found out where the young lady is concealed, I have at least made a singular discovery. My own inquiries in the mother's neighbourhood were not attended with any success; I therefore sent my wife, a shrewd woman, and well adapted for the business. She went without a shawl or bonnet, as if she had but stepped out from an adjacent house, into the baker's, the greaser's, the chandler's, and the beer shop; and while making her trifling purchases, she asked in a careless gossiping way, if any intelligence of Miss Lobenstein had been obtained? every body was willing to talk of such a remarkable circumstance; and my wife listened patiently to many different versions of the story but without obtaining any useful intelligence. One day, the last attempt that I had determined she should make, she observed that a huckster woman, who was standing in a baker's shop when the question was discussed, betrayed a violence of speech against the bereaved parent, and seemed to rejoice in her misfortunes. The womanly feeling of the rest of the gossips put down her inhuman chucklings, but my wife, with considerable tact, I must say, joined the huckster in her vituperation, rightly judging that there must be some peculiar reason for disliking a lady who seems generally esteemed, and who was then suffering under an affliction the most distressing to a female heart. The huckster invited my wife to walk down the street with her.

"I say—are you one of Joe's gang?" whispered the huckster.

"Yes," said my wife.

"I thought so, when I seed you grinning at the fat old Dutcheys' trouble. Did Joe come down with the rhino pretty well to you about this business?"

"Not to me," said my wife, at a venture.

"Nor to me, neither, the shabby varmint. Where was your post?"

"This question rather bothered my wife, but she answered,

"I swore not to tell."

"Oh, stuff! they've got the girl, and it's all over now, in course; though Sal Brown who giv'd Joe the information about the girl, says that five pounds won't stop her mouth, when there's a hundred offered for the information—so we thought of splitting upon Joe, and touching the rhino. If you knows any more nor we do, and can make your share of the work, you may join our party, and come in for your whacks."

"Well, I know a good deal, if I liked to tell it—what do you know?"

"Why, I knows that four of us were employed to watch when Miss Lobenstein went out in the evening without her mother, and to let Joe know directly; and I know that we did watch for six months and more; and when Sal Brown did let him know, that the girl

was missing that same night, and ha'n't been heard on since."

"But do you know where she is?" said my wife in a whisper.

"Well, I can't say that I do. My stall is at the corner near the mother's house; and Sal Brown was walking past, up and down the street, a following her profession. She's of opinion that the girl has been sent over the herring pond to some place abroad; but my idea is that she ha'n't far off, for Joe hasn't been away many hours together, I know."

"My wife declared that she was acquainted with every particular, and would join them in forcing Joe to be more liberal in his disbursements, or give him up to justice, and claim the reward. She regretted that she was compelled to go to Hornsey to her mother for the next few days, but agreed to call at the huckster's stall immediately on her return.

"There was one point more that my wife wished to obtain. 'I saw the girl alone one night when it was quite dark, but Joe was not to be found when I went after him. Where did Sal Brown meet with him, when she told of the girl?'

"Why, at the Blue Lion beer-shop, to be sure," said the other.

"I was waiting in the neighborhood, well disguised. I received my wife's valuable information, and in a few minutes was sitting in the tap room of the Blue Lion, an humble public house of inferior pretensions. I was dressed in a shooting jacket, breeches, and gaiters, with a shot belt and powder horn slung round me. A huge pair of red whiskers circled my face, and a dark red shock of hair peeped from the sides of my broad-rimmed hat. I waited in the dull room, stinking of beer and tobacco, till the house closed for the night, but heard nothing of my Joe, although I listened attentively to the conversation of the incomers, a strange, uncouth set, entirely composed of the lower order of laborers, and seemingly unacquainted with each other.

"The whole of the next day, I lounged about the sanded tap room, and smoked my pipe, and drank my beer in silent gloominess. The landlord asked me a few questions, but when his curiosity was satisfied, he left me to myself. I pretended to be a runaway gamekeeper, hiding from my master's anger for selling his game without permission. The story satisfied the host, but I saw nothing of any stranger, nor did I hear any of the old faces called by the name I wished to hear. One of the visitors was an ill-looking thick-set fellow, and kept up a continual whispering with the landlord—I made sure that he was my man, when, to my great regret I heard him hailed by the name of George.

"I was standing inside the bar, chattering with the landlord, and settling for my pipes and my beer, when a good-looking, fresh-colored, smiling-faced young fellow, danced into the bar, and was immediately saluted by the host, 'Hollo, JOE, where have you been these two days?'

"Heavy business on hand, my buck—occupies all my time, but pays well. So give us a mug of your best, and d— the expense."

"I had no doubt but this was my man. I entered into conversation with him, in my assumed manner, and my knowledge of the Somersetshire dialect materially assisted my disguise. Joe was evidently a sharp-witted fellow, who knew exactly what he was about. All my endeavors to draw him into talking of his own avocations completely failed; he would laugh, drink, and chatter, but not a word relative to the business that occupied his time could I induce him to utter.

"Who's going to the hop in St. John street?" said the lively Joe. "I mean to have eighteen-pennyworth of shake-a-leg there to-night, and have it directly too, for I must be back at my place at daybreak."

"This was enough for me. I walked with Joe to the vicinity of the dancing-rooms, when, pleading a prior engagement, I quitted him, and returned home. My disguise was soon completely altered; my red wig and whiskers, drab hat and shooting dress were exchanged for a suit of black, with a small French cloak of dark cloth, and plain black hat. Thus attired, I watched the entrance of the humble ball-room, fearing that my man might leave it at an early period, for I knew not how far he had to journey to his place in the country, where he was compelled to be by the break of day.

"I walked the pavement of St. John street for six long hours, and was obliged to make myself known to the watchman to prevent his interference, for he doubted the honesty of my intentions. Just before the dawn of day, my friend Joe, who seemed determined to have enough dancing for his money, appeared in the street with a lady on each arm. I had to keep him in sight till he had escorted the damsels to their domiciles; when, buttoning up his coat, and pressing his hat down over his brows, he walked forward with a determined pace. I followed him at a convenient distance. I felt that he was in my power—that I was on the point of tracing the mystery of the girl's disappearance, and ascertaining the place of her detention.

"Joe walked rapidly towards Shoreditch Church. I was within a hundred feet of him, when the early Cambridge coach dashed down the Kingsland Road. Joe seized the guard's hold at the side of the back boot, placed his feet upon the hind spring, and in one moment was on the top of the coach, and trundling away from me at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

"I was beaten. It was impossible for me to overtake the coach. I thought of hiring a hack, but the rapid progress of the stage defied all idea of overtaking it. I returned dispirited to my home.

"My courage rose with the conception of fresh schemes. In the course of the day, I called on a friend, a stage coachman, and telling him some of the particulars of my object, asked him to introduce me to the driver of the Cambridge coach. I met him on his return to town the next day, and, by the help of my friend, overcame his repugnance to talk with strangers respecting the affairs of his passengers. I learnt, at last, that Joe never travelled more than half a dozen miles, but Elliott, the coachman, was unable to say who he was, or where he went to. My plan was soon arranged, and Elliott was bribed to assist me.

"The next morning by daybreak, I was sitting on

the top of the Cambridge coach, well wrapped up in a large white top coat, with a shawl tied over my mouth. I got on the coach at the inn yard, and as we neared the church, looked out anxiously for my friend Joe; but he was not to be seen, nor could I discern any thing of him for six or seven miles along the road. The first stage was performed, and while the horses were being changed, Elliott, the coachman, pointed out a strange ill-looking man, in a close light waistcoat with white sleeves, white breeches, yarn stockings, and high-low shoes. "That fellow," said Elliott, "is always in company with the man you have been inquiring about. I have seen them frequently together come from over that style; he is now waiting for Joe, I'll bet a pound."

I alighted, and bargained with the landlord of the small road-side inn for the use of the front bedroom, up stairs. I took my post, and as the stage departed, began my watch. Joe did not appear till late in the afternoon—his friend eagerly seized him by the arm, and began to relate something with great anxiety of look and energy of action. They moved off over the style. I glided out of the house, and followed them. A footpath wound through an extensive meadow, and the men were rapidly nearing the farthest end. I hastened my pace, and gained the centre of the field, ere they were aware of my approach. I observed a telegraphic signal pass between them, and they instantly stopped their expedition, and turning back upon their path, sauntered slowly towards me. I kept on; we met—their eyes were searchingly bent upon me, but I maintained an easy gait and undisturbed countenance, and continued my walk for some minutes after they were past. As I climbed the farthest style, I observed them watching me from the other end of the field. I saw no more of Joe or his friend for the rest of that day and the whole of the next.

"I was much annoyed at my disappointment, and resolved not to be again outwitted. Every possible inquiry that could be made without exciting the curiosity of the neighbourhood, was instituted, but I was unable to obtain the smallest information, either of the abducted lady or of Joe's individuality. His friend was known as a vagabond of the first class—a discharged ostler, with a character that marked him ready for the perpetration of every crime.

"I was hunting in the dark. I had nothing but surmises to go upon, excepting the declaration of the huckster, that a man named Joe was the means of Miss Lobensien's absence, but I was not sure that I was in pursuit of that identical Joe. The mystery attending the object of my suspicion gave an appearance of probability to my supposition, but it seemed as if I was not to proceed beyond the limits of uncertainty. I resolved, after waiting till the evening of the next day, to return to the tap-room of the Blue Lion, and the impenetrability of my gamekeeper's disguise.

"Tying my rough coat up in my shawl, I clapped the bundle under my arm, and walked quietly along the road. As I passed through some posts on the sidewalk, a post-chaise was coming through the adjoining toll-gate. A scuffle, accompanied with high oaths, in

the interior of the chaise, attracted my attention; a hand was dashed through the carriage-window, and cries for help were loudly vociferated. I ran towards the chaise; and ordered the postillion to stop; a coarse voice desired him to drive on; the command was repeated with violent imprecations, and the horses, severely lashed, bounded rapidly away. I was sufficiently near to catch hold of the back of the springs as the vehicle moved; the motion was violent, but I kept my grasp. The back board of the chaise, where the footman should stand, had been covered with a double row of iron spikes, to prevent the intrusion of idle boys; but, determined not to lose sight of the ruffians who were thus violating the peace of the realm, I pressed my bundle hard upon the spikes, and jumping nimbly up, found myself in a firm and pleasant seat.

"The carriage rolled speedily along. I determined, at the very first halting place, to summon assistance, and desire an explanation of the outrages and demands for help. If, as there seemed but little doubt, some act of lawless violence was being perpetrated, I resolved to arrest the principals upon the spot. While cogitating on the probabilities of the result, I received a tremendous cut across the face, from the thong of a heavy leather whip, jerked with considerable violence from the window of the post-chaise. A second well-directed blow drove me from my seat, and I fell into the road, severely lacerated, and almost blind.

"I rolled upon the dusty ground, and writhed in excessive agony. A thick wale crossed each cheek, and one of my eyes had been terrifically hit. It was yet early night, and the public nature of the road soon afforded me assistance. A young man passed me, driving a gig towards London; I hailed him, and requested his services. A slight detail of the cause in which I had received my injuries, induced him to turn round and receive me in the vacant seat. The promise of half a guinea tempted him to drive rapidly after the chaise, and in a few minutes we heard the sound of wheels. The young man cheered his horse to greater progress, but we were unable to pass the vehicle in advance, and it was not till we both drew up to the door of the roadside inn, where I had previously stopped, that we discovered that we had been in pursuit of a mail-coach instead of a post-chaise.

"The waiter declared that 'nethin' of a four-veel natur, 'cept a vaggin and a *nearse*' had passed within the previous half hour. Placing my gig friend over some brandy and water, I sought the recesses of the kitchen, that I might procure some cooling liquid to bathe my face with. While busily employed at the yard pump, the sound of voices from an adjoining stable arrested my attention. The dim light of a lantern fell upon the figure of the ostler whom I had seen in company with mysterious Joe. I advanced lightly, in hopes of hearing the conversation. When I reached the door, I was startled by the sudden approach of some one from the other side of the yard, and compelled to hide behind the door. A stable helper popped his head into the building, and said—

"See here, Billee, vot I found sticking on the spikes of the chay you've left in the lane."

"My luckless bundle was produced, and speedily untied. Directly Billy, for so was the suspicious ostler named, saw my rough, white, great coat, he exclaimed, with considerable energy—

"I'm blessed if ve haint been looked arter. I seed this ere toggery a valking arter Joe and me in the meadow yonder. Ve thought it suspectable, so ve mizzled back. And I'm jiggered if the owner vornt sitting behind our conveyance, ven Joe hit him a vollop or two vith your vip to knock him off. Tommy, my tulip, I'll go back vi' you to-night, and wait a while till the vind changes."

"It was evident then, that Joe was connected with the abduction of the day—another convincing proof that he was the active agent in Miss Lobenstein's affair. With respect to my friend the ostler, I determined to try the effects of a little coercion, but concluded that it would be better to let him reach some distance from his usual haunts, to prevent alarming his comate Joe.

"In about an hour the post-chaise was driven to the door; and the ostler, much the worse for his potations, was placed within the body of the vehicle. I was soon after them, in company with the young man in the gig, and we kept the chaise in sight till it had entered the still and deserted streets of the city. It was nearly midnight; the drunken ostler desired the scarcely sober postillion to put him out at the door of a tavern. I walked up to the astonished couple, and, arresting them on a charge of felony, slipped a pair of small but powerful spring handcuffs over the ostler's wrists. I conducted him, helpless and amazed, to an adjacent watch-house; and mentioning my name and office, desired his safe custody till I could demand his body. The postillion, who was guarded by my gig friend, became much alarmed; and volunteered any information that I might desire. He confessed that he had been employed that afternoon, by one Joseph Mills, to carry a lunatic priest to the Franciscan Monastery, at Enfield Chase, from whence it was asserted that he had made his escape. The existence of a religious establishment in that neighborhood was entirely unknown to me, and I questioned the postillion respecting the number of its inmates, and the name of the superior, but he professed to know nothing beyond the locality of the building, and declared that he had never been inside the yard gate. He admitted that Joseph Mills had employed him several times upon the same business; and that, rather more than a fortnight ago, Billy, the ostler, had desired him to bring up a post-chaise from his master's yard at a minute's notice, and that a young lady was lifted, in a senseless state, into the chaise, and driven down to the building at Enfield as rapidly as the horses could be made to go.

"I took down his directions respecting the house, and at daybreak this morning I reconnoitered the front and back of the building. If I am any judge, that house is not devoted to monastic purposes alone; but you will see it to-morrow, I trust; for I wish you to accompany me as early in the morning as we can start, after procuring the warrants for a general search into the secrets of this most mysterious monastery."

[To be continued.]

SCISSIBLES.

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

And as for me, though that I ken but lite
On books for to read, I me delight
And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have 'em in reverence
So heartily that there is game none
That fro' my books makest me to gone.—*Chaucer.*

THERE is in the British Museum an extraordinary MS., entitled "A Short History of Human Prodigies, and Monstrous Births of Dwarfs, Sleepers, Giants, Strong Men, Extream Old Age, &c." It appears to have been compiled by James Paris du Plessis, some time servant to Samuel Pepys, of York-buildings, in the Strand. Having collected books, coins, &c. in his rambles through Europe, at the age of 70, being unfit for service, he took a shop, but did not meet with success. Being reduced to poverty, he was obliged to quit his shop, and hire a garret, from whence, in his distress, he addressed himself to Sir Hans Sloane, as "quite moneyless," and "in danger of having his goods seised for rent," not having "money to bear his little necessary charges." "I must humbly crave your charity," he says, "either to bysome of my goods of me, or to bestow some charity gratis, and I shall for ever as long as I live pray God for your health and prosperity, and respectfully acknowledge your goodness and charity to me."

The book is fairly written, and illustrated with engravings, and drawings in a superior style: we propose to give a few extracts, as additions to the "Wonderful Magazines" already before the public.

"A SPOTTED NEGRO PRINCE.—A negro prince, son of Hanjason Capon, king of Yelkocoma in Guiney. He was taken by the pirates, at the age of 8 years old, and made his escape from them, upon the coast of Virginia, where he was Entertain'd by Colonel Taylor, and there Learn'd to speak pritty Good-English.—Whose Body is of a Jet Black Intermixt with a clear and beautiful White, Spotted all over.

"He was sold in London and show'd publicly at the age of 10 years in 1690. Seen then by James Paris, and again in the year 1725. Finis."

Most of these relations are foreign, Nature having dealt her curiosities very sparingly in England: the following prodigy, however, we suspect, furnished the original to the "Pig-faced Lady."

"A WOMAN WITH A HOG'S FACE—This Monster was a Gentlewoman of a good family and fortune, very tall and well proportioned, of a very fine fair white skin, black hair on her head and eyebrows, but her face perfectly shaped like that of a hog or sow, except that it was not hairy; when she went abroad she covered her face with a large black velvet mask: she had a grunting voice like that of a hog, very disagreeable, but spoke very distinctly: she lived in St. Andrew's parish in Holborn, London. Finis."

There is extant a tract of the 17th century, entitled "A relation of Mrs. Tanakin Skinker, the Hog-faced Lady."

Among the miscellaneous curiosities, we find the following:—

"I, James Paris du Plessis, have in my cabinet two balls of hair, of a redish colour, the biggest about an inch and a half diameter, one *Ruff* with long hair, and the other smooth and very hard, that were taken out of the stomach of two different calves."

In his "Examples of Old Age," du Plessis displays a great deal of reading and research, which could only have been obtained, in his situation, by uncommon application. The want of education was an insuperable obstacle to his endeavours: by his industry he collected facts, but was unable to draw inferences from them, as he was ready to credit any thing extraordinary, and jumped at conclusions without induction. His labors, however, are extremely valuable, as, with all his credulity, he evinces a love of accuracy, and never fails to produce his authorities. This collection of literary mirabilia was made in 1730—3; whether the application to Sir Hans Sloane produced the desired effect, we are unable to state, but as the books were found among his rarities, it is probable that he did not neglect the compiler.

A small pamphlet was published, during the latter part of the last century, giving a singular account of the desecration of the grave of Milton, and positive violation of his remains. The particulars are in full—names of persons and places, with dates, and other evidences of truth—conferring a deep and lasting disgrace upon the persons concerned, which they did not dare attempt to wipe away. The pamphlet is without date, but is entitled, "ON THE DISINTERMENT OF MILTON'S COFFIN, ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST THE FOURTH, 1790." After some opening matter, connected with the supposed situation of the coffin of the illustrious poet, the writer says:—

"These traditions in the parish, reported to Mr. Strong and Mr. Cole, readily directed them to dig from the present chancel northwards towards the pillar, against which the former pulpit and desk had stood. The following particulars were given to me in writing by Mr. Strong, and they contain the measurement of the coffin as taken by him with a rule—A leaden coffin, found under the common councilmen's pew, on the north side of the chancel, nearly under the place

where the old pulpit and clerk's desk stood. The coffin appeared to be old, much corroded, and without any inscription or plate on it. It was in length 5 feet 10 inches, and in width, at the broadest part, over the shoulders, 1 foot 4 inches."

Milton, be it remembered, was buried in Cripple-gate Church, in the city of London, in the month of November, 1674, aged sixty-six years. Samuel Whitbread, the elder, built a monument to his memory, after Dr. Sprat, the Dean of Westminster, had forbidden the erection of a monument in the Abbey. The present one was placed there by Mr. Benson, in 1737. That it was natural to take advantage of the church being under repairs, to attempt discovering the lost locality of the coffin, we admit; and that, under proper regulations, there was no violent harm in viewing the state of the corse, provided it was immediately restored to the sanctity of the grave—but nothing can excuse the disgusting scenes detailed in the pamphlet, and suffered to pass as current facts, without the slightest contradiction.

"The next day, a set of unprincipled barbarians went to the house of Ascough, the clerk, which leads into the church-yard, and asked for Holmes. They then went with Holmes into the church, and pulled the coffin, which lay deep in the ground, from its original station, to the edge of the excavation into daylight. When they had thus removed it, the overseers asked Holmes if he could open it, that they might see the body. Holmes immediately fetched a mallet and a chisel, and cut open the top of the coffin, slantwise from the head, as low as the breast; so that, the top being doubled backward, they could see the corse: he cut it open also at the foot. *On first view of the body, it appeared perfect, and completely enveloped in the shroud, which was of many folds; the ribs standing up regularly. When they disturbed the shroud, the ribs fell.* Mr. Fountain told me that he pulled hard at the teeth, which resisted, until some one *hit them a knock with a stone, when they easily came out.* There were but five in the upper jaw, which were all sound and white, and all taken by Mr. Fountain; he gave one of them to Mr. Laming; Mr. Laming also took one from the lower jaw; and Mr. Taylor took two from it. Mr. Laming told me that he had at one time a mind to bring away the whole under jaw, with the teeth in it; *he had it in his hand, but tossed it back.*—Also, that he lifted up the head, and saw a great quantity of hair, which lay straight and even, behind the head, and in the state of the hair, which had been combed and tied together before interment; but it was wet, the coffin having considerable corroded holes, both at the head and feet, and a great part of the water, with which it had been washed on the Tuesday afternoon, having run into it. The overseer and Mr. Taylor went away soon afterwards, and Messrs. Laming and Taylor went home to get scissors to cut off some of the hair: they returned about 10; when *Mr. Laming poked his stick against the head, and brought some of the hair over the forehead; but as they saw the scissors were not necessary, Mr. Taylor took up the hair, as it laid on the forehead, and carried it home.* The water which had got into the coffin on the Tuesday afternoon, had made a sludge at the bottom of it, emitting a nauseous smell, and which occasioned Mr. Laming to use his stick to procure the hair, and not to lift up the head a second time. *Mr. Laming also took out one of the leg bones, but threw it in again.* Holmes went out of the church, while Messrs. Laming, Taylor, and Fountain were there the first time, and he returned when the two former were come

the second time. When Messrs. Laming and Taylor had finally quitted the church, the coffin was removed, from the edge of the excavation, back to its original station; but was no otherwise closed, than by the lid, where it had been out and reversed, being bent down again. Mr. Ascough, the clerk, was from home the greater part of that day, and Mrs. Hoppeg, the sexton, was from home the whole of that day. Elizabeth Grant, the grave-digger, and who is servant to Mrs. Hoppeg, therefore now took possession of the coffin; and as its situation under the common councilmen's pew would not admit of its being seen without the help of a candle, she kept a tinder-box in the excavation, and when any person came, struck a light, and conducted them under the pew, where by reversing the part of the lid which had been cut, she exhibited the body, at first for 6d. and afterwards for 3d. and 2d. each person. The workmen in the church kept the doors locked to all those who would not pay the price of a pot of beer for entrance, and many, to avoid that payment, got in at a window at the west end of the church, near to Mr. Ascough's counting-house."

In the forty-third number of THE PAMPHLETEER, there is a curious description of one of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles—the Jesuit, who blended fanaticism with his quackery, and "cured all diseases" by the potency of his preachment. He was very unfortunate in the commencement of his healing career; his great cure, the Princess Matilda of Schwartzenburg, who rose from her chair, and walked with him about the garden, despite the distortion of her spine, has been proved to have been nearly cured by Meinheer Heine, the surgical machinist, of Wurtzburg, before the holy prince appeared. Many persons were benefitted by Hohenlohe's interference, doubtless; the power of a lively faith worked wonders; those who felt better after their journey to the bidding place of the miracle-monger, imputed it, to his healing power, while those who remained uncured, departed sorrowful at their want of faith, which had prevented their being made whole—but nobody thought of denying the skill or sanctity of the prince who had exhibited his power on the many who had departed cured. Hohenlohe attributed his efficacy to the fervency of his prayers and the piety of his life—he forwarded a list of cures to the pope, but Pius VII. expressed a doubt of the miraculous power claimed by the prince, and desired him to discontinue the use of the term, and exercise only a prayer for healing. Prince Hildburghausen placed his case of partial blindness in the hands of Hohenlohe, but, despite his faith, become much worse. The experiments of the holy quack failed at various hospitals, and he was placed under the surveillance of the police. He is a person of fine exterior, gentle manners, and insinuating voice. He has long since declined visiting the faithful few who still believe in his potency, but appoints an hour in which the individuals seeking his aid should join with him in prayer—rather a curious arrangement, because he extends his power over an extensive range of country, and some allowance ought to be made for variation in the time. Hohenlohe does not intend to deceive—he is an enthusiast, and has the welfare of his fellow beings at heart. Now for our extracts.

"On the 7th December, 1820, Miss Barbara O'Connor, a nun, in the convent at New Hall, near Chelms-

ford, (England,) aged thirty, was suddenly attacked, without any evident cause, with a pain in the ball of the right thumb; which rapidly increased, and was succeeded by a swelling of the whole hand and arm, as far as the elbow. It soon became red, and painful to the touch. Mr. Barlow, the skilful surgeon to the convent, was sent for; and applied leeches, lotions, blisters, fomentations, poultices, long emersions in warm water, and every thing that was judged proper, a long time, without much benefit. One cold application diminished the swelling, but occasioned acute pain in the axilla and mamma. Leeches were applied to the axilla, and the same cold lotion; by which means the pain was removed from the axilla, and the hand and arm became as bad as before.

"On the 5th of January, an incision was made in the ball of the thumb; only blood followed, no pus. Mr. Carpue, an eminent surgeon, from Dean street, was sent for on the 7th, and enlarged the incision, expecting pus; but none appeared.

"On the 15th, another incision was made on the back of the fore-finger: still only blood followed, and with very little relief. As her constitution seemed much affected, I prescribed a course of medicines: and amongst others, mercurials: they were attended with much benefit, but did not affect the salivary glands. The surgeons recommended mercurial friction on the arm, which was continued till salivation was excited. The arm, by this, was much reduced, and remained so several days. It flattered us with some hope of recovery, but it was transient. The symptoms soon returned, as bad as ever, although the general health was perfectly re-established, and although every thing was done which the London and country surgeons, in consultation, could suggest, during a whole year and a half.

"Mrs. Gerard, the superior of the convent, having heard of many extraordinary cures performed by Prince Hohenlohe, of Bamberg, in Germany, employed a friend to request his assistance, which he readily granted, and sent the following instructions, dated Bamberg, March 16, 1822.

[TRANSLATION]

"To the Religious Nun of England.

"On the 3rd of May, at eight o'clock, I will offer, in compliance with your request, my prayers for your recovery. Having made your confession, and communicated, offer up your own also, with that fervency of devotion and intire faith which we owe to our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Stir up from the bottom of your heart the divine virtues of true repentance, of Christian charity to all men, of firm belief that your prayers will be favorably received, and a steadfast resolution to lead an exemplary life, to the end that you may continue in a state of grace.

"Accept the assurance of my regard.

"PRINCE ALEXANDER HOHENLOHE.

"Bamberg, March 16, 1822."

"Miss O'Connor's general health being re-established, and the surgical treatment of the hand being out of my province, I did not see her for some weeks; but having occasion to visit some of the ladies on the second of May, I was requested to look at Miss O'Connor's hand and arm, which I found as much swollen and bad as I had ever seen them. The fingers looked ready to burst, and the wrist was fifteen inches in circumference. I did not then know the reason of my being desired to see the hand and arm on that day, not having heard of the application to the Prince.

"On the next day, the third of May (a day of particular notice by the Catholics), she went through the religious process prescribed by the Prince. Mass being nearly ended, Miss O'Connor, not finding the

immediate relief she expected, exclaimed, 'Thy will be done, oh Lord! thou hast not thought me worthy of this cure!' Almost immediately after, she felt an extraordinary sensation through the whole arm, to the ends of her fingers. The pain instantly left her, and the swelling gradually subsided; but it was some weeks before the hand resumed its natural size and shape. Now, I can perceive no difference from the other. The general reports that the arm was paralytic, and that both hand and arm were again as bad as ever, have not the least foundation."

Some people have been daring enough to bring arguments against the possibility of such a cure, but our writer sets them down at once, by saying "they are too absurd to require a reply." Besides, he proves the prince's miracles by the example of similar miracles formerly enacted by the painter, Louthembourg, and no doubt equally true:—

"Between thirty and forty years ago, Mr. Louthembourg, a celebrated landscape painter, was impressed with the idea that he had a commission from above to cure diseases! His door was consequently crowded with patients all day. Amongst others, I remembered at that time to have heard that the tenant of a very respectable clergyman, now living in this county, was one, and that his recovery was as rapid and extraordinary as that which has been recorded. I wrote to him to request the particulars, and received the following reply:—

"My Dear Sir,—I had the honor of your letter, in reply to which I am to inform you, that I had a tenant who had been afflicted with great pains and swellings particularly about his loins, so much so that he could not walk across the room. My sister, Lady D——— knowing the bad state of my tenant's health, and having heard of the great cures performed by Mr. Louthembourg, who resided at Hammersmith Terrace, desired me to bring my tenant, if he was willing, to her house in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, that she might send him to Mr. Louthembourg, that he might receive benefit. I took him with me, from his house in the country, to Tenterden Street. The next day she sent him in a coach to Hammersmith Terrace. When we arrived, we were shown into a parlor, my tenant not having been able to walk without being held up; and in about two or three minutes, Mr. Louthembourg came to us, who immediately addressing himself to my tenant, and looking steadfastly at him, said, 'I know your complaint, sir; look at me!' They continued looking at each other some minutes, and then Mr. Louthembourg asked him if he did not feel some warmth about his loins? He said, 'I do.' 'Then,' said he, 'you will feel, in a few minutes, much greater warmth about your loins.' My tenant, after a short pause, said 'I feel a warmth now about my loins as if a person was pouring boiling water on them.' Mr. Louthembourg continued looking at his patient full in the face for about two or three minutes, and then said, 'How did you come here, sir?' 'In a coach, sir,' 'Then,' said Mr. Louthembourg, 'go, and discharge your coach, and walk back to Tenterden Street with Mr. R———'

"The coach was discharged, and back to Tenterden Street we walked,—a distance of not less than four miles. My tenant offered Mr. Louthembourg a bank note of ten pounds, but he would not take a farthing.

"The next day my tenant and myself walked about the streets of London four or five hours, and then returned to Tenterden Street, without being tired. The day following we left it for Essex.

"My wife joins in compliments to yourself and family.

"I am, my dear sir, your's very sincerely,

"June 30, 1822.

S. R."

THE TYROLESE WAR SONG.

VOICE.

What ho! what ho! The cry wakes the

ACCOMP.

land! El - - - eu - rel - lu, el - - - eu - rel lu! Ty - - - ro - - lians 'y ho! The

lead's in the tube, the butt in the hand, El - - - eu - rel - lu, el -

eu - rel - lu! Ty - - ro - - lians 'y ho! From your guns an answer fling,

Bid the thund'ring echoes ring, El - eu - rel - lu, el - eu - rel - lu, Ty - ro - lians 'y

ho! How we hail a coming foe! Shout! and let th' in - vader know, El -

eu - rel - lu, el - eu - rel - lu! Ty - ro - lians 'y ho!

II.

What ho! what ho! ye threat'ners declare!
 Eleurellu, eleurellu! Tyrolians! 'y ho!
 A troop, or a host, what think ye we care?
 Eleurellu, eleurellu! Tyrolians! 'y ho!
 Here our little rifles view,
 Ever to their masters true!
 Eleurellu, &c.
 Soon shall ye, vain boasters! see
 How we meet an enemy!
 Eleurellu, &c.

III.

What ho! what ho! the wild horn resounds!
 Eleurellu, eleurellu! Tyrolians! 'y ho!
 The foe! he retreats! through the forest he bounas!
 Eleurellu, eleurellu! Tyrolia us! 'y ho!
 Scarcely forth the bullet flies,
 Ere the turning braggart flies!
 Eleurellu, &c.
 Gallant comrade! join with me,
 In the shout of victory!
 Eleurellu, &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

VENETIA. *A novel, in two volumes, by the author of Vivian Grey, &c.* CAREY & HART.

It is nearly fifteen years since D'Israeli, the younger, burst upon the world of literature in a corruscation of brilliancy that threatened to eclipse the whole brood of novel writers and romance mongers. "*Vivian Grey*" was pronounced to be the most wonderful work of the age, and we are not in the minority when we assert that it has never been excelled by any work of its class. The author published a second part, but which, like all other continuations, proved a failure. His next work, "*The Young Duke*," although a novel of considerable power, was reckoned infinitely beneath the standard of his first production, and consequently fell still-born from the press. The genius of the author of *Vivian Grey* was supposed to have expired in a flash in the pan. A few years elapsed, when he again appeared in the scribbling lists—various works kept his name before the public with different degrees of success. "*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*" sold well, and many critics praised it, "and that highly," but the great mass of the reading public received it with indifference. "*Henrietta Temple*" experienced wonderful success, particularly in London; but its love scenes, most tediously spun out, proved too mawkish for the plainness of American appetite. The present work, "*Venetia*," deservedly enjoys a high reputation, and exhibits the beautiful peculiarities of D'Israeli's style in greater perfection than any work since his first and best. Several distinguished literary characters, connected with the first quarter of this century, figure in the pages of *Venetia*; among them, Lord Byron in the days of this youth, as Lord Cadurcis, and Shelley as Mr. Herbert. The following quotation introduces the young lord to the reader, and gives a tolerably fair specimen of the vigor of the conversational scenes, and characteristic sketches.

"A few days after the visit to Cadurcis, when Lady Annabel was sitting alone, a post-chaise drove up to the hall, whence issued a short and very stout woman with a rubicund countenance, and dressed in a style which remarkably blended the shabby with the tawdry. She was accompanied by a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, whose appearance, however, very much contrasted with that of his mother, for he was very pale and slender, with long, curling, black hair, and large, black eyes, which occasionally, by their transient flashes, agreeably relieved a face, the general expression of which might be esteemed somewhat shy and sullen. The lady, of course, was Mrs. Cadurcis, who was received by Lady Annabel with the greatest courtesy.

"'A terrible journey,' exclaimed Mrs. Cadurcis, fanning herself as she took her seat, 'and so very hot! Plantagenet, my love, make your bow; have not I always told you to make a bow when you enter a room, especially where there are strangers? This is Lady Annabel Herbert, who was so kind as to call upon us. Make your bow to Lady Annabel.'

"The boy gave a sort of sulky nod, but Lady Annabel received it so graciously, and expressed herself so kindly to him, that his features relaxed a little, though he was quite silent, and sat on the edge of his chair, the picture of dogged indifference.

"'Charming country, Lady Annabel,' said Mrs. Cadurcis, 'but worse roads, if possible, than we had in Northumberland, where, indeed, there were no roads at all. Cherbury is a delightful place, very unlike the abbey; dreadfully lonesome I assure you I find it, Lady Annabel. Great change for us from a little town and all our kind neighbors. Very different from Morpeth; is it not, Plantagenet?'

"'I hate Morpeth,' said the boy.

"'Hate Morpeth!' exclaimed Mrs. Cadurcis, 'Well, I am sure, that is very ungrateful, with so many kind friends as we always found. Besides, Plantagenet, have I not always told you that you are to hate nothing? It is very wicked. The trouble it costs me, Lady Annabel, to educate this dear child!' continued Mrs. Cadurcis, turning to Lady Annabel, and speaking in a semi-tone. 'I have done it all myself, I assure you; and when he likes, he can be as good as any one. Can't you, Plantagenet?'

"Lord Cadurcis gave a grim smile; seated himself at the very back of the deep chair, and swung his feet, which no longer reached the ground, to and fro.

"'I am sure that Lord Cadurcis always behaves well,' said Lady Annabel.

"'There, Plantagenet,' exclaimed Mrs. Cadurcis, 'only listen to that. Hear what Lady Annabel Herbert says; she is sure you always behave well. Now mind, never give her ladyship cause to change her opinion.'

"Plantagenet curled his lip, and half-turned his back on his companions.

"'I regretted so much that I was not at home when you did me the honor to call,' resumed Mrs. Cadurcis; 'but I had gone over for the day to Southport, buying furniture. What a business it is to buy furniture, Lady Annabel!' added Mrs. Cadurcis, with a piteous expression.

"'It is indeed very troublesome,' said Lady Annabel.

"'Ah! you have none of these cares,' continued Mrs. Cadurcis, surveying the pretty apartment. 'What a difference between Cherbury and the abbey! I suppose you have never been there?'

"'Indeed it is one of my favorite walks,' answered Lady Annabel, 'and some two years ago, I even took the liberty of walking through the house.'

"Was there ever such a place!" exclaimed Mrs. Cadurcis. "I assure you my poor head turns, whenever I try to find my way about it. But the trustees offered it us, and I thought it my duty to my son to reside there. Besides it was a great offer to a widow; if poor Mr. Cadurcis had been alive, it would have been different. I hardly know what I shall do there, particularly in winter. My spirits are always dreadfully low. I only hope Plantagenet will behave well. If he goes into his tantrums at the abbey, and particularly in winter, I hardly know what will become of me!"

"I am sure Lord Cadurcis will do every thing to make the abbey comfortable to you. Besides, it is but a very short walk from Cherbury, and you must come very often and see us."

"Oh! Plantagenet can be good if he likes, I can assure you, Lady Annabel; and behave as properly as any little boy I know. Plantagenet, my dear, speak. Have not I always told you, when you pay a visit, that you should open your mouth now and then. I don't like chatting children," added Mrs. Cadurcis, "but I like them to answer when they are spoken to."

"Nobody has spoken to me," said Lord Cadurcis, in a sullen tone.

"Plantagenet, my love!" said his mother, in a solemn tone.

"Well, mother, what do you want?"

"Plantagenet, my love, you know you promised me to be good!"

"Well! what have I done?"

"Lord Cadurcis," said Lady Annabel, interfering, "do you like to look at pictures?"

"Thank you," replied the little lord, in a more courteous tone, "I like to be left alone."

"Did you ever know such an odd child!" said Mrs. Cadurcis; "and yet, Lady Annabel, you must not judge him by what you see. I do assure you, he can behave, when he likes, as pretty as possible."

"Pretty!" muttered the little lord between his teeth.

"If you had only seen him at Morpeth sometimes at a little tea-party," said Mrs. Cadurcis; "he really was quite the ornament of the company."

"No, I wasn't," said Lord Cadurcis.

"Plantagenet!" said his mother again in a solemn tone, "have I not always told you that you are never to contradict any one?"

"The little lord indulged in a suppressed growl."

"There was a little play last Christmas," continued Mrs. Cadurcis, "and he acted quite delightfully. Now you would not think that from the way he sits upon that chair—Plantagenet, my dear, I do insist upon your behaving yourself. Sit like a man."

"I am not a man," said Lord Cadurcis very quietly; "I wish I were."

"Plantagenet!" said the mother, "have not I always told you that you are never to answer me? It is not proper for children to answer. Oh! Lady Annabel, if you knew what it cost me to educate my son. He never does anything I wish, and it is so provoking, because I know that he can behave as properly as possible, if he likes. He does it to provoke me,—you know you do it to provoke me, you little brat; now, sit properly, sir; I do desire you to sit properly. How vexatious that you should call at Cherbury for the first time, and behave in this manner! Plantagenet, do you hear me?" exclaimed Mrs. Cadurcis, with a face reddening to scarlet, and almost menacing a move from her seat.

"Yes, every body hears you, Mrs. Cadurcis," said the little lord.

"Don't call me Mrs. Cadurcis," exclaimed the mother, in a dreadful rage. "That is not the way to speak to your mother. I will not be called Mrs. Cadurcis by you. Don't answer me, sir,—I desire you not to answer me. I have half a mind to get up and give you a good shake, that I have. O Lady Annabel," sighed Mrs. Cadurcis, while a tear trickled down her cheek, "if you only knew the life I lead, and what trouble it costs me to educate that child!"

"My dear madam," said Lady Annabel, "I am sure that Lord Cadurcis has no other wish but to please you. Indeed you have misunderstood him."

"Yes! she always misunderstands me," said Lord Cadurcis in a softer tone, but with pouting lips and suffused eyes.

"Now he is going on," said his mother, beginning herself to cry dreadfully. "He knows my weak heart; he knows nobody in the world loves him like his mother; and this is the way he treats me."

"My dear Mrs. Cadurcis," said Lady Annabel, "pray take luncheon, after your long drive; and Lord Cadurcis, I am sure, you must be fatigued."

"Thank you, I never eat, my dear lady," said Mrs. Cadurcis, "except at my meals. But one glass of Mountain, if you please, I would just take the liberty of tasting, for the weather is so dreadfully hot; and Plantagenet has so aggravated me, I really do not feel myself."

Lady Annabel sounded her silver hand-bell, and the butler brought some cakes and the Mountain. Mrs. Cadurcis revived by virtue of her single glass, and the providential co-operation of a few subsequent ones. Even the cakes and the Mountain, however, would not tempt her son to open his mouth; and this, in spite of her returning composure, drove her to desperation. A conviction that the Mountain and the cakes were delicious, an amiable desire that the palate of her spoiled child should be gratified, some reasonable maternal anxiety that after so long and fatiguing a drive he, in fact, needed some refreshment, and the agonising consciousness that all her own physical pleasure at the moment was destroyed by the mental sufferings she endured at having quarrelled with her son, and that he was depriving himself of what was so agreeable only to pique her, quite overwhelmed the ill-regulated mind of this fond mother. Between each sip and each mouthful, she appealed to him to follow her example, now with cajolery, now with menace, till at length, worked up by the united stimulus of her copious draughts of Mountain and her own ungovernable rage, she dashed down the glass and unfinished slice of cake, and before the astonished Lady Annabel, rushed forward to give him what she had long threatened, and what she, in general, ultimately had recourse to—a good shake.

"Her agile son, experienced in these storms, escaped in time, and pushed his chair before his infuriated mother; Mrs. Cadurcis, however, rallied, and chased him round the room; once more she flattered herself she had captured him, once more he evaded her; in her despair she took up Venetia's 'Seven Champions,' and threw the volume at his head; he laughed a fiendish laugh, as, ducking his head, the book flew on, and dashed through a pane of glass; Mrs. Cadurcis made a desperate charge, and her son, a little frightened at her almost maniacal passion, saved himself by suddenly seizing Lady Annabel's work-table, and whirling it before her; Mrs. Cadurcis fell over the leg of the table, and went into violent hysterics; while the blood-

hound, who had long started from his repose, looked at his mistress for instructions, and in the meantime continued barking. The astonished and agitated Lady Annabel assisted Mrs. Cadurcis to rise, and led her to a couch. Lord Cadurcis, pale and dogged, stood in a corner, and after all this uproar, there was a comparative calm, only broken by the sobs of the mother, each instant growing fainter and fainter."

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published the whole of D'Israeli's novels in one large volume. This work will be a desirable addition to every library, as it contains a fund of literary amusement rarely to be attained.

THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, U. S. N. By Thomas Harris, M. D., Surgeon U. S. N., and Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1837.

Dr. HARRIS has achieved the most interesting book of the season; and the gentlemen of the Navy are under a heavy debt of gratitude to the Doctor for the consummate skill with which he has detailed the principal nautical events of the late war—a necessary portion of the biography of Commodore Bainbridge, who was intimately connected with the glorious success of the American Marine from the commencement of its existence as a means of warfare, to the period of his lamented death. Although devotedly attached to his family, Bainbridge appeared but to exist in the service of his country; his calm and gentlemanly bearing in the moment of victory was as remarkable as his bravery in the dangers of the fight. His conquered foes cheerfully acknowledged the potency of American valor, while the noble conduct of the victor softened the degradation of defeat.

It is difficult to select a page for extraction when a general interest pervades the whole work. The following account of his interference in behalf of a foe, exhibits the true nobility of valor:—

"The mortified and afflicted Dey was obliged, besides, to liberate about four hundred Venetians, Maltese, and Sicilians, who had been taken when under the protection of British passports. Although Captain Bainbridge had no other agency in procuring their release, except that of being the bearer of the order from the Sultan, yet such was the extent of the gratitude of the unhappy victims, that they kissed his garments whenever he was met by them, and hailed him as their generous deliverer.

"Unwilling to be without some one on whom he might exercise his cruelty, which seemed to be his predominant passion, the Dey issued orders to have the French consul, and all the citizens of that republic, amounting to fifty-six in number, consisting of men, women and children, put in irons and treated as slaves. Captain Bainbridge, recollecting the influence of the Capudan Pacha's protection, and the liberal offers of service made by the Dey at their last interview, determined to make an effort to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate French. Accordingly, the consul general of the United States and himself waited upon the Dey, and endeavoured to convince him of the impolicy of the measure which he was about to pursue, and to impress upon him their conviction, that an act so inhuman and faithless, would draw upon himself the further displeasure of the Grand Seignior. After a protracted interview, they succeeded in persuading him to change his order to that of expulsion from his dominions; but only upon condition that they would leave Algiers within forty-eight hours; which, if they failed to do, he should hold them as slaves, until he received fifty-six thousand dollars as a ransom.

"M. Dubois de Trainville, the French consul, full of gratitude, cast himself further upon the humanity of Captain Bainbridge: and begged him to take himself and the other French citizens on board his ship, and convey them to Alicant, assuring him that there was not a vessel in harbor which he could charter on any conditions. Though the United States were, at this time, engaged in war with the French republic, yet, those principles of humanity, which should always animate the generous and brave, and which national hostilities ought not, nor cannot silence, influenced him to accede to the consul's wishes. The officers of the ship, participating in these noble feelings, made extraordinary efforts to get her in readiness to sail within the stipulated time, believing that the Dey was anxious for a pretext again to seize his victims, for the dishonest purpose of obtaining a ransom. Their exertions were crowned with success—the passengers taken on board, and, in order to render them as comfortable as possible, Captain Bainbridge gave them the exclusive use of his cabin, and slept himself on the main deck. Such was the hurry and confusion of the departure of the French from Algiers, that they either neglected, or were unable to procure provision for their subsistence; but they had placed themselves under the protection of an officer who, though not abounding in means, had the disposition to supply them, at his own expense, with every thing necessary to their comfort. After a pleasant and short passage they were safely landed at Alicant.

"To the generous American officer who had delivered them from the horrors of Algerine slavery, their expressions of gratitude were unbounded, and most affecting.

"The French consul represented these noble transactions to the French government, and received orders from Napoleon, at that time *First Consul*, to Tender his acknowledgments and thanks to Captain Bainbridge, for the important services he had rendered the republic, with assurances that such kind offices would always be remembered, and reciprocated with pleasure whenever an occasion offered."

The work is well printed, in one handsome octavo volume. A capital portrait faces the title-page.

"THE LIONS OF PHILADELPHIA" is the title of a small, well printed book, just issued by Messrs. Ash & Co. Its pages contain a succinct account of the principal buildings and places in our city of Philadelphia, and numerous elegant wood engravings illustrate the various descriptions; which are written in a pleasant and attractive style. As a Guide Book to visitors and strangers, this little work will be found of essential utility,

MR. COLMAN, of New York, is publishing a Series of Stories from Real Life in Periodical Numbers. The celebrated "Three Experiments of Living" formed the first part—this little work has had numerous imitators, and a host of "Experiments" have been exhibited to the public, but destitute of the merit of the original, they have failed in appropriating their wonderful success. The Third Part of Mr. Colman's work—*The Harcourts*—has lately been placed upon our table; it professes, like its predecessors, to inculcate the principles of true independence, and the practices of domestic economy. The chapters of this ethical novel, for such it really is, are written with more natural ease and actual truth than the majority of the fashionable novels. The writer is evidently well skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, and is every way calculated to depict a story of real life. Husbands and fathers cannot do better than introduce these stories into their domestic circles.

The annexed passage, while it displays the vigorous terseness of the author's style, develops the subject of the plot, if the arrangement of the tale may be so described.

"What folly, what madness, to persevere in the Sisyphus labor of keeping up the appearance of wealth where no reality exists! The heart-burnings, the frequent mortifications, the daily harrowing of their pride, that all are obliged to endure who maintain this struggle, ought to be enough to deter every one from making the attempt. The deception never succeeds, even with the most ingenious contrivance and most skilful management. But in the path of undissembling honesty and plain truth every thing is secured—domestic comfort, pecuniary advantage, and the respect of the community."

MR. ADAM WALDIE, of Carpenter street, Philadelphia, is publishing, in semi-monthly parts, a work of unusual necessity to every body concerned in commercial or monetary proceedings. "THE FINANCIAL REGISTER OF THE UNITED STATES, devoted chiefly to Finance and Currency, and to Banking and Commercial Statistics," contains a valuable collection of documents connected with the fiscal arrangements of the country, particularly acceptable at the present moment to the man of business; and embodying the most precious information to the politician, the financier, the capitalist, and the speculator.

LITERARY COPYRIGHT.—Sergeant Talfourd, the author of the successful tragedy of *Ion*, has obtained leave to bring into the House of Commons "a Bill to amend and consolidate the Laws relating to property in Books, Musical Compositions, Acted Dramas, Pictures, and Engravings, provide remedies for the violation thereof, and to extend the term of its duration." The learned Sergeant was peculiarly eloquent in his prefatory remarks, and drew down the repeated applause of the house, and the compliments of several distinguished men of both parties. The whole of the speeches deserve copying, but we are unable to afford room; the following remarks by Mr. Talfourd on the subject of INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT speak home to our feelings and deserve the warmest attention.

"There is only one other consideration to which I will advert, as connected with this subject—the expediency and justice of acknowledging the rights of foreigners to copyright in this country, and of claiming it for ourselves in return. If, at this time, it were clear that our law allowed no protection to foreigners first publishing in this country, there would be great difficulty in dealing with this question for ourselves, and we might feel bound to leave it to negotiation to give and to obtain reciprocal benefits. But, if a recent decision on the subject of musical copyright is to be regarded as correct, the principle of international copyright is already acknowledged here, and there is little for us to do in order that we may be enabled to claim its recognition from foreign states. It has been decided by a judge, conversant with the business and the elegancies of life to a degree unusual with an eminent lawyer—by one who was the most successful advocate of his time, yet who was not more remarkable for his skill in dealing with facts than for the grace with which he embellished them—by Lord Abinger—that the assignee of foreign copyright, deriving title from the author abroad to publish in this country, and creating that right within a reasonable time, may claim the protection of our courts against any infringement of his copy. If this is law, and I believe and trust it is, we shall make no sacrifice in so declaring it, and in setting an example which France, Prussia, America, and Germany, are preparing to follow. (Hear, hear.) Let us do justice to our law, and to ourselves. (Hear, hear.) At present, not only is the literary intercourse of countries which should form one great family degraded into a low series of piracies; not only are industry and genius deprived of their just reward, but our literature is debased in the eyes of the world by the wretched medium through which they behold it. Pilfered, and disfigured in the pilfering, the noblest images are broken: wit falls pointless, and verse is only felt in fragments of broken music. Sad fate for an irritable race! (Hear, hear.) The great minds of our times have now an audience to impress far vaster than it ever entered into the minds of their predecessors to hope for—an audience increasing as population thickens in the cities of America, and spreads itself out through its long untrodden wilds—who speak our language, and who look upon our old poets as their own immortal ancestry.

And if thus our literature shall be theirs; if its diffusion shall follow the efforts of the stout heart and steady arm, in their triumphs over the obstacles of nature, if the deeper woods which shall still encircle the still extending states of civilization shall be haunted with visions of beauty which our poets have created, let those who are thus softening the ruggedness of young society have some personal interest about which affection may gather; and, at least, let them be protected from those who would exhibit them mangled or corrupted to the new world of their admiring disciples. I do not, in truth, ask for literature favor; I do not ask for it charity; I do not even appeal to gratitude in its behalf; but I ask for it a portion, and but a portion, of that common justice which the coarsest industry obtains for its natural reward, and which nothing but the very extent of its claims, and the nobleness of the associations to which they are akin, have prevented it from receiving from our laws.

"There is something peculiarly unjust in bounding the time of an author's property by that of his natural life. It denies to age and experience the probable reward it permits to youth—to youth sufficiently full of hope and joy to slight its promises! It gives a bounty to haste, and informs the laborious student, who would wear away his life to complete some work which 'the world will not willingly let die,' that the more of his life he devotes to its perfection, the more limited shall be his interest in its fruits. It stops the progress of remuneration at the moment when it is most needed, and when Nature would turn the fate of the dead into the means of provision to survivors. At the moment when his name is invested with the solemn interest of the grave, when his eccentricities or frailties excite a smile or a shrug no longer, when the last seal is set upon his earthly course, and his works assume their place among the classics of his country, your law says his works shall become our own public property, and you will requite him by seizing on the patrimony of his children."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the learned and eloquent Thomas Spring Rice, observed—

"In the course of his observations, his honorable and learned friend had opened a question of considerable importance: he alluded to the question of international law; and he had brought the subject forward at a most opportune period, inasmuch as that other brother of the English family—for so he must ever describe the nation on the other side of the Atlantic—(hear, hear)—had already given it some attention. He believed it had been brought under the consideration of the American Congress by a report drawn up by one of its most eminent statesmen, Mr. Clay."

WHITE NEGROES.—Two remarkable specimens of this wonderful anomaly of nature exist in the woods of Cape May county, Jersey, about four miles from Cape Island. Two boys, one about four, the other a year older, although born of negro parents, are whiter than the generality of "the pale faces of the north." The father and mother are of the unmixed Ethiopian breed; and an infant, born since the birth of the youngest Albino, is as dark as the parents. The Albinos themselves possess the usual peculiarities of the negro for maturation; their heads are square or flat-sided—their hair is woolly and frizzled—their noses are short, broad, and flat—their lips are large and projecting, and their shins most decidedly curved. Their skins are of a clear milky white, and the hair is like the finest and whitest wool. Their eyes, as usual in all Albinos, are weak; and the want of the black mucus gives them a pink or reddish tint. They are unable to endure the broad light of day; and when exposed to the glare of the sun, the pupil trembles violently, and the children complain of pain. The mother, who is the wife of a farm laborer, positively objects to the proposals made to her by various interested individuals, and refuses to make her children the object of a show. She attributes the accident of their color to being frightened in the woods during her pregnancies, but the characteristics of Albinos are now well known to be the effect of a disease; and frequently attack the whites as well as the blacks; animals and birds are subject to the complaint; and white rabbits, white rats, white mice, white crows, and white black-birds, attest the truth of the discovery. Albinos are frequent in the vale of Chamouny, in Switzerland, Tyrol, France, and along the Rhine. A celebrated Albiness, as she was termed, a French-woman, has been exhibited in Europe for the last twenty years. When we saw her last, her hair was of the purest white, and reached below her knees. She appeared wrinkled and decrepid, although not thirty years of age; her eyes were more than usually red, and her skin cadaverously white. Her name was announced as Madame Blafard, which the exhibitor ignorantly asserted was her family denomination, not being aware that *blafard*, or pale face, is the name given by the French to all Albinos.

The Leucæthiops, or White Negroes, are subject to the same disease as the European Albinos. The *rete mucosum* is destroyed by this disease, and as the coloring matter that imparts the tint to the skin is retained between the *cutis* and the *rete mucosum*, it follows that when the latter is destroyed, the effect of the coloring matter is lost. The *epidermis*, or scarf-skin, is naturally white, and where the epidermis is thicker than usual, as in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, the black coloring matter of the negro's blood is not so easily perceived. This is the explanation, also, of the spotted negro, a phenomenon that attracted the attention of the curious some years back—the coloring matter was killed by disease in various parts of the negro's body, and produced a variegated appearance, similar to the spots on a piebald horse. There is now, upon the estate of Mr. John Craig, on Keowee River, Picken's District, South Carolina, a female slave, about eleven years of age, descended from full-blooded African parents, and from the age of seven, she has been gradually undergoing a change from black to white. The appearances of the new color are described as being soft, delicate, transparent, and healthy; and, although her eyes are not at present affected with the Albino tint, such affection must finally be the result of the loss of the mucus or coloring matter contained in the *rete mucosum*.

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THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

A TALE.

In a Series of Letters from a Clergyman in New South Wales.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

LETTER I.

Yes! I have felt all man can feel,
Till he shall pay his nature's debt;
Ills that no hope has strength to heal,
No mind the comfort to forget:
Whatever cares the heart can fret,
The spirits wear, the temper gall,
Wo, want, dread, anguish, all beset
My sinful soul!—together all!

CRABBE.

I HAVE lately been made the depository of a convict's confession—the history of his life—a painful tissue of suffering and crime.

A murder had been committed among the boatmen of the port; the murderer, a convict remarkable for his good behavior, voluntarily surrendered himself to the harbor guard. When placed upon his trial, he confessed his guilt, and was ordered for immediate execution.

I visited him in his cell. Roderick Calvert, the prisoner, was rather above the general height; his dark complexion was strongly marked with the furrows of time and care; his large black eyes rolled restlessly in their deep set sockets, and the thin pale lips of his huge mouth worked with convulsive twitchings. In answer to my solicitation respecting prayer, he replied:

Why should I pray? my life has been one continued insult to my maker—shall I, when my hours are numbered, uplift my blood-stained hands and ask forgiveness for long years of crime? Cease your adjurations, sir; I believe you mean kindly, but you know not the depth of my enormities—I have nothing to hope nor fear. Listen to a narration of my eventful life, then tell me if heaven itself possesses a power of mercy to cleanse my guilty soul, or if the pangs of everlasting fire can equal the tortures I have for years endured.

I am doomed to death by England's laws, but I owe no allegiance to the land. The pure Castilian blood of old Hispania flows in my veins; and the proud Hidalgo Rodriguez y Calavados, though now a ragged care-worn convict, was reared in luxury and ease.

Restrain your surprise! I have that to tell will freeze your very soul! I have never dared disclose my sorrows or my shame; but now, my unrevealed wretchedness weighs heavily upon my heart. I dare not require the assistance of a priest of our holy church—I am forbidden the rite of confession, the receipt of absolution, the service of the dead, the prayers of the sinner or the saint! Yet I would induce you to stay the remainder of the night, if you can endure association with a wretch like me, and face the horrors of the dungeon's gloom.

My family ranked high among the grandees of Spain. At the usual age, I quitted the university of Valladolid, and passed some time in performing the customary tour of Europe. I was recalled to witness the marriage of my eldest brother; an English lady of extraordinary beauty had captivated his affections, and the union, celebrated in the bosom of the family, appeared to give universal delight, excepting only the ecclesiastical functionary of our house, who prophesied evil from the introduction of the fair-haired heretic into the strictness of our catholicism.

My brother, several years my senior, was of a gloomy and morose turn of mind. The joyous spirit of his young wife failed to penetrate into the black depths of his soul. Shut up in the solitudes of his study, he left me to amuse his lovely and sprightly bride. We rode together—sauntered arm in arm along the margin of the lake—together plucked the garden's pride, and from the floral toy drew dangerous but fond deductions—or sucked the poison of a sweet companionship, while devouring the minutæ of the chivalry of old Spain—the proud, enduring constancy of suffering lovers, and the devoted valor of the enamored knights, detailed in the romances of the days by-gone. What signify words? my length of life will not allow me to depict the gradual aberration of my heart. I loved my brother's wife! it was the ignition of a fiery passion that has since consumed my soul. I loved her deeply—dreadfully. I struggled to withstand the poison, and frequently resolved to fly from the presence of the enchantress, but she saw my love, and maddened at her husband's cold neglect, encouraged my assis-

duities. We agreed to elope—to fly from the cold restraints imposed upon us by society, and in a foreign clime, to live for love alone.

The abbot, who had officiated at the hateful ceremony, closely watched our conduct; and on the night previous to our flight, told me, with ill-concealed enjoyment, the nature of my arrangements. I was thunderstruck. I had imagined that we ourselves were the only living persons possessing a knowledge of our design, but monkish cunning had overreached my caution; I wished to bribe him to silence, but he openly declared his satisfaction, and avowed a deadly enmity for my brother, arising from some worldly dispute, ere he, the monk, had assumed the cowl.

"I will befriend you," said he; "in the retirement of my friary, on the banks of the Douro, I can offer you a refuge till the heat of the pursuit be past. My influence will secure you from intrusion, and in the holy quiet of our monastic groves may ye indulge in uninterrupted bliss." I joyously accepted the offer, and in the depth of the night I stole my brother's wife from the home of her husband, and desecrated the house of God with the presence of our unhallowed loves.

Since that hour I have never smiled!

We were compelled to observe the severest seclusion, and could only leave our cell during the hours when visitors were refused admission to the monastery. The friar, who was the superior of the small establishment wherein we resided, daily repeated the most distressing results of our frailty, and detailed with frightful energy the awful curses showered upon our devoted heads. My injured brother, suspecting that a young hidalgo, with whom I had frequently associated, was acquainted with the secret of our flight, used language too violent to be passed over; a hostile meeting was the result—my brother received a dangerous wound, and his life was considered in positive danger. Louise's parent, a lady of the most sensitive temperament, had been raving mad since the intelligence of her child's dishonor had been made known. It was impossible to keep these events from the ears of Louise, for the officious monk seemed to delight in amplifying the details of our domestic misery. For several weeks he compelled us to remain within the gloomy walls of the friary, and listen to the daily repetition of the consequences of our crime, ere he would consent to our journeying from Spain, as we had originally intended.

One morning, he rushed into the little cell wherein we had been immured, and insisted on our immediate departure. My father, whose gray hairs were bowed with sorrow at the sudden prostration of his house's glory, had burst a blood vessel, and expired, cursing my name with his departing breath. A rumor had spread abroad that we were concealed in the vicinity of the city, and the excited populace demanded the right to search the religious houses in the neighborhood.

A covered wagon, drawn by mules, was ready at the door. Louise, burning with fever, was placed upon the rough boards of the wagon floor, and hid her delicate figure in the folds of her mantilla. Disguised as

a countryman, I walked by the side of the mules, and concealed my face in the shadow of my sombrero's brim. The friar accompanied us for several miles; and, at parting, gave me a sealed letter, containing, as he averred, the parting benedictions of a friend, to comfort us in our journey through life.

I had arranged a few trivial circumstances to mislead our pursuers, and induce them to think that we had crossed Portugal for the purpose of embarking at Oporto; but, turning to the north, I traversed the province of Biscay, and at the old port of Bilbao I engaged a rude vessel with its ruder crew, stipulating to be landed on the coast of Denmark, at which court I possessed many excellent friends.

Safely aboard the little coasting sloop, whose humble prow was breasting the ever-vexed bosom of the bay, I hugged my dear Louise to my heart, and for the first time felt relieved from the fear of pursuit or the disgrace of detection. The good friar's letter fell from my bosom; Louise's curiosity required a perusal of the contents, and, breaking the seal, we read as follows:

"Thou fool! my hatred, fierce and unextinguishable as the flames of hell, enwraps the whole of thy accursed race! I encouraged thy amour with the heretic wench, for I foresaw the misery it would create. I gave thee shelter but while I procured thy excommunication! The papers have arrived from the papal authority, and on the day that thou quittest thy native shores, thy name, branded with the anathemas of our holy mother church, will be sounded from every pulpit in the land. Go forth, accursed of God! and, after a life of wretchedness and sin, die, like a dog, unshriven and alone!"

I tore the treacherous paper into countless pieces, and cast them on the surface of the heaving sea. My catholic heart sunk at the potency of the friar's revenge, while my Louise, with a ghastly smile, endeavored to ridicule the effects of the villain's anger, and strove to soothe me with the fond endearments of a guilty love.

The masts of the little bark bent beneath the impetus of a coming gale. For six days we labored with the elements, and on the seventh we were compelled to abandon the sinking sloop, and, in an open boat, trust to the mercy of the raging sea. After a night's exposure to the fury of the storm, we landed, penniless and starving, upon the English coast.

The hospitality of the beechmen furnished us with temporary shelter and food. An opportunity soon presented itself for the return of the Biscayan sailors to their native shores. We had no resource in our destitute condition but to remain where the ocean had cast us in its rage. My intimacy with the language served our purpose, and I passed for an Englishman who had been many years abroad; the amiable temper of Louise soon endeared her to the rough sympathies of the humble cottagers, and we both evinced every possible desire to share in their labors as a requital for our daily bread.

It was a strange, unnatural scene. A young and delicate female, cradled in the bosom of luxurious ease

and accustomed to the idolatrous devotion of her relatives and friends, revisited the shores of her native land and an outcast and a beggar—while her chosen one, for whom she had resigned all that makes life valuable—the love of friends—the world's esteem—home, with all its joys and pleasurable cares—was unable to afford her the protection of a roof, or allay the pangs of hunger without charitable aid. We could not face the gaze of the world—our guilt had turned us into cowards. My wife, for so I called her, trembled at the sight of every well-dressed stranger, lest she should be recognized by any of her relatives, and I did not dare, even if afforded the means of travel, to place my accursed feet on catholic ground, with the anathema of the holy church on my devoted head. There was safety in our present obscurity; we could live—and love; the sea would afford us the means of life, and I could labor cheerily for the maintenance of my adored Louise.

LETTER II.

Here cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast,
Where other cares than those the muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates,
By such examples taught, I paint the cot
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

CRABBE.

An old boat hut, repaired with drift timber and pieces of wreck, with a mud chimney and glassless windows, received the proud hidalgo and his sylph-like Louise. I was allowed to join a party of beechmen who jointly owned a shore boat, as it was termed, and conditioned to pay the value of my share from my allotted portion of the first year's earnings. It was a wild and wearisome existence—fishing, far, far from shore, in the dangerous depths of the dark North Sea—or carrying stores to vessels in distress—claiming salvage from the owners of the craft rescued by our help from the dangers of the sand banks and the shoals—or revelling in the misery of a wreck, and sharing the spoils of our fellow creatures who had sunk beneath the treacherous waves.

Years rolled on. We became inured to the hardness of our way of life, and could I have drowned the recollection of what I had been and what I had performed, I might have been a happy man: Two boys were born to me, and their mother, my poor Louise, loved her children with the intensity of a mother's fondness, which poverty cannot chill nor obloquy destroy.

One year, the herring fishery, which was our great support, entirely failed, and our large boat was dashed against the piles of the jetty by the equinoctial gales and totally destroyed. We were too poor to remedy this mishap, and the wretchedness of the neighboring inhabitants prevented them from affording us any relief. Starvation glared in our faces; for several weeks we subsisted on the dead fish left by the receding tide, and used for firewood the wreck gleaned from the heaving surf, or gathered, at the risk of life, from the ice-cold

waves and dangerous quicksands of that desolate coast. This precarious support scarcely sustained the flame of life; my adored Louise welcomed me with a wan and piteous smile—her thin white lips, and pale, attenuated face, too truly told the dreadful tale. My children clung to my wet and weary limbs, and with the force of ravenous wolves they baited me for food—which I had not to give.

The inhabitants of the neighboring town of Lowestoft had heard of the failure of the fishery and the consequent distresses of the beechmen; with considerate humanity, they subscribed their mites towards our relief. This support, scantily enough applied, carried us into the depths of a severe winter, and then, from the limited resources of the towns-people, was suddenly withheld. I was returning, one evening from vainly soliciting an extension of aid, and cogitating on the disappointment of my starving family, when I was hailed by a beechman of the name of Baird, who resided in the hut adjoining mine, and was one of the partners in our ill-fated boat. His fierce and daring spirit was unsubdued by the pangs of hunger, and he openly revolted against the fate that pressed us down. He professed friendship for me, pitied the sufferings of my family, and forced me to drink from a small flask of ardent spirit which he had just obtained from a liquor shop in the town. The fiery liquid acted upon my empty stomach, and its fumes mounted to my brain. I listened to his plans of violence and theft, applauded each iniquitous scheme that promised relief from the gnawings of hunger, and promised to join him in a well formed plan of present help and future wealth.

A collier brig lay at anchor in the roads, about half a mile from the harbor's mouth. Baird had heard that the skipper was expected at a drinking party held at a neighboring tavern, and framed a plot for the possession of the boat that was to bring the unsuspecting seaman to the shore. After remaining in our concealment on the beach for nearly an hour, we heard the sound of the jolly boat's keel as she grated on the sand. Baird walked down to the water's side, and hailing the skipper, asked for a berth aboard his craft. This, as he expected, was refused; and the skipper, giving the boat in charge to the man who had assisted him in rowing ashore, went on his way. Baird entered into conversation with the seaman, and proposed treating him with drink if he would walk to the tavern at the harbor's mouth. The man consented; and taking a small grapnel from the boat, fixed it in the sand above high water mark. They departed, and were soon lost to my sight. I hastened down to the water's edge, removed the grapnel and headline, and pushing the small boat through the surf, paddled quietly with the tide along the coast, to the embouchure of a small creek, where, according to agreement, I waited for the presence of my comrade.

It was nearly midnight before he joined me. He had been compelled to assist the sailor in looking for his boat, and but for the darkness of the night, I must have been discovered in the strict search instituted by the skipper and his crew. We hauled the boat into a swampy bit of grass and reeds by the side of the creek, and, wading ashore, walked rapidly up a nar-

row lane that led inland. We soon gained the mansion of a gentleman, a justice of the peace, who had refused assisting the starving poor by contributing to the subscription raised for their relief. Baird produced a small crow bar from his coat pocket, with which he pried off the fastenings of the pantry window—he entered the room, and handed out the luxurious provision intended for the Christmas feast. We took nothing but eatables from the building, but we carried away as much as we could support; and, regaining the boat as rapidly as we were able, glided out of the creek, and stood to sea. Passing boldly through the gat, we bore up for the beach whereon our huts were placed, and, after an hour's severe pulling, landed our well-freighted boat just as the orient was illuminated by the coming day.

The plunder was shared among the starving families of the beechmen; they celebrated their Christmas day by feasting on the game, and venison, and rich beef of the stingy justice who had refused them the means of purchasing a scanty pittance of salt fish and meal. I told Louise that we had obtained the provision as a gift, but Baird openly bragged of our proceedings, and the saddened look and averted eyes of my children's mother told me that she knew and reprobated the conduct I had practised. Alas! how soon was she to learn that guilt had marked me for its own!

The temporary supply over, the horrors of starvation came with redoubled force. The stolen boat had been painted to prevent detection, but it was too small to be of material service. More burglaries were planned and executed; stranded or dismantled vessels were plundered in open day; travellers were robbed of their money and luggage. Each man's hand was against his fellow, and violence and rapine trod upon the heels of famine and despair.

A small trading vessel ran aground on one of the sandy shoals that marked our portion of the coast. I had been abroad during the night, employed in robbing the wheat stack of a neighboring farmer, and on my return home, observed the situation of the craft by the first blush of the dawn. Rousing Baird and four others—all that our little boat could hold, we pushed off for the wreck in hopes of plunder, but a Yarmouth yawl had taken the vessel under her protection during the night; and, as our characters were well known, we were forbidden to approach the craft. We were on our way back, maddened by our disappointment, when we observed a large barque standing from the north, with her signal flying for a boat. She was a considerable distance from the roadstead, and the sea was running heavily; our boat was small, and every way unfit for the attempt; but starving men despise the calculations of prudence, and with a merry cheer and willing hands, we turned our bows seaward, and pulled for the barque.

A passenger wished to land. He was alarmed at the size of the boat; but our assurances of her capacity, and his own earnest desire to reach the shore, overcame his objections. A large and heavy chest was lowered down the ship's side, the owner followed, the head-line was cast off, and the barque, which

had been lying with her maintop-sail aback, put up her helm and headed to her course.

Our passenger was a Jew, beyond the middle age, of a lively look and cheerful disposition. He told us that he had been fifteen years absent from England, but that his labors had been crowned with success, and he was returning to his family a rich and happy man. Poor fellow! his honest boastings proved his death warrant; he was in the hands of desperate wretches who would have waded knee deep in blood for a meal's victuals; what obstacle could his single life afford to their possession of his wealth?

Baird, who was steering the boat, sat immediately behind the Jew, and was enabled to telegraph the rest of the crew unperceived by his intended victim. I was pulling the stroke oar, and my heart sunk within me as I noticed the bloody intentions of my comrade, and found that I was compelled to sit face to face with the Jew, scarcely a hand's breadth apart, and respond, with a calm hypocritical countenance, to the conversation of the man we were about to slay.

The swell of the sea increased in power; our heavily laden boat rose slowly with the waves, and it was doubtful that we could safely reach the shore. Baird turned the head of the boat northward; the Jew noticed it, and inquired why we did not shape for the land. Baird quieted him by mentioning the many dangerous sands that were between us and the coast, that prevented a direct approach, and pointed out the stranded vessel as a proof. We were now approaching the Scroby Sand, a long and dangerous shoal that divides the Yarmouth Roads from the North Sea; it lies dry and bare at extreme ebb tide, and may then be traversed without danger; but immediately the flood begins to make, the sand becomes quick and moving; bodies of the smallest weight sink into the treacherous ground; and the sea, rushing violently over the immense flat, buries all traces of the luckless mariner and his craft. Shipwrecks of fatal character are frequent on this shoal; the waves dash over it in stormy weather, and mark its place by the violence of their breakers; but in calm seasons, when the sea rolls gently over this place of death, if a vessel grounds upon the shoals, such is the yielding nature of the sand, that seldom can the craft be saved. I once saw a coasting schooner drift upon the Scroby in fine calm weather; the crew, ignorant of the nature of the shoal, regarded her situation with indifference, imagining that she would rise with the morning's tide. She was left by the ebb high and dry; her weight imbedded her deeply in the loose sand, and when the first gush of the returning tide moistened the friable soil, she sunk so low, and was wedged so firmly by the moving earth, that the whole power of the tide was unable to float her. By the next ebb, her hull was entirely covered, and another tide completed her destruction. There are gats, or runs of deep water intersecting these sand banks; and the beechmen of the neighborhood, intimate with the navigation, sail their craft in the immediate vicinity of danger with perfect impunity.

Baird ran the boat along the seaward side of the Scroby; the tide was low, and the sandy shoal, lying

between us and the shore, prevented the chance of supervision, although the distance, some half dozen miles, rendered us tolerably safe. We were out of sight of all vessels. The Jew was telling us about his family—of his little girl, whom he had not seen since her infancy—she was now waiting her father's arrival to honor her wedding—and the tears stood in his eyes as he praised God for the worldly blessings he was enabled to bestow upon his child. The old man, as he addressed his Creator, took off his hat, and cast a grateful glance on high, while his thin gray hair floated in the breeze. Baird stood up, and drawing the tiller from the rudder post, struck the Jew a death wound on the back of his head. The wood crashed into the old man's skull—the violence of the blow knocked him from his seat—the murdered man fell with his whole weight upon me, and we rolled together to the bottom of the boat.

As I was rescuing myself from this disgusting contact, the boat, free from the power of the helm, broached to, and shipped a heavy sea; the living and the dead were again commingled in a foul embrace.

As soon as we were righted, we ran into one of the gats of the Scroby, and in the still water of a sandy pool, we baled our boat.

"A good hit," said Baird. "I did not think that I could knock a man's soul out with one blow."

"That blow," said Robert, one of the crew, "that blow has knocked our souls to everlasting hell."

"So be it," replied Baird; "better fry in the next world, than starve in this."

"Right, mate," said Webster, the bowsman, "so give us a share of what he has in his pockets, and let us land. My old woman has tasted nothing but boiled sea weed for this week past, and the bones of my boy Jack are coming through his skin."

"Avast," said Baird, "we must get rid of him, and his chest too, before we head for shore. The flood tide has just covered the Scroby—we must keep out at sea all day, and pop him beneath the sand here in the middle of the night ebb. Lift him up, Calvert; get the key out of his pocket, and let us see what he has in his box."

I did as I was desired. The box was unlocked, and the contents displayed an extent of wealth that lived not in our fancies. Broad gold pieces of every coinage, jewels of strange fashion and antique mark, lumps of the precious metals in shapeless masses, disfigured crucifixes, with several golden vases, cups, and bowls, beaten together for the sake of easy package.

Before the act of division, Baird, having found a copy of the Talmud, swore us all to secrecy under pains and penalties of the direst horror. As he recited the various curses we were to undergo, I thought of the friar and the anathema of the church—of my own lost state—of my starving Louise and her babes—of the murdered man—and I felt assured that the malediction of the Most High had settled on my devoted head.

After the oath, Baird proposed that the contents of the chest should be divided into seven parts, two of which were to be appropriated to him as the plotter

and executor of the deed. The wealth to be shared seemed of that imposing magnitude, that no one objected to the proposal. The north wind whistled dismally over the sands as we divided the booty amongst us. The wild sea roared its thunder, the breakers dashed within a few feet of our boat, and the gull shrieked out her melancholy cry—while the body of the murdered Jew lay, stiff and frozen in its blood, at the bottom of the boat, and the unclosed eyes seemed to glare upon us with a reproachful gaze.

I have never forgotten the horror of that sight!

After we had divided the booty, and secured our respective shares about our persons, the corse was placed in the chest, which was securely locked, and the key thrown into the sea. A few books, including the Talmud, with some useless articles, were carefully destroyed, excepting a few bottles of rare cordials, which were passed from mouth to mouth till the effect became apparent in boisterous mirth and horrible profanity. Roberts at length remonstrated with us all; he pointed out the danger we were exposed to if drunkenness deprived us of our caution, and persuaded us to put away the bottles till we had got rid of our dreadful burden. We saw the truth of his remarks, and yielded to his persuasions. A boat approached from the shore; if the trunk were seen, detection must ensue. The sea raged wildly; yet we had no resource but to run from the gat of the Scroby into the broad North Sea, and trust to the mercy of the waves.

We ran with the tide, and it required all our exertions to keep the little boat from sinking. Three of us were constantly employed in baling, two retained the paddles for the purpose of keeping her trim, and Baird returned to the helm.

Famine had pinched our toil-worn frames, giving them a gaunt and wan appearance; the fire of the dram-bottle sparkled in our rolling eyes, and feverish spots centered in our thin and yellow cheeks. The liquor had unchained our tongues, but a glance at the chest that contained the evidence of our guilt would silence the loudest bravado, and check the senseless mouthings of the most inebriate. It was an awful cruise. Six starving and emaciated, but drunken wretches, were careering wildly in a crazy boat over the waves of the troubled sea, to hide the murdered body of a fellow-creature from the gaze of man, yet dreading lest the ocean's rage should launch them into the presence of an offended God.

When the tide failed, we put the head of the boat on our return course. The force of the waves somewhat subsided, but the spray of the sea froze as it fell upon our clothes, and the cold wind pierced us to the bone. Although we had all gone supperless to bed on the previous night, and had not tasted food during the whole of the day, yet such had been the state of excitement, that not one word of complaint escaped our lips; but, unable to endure the frosty air of the northern ocean, which spent its unbroken violence on our attenuated frames, we called loudly for the rest of the liquor; and Baird, who had not been actively employed, and suffered severely from his exposure, drained the contents of his bottle at a draught. The effects

were instantaneous. He raved of endless wealth and future happiness—his wife and children were invited to a costly banquet; the viands, of the richest order, were served on massy plate, and costly wines were drank from golden cups embossed with gems. We shouted at his delirious fancies. He jumped angrily from his seat, and with horrible imprecations; vowed dreadful revenge—then, pointing to the chest beneath him, he shrieked aloud—"Twas I who made you rich, and now your riches have made you proud. Hear them, old man! hear them from the coffin that once held your gold, where you now lie a bloody corpse!—hear them rejoicing over your wealth. Rise up, old fellow, and revenge yourself upon your mockers."

The drunken fool lifted his foot to stamp upon the chest—a wave struck the boat—he lost his balance, and toppled headlong into the sea. The weight of his double share of booty dragged the murderer down to the depths of the unfathomable ocean—he never rose again.

The sudden death of Baird struck fresh horror to our souls. Roberts wept aloud—Garnsey and Grey cursed in the frenzy of fear and despair—while Webster, a villain of powerful frame and ferocious aspect, lifted a bottle to his lips, and wished Baird's soul a speedy journey to the depths of hell, for carrying with him a two-fold division of our prize.

After a tedious and gloomy voyage, we made the Scroby, as the sun sunk beneath the horizon. The sand was dry and firm; every man jumped on the shoal, and with the assistance of the paddles, boat thwarts, bottom planks, thoul pins, and tiller, we dug out a hole sufficiently capacious to receive the chest, which, with considerable difficulty, we hauled from the boat, and deposited in the hole. The loose sand was thrown over the place, the boat and its appurtenances cleaned, and we returned to our seats to wait the rising of the tide that should smooth the surface of the shoal, and wash away the final traces of our crime.

LETTER III.

For this, they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold.
SHAKESPEARE.

In the morning we landed at Yarmouth jetty, and one of our number was despatched into the town for a supply of food for our destitute families. We agreed among ourselves, that our riches were to be carefully concealed, even from our wives, and that we were to account for the possession of a trifle by asserting that we had landed our passenger at the jetty stairs, and that he had paid us liberally for our services. The stormy season of the year promised the speedy chance of a wreck, when we were to assert that we had picked up a trunk containing much wealth, which would justify the display and expenditure of our blood-stained gains. Baird's death was to be imputed to accident, and, at Roberts' request, we pledged ourselves to support the widow and her children.

Every thing succeeded to our wish. A foreign vessel went to pieces off Happisborough, and the tide strewed the beach with her wreck. Our share of the spoil was proclaimed to be enormous, and we exhibited the stange coins and lumps of precious metal in evidence of our luck.

For several months, my partners in crime lavished their wealth in shameless dissipation; even Roberts, whose conscience smote him from the first, drowned his reason in ebriety, and wallowed in the filth of drunkenness. I had resolved to appropriate my share of the Jew's gold to furnishing the means of flight to one of the small towns in the French Netherlands, where, with my family, I might dwell in safety, free from all apprehensions of annoyance from my spiritual enemy or the anathema of the church, and secure from discovery by the relatives of the Jew. But my broad pieces of gold were not current, and the merchants refused to purchase the battered cups and antique gems. My companions, unaware of the value of their spoils, had sold them to tavern keepers and pawnbrokers for one tenth of their worth; but I refused to part lightly with that which had been dearly purchased; and resolved, for the sake of my boys, to husband every farthing of what I knew would prove the purchase-money of my soul.

Webster, to whom I had mentioned my difficulty, proposed that he should go to Norwich, a large city, about twenty-five miles distance, and endeavor to procure English money for our foreign gold and bullion. I agreed to this proposition; for my ignorance of the value of the currency prevented my undertaking the journey. I gave him the principal portion of my share. Roberts and Grey entrusted him with the whole of their divisions; but Garnsey refused to part with any of his gold or gems, and strongly advised us to retain possession of our property. We disdained to follow his advice, blinded by that strange infatuation that ever accompanies guilt, and drives the wicked to their own undoing. Webster received our spoils, and, collecting his own, went to Norwich, where he sold sufficient to obtain the means of farther travel. He proceeded to London, taking with him all our wealth, and we never saw him more. I have since heard that his career was speedily terminated; he lost his life in a drunken brawl—he was stabbed to the heart by a Malay sailor, whose woman he had insulted at a dance, held in one of the low public houses in the eastern purlieus of London.

The intelligence of Webster's rascality drove me almost wild. Garnsey laughed at our misfortune, and taunted us with our credulity; while Grey, who, with Roberts, was reduced again to the direst poverty, vented his rage in horrible execrations, and vowed revenge against me as the recommender of Webster's plan. The mental faculties of Roberts, weakened by continual intoxication, sunk under the loss of his wealth, and frequent moods of melancholy derangement completely disabled him from earning the merest trifle for the subsistence of himself and family. He became impressed with the idea that the ghost of the Jew followed him wherever he went—that it stood by his bedside, and glared upon him in the

darkness of the night and the brilliancy of the noon-day sun; that the spirit of the murdered man was with him on the lonely shore and the crowded tavern—that it mixed with his children round the domestic hearth, and shared the dangers of the midnight deep.

Garnsey, with a feeling scarcely expected from one so perfectly depraved, took the widow of Baird and her children from Roberts' hut, where they had been removed, and placed them in his own. He had linked himself with a gang of smugglers, who frequented the port of Dunkirk, and run their goods at various places on the English coast, seldom appearing twice in the same neighborhood, and frequently eluding the vigilance of the Preventive Service with considerable success. His wealth had purchased a large share in the smuggling lugger, and he offered to use his influence in my behalf, if I would serve as mate aboard the craft. I had no other resource. I embraced the offer, and at his suggestion, placed the remainder of my plunder in the smugglers' hands as my share of the next contraband venture. We were successful. The cargo was safely landed, and carried far up the country before the excise officers received intimation of our attempt. I received a handsome sum as my share of the profits, and was once more comparatively rich.

I have said but little to you about my wife, my poor Louise. It relieves the pressure at my heart to depict the scenes of shame and sin that I have acted, but I cannot bring myself to utter aught concerning her, whose way of life was, by her fatal love for me, changed from heavenly peace to hellish agony and despair. You must imagine that a delicate female, used to the extreme of tenderness and fond affection's care, must have suffered bitterly in the degraded sphere she was compelled to move—the associate of coarse and brutal knaves—the mother of children to whom she was unable to render a mother's care—the wife of an outlawed ruffian, who, dreading his fellow men, and sinking beneath the curse of his Creator, had flung the weight of murder on his already overburdened soul. Care had gnawed deep fissures in her once round and velvet cheeks; her sunken eyes and hollow voice proclaimed the approach of the conqueror; but she uttered not one word of complaint during the painful trials she was compelled to suffer, nor evinced a sign of regret at the rash and fatal step that I had persuaded her to take.

My boys grew tall and strong. Their gentle blood evinced itself, despite the savage nature of their infant friends, and the rough usage they were compelled to suffer in their tender years. Roderick, my eldest, was the favorite of the beechmen, who admired his noble daring and the generous recklessness of his behavior. He was their frequent companion in fishing excursions, and during our destitution, we owed many a hearty meal to the gifts that he received. Louis, my youngest boy, was the image of his mother, after whom he was named. He was too gentle, too retiring, for the scenes of violence and strife attendant on a beechman's life, and I anxiously looked forward for a means of placing him in a more congenial sphere.

I was sitting at home one evening, musing on my

blighted hopes, but hoping, fondly hoping, that a few more voyages would place me in funds sufficient to remove my beloved ones to another shore, when a lad, one of Roberts' children, burst into the hut, and told me that his father had left my boy Roderick alone upon the Scroby Sand. I rushed to the madman's cottage, and demanded the truth of the boy's assertion. He told me, in a tone of calmness that thrilled my heart, that he had taken out his own children with my eldest boy, in our small boat, on a shrimping excursion—that the children wished to land upon the Scroby—that my boy, with his usual daring, had jumped upon the quaking sand, and darted rapidly over the shoal in pursuit of the sea gulls—but that before he could land his own children—*he*, the Jew, lifted up the lid of the chest from the face of the sand, and forbade him to approach. "Calvert," said the madman, "his eyes glared as they did when we were dividing his gold, and the red blood gushed from his temples, and the brains oozed from the wound. I could not look upon him; I rowed hastily to the shore—the boat is there—pull back and fetch your boy."

I ran to the beach, and begging the assistance of a young fisherman, jumped into the boat and rowed to the Scroby Sand. It was almost dark. The distance never appeared so long, and though I pulled with a violence that completely overbalanced the exertions of my younger and more athletic companion, it seemed that the boat scarcely moved through the water—as if an anchor was fixed to the stern, and dragged heavily behind us as we went. The blood rushed to my head; I fancied that I heard the shrieks of my boy in the wailings of the evening breeze and the roar of the surf as it broke against the Scroby Sand. The boat glided rapidly into the gat; I looked anxiously through the night fog, but saw nothing of my child—the waters had overflowed the shoal—I called aloud, but was answered not—I shrieked in my agony, and the water fowl echoed my cries. At the risk of our lives, I drove the boat upon the rising tide across the fatal bank; but my search was vain. I could not even rescue the body of my child from the quicksand's grasp. My boy, my first-born, had perished on the grave of my victim—and the curse of an offended God sunk deeper in my soul.

This sudden bereavement seriously affected me, and cracked another string of my wife's heart. I was roused from my affliction by Garnsey, who, with much alarm, informed me that a strict inquiry was being made among the Yarmouth beechmen respecting the landing of a Jew passenger from a Baltic barque on such a day. The Jew's friends had observed a notice in the newspapers, notifying the Jew to remove his luggage from the warehouses of the consignee; for the unfortunate man had only taken his trunk of valuables from the ship, leaving the remainder to proceed to the wharf at London. His relatives answered the notice, and to their surprise, found that he had been put in a shore boat off the Suffolk coast several months ago.

Our smuggling lugger was in the offing, and we resolved to board her that very night, and visit France till the inquiry blew over. We were sitting in the

parlor of the rude tavern on the beach, when Roberts entered the room. He appeared calm and reasonable; we told him of the search, and advised him to be upon his guard; he answered coolly that he was prepared for all things. He retired to a spare table in a corner of the room, and, leaning his head upon his arms, appeared to sleep. We left him there; shortly after our departure, he drew a charred stick from the fire, and with the burnt end drew upon the white wall of the room the figure of a gallows, with the bodies of four men hanging from the centre beam. Beneath them was written the names of Calvert, Roberts, Garnsey, and Grey. A coffin was placed on the left side of the gallows inscribed "Baird," and the name of Webster was affixed to another coffin on the right. After executing this design, he cut off the cord attached to the parlor bell, and walking out at the back door, hung himself from a beam in the cart shed. He was not discovered till life had gone.

We advised Grey of his danger, and recommended instant flight—advice that he found prudent to adopt. Leaving sufficient funds in the hands of my poor Louise for the support of herself and boy, I accompanied Garnsey to the lugger, and in a few hours, we were running twelve knots an hour, under the influence of a stiff north-wester. We had contracted to deliver our next cargo on the southern side of the island; Cherbourg, therefore, was our desirable port of purchase; and as we had nothing on board to excite suspicions in the revenue-cruisers, we availed ourselves of the favorable breeze, and dashed boldly into the British channel. We made our port, and took our lading; and in less than a fortnight effected a safe landing upon the Dorsetshire coast.

Our joy at the lugger's success was considerably damped by intelligence we received of Grey's imprisonment in London on a charge of highway robbery. We feared that he might attempt to clear himself from the present charge by giving information respecting the murder of the Jew. Garnsey determined to see him, and ascertain his intentions. In vain did I represent the risk—he resolved to satisfy his doubts, and know the worst. I accompanied him to the metropolis, and for the sake of security, passed for a Spanish sailor, and once more spoke the language of my native land. Grey had not been tried when we arrived in London, we therefore easily obtained admission to his cell. We found him resolved to betray us, if we refused to assist him; Garnsey promised every thing, but, upon inquiry, found Grey's case much worse than he anticipated; violence of a serious nature had accompanied the robbery; and if convicted, of which there appeared but little doubt, he would be sure to suffer death.

"Grey, your case is hopeless. If you betray us, you add more murders to the catalogue of your crimes, and wreak revenge upon those who have the will but not the power to assist you. Besides, what evidence can you adduce besides your own doubtful asseveration? Why should you injure our wives and children by depriving them of the means of their support; the families, too, of our late companions, who are dependent upon us for their subsistence—of your own family, which, if the worst comes to the worst, and you suffer

for this business, we pledge ourselves solemnly to furnish with assistance so long as we are able to afford it. You shall have every legal aid in your difficulty, but we can give no other help. Choose then between the gratification of a useless revenge, and providing for the welfare of your wife and child."

Garnsey's argument prevailed. We took a solemn oath to fulfil our agreement, and Grey swore never to divulge the murder of the Jew. Garnsey, who feared the horrors of condemnation would alter Grey's resolve, made him promise to carry a red handkerchief on the gallows if he had been false to his oath; but a white one was to be the symbol of truth and honor.

He was tried and found guilty. The newspapers teemed with accounts of his strange confession—of his connexion with a gang of pirates and murderers—we attended his execution with fear and trembling; he appeared upon the platform without any handkerchief in his hands. Garnsey clutched my arm, as we stood beneath the gallows, and whispered "we are sold."—Grey caught sight of us, and nodded cheerfully; as the executioner adjusted the rope about his neck, he whispered some few words in the man's ear, who opened Grey's vest, pulled out a white handkerchief, and placed it in his hands. The signal was given, and the token of confidence quivered in the death-clutch of our mate.

LETTER IV.

And that fair victim paid her debt,
She pined—she died—she loath'd to live.
I saw her dying—see her yet:
Fair fallen thing, can'st thou forgive?

CRAEBE.

We returned to our homes upon the Suffolk beech. The lugger was ordered to Holland for a cargo of tobacco and tea, which we were to attempt running in the neighborhood of Cromer. I was surprised, on opening the door of my miserable hut, to observe a young lady at the knees of my wife, and using language of earnest adoration. My son ran to greet me with a merry laugh, and Louise shook off the importunities of the stranger to bestow on me a fond embrace. I turned an inquiring eye towards the lady. "She is here to ask intelligence of her father," was the reply.

The answer smote upon my heart. I read in her face the secret of her kin, and I knew that the daughter of the Jew, stood in the presence of her father's murderer.

"I am told that you, with others, manned the boat which carried my father to the shore. He has never been heard of since. If you know what has become of him, speak, in the name of God."

I muttered an indistinct reply.

"You shall be well rewarded for your information. Your wife rushed to your arms, just now, with fond delight, although your absence has been but for a few weeks. My father has been away for many, many years! how much must I wish to embrace him? I am

betrothed to a man whom I have long loved devotedly, but I cannot wed without a parent's blessing. You are a parent—you love your child, and joyfully received his greeting—judge then how anxiously I seek my parent, and, if you can, relieve me from this painful task.”

Her voice was choked with sobs, and tears bedewed her cheeks. I turned away, for I was unable to gaze upon her face. As my eyes wandered vaguely about the room, they glanced upon an ornament of ebony and gold, representing the tables of the holy law curiously carved and worked. It had formed a portion of the Jew's wealth, and, at the request of my children, I had refrained from the disposal or destruction of the toy. I was fearful that his daughter might recognise it, as it was hanging over the humble mantel of our hut; I rose hastily to conceal it; her sight followed the direction of mine—she recognised the tablet, and rushing past me, tore it from the wall. “Yes,” she shrieked, “’twas his! I know it well—we have its fellow at our house. He has been robbed—murdered for his gold!”

With frantic violence she flung herself upon me, and forced me on my knees. The cowardice of guilt unmanned me—I was as a reed in her grasp; she clutched me by the throat, and fixed her nails in my flesh, when her face became convulsed, her fingers loosed their hold, and she fell senseless upon the floor. The twitching of her lips, and the slaver that frothed round her mouth, attested the violence of the fit that struck her down.

I rose, trembling with fear. I could have faced the rage of twenty men—have battled with the elements in their wrath—have scaled the beetling crag whose precipitous front scarcely afforded foothold to the wild sea mew—but I could not look upon a daughter's agony at the loss of her murdered sire. As I raised myself from the ground, I encountered the gaze of my wife. Her large and bloodshot eyes were fixed upon me with an earnest steadfastness; horror, wonder, and despair seemed striving for a dreadful mastery over her famine-marked lineaments—while, with a low and hissing tone, she thus addressed me:

“You do not deny the monstrous charge! Roderick, ease my throbbing brain! the weight of blood is *not* upon your soul? Ah! you cannot speak—you are confused, and the lie hangs trembling upon your tongue. Touch me not, Roderick—my heart shrinks from contact with a murderer, even though he be the father of my child.”

A loud knocking at the door of the hut awoke me to the danger of my situation. The girl, on her recovery, would be sure to give information, authorising my arrest. The scrutiny of strangers was to be avoided. I threw nearly all the money that I had about me into the lap of my wretched wife, and kissing my boy, went out at the back door, just as the voice of a chattering neighbor requested admission from the front. I succeeded in finding Garnsey, and we set forth instantly for the landing place at Cromer.

Garnsey was alarmed at my intelligence, but as no one knew of our intention to visit Cromer, he conceived that we could remain there in security till the

lugger arrived. He advised me to put the whole of my share of the late successful runs into one venture, and, by a bold stroke, realize a sufficiency that would enable me to refrain from future risk. I agreed to his proposition; resolving to let Louise and the boy remain in the hut till I had achieved my independence, when, I doubted not but I could prevail on her to accompany me to another shore.

We were again successful in our landing, and with hearts elate, we bore for the Dutch coast with a wet sheet and a flowing sea. I drew my portion of the gains, and freighting an old lugger with my purchases, bore down for the neighborhood of Cromer, where I had made my arrangements for landing and securing my cargo. We were closely chased by a king's cutter, and were compelled to run many miles to the southward to escape the vigilance of the revenue craft. We bore up again when the black night limited their look-out, and ran close along shore with the wind upon our beam. The surf dashed over the Scroby as we passed, and roared in the silence of the still night. Garnsey, who had volunteered to accompany me, pinched me on the arm as we neared the fatal spot, and pointing to the breakers, whose foam was violently hurled over the grave of the murdered man, whispered in my ear, “A fatal sign; the Jew has his cap on, and means to see company to-night.”

We reached our offing; the signal was made, and we ran our lugger boldly in shore. We were busily occupied in the removal of our cargo, when a band of the coast guard rushed upon our men, and, by the suddenness of their attack and the superiority of numbers, succeeded in capturing several of our hands, and in seizing the lugger and the contraband freight. Several shots were fired, and many of our men stood resolutely on their defence, but the chances were against us, and a continuance of resistance would have been worse than madness. Garnsey was hit by the first shot, and fell dead upon the sand, within the range of the rising tide. A pistol bullet lodged in the fleshy part of my left arm; my assailant followed up his advantage by giving me a violent blow with the butt end of his weapon; I staggered a few paces from the scene of the meledé, and fell senseless upon the beach. When I recovered, I was alone. The captors had marched off their prisoners and their spoil—the lugger swung at her anchor in the roadstead, and our old enemy, the revenue cutter, was moored within a few yards of her prize. I crawled, stiff and bleeding, from my lair, and bending my course over the wide salt marsh, dragged my weary limbs through pools and briars, and carefully avoided the haunts of my fellow creatures.

It is useless to attempt depicting the agony of my journey back to the miserable hut wherein I had left my child and his broken-hearted mother. I approached the place in the deep midnight gloom—all was silent—I tried the latch—it lifted at my touch—I entered, and found that I was alone. My humble fire-side was desolate and cold.

A neighbor informed me that the wits of my poor Louise had sunk beneath the shock; she was carried

from the hut a gibbering maniac, and removed to the lunatic asylum. My boy had been taken by the parish authorities, and, at the church warden's suggestion, apprenticed to the master of a coasting brig which happened to be at anchor in the roads. I obtained information respecting the locality of my wife's habitation, but was unable to learn either the name of the brig, its captain, or place of destination—my informer had not thought it worth while to inquire the particulars, and when he told me that a reward had been offered for my apprehension, I felt that further research about my child would not benefit him, and must end in my destruction. I cared but little for myself, yet I considered that to preserve my life was a duty that I owed to my wife and child, for the sake of their future welfare.

I reached the lunatic asylum—no matter how—the sun is rising, and my lease of life is scant enough for the enumeration of its eventful scenes, without employing its few remaining hours in the description of sufferings which soon must terminate. You can easily suppose the difficulties that a proscribed murderer—a wounded, poverty-stricken wretch—hungry, and heart-oppressed,—experienced while skulking through the country, on his road to the refuge of the insane poor; and the trouble that he found in obtaining admittance to the building, when, but to mention his name, was to awaken the vigilance of the beagles of the law. But the human heart beats responsively to sorrow's tale, even beneath a madhouse keeper's coarse outside. In the silence of the night, I entered into conversation with the watchman, and revealed the extent of my wishes: he pitied me, and summoned one of the under-keepers to my aid. By this man's assistance, I was introduced, at day-break, into the cell of the unconscious Louise. She knew me not, but prattled of the days of her youth; of her love, her wicked love for the handsome Rodriguez; of her compunctions at leaving her husband—and then burst into ravings horrible to hear. Extra help was summoned to assist in confining her arms, and I was compelled to leave. But I had not been in my obscure hiding place—the kitchen of a hedge ale-house in the neighborhood—before I was visited by the under-keeper, and desired, if I wished to see my wife again while alive, to return immediately to the cell. In the violence of her struggles, she had burst a blood-vessel, and her dissolution was hourly expected. I found her in the last stage of weakness, but the excessive loss of blood had conquered the fever of her brain—she was sane, and knew me.

"Rodriguez, our sinful love has been paid for with bitter retribution—your brother has been awfully avenged. The shame, the degradation of our toil-marked life, the famine and the crime of latter years, have proved the truth of the monk's denunciation. We have lived accursed of God! To die—despairing and broken-hearted, but my love is still thine own. The murderer, the blood-stained robber, the smuggler, Roderick, is still the chosen of my heart, my bosom's lord, the father of my babes. Place thine head upon my pillow, thus: the expiring breath of life hath scarcely potency to whisper my last wish. Bury me

in the green and flowery fields, far, very far, from the dreary ocean's roar. While waiting your return, I have watched too many painful nights, and listened to the ghost-like shriekings of the wintry wind, and the dull beatings of the surf upon the beach, to sleep at peace within the sound of the hateful sea. Oh, for a long, long sleep, when the pantings of the bursting heart may cease, and the throbbings of the burning temple be at rest."

She turned upon her side, and burying her forehead in the pillow, seemed as if inclined to sleep. I bent over her, and gazed upon the ruin my licentious passion had produced. Suddenly starting up, Louise seized my hand—her eyes burnt with sudden fire, and in a loud, clear tone, she said, as she gazed earnestly upon my face, "Roderick, our boy—" Something seemed to choke her utterance; she moved her mouth as if in the act of speaking, but uttered not a tone. Her jaw dropped, her head sunk upon her shoulder, her body fell back upon the bed, and I knew that she was gone.

I rushed from the house, and ran some distance down the green lane, ere I could muster sufficient fortitude to reflect upon the scene I had quitted. I was alone in the wide world, and without the means of procuring an alleviation of the fierce hunger that consumed my vitals, and by its activity, blunted the force of my grief, and the pain of my wound. Yet pride, my indomitable pride, which misery had not eradicated nor famine destroyed, seemed to forbid the thought of permitting the remains of my poor Louise to be cast into a pauper's grave. She wished with her last breath to be buried in the green and flowery fields—not in the grave-yard of a poor-house—and I shuddered with disgust at the idea of interring her gentle clay amidst the dust of coarse and vulgar madmen, drivelling idiots, and moping simpletons. I determined to avoid this vile contamination—to fulfil the last wish of the ill-fated Louise, although I was destitute of the smallest pecuniary aid, and without the possibility of obtaining a supply. So ardently did I desire to execute my wish, that, God forgive me, I believe I could have sold my soul for gold, had the tempter appeared before me.

The dews of night were falling rapidly. I walked on, uncertain of my course, and undecided as to the point of my journey. Suddenly, I stood before a small but handsome villa; a petite lawn divided it from the lane, and the long French windows reached, uncurtained, to the ground. A blaze of light revealed the whole interior. Groups of well-dressed persons filled the apartment, music sounded in the air, and gay and lovely figures mingled in the dance. Beneath the window a card table was placed, and golden pieces were piled on the green cloth, and anxious faces sat around. The sight of the money roused the devil in my heart—one of those piles would enable me to gratify the last wish of my Louise, and bear me safely to a distant land. Why should I hesitate to snatch the prize that Providence had almost placed within my grasp? Reflection maddened me. I jumped the lawn paling, and with stealthy steps glided to the window's front. One of the upright and glazed

doors was partly open for the admission of air—a servant was passing with a tray of refreshments. I dashed into the room, seized a table-knife from the tray, and rushing to the card table, grasped a pile of gold. I endeavored to retrace my steps, but the appearance of my gaunt and blood-stained person heightened the alarm of thieves—the men crowded round me in a body; I was seized, thrown down, and pinioned; and, after a short delay, delivered into the hands of the village constable.

LETTER V.

We sail along—we sail along,
 Across the ocean foam,
 And night and day, the mariners gay,
 Are singing songs of home;
 The old man of his faithful wife,
 And children's eager smile;
 The young man of the dark-eyed girls
 That haunt that fairy isle.
 No more—no more! on that bright shore
 Are none to welcome me;—
 A lonely heart—a lonely heart
 Is best upon the sea.

HENRY F. OHORLEY.

The evidence against me was too conclusive to admit of contradiction; and, upon trial, I was found guilty without troubling the jury to retire, and sentenced upon the spot to transportation to his Majesty's colonies beyond seas, for the term of my natural life. To you, who know the anguish of a convict's life, I need not depict the unmitigated agony I endured while voyaging across the almost boundless seas. Our ship was scarcely sea-worthy, badly provisioned, and furnished with a scanty crew. As a sea-faring man, I was soon relieved from the horrors of the hold, where human beings were stowed away in miserable filthiness, and promoted to the honor of acting as a deck hand, or waister. In the long night watches, I have been driven to the verge of madness; memory, with busy fidelity, conjured up the incidents of my past life, and the surface of the dark and rolling sea was lighted up with faces of horrible intent:—my brother's sad reproachful look—the gray hairs of my father—the malignant glance of the villanous friar—the pale visage of the mother of Louise—the ensanguined countenance of the murdered Jew, with his flaming eyes bent earnestly upon me—the swollen face of my drowned boy—the drunken Baird—the melancholy Roberts—the ruffian Webster—the choked and gasping Grey—the dying Garnsey—the convulsed face of the Jew's daughter—and the skeleton countenance of my poor Louise, danced nightly on the rippling seas, or bounded furiously on the heaving wave, and laughed loudly and long at my ghastly wondering looks. I could not persuade myself of their lack of reality; I shuddered at the possibility of death at sea; I could have faced it boldly upon the shore; but the beating of the waves reminded me of the roar of the surf upon the Scroby Sand, and the look of the dying Jew seemed to wither up my soul. Yes! I, the LAST OF THE MURDERERS, who have gazed upon horrors unparalleled, dared not look upon the midnight sea!

We landed here at Port Jackson, and, in consequence of the recommendation of the captain, I was appointed to harbor duty. I would rather that he had clapped his pistol to my head. The convict who is sold to a trader or private man, has sometimes the privilege of exercising the attributes of life, but the wretch who is condemned to serve out his time in the employ of the government, gladly hails the approach of death as a release from suffering. I was drafted into one of the harbor boats, chained to the oar—a fettered slave—devoid of hope in this world or the next. Why should I fear to die?—hell cannot furnish greater evils than the partners of my chain; their blasphemy and bestial villany would have shamed the prime embodiment of sin; and the tortures of eternal fire cannot exceed the pangs I have been doomed to bear. Oh, when I recall my proud and lusty youth—when countless vassals hurried at my call, and beauty's smile awaited my approach—when the huge world seemed but a pleasure garden framed for my delight—and the delicate aspirations of my Epicurean soul fluttered in an atmosphere of bliss, how must I loathe the brutal degradation of my convict state?

One morning, when I was mid-deep in the harbor mud, and my naked back, scored by the lash of the overseer, was baking in the beams of a vertical sun, a boat-load of newly arrived convicts passed me in their transit from the vessel to the pier. My son—my boy—my only child, Louis, was among them! I knew him by his wonderful resemblance to his mother. I shrieked out his name, and, plunging through the slimy tide, endeavored to reach the boat. My senses failed me—I sunk beneath the waters, and narrowly escaped the death for which I had sighed in vain. I was hauled ashore amid the jeers of my comrade felons, and the stripes of the overseer restored me to myself.

It was indeed my son. After a year's suffering aboard the coaster, where his situation as a pauper apprentice was little inferior to a convict's life, he ran away from his tyrant master, and returned to the haunts of his infancy. The news of his mother's wretched death, and the transportation of his father, chilled his young heart; he dreaded returning to the sea, and idled his time along the shore till he was picked up by the master of a smuggling lugger, and, after a trial cruise, regularly installed as one of her crew. But the curse of his breed began to operate; he was concerned in a cliff fight, wherein a Lieutenant of the Preventive Service was killed, and my poor boy, who, with others, was made prisoner, was sentenced to perpetual banishment from his native land.

I cannot depict the joy that I experienced when I found that my child was to be devoted to harbor duty. I could see him, talk with him, watch over his safety, relieve him from the extra severity of his shore work, or help his scanty meals by apportioning a moiety of my own to his support. My son loved me, for I was the only being who had, for years, evinced the slightest kindness to the desolate youth. I doted upon him; his wonderful resemblance to my poor Louise entranced me. The passage of this world's humani-

ties had long been dammed within my breast; his presence had given an impetus to the stream, and my heart overflowed with paternal love.

Hark! the military are approaching the jail. The sound of the muffled drums and the dull pealing of the death-house bell proclaim the arrival of my last, last hour. One minute longer will end my tale. The gentle nature of my poor Louis sunk beneath the hardship of a convict's life; he pined for liberty, and listened to the chimeras of his fellows, who whispered plans of sure escape, either by traversing the vast extent of land between our seaboard and the western shore, or of stealing one of the harbor boats, and putting boldly to sea—trusting to the chances of being picked up by a ship, or of making one of the various islands of the Polynesian Sea. Louis, at length, became enthusiastic in his notions of escape, and warmly urged my participation in the scheme. I knew the futility of all attempts—for many of the convicts had broken their chains, and taken to the bush, yet none had succeeded in escaping from the land. The dreary nature of the unbounded woods, the rocky fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, and the distance of the western shore, nearly three thousand miles, presented obstacles that defied even a prisoner's enthusiasm in the cause of liberty—while the uncertain misery of a life in the bush exceeded the fixed horror of a convict state. To hope an escape by sea was yet more absurd; it was impossible for them to procure more than a day's rations, yet they might wander about the trackless sea for many weeks.

But my remonstrances were in vain; and Louis informed me that a plan had been deliberately resolved upon, and the succeeding night would open the gates

of their prison. Blood was to be shed, and lots had been cast for the chance of murdering the keeper of the gate—and his wife, whom it was requisite to slay lest her officious tongue should cause pursuit. The lot of murderous import fell upon my son!

The news of this unlucky chance almost drove me mad. I could not bear the thought that my innocent child should stain his hands with the blood of his fellow creatures. I knew the fatal power of the gory stream, and shuddered at the thought of witnessing the destruction of my son beneath its whirlpool strength. I reasoned, prayed, and threatened—but in vain; he was sworn to the execution of his task. I would have revealed the plot, but I could not save my son from the revenge of justice—so I resolved to slay him! to send him, free from sin, to the enjoyment of a heavenly crown, which a longer exposure to the crime-working power of Fate would have denied. I struck him to the heart in the hour when his companions expected him to shed the blood of the innocent; his soul, pure and spotless, flew to enjoy the smile of his Creator; whilst mine, pre-doomed to the lowest depths of the everlasting pit, and burdened with a wondrous weight of sin, cannot fare worse by the addition of a single crime.

The officers of justice are at the gate of my cell to claim my forfeit life. The anathema of the Most High has worked its powerful curse! Dare I again insult my God by asking mercy for my many sins? Have I not felt the pains of hell in my worldly sufferings? I thank you for your courtesy; follow me to the gallows foot, and see how calmly a man can die who has nothing more to hope nor fear!

* * * * *

TO A LOVER OF NATURE:

ON MEETING HER BESIDE THE WISSAHICKON.

I'm very glad to meet you here, fair lady,
With such a pretty pony, cap and dress!
And such a civil *beau*—sedate and steady—
To share your smile, and Nature's pure caress:
For what are sunny fields and grotto shady,
And all the joys of solitude, unless
There be a kindred spirit ling'ring nigh,
To say "how sweet!"—and *feel* its poesy?

Think you the tendrils of yon amorous vine
Heedeth the pulseless limb round which they cling?
That this clear stream, wherein your blushes shine,
Feels the warm, rosy smile 'tis mirroring?
Think you that bird, with voice less sweet than thine,
Divorced its mate, with wonted rapture sings?
Or this fair scene—unsought by human eye—
Wastes not, like light, while clouds are o'er the sky?

We know not what may be—or what mute power
Trembles, electric, through each sentient grain—
Lives, in the gay ephemeron of an hour,
Or circles worlds with life's magnetic chain,

Perchance, not all unconscious sighs the flower,
Clasped by her kindred blossom—blushing, fain;
While all—from orb to atom—as they move,
Burn, kiss, melt, mingle—whisper joy and love.

Oh, that the custom-poison'd crowd might know,
That ceasing to enjoy—is to blaspheme!
That constant toil, or sloth, is vice and woe!
That fashion, fear, and faith—the night-mare dream,
"Mistaking all that falsest is, for true"—
Is madness and despair!—Oh, that one gleam
Of nature's sunshine—Truth!—might re-inspire
Man's torpid heart—that cold Memnonian lyre.

Nature rewardeth *fellowship*—not prayer:
Has she not placed her roses on thy cheek—
Her lilies on thy brow, oh, lady fair?
And music in thy voice? That voice might speak
Sweet chidings to yon crowd;—that cheek declare
Nature hath smiles for *all* who rightly seek;
That *Health* were *Virtue*—if we only knew it:
All this thy voice might *teach*—FAIR LADY, WILL YOU
DO IT? J. I. P.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

A FRENCH audience is an anomaly; actors are alternately petted and pelted, bisped and hissed, clapped and rapped, crowned and frowned—particularly the utilitarians, or mediocrity people, who frequently afford a scene not to be equalled in the *comédie* or *vaudeville*. An indifferent actor, who, for many years, had been useful in every department, was one night floundering through a part that was something above his capacity. The audience hissed; the insulted *artiste* advanced to the front of the stage, and with a dignified bow, said—"How have I been so unfortunate as to displease you? I have had the honor of appearing before you for nearly twenty years, and have never experienced disapprobation till now."

"So much the worse!" was replied from the boxes.

"I perform every night—in every piece—"

"So much the worse!"

"My exertions are not confined. I play in tragedy—"

"So much the worse!"

"In comedy—in vaudeville—melo-drame—"

"So much the worse!"

"I sing in the opera—I dance in the ballet—"

"So much the worse!"

"Messieurs," said the actor, in a deprecatory tone, "if this conduct is persevered in, I must quit the stage."

"So much the better," was the general response.

But a Frenchman loves a joke; the actor had caused more merriment than he was expected to furnish, and he was not only allowed to remain, but frequently received a gratulatory notice at his entrance.

Crebillon, the dramatist, was unfortunate in his family. His wife was suspected of infidelity, and his son was licentious in his writings and in his conduct. His enemies gave out that his plays were written by a brother of his, who was a clergyman. As a proof of this, they said that his brother, at his death, had finished four acts of *Catiline*, and that Crebillon himself was obliged to add the fifth, which is very inferior to the rest, and condemned the play. One day he was saying in a company, in which his son was present, "I have done two things in my life, which I shall always repent, my *Catiline* and my son." "And yet, sir," said his son, "there are many persons who affirm that you are the author of neither."

An actor was performing *Camille* in the tragedy of Horace; instead of the line—

"Que l'un de vous me tue, et que l'autre me venge,"

he convulsed the audience and destroyed the play, by roaring out—

"Que l'un de vous me tue, et que l'autre me mange."

A company of comedians at Besançon, announced the tragedy of *Rhadamiste*, with the name of the author conspicuously displayed in the *affiche*, as usual. During the performances, when one of the actors uttered the words—

"Du quel front osez-vous, soldat du Corbulon!"

a fellow in the pit called out, "*Crebillon! Crebillon!*" it says so in the bill. Confound those actors! their ignorance spoils all."

A tragedian who had rendered himself famous by his representation of *Amadis de Gaul*, received a severe whipping from some one whom he had insulted, and was afterwards universally known as *Amadis Gaul*.

Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, who died in 1730, was an actress of extraordinary dignity of carriage and grandeur of demeanor. An Englishman who had seen her perform Queen Elizabeth in the tragedy of The Earl of Essex, pronounced, unconsciously, a splendid compliment upon the actress. Turning to his Gallic friend, he inquired if the members of the Royal Family usually indulged themselves in performing on the stage?

The French nation hate the English with a cordiality that requires a retrospection of the many severe wars that have occurred between them, to make it understood. Every ridiculous ballet dance or pantomime has an English toffist for the clown or scapegoat; even the higher order of operas (*Fra-Diavolo*, for instance) contain specimens of English inanity that agonize the French with delight, and milder Goddam, Monsieur Bistick, or Jean Rosbif, are standard caricatures that strangely assort with the avowed politeness of the Gallic race. The hatred is of old standing, and bids fair to extend far beyond the present age. In Beaumarchais' "*Marriage of Figaro*," the count declines taking his barber to England, because he does not understand the language. "You need not mind that, sir," replies Figaro, "for if you only know the two words G—d d—n, you may make yourself understood in England, for the natives there say nothing else."

Colman's comedy of John Bull was translated into French, and played with considerable success; but the ultras were horribly alarmed at the idea of having a rich man's son compelled to marry a poor girl, because he had seduced her; and interfered with the government to procure the prohibition of the piece. The good king of the Netherlands, equally anxious for the morals of his people, followed the example of the French executive.

I once heard, in a ridiculous song, sung at the Théâtre des Variétés, the following line:—

"Et les Anglaises pour deux liards."

(The English for a farthing.)

The song was illustrative of the street cries of Paris, and "les Anglaises" were a common sort of English apple—but the idea of selling the English for a couple of liards pleased the French, and boxes and pit vied with each other in shouting *bis* to the singer, and compelling him to sing again the verse that contained the above line.

Perlet, the most celebrated and talented French comedian, was once involved in a serious dispute with the Parisians, because he refused to personate the usual round of English libels connected with the French comedy. The manager reported to the superintendant, (for the French theatres are all under government control), the superintendant, unable to bend the firmness of the actor, notified M. le Commissaire, who commanded the performance of a certain piece, and directed Perlet to appear in the principal character—the chief merit of which consisted in low abuse of the English nation. The comedian pre-emptorily refused to obey the order; he declared himself ready to submit to the manager's fine, or the imprisonment threatened by the commissioner, but he would not degrade his art, or lower his country, by meanly insulting a brave nation with whom they were then at peace. The actor's principle of right obtained the triumph.

Moliere's comedy of *Les Fâcheux* was projected, written, studied, and acted in less than a fortnight. The piece is destitute of plot, but was intended to surprise and please the audience by the multiplicity of the dramatic personae, who were to portray an amazing variety of character. *Les Fâcheux* was played at Vaux, the residence of M. Fouquet, the Intendant of Finance, and in the presence of Louis the Fourteenth and his Court. The king was delighted with the comedy, and went round to Moliere, who played one of the principal parts, and publicly expressed his approbation. While conversing with the dramatist,

the Count de Soyecourt, a tiresome old twaddler, approached His Majesty with his usual quantum of fulsome compliments. The count was a great hunter, and annoyed his acquaintances with prolix accounts of his various adventures in the field. "There is a character you have omitted, Monsieur Moliere," said the king. "The count would have been conspicuous among *Les Fâcheux*." The hint was sufficient to the dramatist, and the king was delighted to observe a glorious fac simile of the sporting count at the very next night's performance of the comedy. Moliere had devoted himself to the production of the scene by an early hour the next morning, but unacquainted with the technical phrases of the chase, he had waited upon the Count Soyecourt, who, unaware of the poet's intention, assisted to color his own caricature, and gave the desired information.

Moliere was an excellent actor, and filled the principal comic parts of his own unrivalled pieces with genuine humor and first rate skill. One evening he was to personate *Sancho Panza* in a comedy founded on Quixotte's adventures, and mounted his Dapple behind the scenes, to accustom the animal to his control before the time had arrived for his entrance; the donkey imagined that he was required upon the stage, and maugre Moliere's exertions, walked before the spectators, and disturbed the concluding scene of the previous piece. The animal was led off, and Moliere belabored his sides with an oaken cudgel in payment for the *malapropos entrée*. The donkey took the blows as so many hints for farther progress, and once more trotted the player on to the stage, amid the shouts of the audience and the execrations of his brother actors. The distressed Sancho sat on the beast's crupper, and tugged at the bridle with all his might; his favorite *Baron* rushed on and caught the refractory animal by the ears, while *La Forest*, his servant maid, seized the donkey's tail, and strove, by main force, to pull him from the stage. Continuous roars of violent laughter proved how highly the audience appreciated this *contre temps*, and the curtain dropped in the midst of a scene of confusion.

BALLAD.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

My hame is nae sae cheerfu', my heart is nae sae
light,
My cheek is nae sae blooming, my e'en are nae sae
bright,
My voice is nae sae mirthfu', my step is nae sae free,
Sin Jamie left our ingle-side, to wander o'er the sea.

He was our sun at mornin', he was our star at night,
He was 'mid a' our darkness, our bosoms only light,
But gloom has cam' upon us, and hush'd our joy and
glee,
For Jamie's left our ingle-side, to wander o'er the sea.

The paths we've trod together are choket up wi' weeds,
And howling night-winds murmur among the whis-
p'ring reeds,

The wild flowers droop in sorrow, that deck'd the
gaudy lea,

For Jamie's left our ingle-side, to wander o'er the sea.

The birds that chirp'd sae blithely frae ilka budding
spray,

Hae tuned their mirthfu' music to mony a sadden'd lay,
They sing nae mair at e'en, aboon our trysting tree,
For Jamie's left our ingle-side, to wander o'er the sea.

Gude angels guard ye, Jamie, I pray to them at night,
To watch o'er ye, my Jamie, and keep ye in their
sight,

To guard ye frae all danger, wherever ye may be,
And bring back to our ingle-side, our Jamie o'er the
sea.

THE EASTERN SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SCENE ON THE BAHAMA BANKS."

THERE are many persons, even of those who profess themselves acquainted with the geography of our immense and varied country, who are ignorant that there is such a place as the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia, and the peculiar features of the country are very imperfectly appreciated by those who do know of its whereabouts.

In many respects, it is a singular district. Apparently formed by gradual depositions from the ocean, increased by the alluvion of its many rivers, it juts out in a long, low triangle, whose base may be considered at the highlands in Talbot county, Maryland, and Kent, in Delaware, and gradually diminishes to its apex, at Cape Charles.

Skirted on the Atlantic by a succession of low, sandy islands, among which Chincoteague and Assateague are the largest, the fury of the waves is exhausted on these natural barriers, while the various sounds, inlets, and bays, teeming with small craft, are comparatively quiet.

Many deep and winding rivers roll in their tortuous course through the dense forests and thriving fields of this country, and bear the produce of the earth and water to our cities.

The vessels, almost invariably of that beautiful and peculiar kind of schooners which are found in such numbers at Baltimore, penetrate every navigable water in the United States; and their low and graceful hulls, simple rig, and clean-cut sails, may constantly be seen on the noble Chesapeake. The seamen are a hardy race, unmatched as steersmen, and prompt to encounter any difficulty.

Soon after the war of 1812, the attention of this enterprising race was called to the West Indies, to the several ports of which they exported large quantities of grain and other produce, realizing a heavy profit, and returning with full cargoes of sugar, coffee, molasses, and rum. This trade had been in successful operation many years at the period of which I am about to speak.

It was on a bright September eve, the sun had but just sunk into his crimson canopied couch, the long files of the summer duck were winging their way from the reedy marshes of the Annapomox to their more private resting places for the night, and the deep boom of the nighthawk as, with curved wing and open mouth, he descended on his prey, rounded on the dull and quiet air. The dark waters were rapidly rushing by the marsh-clad shore, rippling in strong eddies as they whirled round the numerous points, while here and there the tinkle of the wave and the light bubble told of the lurking place of the trout. The widening stream spread in bolder sweeps, and the shores, still retreating farther, were now clothed with mighty trees to the water's edge. A small but deep creek ran winding up through the girdle of the marsh, and bending round a point of the highland,

passed close by a small and oddly constructed store. The building was but a story in height, with very high gable ends of brick, and a huge chimney in the middle of a steep hipped roof with immense dormer-windows; its whole appearance strongly reminded one of the peculiarly fierce cocked hats which delight the rabblement of our city, when perched on the well-whiskered head of some doughty militia officer on training day.

An enormous willow, whose long and gracefully bending branches swept the roof, stood before the door. Upon its huge and knobbed trunk were nailed several horseshoes, one end attached to the tree, the other projecting like a hook, held the bridle reins of several horses, whose riders were lounging about in various attitudes.

Some in the store were engaged, as usual with Americans, in a controversy on politics, others discussing the state of the crops and seasons, while outside was a gang of negroes, some engaged in playing fives against a cornstack, others pitching cents, and others equally well employed.

Here an elderly man, in a square-docked fustian coat, with large white metal buttons, and Virginia cloth inexpressibles of home manufacture, was laying down the law to a tall, lank, broad, but stooping shouldered, and peculiarly clumsy and ungraceful man, on whose countenance, not naturally destitute of expression, the hand of dissipation and exposure had traced its ineffaceable characters. He as well as most of the others, seemed of that indescribable tint which pervades the lowlands of the south, and which may be pretty well likened to that of a pumpkin just turning yellow, while still there is a substratum of green. Loosely put together, and as if nature in forming him had neglected to unite the joints by any firm ligament, there was a shambling awkwardness, a want of connection in the movements of his various limbs, which utterly spoiled what might have been a very fine figure. Still there was a redeeming expression in the eye, which, in its shrewd and keen glance, contradicted the vague, undetermined, and sensual character of the rest of the face. Such as we have described him, he lay twisted into a snarl, on an old box near the door, listening to the old man's tirade against the tariff.

"I'll tell you now, Bill, what I think on't: it's nothing but a scheme to get money out on us poor folks; for see here, if it warn't for this gyornrd tariff, 'stead er wrapping my old body up in this 'ere old fustian jacket, (the old woman makes 'em all for me,) I might a had a tippy broadcloth coat."

"Ay, Old Bob, so you might, 'an it ud a ben fine to plough all day in, eh? and what would your old woman do for somethin' to be arter? And besides, old man, you oughn't to blow out so sharp agin this here law, for if there warn't no laws agin smuggling, and no

duties or custom-house officers to dodge, how could I give you sixty cents for your corn, and sell you old Jamaica at the price of whiskey,—answer me that?"

The old man shook his head, and said, "Well, Bill, I ain't never thought of that, I shouldn't be surprised if you couldn't. But, I say, when are you off agin?"

"Thar lies the Betsey Ann, down yonder, anchor atrip and sails shuck out, so you may guess."

"Well, mind you don't get caught, this time; they cum mighty nigh it last time, them bloody pirates. Now, do jist tell us all about that, will you?"

"Coil yourself away here, then, and I will. So here goes—but stop, I must wet my neck first. Well, I cleared out of Kingston harbor one sweet morning, except it war mighty hot for us, though it war cool for them. There had been a mighty clean-built, sharp, copper-bottomed sarpent of a clipper lying next to us in harbor, and no one could tell what the devil he came there for; there wasn't only four men and two boys on deck, or I should have known what to think. Hows- ever, we left her lying there, and got us foresail up, set flying taupesles, and slipped out mighty easy and quiet. We were just loaded so as to trim her handsomely, and as we ran by this cursed schooner, up jumps her skipper on the companion, 'Good mornin',' says he; 'Same to you,' says I. 'Nice craft, that,' says he; 'Little above prime,' says I; 'sails like a witch, and steers herself.' So, as he seemed to look at her mighty hard, I thought I'd banter him—so, says I, heave up your anchor, and stand out with me a dozen miles or so; I'll beat you as far as from the first of June to the Great Choptank.' 'Sorry I can't go now,' says he, 'but I'll catch you afore you make the Capes.' 'The devil you will,' says I; 'nobody catches the Betsey Ann while I sail her.' He didn't say no more, but takes a look up at his foretopmast: so I takes a squint there myself, and sees that it looked mighty long and quare rigged for a gaff, but we hauled us tacks abroad, set all on her, and stood out. Well, we had a nice time on't, and slipped along right merry, got into the Gulf, and thought we must be close on to the Capes. So we stands in, and just as we comes in sight of the land somewhere about Pamlico, I sees a vessel further in shore than we were, and bearing away with all sail set alow and aloft; well, at first I thinks nothing of this, for there's a mighty lot of coasters all along there, so then we ran along, wind off shore, and just abaft the beam. Somehow I had a sorter sneaking notion that I seen her afore; but then agin, she had topsails and to'gallants set—a rig'lar morfordite. Bymby she edges away a pint, and we hauls closer; so I takes another look, and I wish I may be shot if it wan't that same chap we left in Kingston. Then I remembered he said he'd catch us before we got in the Capes, and the rascal knowed what we had aboard, and I began to feel gyorned quare. But I jist called all hands to tauten every thing, and there we were spanking along—we trying to eat by him into the wind, and he jist keeping away enough to keep us out of the Capes. It was a right pretty day when we first saw him, three hours by sun, and I knew the Betsy Ann warn't to be beat easy, so I put all on her; the breeze came fresh, and about noon it

blew like blue blazes. Still we held all, the schooner pitching like mad, masts bent till the weather lan- yards sung like your old bass viol, gunnels under, and the water washing fore and aft. Still the feller gained on us, but bymby his to'gallant split to ribands, and we hauled a little ahead. I soon found that it wouldn't do to keep her straining so, for the timbers creaked and twisted like oak splits; I had to ease her off a little, and spite of all I could do he was gainin' on us, slow but sure. To rights I saw the light-house, and I had no chance of getting into the right channel, so I put her right stem on for the shoals, and as I looked over the quarter, I sees his d—d flag run up. Then, thinks I, just as well to take the salt water with my throat whole, as to have it cut for conveni- ence of swallowing.

"You see the beggar dar'n't fire for fear of the cut- ters, and it seemed to me that I could a'most see him grinning to himself to think that if I did not stop for him, I'd go to pieces. I called all hands aft and shows 'em the pirate, and tells them who it is, though they know'd that, and then tells 'em that I should put over the breakers rather than be taken. Old Jo walked aft and took the tiller, and the others stood by the braces. Just then I thought we might go over without being broken up, for you know Macready buिल्ds his boats mighty strong, so I mounted on the bowsprit, and holding on by the jib stay, I looked for the best place to stick her on, and as I saw the breakers didn't comb so high on the larboard bow, I laid her on.

"I shall never forget that time. I clung on to the jib stay like grim death to a dead nigger, and when the first breaker took her it ran on with her half-a- dozen lengths, and then as we careened on among the foam and froth and heaving of the wave, I looked down as it began to settle, and our jib boom was point- ed, quivering like lightning, right into the sand; I was afraid she would turn a clean somerset. I tell ye- man, I saw the sea curling, twisting and boiling up in whirls like snow wreaths—then she took the ground with a vengeance, and snap, snap, went our topmast back-stay, and the topmast pitched twenty yards ahead of us, and the jib-boom cracked off in the rings right under my feet—we all expected it, so that it only shook us mightily and let us go. I sees another breaker coming in twenty foot abreast, and I screamed to hold on for their lives. Lord! I couldn't hear myself, it was no use. Sure enough, here it was on us, roaring like forty thousand devils, and spirting the foam in a sorter fashion that warn't slow. It took us right astern, and before she could rise, swept the deck clear for- ward, and that lapsed fellow Charley, brought up agin the foreshrouds or he'd a gone over. Well, she staggered and trembled all over, but rose through the salt at last like one of those south southerlies out yonder, and away we went again on our high horse, and, by the greatest luck in the world, he carried us over, just tipping off the rudder by a devilish kick in the stern, just to bid us good by, you knows, like the Irishman's hint. There was about a dozen planks started, but no great scratch after all. 'Hard up, Jo,' says I, as she pitched across. 'Hard up it is,' says he, and, sure enough, when I looked, there was the tiller

over the main boom, and the rudder more than half on deck. However, we boomed all out, and steered her up with a long sweep, and made out to get up here, land cargo, repair damages, and so on. As for our friend, he hauled his wind, and stood off with a couple of cutters in full chase. So much for that yarn."

"Well," said the old man, who had been all attention, "sure as you're born, Bill Roach, that's the head story that ever I hear tell of. And you're going agin among them bloody chaps."

"Sartin I am; there's four thousand bushels aboard the Betsey Ann, and as long as I can sell that and bring home West India rum and so on, why Bill Roach goes. Why, man, I'm 'pluribubs,' and besides, old dad, I've had the Betsey Ann's mainmast lifted and put one of the real old pistareens under the step, so no harm can come to her. Any way, you may look for me this day four weeks, standing into this same muddy hole, with lots of the right stuff aboard, and may be a few bags of the hard."

'Twas moonlight on the Chesapeake, some months after this; the light and gentle breeze dimpled the waters, bearing the fog slowly on in its embrace, and stirring the placid surface of the bay into a thousand ripples, on which gleamed the cold light of the yellow moon; while farther out to windward, the fog, half lit, and misty with her bewildered rays, began to enclose a reasonably large topsail schooner. Just notice her before she is totally enveloped. You will see that she has a remarkable breadth of beam, very raking mainmast, which supports an almost disproportionate and singularly square mainsail, the boom of which projects considerably over her taffrail; her maintopmast is a very long and tapering stick, apparently unsupported, and the whole mast rakes so far that her long and waving fly is almost directly over the binnacle. As your eye runs forward, you will notice that her bulwarks are painted red inside, and that there are four ports of a side, which are ornamented with short sixes and canonnade slides; that her deck is remarkably white, her main-mast and main-boom garnished with very neat boarding-pikes and cutlasses, that her shrouds are wider than usual, her bows tumble out very much, and her yards very long and square. So much for her deck, &c. Outside she is painted black with a white streak and a small red bead, coppered to the bends, with a very projecting jib boom, and, altogether, a knowing looking craft. Permit me to introduce you to the United States Revenue Cutter Jonathan. She is just at present under mainsail, foresail, and jib, making about three knots. Her live-stock consists of the commander, (Captain by courtesy,) Elihu Jenkins; there he is, that thin, long, mathematical gentleman, put together at right angles; his lieutenant yonder, just forward of the companion, is a good humbled, bald, greasy looking character, who laughs from the bottom of his stomach, but a good seaman and keeps a sharp eye to windward.

There, too, is an unfortunate exquisite, in the shape of a mid, from a crack ship, doomed for some peccadillo to do duty in what he considers the purgatory

of a cutter. The crew are some twenty-five fine-looking fellows, real tars, with well bronzed features, short sinewy frames, powerful shoulders and arms, and light, thin flanks and lower timbers. One keen active fellow is perched on the topgallant yard, and sweeps the horizon carefully with practised eye. Soon he sees the clean white sails of the smuggler gleaming in the moonlight, and his call of sail ho! rouses all on deck. "Whereaway," says the lieutenant. "Right abeam, sir, just under the land, there, you can see her coming out from that clump of pines."

"Jump up the rigging, Mr.," said the officer to our dandy, "and report her course." The gentleman did so accordingly, and reported her heading the same way, and "D— my eyes," said he, somewhat surprised, "if she hasn't her larboard tacks aboard, and we've got the starboard." "Oh aye, I dare say," said the lieutenant, "there is frequently a variation of six to eight points in the wind on the one side of the bay from the other."

"Make all sail on her, and let us try her heels."

"Aye, aye," muttered an old shoreman, the oracle of the forecastle, "it's easy enough to make sail, but the craft don't swim that will overhaul the Betsey Ann in such a whiffle as this. Why, lads, she don't want no wind, she'll slip along right smart, when any thing else can't move. Tell ye what, ye must whistle for a stiff breeze before you can expect to lay along side of her, and she has got the land breeze to help her too."

However, the Jonathan was completely covered with piles of snowy canvas, and began to ripple through the water, but in five minutes the fog enveloped her, thick enough to turn a yankee razor, and soon the sails flapped heavily and wet against the masts. Still her course was laid so as to cut off the smuggler, and the boats were just ordered out as the mist began to heave towards the land, and soon the huge curtain rose with a sudden and writhing effort, and the limbs and branches of the mighty pines upon the shore were seen to twist and struggle with the coming gust, while masses of the more delicate twigs and leaves flew off in a green shower. "Make fast 'all, down with the helm, clue up and furl; stir men, stir, in with it, let fly the halyards, haul down, in mainsail, clue up, double reef foresail," were the hurried orders of the captain. "In with you all, down for your lives, men, down." Every sail was in but the foresail, and storm jib set, and the men had barely reached the deck, when the land squall burst upon them. The cutter had been put right before it, and as the wind struck her, she was pressed heavily down, head first; till the water curled over the catheads; then, struggling forward, she emerged; her upper yards parted with a sharp, splintering crash, and she sprung on like a war horse at the trumpet. The sea soon rose, and as the maddened craft plunged deep into the abyss, the curling waves followed with loud roar behind, but she was safe for the present.

Meanwhile, far to windward, the Betsey Ann, having more notice of the squall, was brought down to bare poles, and confiding in the staunchness of his craft, Roach held her nearer to the wind, and when-

ever a fiercer gust would strike her, she was edged off a little and then luffed up to the wind again. Soon the gust passed over, and while the Jonathan was fiercely ploughing across the bay before the tempest the dandy mid had the gratification of observing that the storm had passed the schooner, and that she was laying up for the Annamessex under reefed mainsail and jib. The broad waters of the river foamed under her keel, and she ran up to the creek, furling, an-

chored, and unloaded the supernumerary hogsheads &c., and when the customhouse officer came down, there was no more on board than her manifest exhibited.

Thus did Roach in more than one trip foil the keen-eyed revenue; the secret cellar of the old store, and the hiding-place in the windmill, were enlarged to hold his illegal merchandize. As for his further acts and deeds, does not Somerset county know? H.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

A PRIZE POEM.

"*Loud in thy praise my glowing numbers swell,
Fair clime, where Gods have dwelt, and heroes dwell;
And my proud heart exults to draw its birth
From thee, the gem and glory of the earth.
Where'er yon sun his radiant orb displays,
Thine eagle soars undazzled in his blaze;
The wild barbarian dreads thy conquering sword,
And tyrants tremble at their Roman lord.
Nor this thy only praise, O wondrous land,
Matchless in beauty, as in high command;—
Thine are the blooming groves, the fragrant flowers,
Which fancy pictures in Elysian bowers;
And pure transparent streams, and golden plains,
Favored of heaven, where spring eternal reigns;
And wood-crowned hills, and summer suns, that shine
In cloudless skies, fair Italy, are thine."*

Thus, while his bosom burned with patriot fire,
The Bard of Mantua swept his lofty lyre;
And wreathed enraptured round his country's name
The living laurels of immortal fame.
Yet, ere he sung, that daring soul was fled,
Which o'er her sons such passing grandeur shed:
High o'er the prostrate world her banner waved,
But, Rome—the mightiest—was herself enslaved;
Nor reeked it much, when freedom was no more,
What specious names her lawless tyrants bore.
King—Consul—Cæsar—'tis not in a name
To veil a despot, or to hallow shame;
And Rome shall wake too late, and strive in vain
To burst the bond's of slavery's galling chain.
Still on the empire, darkening to decay,
Transcendent genius beamed its parting ray;
And proudest then the Roman glories shone,
When glory's soul, proud Liberty, was gone.
So, where the tempered rays of evening shine,
The floating clouds concentrate and combine;
And, when the sun's bright orb has sunk to rest,
Reflected lustre lingers in the west;
Till wide o'er heaven's resplendent robe is cast
That gleam, at once his loveliest,—and his last.

Nor yet was wanting many a fateful sign,
(So superstition deemed,) of wrath divine;
Convulsive shocks the smiling land deform,
And vengeance thunders in the rolling storm.
Alas! inglorious ease, and conscious shame,
Had quenched each spark of Freedom's generous
flame;

They dared not rise to break their galling chain,
And tempests roused, and omens warned in vain.

Go! from the hoary dotard's lovely isle,*

(Ah! why should guilt so fair a place defile?)

Glance on the waters of yon bright blue bay,

Whose clear waves sparkle in the noontide ray;

Mark, where the harvest of the golden grain

In rich profusion glitters o'er the plain;

And the light tendrils of the purple vine

Round the tall elm in wild luxuriance twine.

Circled by smiling meads, and genial bowers,

Their proud Pompeii lifts her regal towers;

While, far beyond, Vesuvius seems to rise

Aloft from earth, and mingle with the skies.

On his green sides the towering forests bow,

A wreath of clouds invests his holy brow.

Search, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,

Search every clime for beauteous scenes renowned,

Save those blest isles, where suns eternal shine,—

The loveliest plains, fair Italy, are thine.

The skies grow dim—a dark portentous cloud

O'er stern Vesuvius hangs its sable shroud;

A sudden calmness deadens in the air,

Herald of tempest, presage of despair:—

No breath is felt to move the tapering tree,

No light wave trembles o'er the stagnant sea;

And, as the sun, involved in mist, retires,

His parting rays dart forth ensanguined fires.

That black cloud spreads with thick increasing gloom

While prisoned flames its wreathing folds illumine;

And fiery spots with dusky redness gleam,

Like the wan meteor's faint and fearful beam.

Father of heroes! o'er thy destined towers,

O'er fair Pompeii's lovely plain it lowers:—

So frowns the nightly tempest o'er the sky,

And warns the shuddering mariner to die.

It swells!—it bursts!—a deep and blood-red glare

With sudden flash illumines the misty air;

Then pours resistless on the plains beneath,

The blasting shower of pestilence and death.

Fiercely it falls!—while, frantic with dismay,

Commingling thousands throng the crowded way:—

For life—for life—their desperate course they speed,

Urge the swift car, and spur the foaming steed:—

*The island of Capree, on the coast of Campania, a spot which has been rendered infamous by the debaucheries of the dissolute Tiberius.

Whilst, driven by fate, conflicting numbers fly,
The weaker fall—and they who fall—must die;
For who would pause to start, and shrink to tread
Over the maimed, the dying, and the dead?—
The plain is gained:—from that o'er-clouded sky
No ray shines forth to guide them as they fly;—
Save when yon pyramid of fire ascends,
Shoots through the air, and o'er the mountain bends;
Save when the lightning's vivid fires illumine,
And instant darken into deeper gloom.

Haste to the sea!—that yet is calm,—and there
Remains their only refuge from despair.
Oh! for some friendly vessel on the strand,
To bear them, yet uninjured, from the land;—
Some favoring gale to waft them o'er the wave,
Ere yet they perish in their country's grave.

By yon wild flash, which sweeps along the skies,
With sudden swell behold the ocean rise!
Wave rolls on wave—and thickening billows pour
Their foaming torrent o'er the frightened shore:—
And yet no instant impulse of the blast,
No rising whirlwind o'er the waters past;
And nought was heard awhile, save one low sound,
Which muttered deep and fearful from the ground:
So rolls the rushing cataract afar,
So swells the echoing din of distant war.
And hark! a sudden crash—less deadly loud
Bursts the dark bosom of the thunder-cloud.
The rooted mountain's firm foundations rock,
Earth rends, and reels, beneath that staggering shock;
As if stern Jove his flaming bolts had hurled,
In ruthless vengeance, on the guilty world;
Or earth's gigantic brood had burst their chain,
And rose from hell to brave the Gods again.

And with that crash a shriek of wild dismay
Rose o'er the shore, and instant died away;
But, dying, seemed the very air to swell
With something strange—unearthly—terrible!
By the next flash, that reddened o'er the main,
Th' amazed survivors sought their friends in vain;
They looked—the sea was calm—the strand was
bare—

Nor living thing—nor sign of life was there.
But fate decrees one common destiny
To those that linger, and to those that fly;
They fall on earth, who sunk not in the wave:—
And what avails the difference of a grave?†

How many a wretch, on that disastrous day,
Breathed his last gasp in loneliness away!
To whose fond glance, in happier hours, the eye
Of meek affection turned with soft reply;
His sterner mood delighted to beguile,
Wept at his woe, or brightened at his smile.
Now, all unsheltered from the rushing storm,
On the bare earth is stretched his prostrate form:
Sense yet remains to mark its own decay,
And life, to feel existence ebb away.
His fainting head no faithful arm sustains,
No pitying accents soothe his parting pains;

† The description of the circumstances attending the eruption of Vesuvius, is taken, almost literally, from Pliny's Letters to Tacitus.

And she—whose hand should close his dying eye,
Doth she forsake him in his agony?

Ah! no—he brooks not to believe her fled,
And for her doom his burning tears are shed.
Such tears may flow for others' fate alone;—
Man mourns indeed—but rarely weeps his own.

Yet, should her lips receive her latest breath,
What thought shall soothe the bitterness of death?
What heavenly hope with quenchless beams illumine
The dark and dreary desert of the tomb?
Alas! he knows not—in this awful hour
The bard's impassioned dream hath lost its power.
If realms unseen contain a bower of bliss,
How shall he deem those lovely bowers are his?
Or if the soul, that seat of warm desire,
That emanation of celestial fire,
Sprung from the Gods, must perish with his clay,
Recoiling nature shudders at decay.

Myriads in ruin sunk—but how they fell,
Involved in night, the living could not tell;
Nor can that tale of horror ere be known
From “storied cenotaph,” or sculptured stone.
One solemn truth remains—and all beside
Were falsehood, pride, or vanity—they died:—
Died, when the date, which heaven assigned, was
o'er,

And what could Cæsar, what could Titus more?
So fall the mighty:—Decius died, who saved
His native Rome, and Sylla who enslaved;
And as the herald warned that chief of old,
Whose despot sway degraded Greece controlled;
So still to us the voice of conscience cries,
“Remember thou art mortal—and be wise.”

Oh! when shall morn that welcome ray restore
The sad survivors think to greet no more?
When shall the storm of desolation cease,
And heaven compose the warring world to peace?
Stern horror reigned with deep unvaried hue,
Nor day from night, nor night from day they knew.
Whate'er in time's account that term might be,
Oh! who shall fix its bound to misery?
Suspense and suffering, danger and dismay,
May crowd the grief of ages in a day;
And sleepless memory, in one hour of pain,
Wake countless woes, and live past years again.
Feebly at length the sun's emerging ray
Shone through the mist, slow brightening into day:
His powerless beams a feeble lustre shed,
Like the wan smile that lingers on the dead.
Yet to the pale survivors of that strife
Those beams were light, and ecstasy, and life:
Their weakened sight had never borne to gaze
On the full glory of his wonted blaze.

Impelled by generous pity, prompt to feel,
And mitigate the woes it could not heal,
The friend and father of the desolate,
Imperial Titus, left his halls of state,
To guard the helpless—soothe the orphan's sighs,
And grace the dead with worthy obsequies.
Him nor the trophies of triumphant war,
Nor captive kings, chained crouching to his car,
Nor e'en the glowing bards unfading lays,
Have crowned immortal with his noblest praise.

Blasted by virtue's pure and piercing ray,
The wreath of martial fame may fade away;
But, through the age of slavery and crime,
His name shall rise superior and sublime;
The noblest name to man by heaven assigned—
The friend of peace, of mercy, and mankind.

How art thou fall'n, O region of the brave!
Once the loved home of freedom—now—her grave.
Those fields, where erst thy princely Romans bled,
And the bold warriors fell, who never fled;
Now to a race of dastards are assigned,
The very scorn and scandal of mankind!
Base dupes of priestly art, and lost to shame,
They catch no ardor from their father's fame;
What though no servile chains their limbs control?
Their's is the baser slavery of the soul.
But here I must not pause;—I would not dwell
On deeds th' indignant muse disdains to tell.
Let themes like these historic records stain;—
Seek we Pompeii's buried towers again.

Dark mausoleum of the mighty dead!
Sepulchral shrine of pride and glories fled!
With beating heart I hail thy hallowed gloom,
Still as the lone recesses of the tomb.
'Tis like another world!—no sound recalls
The thought of life within its dreary walls;—
Such is the calm of Lethe's fabled shore,
Where misery weeps, and passion wars no more.
Imperial wreck of ancient majesty!
A spell of mute enchantment dwells on thee;
As in the tomb, where friends or kindred sleep,
And the pale mourner steals to wake and weep.
But haste, the first full feeling past away,
Come we, the wonders of the scene survey;
Through the lone streets with pious caution tread,
Nor touch the sacred ashes of the dead.

Awe-struck I mark those relics of decay,
Unnumbered bones, that strew the pathless way;
Resistless feeling rushes to mine eye,
And my heart feels its own mortality.
Here, whilst that storm its fiery deluge shed,
The living sought a refuge with the dead.
Here many a Roman bowed him to his doom,
And breathed his last in his paternal tomb.
Alas! no friend with fond devotion paid
Sépulchral honors to his lonely shade;
Denied those rites that grace the meanest slave,
One pitying tear to consecrate his grave.

Lo! on this spot, yon mingled ashes tell,
Some hapless mother with her offspring fell.
Here, in the hour of fate, she wildly prest
Her sweet unconscious infant to her breast;
While her young daughters to her garments clung,
Grasped her cold hand, or on her bosom hung.
Though life perchance were her's, had she resigned
Her helpless charge, and left her babe behind,
High in her arms her infant still she bore,
Prest onward still—till life availed no more:—
Then sunk submissive to her destiny,
Clasped each loved child,—and laid her down to die.*

Oh! noble ardor of maternal love,—
No grief can quench it, and no danger move;
E'en in the worst extremity of ill,
It watches—weeps—endures—and comforts still.
Such is the love that warms a woman's breast,
In peace, in joy, dissembled, or suppress:
But in the hour of peril, or of pain,
When selfish fears man's colder heart restrain,
Then the fierce storm will generous woman brave,
And nobly perish, when she cannot save.

Hail! in thy sudden ruin more sublime,
Than the slow wreck of cold consuming time,
Thou mighty relic of superior state,
Majestic still—though dark and desolate!*
Prostrate on earth, or tottering to their fall,
Still broken columns mark thy stately hall;
And thy proud statues, from their bases torn,
Low in the dust their sullied glories mourn.
Yon shapeless mass, on which rude steps have trod,
Was once, perchance, a hero, or a god.
Yet, midst the desolation of the scene,
Enough remains to tell what once hath been:
A dome of majesty, the meet abode
Of kings, nay more, of Romans.—Years have flowed
In long succession—Rome is awayed by slaves—
Oh! for a draught of Lethe's fabled waves!

Room as thou wilt, where chance and fancy lead,
No guard arrests thee, and no walls impede.
Pierce where, till now, no stranger step hath been,
Where beauty erst retired to blush unseen;
And matron pride, and virgin modesty,
Shunned the bold gaze of man's too ardent eye.
Once, hadst thou dared unbidden to intrude,
Thy bold intrusion dearly hadst thou rued:—
Now may'st thou tread, unchecked, the long arcade,
Where erst no stranger-footstep rudely strayed,
Sacred to virtue—and the Roman maid.
Say, would'st thou know where yon low arch doth
lead?

Its dark'ning gloom with trembling caution tread,
Slow wind the deep descent—explore, and tell
The hidden wonders of the vaulted cell—
Why doth thy quivering lip refuse to speak,
And instant paleness overcast thy cheek?
Why doth thine eye with sudden frenzy glare,
And fix unmeaning in the vacant air?

'Twas here they perished—in that hour of dread,
When the red skies their fiery vengeance shed,
Sought the deep vault's impenetrable gloom,
And—seeking refuge—only found a tomb.
Oh! in that hour, what reeked the lordly race,
Of him, whose name ancestral glories grace!—
The slave forgot his chain, the sire his fame,
The blushing maid her sex's modest shame.

pressing an infant to her bosom, appears to have fallen a victim during this scene of desolation. They seem to have crowded together; and their bones are so intermixed, that, in all probability, the mother and her children died in each other's embraces. Their remains were found near the wall of the portico in the street of tombs.

* A mother, dragging after her two daughters, and

* The temple of Isis.

Alas! one doom involved them :—side by side,
The fettered slave, and free-born Roman, died ;
For death confounds the mighty and the base,
And dooms to all an equal resting place.

And who wert thou, fair Julia ?—On thy stone
We trace thy fate, and read thy name alone :
Save that in time-worn characters is seen,
Thy patron power was Beauty's radiant queen.*
To other times hath vivid fancy roved,
And drawn thee blooming, lovely, and beloved ;
Some aged parent's solace, hope, and pride,
Some ardent lover's bright and blushing bride.
The melting softness of the large dark eye,
The lofty mien of Roman majesty,
Chastened by that meek modest gentleness,
Formed woman to adorn, and man to bless ;—
These once, perchance, were thine—Alas! and now
What are thy vernal beauties—what art thou ?
In the short compass of a narrow urn
Thine ashes lie—and from thy tomb we learn,
That thou hast lived and died :—but lasting Fame
Shall consecrate thy memory, and thy name ;
Nor doom thy dust to their ignoble lot,
Who live—and weep—and die—and are forgot.

Explore yon arched recess, and wond'ring scan,
This mingled heap of dust :—That once was man!—
And man too of the noblest :—faithful, brave,
Follower of virtue, even to the grave.
Menaced by fate, he stood undaunted here,
Grasped in his firm right hand his ready spear :
And if, as others, fondly linked to life,
By treasured ties of parent, child, or wife,
In anxious love exhorted them to fly,
And—fixed in Honor's cause—remained to die.†
Oh ! quenchless ardor of heroic flame,
O hero, worthy of immortal fame !

* The following is the inscription :

IVNONI
TYCHES IVLIAE
AVGVSTAE VENER.

† In the recess, at the entrance of the gate of Her-
culaneum, was found a human skeleton ; the hand of
which still grasped a spear ; probably that of a cen-
tinel, who would not quit his post.

Thy name we know not, but in thee we trace
The dauntless grandeur of the Roman race ;
'Twas thus they triumphed by superior worth,
And spread their empire to the bounds of earth.

Dreams of the past steal o'er me :—I recall
The gorgeous scene of Pansa's lordly hall.
It's graceful shaft the Doric column rears,
The massive porch with spacious front appears ;—
Lo! each enthron'd on lofty pedestal,
The statues of his fathers—Romans all ;—
For Rome's proud grandeur there canst thou descry,—
The very marble breathes of majesty.
From crystal vases, crowned with flowery wreaths,
Her choicest odors subject India breathes ;
And on the walls the living canvass glows,
Proud works of art, which conquered Greece bestows.
The Parian marble of the floor is vein'd
With varied streaks, with glowing hues distain'd ;
Bright as the tints of ocean's breast at ev'n,
When the calm wave reflects the calmer Heav'n.
And where in graceful folds yon drapery falls,
And richer paintings decorate the walls,
There erst the mansion's hospitable lord
Called the gay group, and spread the festive board,
With all that charms the heart, and lures the eye,
Athenian taste, and Roman luxury.

These fairy visions vanish into air,
This bright and false illusion flies—Ah! where?—
'Tis with the dream of youth,—the joyful day,
That rose in rapture, blessed, and passed away ;—
'Tis with th' unfettered spirit's earthly lot,
With sorrows solaced, and with joys forgot ;—
With love, that only lives in memory ;—
With all that once hath been,—and ceased to be.
And thus, whate'er the wild and warm desire,
That aways thy bosom with impetuous fire ;
Whate'er thy hopes, thy miseries, and thy fears.
The doubt that chills thee, or the hope that cheers ;
Soon shall they fade, in utter gloom o'ercast,
Whelmed in the dark abysses of the past ;
And thou—thy race shall close—thy sun shall set—
And weeping friends deplore thee—and forget.

C.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Adieu! to ye, mother, the waves of the sea,
Henceforth must the home of your sailor boy be,
The vessel's broad deck is the couch for his form,
And his lullaby song is the voice of the storm.

One blessing, brave father, the waves may ride high,
But that blessing shall rise, thro' their roar, to the sky ;
And our Father, who sitteth aloft, will look down,
With a rainbow like glance, thro' the tempest's dark
frown.

Adieu! bright-eyed sister, wherever I roam,
Those eyes, like the magnet, shall draw me to home,

My light, thro' the lonely night's watch upon deck,
My guardians of safety, 'mid peril and wreck.

Nay, cheer up, young brother, faint hearted and
weak,

'Tis a shame to thy manhood, that tear on thy cheek.
Brush back the pale drop, it were childish to weep
For one, who was born on the bright swelling deep.

Adieu! ye belov'd ones, the ocean's proud wave
Was my babyhood's cradle—it may be my grave ;
But my heart, like a child's, to its early love true,
Still sighs for the boundless, the beautiful blue.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE LEAD CHAMBERS AT VENICE.

ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN OF "THE URANIA."

JOHN JAMES DE SEINGALT CASANOVA, the head of the eccentric and talented family of that name, has left behind him four volumes of memoirs of his remarkable life. They were first published in German at the Leipzig fairs, between the years 1820 and 28; but a French edition of the original version has since appeared. The work is particularly curious, and depicts the various adventures of a true man of the world, among all classes of society, in the principal cities of Europe. Casanova, had he lived in an earlier age, would have ranked but little inferior to the admirable Crichton. He was well-versed in the Latin, French, and Italian languages, and at the age of sixteen, wrote learned dissertations on religion and the law. His first sermon created a strong sensation at Venice, and his wonderful conversational powers introduced him to the highest circles. Several love adventures attest his popularity with the ladies, and in the course of his restless career, he visited the principal dignitaries of the time, and was generally well received. During his sojourn at Venice, he incurred displeasure, and was imprisoned in the Lead-Chambers (Piombi)—a series of dungeons formed beneath the roofs of the Doge's Palazzo, and appropriated to persons suspected of political offences—the building, of which the famous Bridge of Sighs is a prominent portion, is at present the seat of the Austrian government. The heat of the sun shining upon the leaden roofs, converted these dungeons into "holes of infernal heat," and placed the unfortunate prisoners in perpetual torture that frequently resulted in frenzy. Casanova's escape was managed with considerable ingenuity; and he deserved the good fortune that he afterwards experienced. He was born at Venice in 1725, escaped in 1755, and died at Vienna in 1803, aged seventy-eight.

In the original, the account of the escape occupies more than one hundred pages of closely printed matter; but it is believed that the following statement contains all that is material.—*Ed. G. M.*

Casanova had long been an object of offence to the Venetian police, but the protection of the Senator Bragadin for a time defeated its purpose—it being a law in Venice that the officers of justice should not enter any patrician house, except at the express command of the tribunal; and this is seldom, or never, given. His passion, however, for a young girl, allured him from his safe retreat, to lodgings in the suburbs, where he was seized by the sbirri, and carried off to the *Lead-Chambers*—prisons so called, from their being at the top of the building, immediately under the roof of lead. After passing through three long passages,

two of which were barred, he came to a large dirty attic, that he thought was to be his prison—but in this he was mistaken. There was a fourth door beyond, studded with iron, opening into a room so low that he could not stand upright in it, and lighted by a small loop-hole about two feet in circumference, that was guarded by strong bars crossing each other in little squares; this was still farther darkened by a near rafter, so that when the door was closed, there was not light enough to distinguish the form of the room, which was a square, with an alcove at one end, intended for a bed, though the place had neither bed, chair, nor table. At another side was a strange iron machine, fastened against the walls, in shape like a horse shoe, which excited something more than curiosity in the prisoner; and the jailor observing it, said, with a malicious laugh, "Ha! ha! You are cudgelling your brains now to find out the use of this pretty piece of furniture, and I can tell it you in a minute. When their Excellencies order a prisoner to be strangled, he is placed on a stool, his back against the iron which goes half round his neck; the other half is bound with a silk cord, the ends of which pass through the hole here, and are then fastened to a little windlass; this is turned till the poor sinner has given up his soul to heaven; for the confessor does not leave him till he is dead."

"An admirable invention!" exclaimed Casanova; "and you, I suppose, have the honor to turn this same windlass." But the jailor said nothing till he had closed the door on him, when he asked him through the grating, "what he would have to eat?" and Casanova replying that he had not yet thought about it, he walked off without farther question, leaving his prisoner to the benefit of his meditations. These were any thing but pleasant: the heat was intolerable, and though for the first few hours the circumstance of his being neglected scarcely troubled him, yet when, according to Italian computation, the clock struck twenty-one, he began to be anxious at this protracted absence of every human being. Still he could hope, and did hope till the twenty-fourth hour, when his wrath broke forth: he raged, he cursed, he howled, he stamped with his feet; but after an hour had elapsed in impotent fury, and still no one came, he abandoned himself to sleep.

At midnight he was again awakened by the sound of the clock, and scarcely could he believe that he had been so long utterly free from pain. He stretched out his right hand for his handkerchief, when it was met by another hand cold and stark as ice: horror thrilled through every vein. For several minutes he remained not only without motion, but almost without consciousness; and, when recollection had in some

measure returned, he tried to persuade himself that he had been the dupe of his imagination. Again he stretched out his hand, and again it was met by the same cold flesh, which, in the agony of his heart, he first convulsively pressed, and then flung from him with a cry of horror. As the first thrill of feeling died away, he tried to reason with his fears;—what could this be? Had a corse been placed beside him as he slept?—perhaps that of a friend, tortured to death and laid there as a mocking image of his own intended fate. The thought was madness! and a third time, with desperate resolution, he stretched out his arm to clutch the hand, and drag the dead body to him, that he might, at once, fairly grapple with his fear in all its loathsomeness; but no sooner had he raised himself up on his left arm, than he found the cold hand was his own, which had been placed under his body, and by the numbing pressure, had lost all sensation. The discovery was ridiculous enough, but, instead of raising, only served to depress his spirits.

In a few days, however, he had learned to measure his situation more accurately, and began to look to his present comfort: the state allowed him fifty sous a day; his own bed was brought and placed in the alcove, and whatever furniture else he wanted, was fetched from his lodgings, books and articles of steel alone excepted. The money was left in the hands of Lorenz the jailor, to provide for him, and once a month he rendered an account of his disbursements; but Casanova had prudence enough to make him a present of the overplus, to conciliate his kindness. Hope too, had not yet deserted him: every night he went to rest with the full conviction that the next morning would be the last of his imprisonment; and when the next morning came without bringing any change, he again went through the same round of hopes and doubts, to be again disappointed. After a few weeks he was compelled to give up the idea; but then he turned to another hope, and believed that his confinement was to last for a certain time—till the first of October, when the new Inquisitors superseded those in office. But this period came without any alteration in his condition, and he then determined, if possible, to escape, though in so doing he staked his life on the hazard.

He stood with his eyes fixed on the loop-hole in the roof, weighing the means and difficulties of his purpose, when on a sudden the huge beam that crossed the window, tottered and bent to the right side, and again sprang back to its position; the floor, too, trembled beneath his feet, and threw him from his balance. It was the effect of the terrific earthquake which, at the very same moment, was hurling all Lisbon to the earth in one general mass of ruins. A second shock came, and he exclaimed, "*Un'altra, un'altra, gran Dio ma più forte!*" and the jailors shuddered, and fled from what they believed to be the blasphemies of a maniac.

This event by no means delayed his plans for escape. With admirable patience he contrived to sharpen an old bolt on a piece of marble, till he had formed it into a three-edged dagger—a labor of fourteen days, which worked his left-hand into one blis-

ter, and almost tore the right arm from its socket. With this, he purposed to cut a hole through the floor under his bed, and to make his way to the room below, where he intended to hide himself under the table of the tribunal, and thence escape easily in the morning, when the door was first opened. In this way he hoped to reach a place of security before he was missed; for even if any guard were left in the chamber, he determined to strike him dead with his poniard. But there were other difficulties, not so easily got over; the floor might be double, it might be triple, and the work would then occupy him for months. How was he to hide its progress from Lorenz, for he had hitherto insisted on having the chamber regularly cleaned and swept, and now to forbid it would excite suspicion? Yet there was no alternative, and he adopted the measure at once, alleging as a reason, that the dampness occasioned a spitting of blood, which, however, did not satisfy Lorenz: he examined the room all over with a light, but as he found nothing to justify his suspicion, he fell into the snare, and allowed Casanova to have his own way, and the latter now set about the work of his deliverance in good earnest. His first object was to make a lamp—for which he wanted oil, a vessel to hold it, a fire-stone, wick, matches, and tinder; and all these he contrived to procure by his own unassisted ingenuity. The lamp he made out of a small saucepan that was used to prepare butter with eggs, and which he managed to conceal; the oil he saved from his salad; the steel he formed from a buckle; and the fire-stone he got from Lorenz, under the pretence of dissolving it in vinegar as a cure for the tooth ache. Matches and tinder alone were wanting; but even here his ingenuity was finally triumphant—the matches he got from Lorenz, under the pretence of needing the brimstone for medical purposes, and the tinder he made out of sponge with which his coat had been stuffed under the arms.

About this time, a new prisoner, Count Fanarola, divided his cell with him; but secrecy was the interest of both parties, and Casanova continued his operations, cutting through the floors till his progress was stopped by a large joist. To work through this was impossible; the only remedy, and this cost time, was to enlarge the hole on the side, which, at last, with infinite labor, he accomplished. The light, glimmering through a crevice in the ceiling below, assured him he had succeeded. This he stopped up with bread, that it might not betray him before the time of his flight, which he fixed for the night preceding the festival of St. Augustin. On that day there was an assembly of the Great Council, and therefore the Bussola that lay close to the chamber through which he had to pass, would be empty. He was not, however, so near the goal as he imagined.

It was on the twenty-fifth of August, at noon, that an event took place, which, even in the recollections of his age, was terrible. The bolts rattled, a deadly terror seized him, the throbbings of his heart shook his whole body, and he dropped powerless into his chair. Lorenz, while yet in the passage, cried out to him through the grating in a tone of joy, "I wish

you joy of the news I bring you!" By this he imagined he meant his freedom, and he gave himself up for lost; the discovery of the hole in the floor would ruin every thing.

Lorenz now entered, and desired him to follow. Casanova wished first to dress, but this the jailor said was unnecessary, as he was only going to take him out of his present abominable prison into a more convenient room, lighted with two windows, from which he could overlook half Venice. He was now no longer master of himself; he bade him return his thanks to the secretary, and leave him where he was. Lorenz only laughed, saying he must be mad to make such excuses; and offered his arm to lead him from the prison. There was no resisting: he suffered himself to be led away by Lorenz, and in a few minutes a part of his furniture followed, and he was then left alone in all the terrors of expectation. Half an hour past—an hour—what was to be the result? Was he not discovered? It seemed impossible. And what would be his punishment? Death—or imprisonment in the *Wells*, the most horrible prisons that cruelty had ever invented; they were worse even than the *Lead-Chambers*—always lying two feet deep in water, for the salt tide flowed through the same grating that admitted the scanty daylight.

Another hour—and he heard the sound of footsteps in the passage.* It was Lorenz, who, foaming with rage, demanded the axe with which he supposed the floor had been cut, and the name of the sbirri from whom it had been received. Seats, table, bed—all were examined to find this imaginary weapon; while the simple piece of iron, which had done the mischief, escaped their observation in the straw of the arm-chair. Lorenz grew wilder than ever.

"You will not tell me who gave you the tools with which you broke through the floor? but you will tell it to others!"

"If it be indeed true that I have broken through the floor, I will say that I had the tools from you, and have returned them."

At this he began to howl, and beat his head against the wall, and stamp with his feet like a madman;—while his assistants seemed by their applauses to think the joke excellent. But he found ample means of vengeance in changing the diet of his prisoner, and fastening the window so that not a breath of air could come in: the place was a living torture, for so intense was the heat that it was scarcely possible to respire, while the meat and the water were offensive almost beyond endurance. The complaints and questions of Casanova were received with silent scorn, that testified how well his jailor was satisfied with his triumph. At one time Casanova resolved to take an opportunity of plunging his steel into him, but on more reflection he contented himself with demanding his account; but when the day came for this, his wrath had so much yielded to his better reason, that he made Lorenz a present of the overplus. They were now alone, and Lorenz endeavoured by quiet means to sound the mystery of the axe.

"You said it was from me that you got the tools with which you broke the great hole through the

floor of your prison. But who provided you with the lamp?"

"Yourself. You gave me oil, flint, and sulphur. The rest I had already."

"That's true. But can you as easily show me that I gave you the implements for cutting through the floor? Tell me when I gave you an axe?"

"I will tell you every thing, if you wish it; but the secretary must be present."

"I believe you, and wish to know nothing more.—Be silent, and remember that I am a poor man with a family."

After this there was no more quarrelling between them; and indeed Lorenz began to relax even in his precautions—so much so, that he suffered a mutual exchange of books between Casanova and a Venetian nobleman, Marino Balbi, who was confined in a dungeon over him. But the two prisoners abused his confidence; they held a written communication with each other on the blank leaves and margins of the volumes, as they passed to and fro; and though enough transpired, in the course of this correspondence, to show that Balbi was a weak man, Casanova resolved to trust him more from necessity than choice. With this determination, he explained to him the secret of his steel, and promised to find some means of conveying it to him, that he might use it in cutting a hole into the dungeon below. To this he answered that Casanova would only be exchanging one dungeon for another; and would have declined the enterprise, but the propounder of the scheme was not so easily to be diverted from his purpose; he sent word back that Balbi had only to do as he directed, and leave the rest to him. He then took the precaution to buy a quantity of holy pictures, with which he might hide the hole from Lorenz during its progress. There was, however, another difficulty, more stubborn to be conquered than the dullness of Balbi; and this was the transmission of the steel, which could only be done through Lorenz. He tried to conceal it at the back of a large folio, between the binding and the book itself; but unfortunately it was two inches longer than the volume. His ingenuity, however, found a way of overcoming this evil; he told Lorenz that he intended to celebrate St. Michael's day with two great dishes of macaroni, one of which he intended to present to Balbi in return for the loan of his books. This feint succeeded; the macaroni was brought, placed on the book, and by its size hid the projecting part of the steel; and Lorenz, without the slightest suspicion of the fact, conveyed the whole to Balbi, who had been previously prepared to receive it.

Eight days Balbi employed in making the opening, and at last gave the signal of its being nearly accomplished, by three light strokes on the floor. Next morning he sent word by the usual mode of intelligence, that he would finish his work the same day if the ceiling of the room below should prove to consist of two deals only; for the boards were not more than an inch thick. At the same time, he promised not to cut quite through the ceiling, a point that Casanova had repeatedly forced on his attention, for fear their work should be discovered by Lorenz.

Things were now rapidly drawing to a crisis; a quarter of an hour and Balbi would have accomplished his part, when, to the surprise and terror of Casanova, he heard footsteps in the passage. The signal for Balbi to desist was hastily given, and only just in time to anticipate the appearance of Lorenz, who entered with a new prisoner. This fellow proved to be a government-spy, by his own confession, and though under temporary disgrace, was hardly to be trusted. Casanova tried him, however, by confiding two letters to his charge, innocent in themselves, but which, as might have been expected, he gave unopened to the Secretary of the tribunal. His companion pretended an indignation at this treachery which he did not feel; but he had a farther object in the fiction, and now gave directions to Balbi to continue his labors, while he persuaded the spy that the noise was the work of an angel. The brutal ignorance and bigotry of the man made him swallow this gross and palpable falsehood.

The work was at last done. As the clock struck seventeen a piece of the ceiling fell down, and Balbi was in the arms of his friend below. The spy was perfectly astonished, but fear kept him silent; and Casanova now ascended to the old count who had shared Balbi's dungeon, but who had neither body nor mind for an enterprise like this. In fact, he refused to join in it.

On returning to his dungeon, Casanova cut all the furniture and bed-linen into stripes, tying them carefully together, till the length of the whole was fifty fathoms. Thus armed, he again ascended with his companions, and in about three hours he had cut an opening through the roof, and forced away the lead sufficiently to allow a passage; but on looking out he was greeted, and not pleasantly, by the light of the new moon, shining clearly on the prison. As the head of this perilous expedition, he resolved to wait till the moon was down, which would be at five; and as the sun did not rise before thirteen o'clock, there would be seven hours of perfect darkness for their escape. These difficulties enraged Balbi; he protested that if he had known Casanova's plan he never would have helped him out of his dungeon; but Casanova had too much need of him to show any anger at these reproaches, and they now set out, leaving the count and the spy, who were too timid, or had too little opinion of their scheme to follow them.

A fog had risen in the meantime, but not so thick as to prevent their seeing any near objects. Casanova was the first. By means of his steel, which he plunged into the joinings of the lead, he began to ascend the roof, dragging Balbi up with him, who held fast by his skirts; and thus they had got the half way of their perilous journey, when the latter dropped his bundle. Supposing that it might have gone no farther than the gutter, Balbi begged his companion to stop. The first impulse of Casanova at this trifle was, by a single blow of his foot, to send him after his precious venture; but his companion was indispensable, and he restrained his feelings.

After passing over sixteen plates, or perhaps more, they got to the ridge of the roof, where they rested,

with their backs towards the Island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, and before them the cupola of St. Mark's Church, a portion of the ducal palace in which is the Doge's chapel, more splendid than the chapel of any prince. But to have got thus far was, as it soon appeared, only half, and the easiest half of their adventure. Leaving his companion, Casanova crept along the roof for more than an hour, to find some place where he might fix his life; but still the places below were too much inclosed to allow of their escape; and to reach the conica, or vicarage, on the other side of the church, was impossible. In this dilemma, when every hope of safety seemed lost, he spied a window in the roof, something more than half-way down, which probably lighted a floor without the circle of the prisons. Letting himself slowly down, his feet soon reached the projecting roof of the window, and having seated himself, he bent over and felt about for the casement, which he had not long to seek for; but unfortunately it was protected by an iron grating. This seemed to offer an insurmountable obstacle to his farther progress: for several minutes he was lost in a sort of mental apoplexy, unable to think or to act, when the clock of St. Mark's struck, and awoke him from his stupor. Lying with his stomach on the narrow roof, he hung over, and by means of his steel, worked at the frame of the grating till he forced it from its socket, after which the glass frames were easily broken. Having accomplished this, he returned to Balbi, whom he found in a state of rage and desperation, and preparing to return, under the idea that Casanova had fallen from the roof. The question now was, how they should both get into the passage below the window? For the first it was a matter of little difficulty, as he might be let down by his companion sitting on the roof; but how was this to be managed by the second? Balbi proposed that he should be the first, after which Casanova's ingenuity, he had no doubt, would speedily devise some means for his own escape. Casanova had sufficient command over himself to show no symptoms of anger at this proposal.

According to this plan, Balbi was let down into the passage; but the length of line occupied by it clearly proved to his companion that he could not follow him without some additional aid to facilitate his descent. He returned, therefore, to the ridge of the roof, and after travelling a few yards, was fortunate enough to find a ladder, with a heap of stones and mortar, left by some workmen who had been employed in repairing a cupola. But the difficulty was to get this ladder in the window. With a view to this, he tied the line to the upper rail, and endeavored to drop it in the right direction; but after many efforts, the end uniformly rested in the gutter at the lower extremity of the roof. It was now near morning; something must be thought of speedily, or he was lost; and in this dilemma he ventured on the perilous experiment of sliding down as gently as possible into the gutter, the edge of which happily stopped his falling. With a little labor, he succeeded in forcing the ladder about a foot in at the window, which lessened its weight considerably; and in a few minutes

he got it two feet farther, when he again climbed up to the window-roof, and kneeling on it, endeavored by pulling with the line to bring the whole of the ladder into the passage. In this effort, that partially succeeded, his knees slipped, and he had only his breast and arms on the roof. He struggled hard to regain his situation, and had just accomplished it, when the exertion brought on a violent cramp, as painful as it was paralyzing. For two minutes he hung in this way between life and death; at last the pain subsided, and by degrees he not only regained the roof, but succeeded in forcing down the ladder, by the help of which he descended to his companion. They were now in the Doge's chancery. Their difficulties, however, were not yet over; and so weary was Casanova from his exertions, that he literally fell asleep, in spite of the perils that surrounded him. But Balbi would not let him repose long; at the third hour he woke him to renew their toil, and after breaking their way through two chambers, they at last found their pro-

gress stopped by a door that defied every effort made to force it. Here, to the great astonishment of his companion, Casanova sat down with great content, exclaiming that he had done his part, and that Providence or Fortune would do the rest.

Abbia, chi regge il ciel, cura del resto,
O la fortuna, se non tocca a lui.

And Providence did effect the rest; their figures had been seen at the window by some one passing, who imagining that the porter had by mistake locked them in, gave the man notice of it, and he accordingly came to their release. He was alone; Casanova rushed by him, and Balbi followed; but no sooner had they cleared the palace than they walked quietly to avoid exciting any suspicion. "To the church! to the church!" exclaimed Balbi; but it was not there that Casanova hoped for an asylum. He hastened to the canal, sprang into a gondola, and ordered the boatman to row him to Fusino.

EXPERIENCES OF

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Dans les petites boîtes les bons onguens.

LESSON THE FOURTH.

XXVI. If you have not commenced the vicious habit of chewing tobacco, avoid it as you would the contamination of the cholera. Trifle not with the attempt; a plaything practice, by indulgence, will become a tyrant custom. There is scarcely a confirmed chewer who does not regret his first mouth-mumbling of the Nicotian nastiness. It is an allowable habit in a jack-tar, whose biscuit, if not weevilly, requires to be placed on the breech of a gun, and rapped with a marlin spike, to be broken into bits of edible capacity; or, if soaked in sea water, forms an agreeable melange with salt junk, dog's-body, cocoa, grog, gunpowder, and cannon-balls. With this fare, molasses-rolled pigtail, or *genteel* cavendish, forms an apposite appendage. A "chaw" relieves the monotony of a long voyage, and helps the dreariness of a night watch. Niggers, who "work o' night," may also be allowed the refreshment of a quid, but what excuse can a young gentleman render for fouling his mouth with the bestiality of chewed tobacco? Can any man, who indulges in the habit, insult the delicacy of his lady love by pressing his black and filthy labials against her pure and rosy lips, the portals of her soul? Dare he mingle his noisome belching, redolent of the odious scent, with the delicious etherialities of her breath? Tobacco chewers should never be allowed to kiss the dainty darlings of the gentler sex, except the unnatural fatuities who fill their mouth with snuff—like

will to like—we freely resign them to one another. But the ladies, God bless them, uniformly express their dislike of the practice, and sneer at the nastiness of the corners of a tobacco-chewer's mouth, and the splash of the huge *gouttes* of saliva that he spits from his filthy lips. But the users of the weed reap the benefits of its long enjoyment in the foul discoloration of their teeth, rottenness of gums, and frequent cancers on their tongues—bleared and blood-shot eyes, intestinal disorders, hypochondria, and cadaverous complexions are the certain results of this useless practice.

I have heard some persons attempt to defend the habit by instancing the prevalence of cigar smoking, and remarking upon the affinity of taste. There is no affinity. We may admire the perfume of the scent-bag, without wishing to masticate the fabrication; and the smoke of the pastille may be grateful, but we are not required to thrust the *pdte d'odeur* into our hollow tooth.

A tobacco chewer should never degrade good wine by using it as a potable; a three-center of old rye is good enough to mix with tobacco water, to wash their fiery throats.

XXVII. It is a common opinion with the would-be worldly wise, that a man is not to be trusted who cannot look you in the face while he is talking to you. Nothing exemplifies the fallacy of popular adages so

completely as this little phrase. A confident scoundrel will look into the "depths of your eyes," and pick your pocket at the same time; he must indeed be a poor swindler who is afraid to face his prey. The meek and pious Addison never looked any one in the face, yet he was never suspected of picking pockets, child stealing, or forgery. But Peter looked fawningly upon the countenance of Jesus when he betrayed his master with a kiss, and the rascally seducer gazes with a meretricious fondness upon the victim, while the poor innocent droops her eyes under the effects of his ardent glance.

XXVIII. If you are compelled to attend a party where deep drinking may be expected, listen to my advice, and I can exhibit a means of escape that will enable you to enjoy your fair allowance of wine, and walk home steadily when your friends are under the table, or floundering in the kennel. Remember, that I mention it as applicable only in cases of necessity, for excessive drinking is now-a-days considered prodigiously vulgar and bestial. The line of regimen is simple, but must be strictly observed. Read over the second item in my first lesson; it will instruct you what wine to drink during dinner, and when. If a friend sends you a different sort of wine to that which you are drinking, request the favor of pledging him in your own—it is a frequent and desirable practice. Remember that, if you mix your wine otherwise than specified in that item, you are a gone case. You may take fish, but beware of the sauce—avoid all vegetables, and discard your soup if you perceive the taste of a vegetable infusion. All salads are included in the prohibition. Eat heartily of plain roast or boiled meat, with plenty of crusty bread. Touch not pie nor pudding, nor any portion of the dessert. Avoid all malt liquor, and drink no more water than you require. Sit still; laugh as little as you can; talk only when you are compelled; and, above all, beware of singing or speechifying. Nibble a cracker now and then; stick closely to the olives, and if you feel a sickness of taste, refresh your palate with a pinch of common table salt. Stir not from your seat, if you can help it, and studiously avoid all smoking or snuff taking. By attending to these remarks you may do considerable duty in a hard party—but the best way to avoid drunkenness is to flee the path of temptation.

XXIX. If a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, as the Psalmist says, be sure that a sluttish one is a circle of thorns to her partner's heart. If you are on the point of marriage, and fancy that your fair one when out of the world's eye, indulges in a slatternly disarrangement of dress, or that she is not sufficiently frequent in her lavements, or even has a propensity to litters and lie-abouts, pause in your proceedings, and note her conduct with attentive eye. If you satisfy yourself of her slatternly habits, follow the example of Sam Patch, and leap into the boiling cataract of Niagara, but do not attempt to navigate the stormy waters of this life with a dirty, ill-kept craft. If lovers would but pop in unexpectedly upon their dearies, and catch them occasionally in dishabille, they would know more of their habits than twenty formally pre-

pared receptions would evince. A dirty house is as bad as a foul tongue, and it is better to see your wife clean her teeth than play on the guitar. The loveliest of her sex could not effect a hole in my heart if she had a hole in her stocking; neatly and sweetly dressed is better than gauds and dirt; a clean white hand is finer than a foul and jewelled finger—and a wife who simply braids her own hair, looks better in my eyes than the slut who pins on the greasy curls of another woman's poll. Slatternly housewives are always termagants, and generally devote their decline of life to the service of the rum bottle.

XXX. The man who despises his neighbor because he professes a different creed, is destitute of the foundation of all religion—a reverence for the work of his Creator. The various sects of religion may be compared to many streams of living water flowing from the mountain land; some of them dash with rapid currents over the obstructions in their course, and bear down opposition by the impetuosity of their stream. Others glide with gentle ripple through pleasant vales and flowery banks, sparkling with joy in the beams of the morning sun, and reflecting back the lustrous beauties of the star-lit sky. Others again steal with dark and slender tide along the most rugged and desolate tracks—"beneath the shade of melancholy boughs;" occasionally wrecking the adventurous voyagers that trust their gloomy streams, by hurling them over some unexpected precipice, and dashing their hopes beneath the cataract's foam. The water of some of the streams is pure and clear—others possess a muddy quality—a slimy taint, that mars the taste of the good things of this life, and clouds the faculties of the mind and heart. But all the rivers ultimately gain the open sea; and if we do but steadfastly pursue the track that we conceive to be correct, and stick honestly to the navigation of our own vessels, without endeavoring to run down our neighbor's craft, or to run up other people's creeks with evil designs, we shall eventually cross the wide unfathomable ocean, and obtain snug anchorage in the haven of our hopes.

XXXI. If you have accustomed your stomach to late suppers, be assured that a bowl of water gruel is the most grateful and wholesome preparation. It can be made particularly palatable, and is recommended by Kitchener as the best breakfast or supper for the rational epicure. I can speak from experience of its good qualities in the latter use. It is satisfying with out overloading, easy of digestion, and remarkably soothing and comforting to an irritated stomach. One table spoonful (two, if you prefer the gruel pretty thick,) of oat meal, intimately mixed with three of cold water, and gradually commingled with a pint of boiling milk (water if you like) will make, after simmering for a few minutes, a bowl of capital gruel. Let it stand, and skim it—you may add almost every possible condiment, if you please, but sugar and butter are the most healthy and toothsome. Broth, instead of water, makes an agreeable crowdie kind of mixture—and a glass of brandy or wine, with sugar, nutmeg, or ginger, will be found of service when the inside is out of order. A tea spoonful of Epsom salt, and a lump of butter, will give an aperient quality to the

gruel, and be found of glorious service after a hard day's drinking.

XXXII. However heartily we may condemn the opinions of another, let us remember that we are not bound to despise the author of the opinions. It is a difficult thing to separate our objections, but good land may produce weeds, and no man despises a fine orchard because he has been once disappointed in the crop.

XXXIII. Suffer no familiarity from your domestics, or eventually you will have to wait upon yourself. Let them, from the first moment that they enter your employ, understand that your orders are invariably to be executed to the best of their abilities, and with a prompt celerity that will prevent the necessity of a repetition of your directions. A gentleman will ever be known by his conduct to his servants; in that respect he is particular never to misbehave himself. A general equanimity of temper, and moderate kindness of manner, will beget more respect than a sideboard of plate, or a daily parade of bank and check books. The conventional forms of modern society have superseded

the necessity of Chesterfieldian instruction, but the good old lord was generally correct in his moral minutiae; he paid particular attention to the comfort of his domestics, and enjoyed the effects in being well served and beloved by every one in his employ. He left handsome legacies to many of his servants, considering them, as he expressed it, his inferiors but in the gift of fortune—yet he exacted and obtained a rigorous discharge of their various duties.

XXXIV. Wine is frequently deteriorated in its quality by the way in which it is iced. Mousseux Champagne may, without injury, be poured over the frozen chrystal—its rapid effervescence preserves the vinous spirit from injury, and instantly mingles the melted water with the wine. But port, claret, burgundy, madeira, and sherry, are completely neutralized by having the ice put into the body of the wine. Let the bottle or decanter, well stopped, be placed in the ice tub—not too long, but for a sufficient time—let it stand for a few minutes before using, and the sudden evaporation will cool the liquor more completely than an hour's immersion in the refrigerator. B.

TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the proud and free!

With a salt'ring harp and fingers trembling,
And hidden thoughts in haste assembling,
Like bright thoughts in a midnight dream,
With a feeling wild at the startling theme,

I chant my lay to thee.

Thy home is on the mountain height—
On the tall tree's utmost peak,
Where the frozen snow in the sun beams bright,
And the wind howls shrill and bleak.
Thou sittest alone in thy glory there,
A proud and dauntless thing;
Thy full breast bar'd to the mountain air,
As thou plumest thy dark gray wing.

See! the golden sun uprearing
High his beamy head,
From the stormy wave careering,
Over Ocean's bed:
See the rays of light advancing
Up the cloud-rob'd sky,
Tinged with richest hues, and dancing
Thro' their home on high!

Oh, the ling'ring joy that thrills us,
As we gaze and gaze,
And the rushing thought that fills us
In the sun's bright blaze;

When we mark the ocean heaving
On her rock-bound coast,
And some noble vessel cleaving—
Brave tho' tempest tost!

But the bird of the mountain peak, leaving her nest
With her pinions wide stretched to the sky,
Free—unfettered by man—by the air unoppressed—
And the sun glancing bright in her eye;—
She heeds not the flame tho' it blaze in its might—
Her course is still onward—still onward her flight.

The storm-king is out, and his myrmidons rave;
The lightnings dance wildly o'er mountain and wave;
The thunder's loud voice thro' the heav'ns peals deep;
And the shadows of night on the pure clouds sleep;
But that bird on the air,
Poised calmly, is there;
And she shrieks a wild scream to the murmuring blast,
As fierce thro' the heavens its fury is cast.

Bird of the proud and free!
Well may a nation boast of thee,
Thou symbol proud of Liberty!—
And on her banner's topmost height,
Place thy bright image—BIRD OF MIGHT!

Columbia, Pa.

F. ALP.

LETTERS OF SALATHIEL, THE WANDERING JEW,

TO SOLOMON BEN ISRAEL OF JERUSALEM.

LETTER III.

New York, July, 1836.

AN old acquaintance with whom I had considerable intercourse, many years since, in Vienna, has found me out here, and this has led to some curious incidents, which I must now proceed to relate.

I was sitting one evening in my parlor, in the second story of the hotel, looking out of the window upon the multitudes who were thronging the streets on their way to some meeting or spectacle, when Jonathan suddenly opened the door, and ushered in the individual above mentioned, Mr. Myers, of Vienna. He came forward, and grasping both my hands at once, exclaimed—

"Count Braunschwer, my dear sir, how happy I am to see you."

Now, friend Solomon, I assure you that this title actually and rightfully belongs to me, and not only so, but it is almost the only one among the ten thousand aliases under which I have passed at different times, to which I have any legitimate title whatever. You must know, that having, among other acquirements, made myself a proficient in surgery, and being in the practice thereof on a certain time in the city of Vienna, I was enabled to render an important service by performing a difficult operation with success upon a member of the royal family. For this service, it pleased the emperor, without any solicitation on my part, to confer upon me an estate, and to change my humble designation of Mr. Pfaffer, to the title of Count Braunschwer. This annoyed me a good deal, because it brought me into notice, and set curious people to inquiring about a great many matters which I was anxious to conceal, I bore it a month or two, and then abruptly left the city and the empire. Now, this Mr. Myers knew me both before and after this event. He is rather a humorous individual, and his visits to my lonely apartments were acceptable, as they served to while away many heavy hours. One of his propensities was not much to my taste, and that was a fondness for practical jokes. These, however, were generally harmless, and as he had never ventured to play them off upon myself, his narratives respecting them were quite amusing.

You may well suppose that his sudden salutation made me start. A moment only passed before I recognized him, however, and I then, of course, instantly recovered from my embarrassment, and expressed a great deal of pleasure at seeing him.

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful," said I, "came you to find me out?"

"Oh," he replied, "I saw you sitting at a window below, as I passed with a party on horseback this morning. I could not stop to come in then. But I embraced

the earliest opportunity of coming here, and inquiring for you."

"Well, that does not account for your finding me out, for you might have inquired for me by my own title from this evening till next year, without learning my whereabouts."

"Very true; so when the landlord said there was no Count Braunschwer here, I took it for granted you might have received some later title by which you were now known. I therefore proceeded to describe your person with great exactness—your large, broad forehead, piercing black eyes, thick, black, clustering hair, firmly closed lips, and your commanding height, would identify you any where. The landlord said there was exactly such a man in No. 6, but his name was Smith. So I desired to be shown to Mr. Smith's room, and here I am."

"Well, I am glad it's no worse. You must know I am travelling incog. just now, and you will not betray me, of course."

"Faith," replied Myers, "I believe that is past praying for, for I told the landlord that you were Count Braunschwer, and he has unquestionably spread the news all over the house long before this."

"Well, it is no great matter at any rate, for as we are in a republican country, the people will care nothing about me or my title; and I shall pass along as quietly under the title of Count Braunschwer, as under the more undistinguished appellation of Mister Smith."

"My dear Count, that shows just how much you know of these republicans. If they have a passion in this world, it is for titles. Every man who holds a commission in the militia, is absurd enough to permit the title of Captain, of Ensign, or General, or Corporal, as the case may be, to be prefixed permanently to his name, though he may only have worn his epaulettes on one training day in his life time. A man who is 'Judge' for three months, is 'Judge' for the rest of his days, and the term 'esquire' is used on the outside of letters, and at the heads of shop bills as indiscriminately as 'Mister' itself. Every body is esquire here by courtesy, and for an individual to decline the title simply because he has no actual right to it, would be considered quite squeamish. The rich, who ape the Europeans in dress, style of living, equipages, &c. envy them immeasurably their titles of nobility; and the very men whom you hear lauding to the skies their republican institutions, would gladly, if they could, attach to their names a string of titles as long as that of a Russian noble, or Spanish grandee of the first class."

"Well, that may be all very true, but I don't see how it touches the present case, at all. They can't have my title, if they like it ever so much, and so

they will, of course, give themselves no trouble about me."

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, Count. As they cannot have titles of nobility themselves, they look upon them as something infinitely honorable and desirable, and resolve to honor, with all their might, those who are more fortunate than they are in this respect. It, therefore, happens, that when they behold an actual live nobleman, they 'think their very e'en enriched;' and they resolve to do him all possible honor and homage. Since being a noble is out of the question, being visited on terms of equality by a noble must answer the purpose. This confers all the nobility of the European sort to which an American can aspire; and this he will have at any cost."

"This is all a very pretty and ingenious theory of yours, friend Myers; but I think it can hardly be true. Jonathan," continued I, turning to Long, who had been sitting quietly at the other end of the room. "Oh, I forgot. Mr. Myers, let me introduce you to my secretary, Mr. Long."

After the introduction was over, I resumed the subject. "Mr. Long, is it true, what Mr. Myers has been saying about your countrymen?"

"Why," replied Jonathan, drawing the word out, so as to give himself time to think—"Why, Count, I don't know particularly about the last part of what Mr. Myers said; but all he has been telling you about the captains and judges, and squires, and so on, is as true as the book of Job. There are now in the town of Waterborough thirteen captains, five majors, four colonels, two generals, three judges, and more squires than you could shake a stick at. I'm a lieutenant myself; but the folks about here don't know it, and you can't think how odd it seemed, when I first got here, to be called plain Mister, when I had so long been used to being called Lieutenant Long at home. You always call me Jonathan, you know, when we are alone together, Count, but I don't mind that, because you and I are particular friends."

"But do you think your countrymen really like these empty titles, or is it only an absurd custom, which has become sanctioned by time?"

"Well, I guess they like it. Because this being a liberty country, where all are equal, and every one does pretty much as he pleases, if the having of titles was any way disagreeable, people would lay them aside of their own accord."

"But the very circumstance of your being free and equal, makes it absurd for you to insist on marks of distinction, which have no foundation in fact. The train-band soldier may very properly call his captain by his title while on parade; but the moment he throws off his uniform—worn perhaps twice a year—he becomes a simple citizen, and should be styled accordingly."

"Not as you know on, Count. 'Captain once, captain always,' is an old saying all along shore; and you might sit there reasoning and arguing from now till to-morrow morning, and you would never convince me that a man was any the worse republican for having a handle to his name. My eyes! Why, ain't there General Washington, and General Jackson, and

General Lafayette. Was there ever any better republicans since creation than them?"

"There!" interposed Myers, "you see, it is just as I told you; Mr. Long is a fair representative of his country. He has called you Count ten times, though he never knew you by the title till this hour, and he maintains, with true republican consistency, that titles of inequality are the very quintessence of liberty and equality. That is the American doctrine, exactly."

"Still," I persisted, "I do not see that this will affect me, for there are but two or three persons in the city who know me at all, and they will not be so absurd as to vary their treatment of me for such an accident as a title. I do not believe I shall be annoyed with visitors, after all."

"Well," replied Myers, "we can settle the question in the old way. You remember we used to lay a wager whenever a case of doubt occurred in Vienna. That is the custom here, too. When argument fails, the Americans lay a wager, and the discussion is then waived till time has settled the point. I will bet you a thousand guineas that you will be called on by one hundred people that you do not know from Adam, between now and next Saturday night. That will be five days."

"Done!"

"Done! Take out your pencil now, and we will both make a memorandum. That's right, Mr. Long, do you do the same."

"Oh, yes," said Jonathan, "it's always best to take every thing down in writing. It saves disputes."

"Well, how have you got it written?"

"Why, I have got it minnitted down here in black and white, that you bet Count Braunschwer that all creation shall call upon him between now and Saturday night."

"One hundred persons! One hundred persons!"

"Oh, well, it's all the same."

"No, it is not all the same. You must keep the reckoning. You must take care of the cards that are left, and keep a list of the names of all who call," said I.

"Very well, Count, I will attend to it."

These arrangements being completed, supper was brought in, and after sitting and talking over old scenes and old times very pleasantly for an hour, he took leave, and I retired to bed, little dreaming of the toil and trouble that was in store for me.

LETTER IV.

THE next morning after my unexpected rencontre with Myers, I was preparing to take a gig ride, when Jonathan entered with a handful of cards, which had been left for Count Braunschwer. "Jonathan," said I, "do you know any of these people?"

"I know about them, Count. I hear their names mentioned, and their business, and so on."

"Well, who is this Augustus W. Scamp?"

"Oh, that's young Mr. Scamp, son of the senior partner in the great firm of Scamp and Company. They say he is a great blow-out; keeps race horses, and so on."

"A precious acquaintance, truly, for a man of my habits. What the devil put it into his head to call?"

"Why, I suppose he thought you, being a Count, was up to a thing or two. Perhaps he is looking forward to the races and betting."

"Well, we will endeavor to take care of ourselves. But who is this George W. Splash?"

"He is the junior partner of the firm of Dash, Splash, and Co. Great house. Do an immense business. Worth I don't know how many millions?"

"We shall see. Well, who is Colonel Corpus?"

"He is a retired tailor who holds a commission in the militia and gives excellent dinners."

"Where do you learn about these people?"

"In the bar room and reading room. While I am reading the newspaper, I hear more characters overhauled than would shingle a meetin' house. If there is any one you want to know about that I have not heard mentioned, I can inquire of the bar-keeper, and learn in two minutes. The bar-keeper of this hotel knows every body that is in this city, or ever comes to it."

The cards were flung into a basket on the centre-table, and we went on our ride. On returning, I was presented with another heap of cards by the bar-keeper, all marked, "for Count Braunschwer," and on looking into the book for entries, I found my title newly blazoned there, with the addition, "from Vienna." I had scarcely got seated in my room, before a visitor was announced, who introduced himself, and bored me till several others came in, and thus I was detained till dinner. After dinner, till evening, the same thing was kept up so that I could not get a chance to move out. Myers, who, was at the bottom of all this, kept out of my way till evening, when he came with a long hypocritical face, regretting the trouble and vexation I had incurred by his unlucky mistake. I felt satisfied that there was no mistake in the case, and that the *exposé* was wholly unnecessary; but this opinion I kept to myself. The fact was that he, judging by my retired and sensitive habits at Vienna, supposed that I was a nervous man, who could be thrown into an amusing state of ludicrous distress, and essayed to play off one of his practical jokes upon me. I resolved, therefore, to disappoint him, to sustain my new and unexpected honors with dignity and propriety. Fool that he was! He did not know that I was born a prince in Israel; that I had breathed the atmosphere of courts in every part of Europe and Asia, and that every item of ancient and modern etiquette was completely at my finger ends. Indeed, I am never more at my ease than when thrown into situations in which it becomes necessary to assert somewhat of that dignity which was my birth-right. He had in truth surprised me, and was in a fair way to win his wager. I was resolved to surprise him. He had not the least knowledge of my wealth or resources, supposing that the little trumpery estate of Braunschwer, and my savings from the gains of my pro-

fession of surgery, must constitute all my property. I afterwards learnt that he had diligently spread among his numerous acquaintance in the city, the report that I was one of the wealthiest nobles in Europe; (not far out there;) had come here to travel in a quiet way; but was so good-natured and popular in my manners, that any citizen, with a decent coat on, might call upon me without giving offence. As an Austrian noble is somewhat of a rarity here, his recommendation took with a vengeance. He had made up half his number the first day.

When he called, late in the evening, I had just succeeded in bowing out my last visitor. I listened to his apology for occasioning me so much trouble with great gravity, and then replied with an air of resignation, that the thing could not be helped now; and since a noble I must be, there remained nothing but to play out the character with propriety.

"I suppose that their calls must be returned," said I, "and for that purpose I must have a carriage, coachman and footman. Some more servants will be necessary, and larger apartments than I occupy here. Now as you have brought me into this unpleasant situation, I must claim your assistance in getting out of it with credit."

"I shall be very happy to afford it," replied Myers, elevating his eyebrows considerably at the proposed extent of my operations. He undertook to procure a carriage, horses, and servants, and to obtain a large suite of apartments in one of the most fashionable boarding houses. The next thing was to arrange the matter of dress according to my rank and wealth. I decided, after Myers had left me, to appear in a plain black suit, neat but fashionable, and as I happened to have plenty of diamonds with me, I resolved to make these the only mark of distinction. I therefore selected a watch, eye glass, snuff-box, rings, breast pin, &c., all thickly studded with large brilliants. I put Jonathan, also, into plain black, and gave him some valuable diamond ornaments for his constant wear, resolving to limit his services in future to those of private secretary; which means, in the present case, you know, a companion who never has any writing to do for his employer. In three days we were ready to return calls, and accept invitations to dinner and evening parties.

You may readily suppose that if these primitive republicans called upon me in dozens upon the bare intimation of my title, that they came in scores when I displayed such indubitable evidence of wealth and importance. Long before the week was up, Myers had won his wager. All sorts of people came to see me; merchants, lawyers, doctors, learned professors, authors, and militia generals. Then followed the dinner and tea-parties, where we, that is Jonathan and myself, for we were inseparable, became regular lions. The gravity and nonchalance with which he played his part were inexpressibly amusing to me; and the marked attention which he received as a matter of course, and with the most perfect indifference, from people of great pretensions, would have turned the head of almost any other individual under the same circumstances. I had given out that Jonathan, though

an American, had travelled with me; meaning to Haarlem, Hoboken, &c. The ladies, who were remarkably attentive to him, determined among themselves, in consideration of his diamonds, and his noble connexion, and his good looks, to set down his provincialisms in conversation and manners, as a joke, assumed for oddity; a sort of masquerade dress, which his highness's private secretary thought proper to assume.

Jonathan took their measure with more accuracy. He examined all their pretensions with strict reference to his ultimate standards of matronly and maidenly worth, Mrs. Squire Jones and her daughter. So far as the New York belles conformed with these, they were excellent and praiseworthy; when they fell short, neither youth, nor beauty, nor diamonds could save them from his secret, and sometimes his open condemnation.

Right merrily did we go through the round of dissipation. We ate dinners and suppers, we danced, we rode, we sailed, we saw lions, we, I dare say, broke hearts, and we saw "good society," with the singular advantage of being the "observed of all observers."

You will be curious to know what estimate I formed of the society into which I was thus thrown. I reply that I find much to be pleased with, and much to censure. The American fashionables would be far more agreeable and respectable in the eyes of strangers if they had more nationality and more self respect—if they would exhibit less anxiety about the opinions of foreigners respecting their country; and less fondness for imitating foreigners in precisely those things which are least worthy of imitation. The American fashionables are ridiculous in their admiration for titles, and foreign visitors of all sorts, and in their imitation of foreign fashions and extravagance. They are always respectable when they act like republicans, which they are; and always contemptible when they affect aristocracy and exclusiveness, which they have no pretensions to, and which is contrary to the spirit of their institutions.

We had many curious scenes. We were on a certain evening at a large party given by the widow Spunkey, a rich, dashing dowager, with two pretty daughters; Miss Amelia Dorothea Spunkey, and Miss Judith Annette Spunkey. It may sound odd, but there can be no occasion for disguising the fact from you, that the elder of these young ladies, the adorable Amelia Dorothea, was making a dead set at me. You know I do not look a year older than thirty-five, though my age is nearly two thousand. Judith contented herself with a quiet little flirtation, at the expense of my worthy and sagacious secretary.

Standing with Amelia near a sofa, on which Jonathan and his fair admirer were seated, and pretending to listen to some music in another part of the room, I overheard the following conversation.

"Mr. Long," inquired the amiable Judith Annette, "are you fond of music?"

"Oh yes, marm, I like it very well when there is any special call for it, as at trainings, huskings, quiltings, dances and weddings. But I can't say I like to

take it in large doses as they do, every evening, here, in New York, without any marching or dancing."

"What kind of music are you most partial to, the Italian, or German, or the Tyrolean?"

"Oh, as for that matter, it is of little consequence. I had as lief it would be played by an Italian or German as any body else, if they will only play the right tunes."

"Now, how odd you are! How droll! You always carry it off with such a grave face, too, just as if you were not quizzing me all the time with your pretended ignorance."

"Well, that there does beat all natur. Pretended ignorance! Just as if I had not plenty of real ignorance, without pretending to any more."

"Oh, you quizz! Well, you never plead guilty to quizzing. You always carry it off well. Tell me, now, what are your favorite tunes?"

"Why, for a training, Washington's March and the White Cockade; for a dance, Green Sleeves and Hull's Victory, and for all occasions, except Sundays and funerals, the glorious old tune of Yankee Doodle."

"You horrify me. Mercy! what an antediluvian taste! That last abominable tune, of all others—the disgrace of our country."

"Well, marm, tastes differ. But my grandfather, who was a captain in the revolutionary war, told me that there was no tune that put the life and courage into his men like that. It was always played when great things were doing, hard fighting and quick manoeuvring; and always when our folks wanted to crow over the British after beating or outgeneralling them. Now, when I hear it, I always remember Washington and Greene, and the other great men of that time, and think I see them charging the enemy, with the cannons roaring and the drums beating, and the smoke, and dust, and blood—"

"Why, I declare, you are quite enthusiastic! I never saw you so excited before."

"Because you never said any thing against Yankee Doodle before."

"Speaking of taste, pray tell me, Mr. Long, what sort of a lady would be exactly to your taste for a wife?"

"Oh, it will be a long time before I shall have occasion to ask myself that question. I have got no time now to go a courting, I am so busy. But whenever I do marry, I mean to have one of the right sort, I tell ye."

"I dare say. Pray describe her."

"Well, in the first place, she shall be clever and industrious."

"That is, she shall be attentive to her studies—her embroidery and drawing."

"No, marm. What I mean is, she shall be always at work about house-work, and darning and mending, or spinning and knitting, since weaving is out of fashion."

"You astonish me. Is there any part of the world where ladies occupy themselves in this manner at the present day?"

"Oh, now, it's you that are joking. You know very well that American ladies in the country are all

so occupied, or ought to be, any how. I don't see much of it going on here in New York; but I dare say you have something useful to do when you arn't having company or going a visiting. It seems strange to me, though, that the ladies here never take no work with them when they go out a visiting. In Waterborough they always take their sewing, or darning, or straw-work, or such like, when they go out of an evening for a sociable party; and when Mrs. Squire Jones wants to be powerful polite, she always asks my mother to take her knitting work along with her, and come and spend the whole day. That is what I call comfortable visiting. But here in New York, the ladies take no work to their parties with them, and sometimes I do pity the poor souls when they happen to get left in a corner, with no airthly thing to do but to look round to see who among their rivals have holes in their stockings."

"Oh, you are so satirical! But what do you require besides industry and cleverness in a lady. You have said nothing of her appearance."

"That is of no great consequence. She should be a good, wholesome-looking girl, and strong enough to do housework herself when the help is out. More-

over, she should look good-natured, and be so, too."

"Is that all. Do you require no accomplishments, such as music, painting, foreign languages?"

"I would like to have her sing, because that is so very convenient and handy for getting the children to sleep, when they are cross. Painting is handy, too. My aunt Kezia painted all the rooms in the house herself, so that, as she had a ladder, it only cost her the price of the white lead and the linseed oil. I think one language will be enough for my wife. I should hate to be scolded in French or Latin; but if I was going out into the new settled parts of the western country, I should like to have my wife speak a little Indian; she would make such a nice interpreter. Do you speak Indian, Miss Judy?"

This sudden turn in the conversation was made with such imperturbable coolness and such impene-
trable *bon hommie*, that it completely disconcerted the fair Judith, who rose suddenly, and passed, followed by Jonathan, into an open balcony, so that I lost the rest of the colloquy.

I have drawn out this letter to an immoderate length; and must now bid you once more farewell.

SALATHIEL.

RESUSCITATED JOES,

VERSIFIED.

No. I.—JOHN KEMBLE'S RUFFLE.

Once, in a barn, the strolling wardrobe's list
Had but one ruffle left for Hamlet's wrist.
Necessity, which has no law, they say,
Could, with one ruffle, but one arm display.
"What's to be done?" the hero said, and sighed.
"Shift hands each scene," a brother buskin cried;
"Now in the pocket keep the left from sight,
While o'er your breast you keep your ruffled right;
Now in your robe your naked right repose,
While down your left the dingy cambric flows;
Thus, tho' half-skilled, as well as half-array'd,
You'll make one change that Garrick never made."

No. II.—THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

A country schoolmaster, hight Jonas Bell,
Once undertook of little souls,
To furnish up their jobber-knowls—
In other words he taught them how to spell.
And well adapted to the task was Bell,
Whose iron-visage measur'd half an ell,

P 2

With huge proboscis, and eye-brows of soot,
Arm'd at the jowl just like a boar—
And when he gave an angry roar,
The little school-boys stood as fishes mute.
Poor Jonas, tho' a patient man as Job,
(Yet still, like Job, was sometimes heard to growl,)
Was by a scholar's adamantine nob,
Beyond all patience gravell'd to the soul.
I question whether Jonas in the fish
Did ever diet on a bitterer dish.
'Twas thus—a lady who supported Bell,
Came unexpectedly to hear them spell;
The pupil fix'd on by the pedagogue,
Her son, a little round-faced, ruddy rogue,
Who thus his letters on the table laid—
M, I, L, K, and paused—"Well, sir, what's that?"
"I cannot tell," the boy all trembling said.
"Not tell! you little blind and stupid brat?
Not tell?" roared Jonas, in a violent rage,
And quick prepar'd an angry war to wage—
"Tell me this instant, or I'll flay thy hide—
Come, sir!
Dost thou this birchen weapon see?
What puts thy mother in her tea?"
With lifted eyes the quaking rogue replied—
"RUM, sir!"

No. III.—THE HIBERNIAN TRAVELLER.

An Irishman travelling (tho' not for delight,
 Arrived in a city one cold winter's night,
 Found the landlord and servants in bed at the inn,
 While standing without he was drenched to the skin.
 He groped for the knocker, no knocker was found;
 When turning his head accidentally round,
 He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's feeble ray,
 The object he searched for right over the way.
 The knocker he grasped, and so loud was the roar,
 It seemed like a sledge breaking open the door.
 The street far and wide was disturb'd by the clang,
 And thieves, fire, or death, was foretold at each bang.
 The wife screamed aloud, and the husband appears
 At the window, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears.
 "So, so, honest friend, pray what is the matter?
 "That at this time of night you should make such a
 clatter?"
 "Go to bed, go to bed," says Pat, "my dear honey,
 "I am not a robber, to ask for your money;
 "I've borrowed your knocker before it is day,
 "To waken the landlord right over the way."

No. IV.—FINE BROWN STOUT.

A brewer in a country town
 Had got a monstrous reputation;
 No other beer but his went down.
 The hosts of the surrounding station
 Carv'd its great name upon their mugs,
 And painted it on every shutter;
 And tho' some envious folks would utter
 Hints that its flavor came from drugs,
 Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
 But owing to his monstrous vat,
 At least as corpulent as that
 At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty Black,
 An honest fellow,
 But one who had an ugly knack
 Of tasting samples as he brewed,
 Till he was stupefied and mellow.
 One day, in his top-heavy mood,
 Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
 (Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
 O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
 Reeled, fell in, and nothing more said,
 But in his favorite liquor died,
 Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.
 In all directions round about
 The negro absentee was sought,
 But as no human noddle thought
 That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,

They settled that the rogue had left
 The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
 Meanwhile the beer was, day by day,
 Drawn into casks, and sent away,
 Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker;
 When lo! outstretch'd upon the ground,
 Once more their missing friend they found,
 As they had often done, in liquor.

"See," cried his moralizing master,
 "I always knew the fellow drank hard,
 "And prophesied some sad disaster.
 "His fate should other tipplers strike:
 "Poor Mungo! there he wallows like
 "A toast at bottom of a tankard!"

Next morn a publican, whose tap
 Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
 Not having heard of the mishap,
 Came to demand a fresh supply—
 Protesting loudly that the last
 All previous specimens surpass'd,
 Possessing a much richer *gusto*
 Than formerly it ever used to,
 And begging as a special favor
 Some more of the exact same flavor.

"Zounds!" cried the brewer, "that's a task
 "More difficult to grant than ask.
 "Most gladly would I give the smack
 "Of the last beer to the ensuing,
 "But where am I to find a Black,
 "And boil him down at every brewing?"

No. V.—A COURT OF HONOR.

"You tell me," said Terence, (when call'd to the bar
 For forcing an heiress to leave her papa),
 "I may challenge the jury in whole or in part;
 "Faith, tho' greatly injured, I have not the heart
 "To fight for an insult invisibly small,
 "For these honest souls have done nothing at all."
 The trial proceeded—the proofs appeared clear,
 And folks for the verdict were all eye and ear;
 When instantly turning, the foreman pronounced
 The pithy word *guilty*—at which Terence bounced;
 A flush of astonishment came o'er his cheek,
 And for once in his life he felt troubled to speak.
 "Oh, murder!" he roared. "An ungracious assault
 "On a peace-making Christian who hasn't a fault;
 "And thought others like him—but now they shall see
 "This mode of deciding things won't do for me.
 "I beg, Mr. Justice, you'll put in your oar, man;
 "I've tried this same jury, and find it a bore, man,
 "So, call in the pistols, *I challenge the foreman!*"

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.—No. III.

THE SECRET CELL.

Continued from p. 210.

I'll no more—the heart is torn
 By views of woe we cannot heal;
 Long shall I see these things forlorn,
 And oft again their griefs shall feel.
 As each upon the mind shall steal;
 That wan projector's mystic style,
 That lumpish idiot leering by,
 That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
 And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
 While struggling for the full-drawn sigh.—CRABBE.

It was nearly noon the next day before we were enabled to complete our necessary arrangements. L—, Mr. Wilson, the attorney, Mr. R—, a police magistrate of some distinction, and the reader's humble servant, stepped into a private carriage, while a police officer, well armed, sat with the driver. The magistrate had been interested in the details necessary for the procurement of the warrant, and had invited himself to the development of the mystery. An hour's ride brought us to the entrance of a green lane that wound its mazy length between hedges of prickly holly and withered hawthorn trees. After traversing this lane for nearly two miles, we turned again to the left, by L—'s direction, and entered a narrow pass between a high brick wall and a huge bank, surmounted by a row of high and gloomy trees. The wall formed the boundary of the monastery grounds, and, at a certain place, where an ascent in the narrow road favored the purpose, we were desired by L— to mount the roof of the coach, and, by looking over the wall, to inspect the back front of the building. Massive bars of iron were fastened across every window of the house; in some places, the frames and glass were entirely removed, and the gratings were fixed in the naked brick work; or the apertures were fitted with thick boarding, excepting a small place at the top for the admission of the smallest possible quantity of light and air. The windows of a range of out-houses, which extended down one side of the extensive yard, were also securely barred; and a small square stone building stood in the middle of the garden, which immediately adjoined the yard. Two sides of this singular construction were visible from our coach top, yet neither door nor window were to be discerned.

One of our party pointed out a pale and wild-looking face glaring at us from one of the grated windows of the house. "Let us away," said L—, "we are observed; and a farther gratification of our curiosity may prevent a successful issue to my scheme."

"This looks more like a prison than a monastery or convent," said the magistrate.

"I fear that we shall find it worse than either," replied L—.

In a few minutes the carriage stopped at the gate of the building, the front of which exhibited but few points for the attachment of suspicion. The windows

were shaded by blinds and curtains, but free from gratings or bars. The palings that enclosed a small fore court, were of massive oak, and being mounted on a dwarf wall, effectually prevented the intrusion of uninvited guests. The gates were securely closed, but the handle of a small bell invited attention, and a lusty pull by the driver gave notice of our presence.

L—, who had quitted the vehicle by the off door, requested the magistrate to keep out of sight, and with his brother officer, retired behind the coach. Our course of proceeding had been well arranged; when the door of the house was opened, I put my head from the carriage window, and requested to see the superior of the convent. The attendant, a short, ill-looking fellow in a fustian coat and gaiters, desired to know my business with him. "It is of great secrecy and importance," I replied; "I cannot leave the carriage, because I have somebody here that requires my strictest attention. Give your master this card, and he will know exactly who I am, and what I require."

Our scheme succeeded. The fellow left his post, and, unfastening the paling gate, advanced to the edge of the footpath, and put his hand in at the window of the carriage for my card. L— and the officer glided from their concealment, and secured possession of the outer gate and the door of the house, before the fellow had time to give the alarm. The driver, who had pretended to busy himself with the horses, immediately opened the carriage door; and in a few seconds, the whole of our party were mustered in the entrance hall. The man who had answered the bell, when he recovered his surprise, rushed to the door, and attempted to force his way to the interior of the house. The police officer stopped him, and an angry altercation ensued—he placed his finger in his mouth, and gave a loud and lengthy whistle. L—, who was busily engaged in searching for the fastenings of an iron screen, that crossed the width of the hall, observed the noise, and turning round to his mate, said quietly, "If he's troublesome, Tommy, give him a pair of gloves." In two minutes, the fellow was sitting helpless on the ground, securely handcuffed.

"Confound him," said L—, "he must have come out through this grating; there is no other entrance to the hall, and yet I cannot discover the door-way; and

I am afraid that his signal has made it worse, for I heard the click of spring work directly after he gave his whistle."

"This grating is a common appendage to a convent or religious house," said Mr. Wilson. "Perhaps we are giving ourselves unnecessary trouble—let us ring the bell again, and we may obtain admission without the use of force."

The officer and the magistrate exchanged a smile. The latter went to the man who had opened the door, and said, in a low tone of voice, "We must get into the house, my man; show us how we can pass this grating, and I will give you five guineas. If you refuse, I shall commit you to jail, whether your connexion with this establishment deserves it or no. I am a magistrate, and these, my officers, are acting under my direction."

The man spoke not; but, raising his manacled hands to his mouth, gave another whistle of peculiar shrillness and modulation.

The hall in which we were detained, was of great height and extent. Beyond the iron screen, a heavy partition of wood work cut off the lower end, and a door of heavy oak opened from the room thus formed into the body of the hall. An open, but grated window, was immediately above the door, and extended almost from one end of the partition to the other. L—, observing this, climbed up the iron screen with the agility of the cat, and had scarcely attained the top, ere we observed him level a pistol towards some object in the enclosure, and exclaim, with a loud voice, "Move one step, and I'll drive a couple of bullets through your skull."

"What do you require?" exclaimed a tremulous voice from within.

"Send your friend there, Joe Mills, to open the door of the grating. If you move hand or foot, I'll pull trigger, and your blood be upon your own head."

L— afterwards informed me, that upon climbing the screen, he discerned a gentleman in black in close consultation with a group of men. They were standing at the farther end of the enclosure against a window, the light of which enabled him to pick out the superior, and to discern the physiognomy of his old acquaintance Joe.

"Come, come, Joe, make haste," said L—, "my fingers are cramped, and I may fire in mistake."

The threat was effectual in its operation. The man was afraid to move, and the door of the enclosure was opened by his direction. Joe walked trippingly across the hall, and, touching a spring in one of the iron rails, removed the fastenings from a portion of the screen, and admitted our party.

"How do you do, Mr. Mills?" said L—; "how are our friends at the Blue Lion? You must excuse me if I put you to a little inconvenience, but you are so volatile that we can't make sure of finding you when we want you, unless we take the requisite precaution. Tommy, tackle him to his friend, and by way of greater security, fasten them to the grating—but don't waste the gloves, for we have several more to fit."

"Gentlemen," said the man in black, advancing to

the door of the enclosure, "what is the reason of this violence? Why is the sanctity of this holy establishment thus defiled? Who are you, and what seek you here?"

"I am a magistrate, sir, and these men are officers of justice armed with proper authority to search this house for the person of Mary Lobenstein, and we charge you with her unlawful detention. Give her to our care, and you may save yourself much trouble."

"I know nothing of the person you mean, nor are we subject to the supervision of your laws. This house is devoted to religious purposes—it is the abode of penitents who have abjured the world and all its vanities. We are under the protection of the Legate of His Holiness the Pope, and the laws of England do not forbid our existence. Foreigners only dwell within these walls, and I cannot allow the interference of any party unauthorised by the head of the church."

"I shall not stop," said the magistrate, "to expose the errors of your statement; I am furnished with sufficient power to demand a right of search in any house in the kingdom. Independent of ascertaining the safety of the individual with whose abduction you are charged, it is my duty to inquire into the nature of an establishment assuming the right to capture the subjects of the king of this realm, and detain them in a place having all the appointments of a common prison, yet disowning the surveillance of the English laws. Mr. L—, you will proceed in your search, and if any one attempts to oppose you, he must take the consequences."

The countenance of the man in black betrayed the uneasiness he felt; the attendants, six in number, who, with our friend Mills, had formed the council whose deliberations were disturbed by the sight of L—'s pistol, were ranged beneath the window that looked into the yard, and waited the commands of the chief. This man, whose name we afterwards ascertained was Farrell, exchanged a look of cunning with his minions, and, with apparent resignation, replied,

"Well, sir, it is useless for me to contend with the authority you possess; Mr. Nares, throw open the yard door, and do you and your men attend the gentlemen round the circuit of the cells."

The person addressed, unbolted the fastenings of a huge door that opened into the yard, and bowed to our party as if waiting their precedence. Mr. Wilson being nearest the door, went first, and Nares, with a bend of his head, motioned two of his party to follow. As they passed him, he gave them a knowing wink, and said, "Take the gentlemen to the stone house first." The magistrate was about to pass into the yard, when L— seized him by the collar of his coat, and violently pulling him back into the room, closed the door, and jerked the principal bolt into its socket.

"Excuse my rudeness, sir, but you will soon perceive that it was necessary. Your plan, Mr. Nares, is a very good plan, but will scarcely answer your purpose. We do not intend placing ourselves at the mercy of your men in any of your stone houses, or cells with barred windows. You have the keys of the establishment at your girdle—go round with us yourself, and let those five or six fellows remain here in-

stead of dancing at our heels. Come, come, sir, we are not to be trifled with; no hesitation, or I shall possess myself of your keys, and leave you securely affixed to your friend Mills."

Nares grinned defiance, but made no reply; Farrell, whose pale face exhibited his dismay, took courage from the dogged bearing of his official, and stuttered out, "Mr. Nares, I desire that you will not give up your keys." The hint was sufficient. Nares and his fellows, who were all furnished with bludgeons, raised their weapons in an attitude of attack, and a general fight was inevitable. The closing of the yard door had cut off one of our friends, but it also excluded two of the enemy. Still the odds were fearfully against us, not only in point of numbers, which rated five to four, but our antagonists were all of them armed, while the magistrate and I were totally unprovided with the means of defence.

Hostilities commenced by one of the men striking me a violent blow upon the fleshy part of the left shoulder, that sent me staggering to the other side of the room. Two of the ruffians simultaneously faced the police officer, as if to attack him; he received the blow of the nearest, upon his mace or staff of office, and before the fellow had time to lift his guard, returned him a smashing rap upon the fingers of his right hand, compelling him to drop his cudgel, and run howling into the corner of the room. The officer then turned his attention to the fellow who had assaulted me, and who was flourishing his stick with the intent of repeating the blow—but receiving a severe crack across his shins from the officer's mace, he was unable to keep his legs, and dropped upon the floor. I immediately wrested the bludgeon from his grasp, and left him *hors de combat*. The officer, while assisting me, received a knock-down blow from the fellow who had hesitated joining in the first attack, but, cat-like, had been watching his opportunity for a pounce. I gave him in return a violent thump upon his head, and drove his hat over his eyes—then, rushing in upon him, I pinioned his arms, and held him till the officer rose and assisted me to secure him. While placing the handcuffs upon him, I was favored with a succession of kicks from the gentleman with the crippled hand.

L—, having drawn a pistol from his pocket, advanced to Nares and desired him to deliver up the keys; the ruffian answered him by striking a heavy blow on L—'s ear that immediately produced blood. The officer, exhibiting the utmost self-possession under these irritating circumstances, did not fire the pistol at his adversary, but dashed the weapon into his face, and inflicted a painful wound. Nares was a man of bull-dog courage. He seized the pistol, and struggled fearfully for its possession. His gigantic frame and strength overpowered his antagonist; the pistol was discharged in the scuffle, luckily without wounding any one—and the ruffian, holding the conquered L— upon the ground, was twisting his cravat for the purpose of choking him, when, having satisfactorily arranged our men, we arrived to the rescue, and prevented the scoundrel from executing his villainous intention. But Nares, although defeated by numbers,

evinced a determination to die game—it was with the utmost difficulty that we were enabled to secure his arms, and while slipping the handcuffs over his wrists, he continued to leave the marks of his teeth upon the fingers of the policeman.

While this furious *melee* was going on, the magistrate had been unceremoniously collared by the master of the house, and thrust forth into that part of the hall which adjoined the iron screen. But his worship did not reverence this ungentlemanly proceeding, and turned valiantly upon his assailer. Both of them were unprovided with weapons, and a furious bout of fifty-cuffs ensued, wherein his worship was considerably worsted. Mills and the porter, who had been fastened by the policeman to the railing of the screen, encouraged Farrell by their cheers. The magistrate was severely punished, and roared for help; Farrell, dreading collision with the conquerors of his party, left his man, and started off, through the open door of the grating; he ran down the lane with a speed that defied pursuit. The driver and the magistrate both endeavored to overtake him, but they soon lost sight of the nimble rogue, and returned discomfited to the house.

During the scuffle, the two men, who, with Mr. Wilson, were shut out by the promptitude of L—, clamored loudly at the door for re-admission. The attorney, as he afterwards confessed, was much alarmed at the position in which he found himself—cut off from all communication with his friends, and left at the mercy of two ill-looking scoundrels, in a strange place, and surrounded by a range of grated prisons, while a number of cadaverous, maniac looking faces glared at him from between the bars.

Upon mustering our party, we were all more or less wounded. The magistrate was outrageous in his denunciations of vengeance upon all the parties concerned; his discolored eye and torn apparel, besides the bruises about his person, had inflamed his temper, and he declared that it was his firm determination to offer a large reward for the apprehension of the chief ruffian, Farrell. L— was much hurt, and for some time appeared unable to stand alone—his ear bled profusely, and relieved his head, which had been seriously affected by Nares's attempt at strangulation. The other officer had received a severe thumping, and his bitten hand gave him much pain. My left arm was almost useless, and many bloody marks exhibited the effects of the fellow's kicks upon my shins. Nevertheless, we had fought a good fight, and had achieved a perilous victory.

The magistrate threw up the window sash, and addressed the men in the yard from between the iron gratings. "Harkee, you sirs, we have thrashed your fellows, and have them here in custody. If you attempt resistance, we shall serve you exactly in the same manner. But if either of you feel inclined to assist us in the discharge of our duty, and will freely answer every question, and render all the help in his power, you shall not only be forgiven for any part you may have taken in scenes of past violence, short of murder, but shall be well rewarded into the bargain."

One of the men, and I must say that he was the most ill-looking of the whole lot, immediately stepped forward, and offered to turn "king's evidence," if the magistrate would swear to keep his promise. The other fellow growled his contempt of "the sneak what would snitch," and darted rapidly down the yard. As we never saw him again, it is supposed that he got into the garden, and found some means of escaping over the walls.

The yard door was opened, and the lawyer and the informer were admitted. The latter personage told us that his wife was the matron of the establishment, and, with her sister, would be found up stairs. The keys were taken from Nares, and we began our search. Mr. Wilson desired the man to conduct us to Mary Lobenstein's room, but he positively denied the knowledge of any such person. His wife, a coarse, pock-marked, snub-nosed woman, with a loud, masculine voice, also declared that no female answering to that name, had ever been within the house. L—— remarked that no credit was to be attached to their assertions, and ordered them to lead the way to the search.

It would occupy too much space to describe minutely the nature of the persons and events that we encountered in our rounds. Suffice it to say, we soon discovered that the suspicions of the police officer and the magistrate barely reached the truth. Farrell's establishment had no connexion with any religious house, nor could we discover either monk, friar, nun, or novice in any of the cells. But the name was a good cloak for the villanous usages practised in the house, as it disarmed suspicion, and prevented the interference of the police. The house, in reality, was a private mad-house, but subject to the foulest abuses; wives who were tired of their husbands, and vice versa—reprobate sons, wishing to dispose of fathers—or villains who wanted to remove their rivals, either in love or wealth, could secure safe lodgings for the obnoxious personages in Farrell's Farm, as it was termed by the knowing few. Farrell could always obtain a certificate of the lunacy of the person to be removed; Nares had been bred to the pestle and the mortar; and as the act then stood, an apothecary's signature was sufficient authority for immuring a suspected person. Incurables, of the worst description, were received by Farrell, and boarded at the lowest rate. He generally contracted for a sum down, guaranteeing that their friends should never again be troubled by them—and, as the informer said, "He gave them little enough to eat, and if they did not die, it was 'nt his fault."

The house was also appropriated to other purposes of secrecy and crime. Ladies in a delicate situation were accommodated with private rooms for their accouchement, and the children effectually provided for. Fugitives from justice were sure of concealment, if they could obtain admission to the farm. In short, Farrell's doors, although closed to the world and the eye of the law, were open to all who could afford to pay, or be paid for—from the tilled seducer and his victim, whose ruin was effected in the elegant suite of rooms fronting the lane—to the outcast bedlamite,

the refuse of the poor-house, and the asylum, who was condemned to a slow, but certain death in the secret cells of this horrible abode.

It would fill a volume to recount the history of the sufferers whom we released from their almost hopeless imprisonment—a volume of crime, of suffering, and of sorrow.

After a painful and fruitless search through all the various rooms, cells, and hiding places of that singular house, we were compelled to acknowledge that the assertions of the under keeper and his wife were but too correct. Mary Lobenstein was not among the number of the *detenues* at the Farm, nor could we discover the slightest trace of her. Still L—— clung to the hope that, in the confusion necessarily attending our first search, we had passed over some secret cell or dungeon in which the poor girl was immured. The square stone building in the centre of the garden afforded some ground for this surmise—we were unable to open the small iron-banded door that was fixed in the side of this apparently solid structure. The under keeper declared that the key was always in the possession of Farrell, his principal; and that no one ever entered the place but Nares and his master. He was not aware that any person was ever confined in it; a spring of water bubbled up within the building, and he believed that Farrell used it as a wine cellar only. He had seen wine carried in and out of the place. Indeed, the whole appearance of the building corroborated the man's statement—there was no window, air-hole, or aperture of any description, excepting the small door before mentioned; and the contracted size of the place itself prevented the possibility of its containing a hiding hole for a human being, if a well or spring occupied the area, as the keeper affirmed.

Resigning this last hope of finding the poor girl, we gave our assistance to the magistrate in removing the prisoners, and placing the unfortunates whom we had released in temporary but appropriate abodes. In this service, the under keeper and his wife proved valuable auxiliaries, in pointing out the incurable mad folks, and those who, in his opinion, had been unjustly detained. The prisoners were placed in our carriage, and conveyed to London, under the superintendence of L—— himself, who promised to return during the evening with additional assistance. The policeman was despatched to Enfield for several carriages and postchaises. Some of the most desperate and confirmed maniacs were sent to the lunatic asylum, with the magistrate's order for their admittance, and two or three of the sick and sorrowing were removed to the Middlesex hospital.

I assisted the lawyer and the magistrate in taking the depositions of several of the sufferers who appeared sane enough to warrant the truth of their stories. As night approached, I prepared for a departure, and Mr. Wilson resolved to accompany me; we received the addresses of several persons from various inmates of the Farm, who requested us to let their families know of the place of their detention. As we drove down the lane, we met L——, and a posse of police officers, who were to accompany the magistrate in his night sojourn at the house, and assist him

in the removal of the rest of the inmates in the morning.

During the evening, I called, with a heavy heart, upon Mrs. Lobenstein, and communicated the melancholy result of our scheme. I related minutely the particulars of our transaction—she listened quietly to my story, and occasionally interrupted me, when describing the zeal of the officer L——, by invoking the blessings of heaven upon his head. When she learnt the unsuccessful issue of our search, she remained silent for a minute only—when, with a confident tone, and a cheerful voice, she said—“My daughter Mary is in that stone house. The workings of the fingers of Providence are too evident in the wonderful train of circumstances that led to the discovery of Farrell and his infamous mansion. My child is there, but you have not been able to penetrate the secret of her cell. I will go with you in the morning, if you can spare another day to assist a bereaved mother.”

I declared my readiness to accompany her, but endeavored to impress upon her mind the inutility of farther search. She relied securely upon the faith of her divine impression, as she termed it, and declared that God would never suffer so good a man as L—— to be disappointed in his wonderful exertions; the keenness of a mother's eye, the instinct of a mother's love would help him in the completion of his sacred trust. It was impossible to argue with her; and I agreed to be with her at an early hour.

I slept but little during the night, for my bruised shins and battered shoulder pained me considerably, and the strange excitement of the day's events materially assisted to heighten both my corporeal and mental fever. When I arose in the morning, I felt so badly, that nothing but the earnest and confident tone of the poor childless widow induced me to undertake the annoyance of the trip—I could not bear to disappoint her. I found the carriage ready at the door—a couple of mechanics, with sledge hammers, crow bars, and huge bunches of skeleton keys, occupied the front seat, and having placed myself beside Mrs. Lobenstein upon the other seat, the horses trotted briskly along the street. During our ride she informed me that a lawyer had called upon her from Elizabeth Bishop, the disappointed spinster, who, it will be recollected, had lost her expected fortune by the intervention of the gentle Mary Lobenstein. The man stated that Miss Bishop had heard of the disappearance of the inheritor of her aunt's estate, and had desired him to give notice that if proof was not forthcoming of Miss Lobenstein's existence, she should take possession of the property, agreeably to the provision existing in the will. “I am sure,” said the mother, “that woman is at the bottom of this affair—she has concerted the abduction of my daughter to obtain possession of the estate—but I trust in God that she will be disappointed in her foul design. A fearful whisper comes across my heart that those who would rob a mother of a child for gold, would not object to rob that child of her existence; but my trust is in the Most High, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and will not consent to the spoliation of the widow and the fatherless.”

The probability of the poor girl's murder had been

suggested by L—— at the termination of our unsuccessful search, and had occupied a serious portion of my thoughts during the wakeful moments of the past night. Expecting nothing from the mother's repetition of the search, I determined to consult L—— upon the feasibility of offering rewards to the villains Mills and Nares for a revelation of the truth, and if we failed in eliciting any intelligence, to institute a rigorous examination of the garden and the yard, and discover, if possible, the remains of the murdered girl.

The magistrate received Mrs. Lobenstein with tenderness and respect, and sanctioned her desire to penetrate into the mystery of the square stone house. L—— had nothing new to disclose, excepting that, in one of the rooms several articles of female apparel had been discovered, and he suggested that Mrs. L. should inspect them, as, perhaps, something that belonged to her daughter might be among them. The mother remarked that her daughter left home without a bonnet or a shawl, and it was scarcely likely that her body-clothes would be in the room: she, therefore, thought it useless to waste time in going up stairs, but requested the locksmith to accompany her to the stone house in the garden. It was impossible to help sympathising with Mrs. Lobenstein in her anxiety; the magistrate deferred his return to London, where his presence was absolutely necessary to preside at the examination of Messrs. Nares, Mills, and Co., and the warm-hearted L—— wiped the moisture from his eyes as he followed the mother across the yard, and heard her encourage the workmen to commence the necessary proceedings for the release of her darling child. The lock of the stone house was picked—the door was thrown wide open—and the maternal voice was heard in loud citation, but the dull echo of the stone room was the only reply—there was no living creature within the place.

We found the interior of the building to correspond with the description given by the under-keeper. The walls were hollowed into bins, which were filled with wine bottles, packed in sawdust; a circular well, bricked up a little above the level of the floor, filled the centre of the room; the water rose to within a foot of the ground—an old pulley and bucket, rotten from desuetude, clogged up one side of the doorway, and two or three wine barrels filled up the remaining vacancy of space. It was impossible that a human being could be concealed in any part of the building.

Mrs. Lobenstein sighed, and her countenance told of her dismay; but the flame of hope had warmed her heart into a heat that was not to be immediately cooled. “Gentlemen,” said she, “accompany me once more round the cells and secret places—let me be satisfied with my own eyes that a thorough search has been made, and it will remove my doubts that you have overlooked some obscure nook wherein the wretches have concealed my little girl.” The range of chambers was again traversed, but without success, and the widow was compelled to admit that every possible place had been looked into, and that a farther sojourn in the house was entirely useless. The old lady sat down upon the last stair of the second flight, and with a grievous expression of countenance, looked

into our several faces as we stood around her, as if she was searching for that consolation it was not in our power to bestow. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and mighty sobs told of the anguish of her heart. I was endeavoring to rouse her to exertion, as the only means of breaking the force of her grief, when my attention was drawn to the loud yelping of a dog, a small cocker spaniel, that had accompanied us in the carriage from Mrs. Lobenstein's house, and in prowling round the building, had been accidentally shut up in one of the rooms. "Poor Dash!" said the widow, "I must not lose you; my dear Mary was fond of you, and I ought to be careful of her favorite." I took the hint, and walking down the gallery, opened the door of the room from whence the barking proceeded. It was the apartment that contained the articles of wearing apparel, which Mrs. L. had visited in her round, without discovering any token of her daughter. But the animal's superior instinct enabled him to detect the presence of a pair of shoes that had graced the feet of the little Mary when she quitted her mother's house, on the day of her abduction. Immediately the door was opened, the faithful creature gathered up the shoes in his mouth, and ran to his mistress, and dropped them at her feet, inviting her attention by a loud and sagacious bark. The old lady knew the shoes in a moment—"Yes, they are my girl's—I bought them myself for my darling—she has been here—has been murdered—and the body of my child is now mouldering in the grave." A violent fit of hysterics ensued, and I consigned her to the care of the wife and sister of the under-keeper, who had not been allowed to leave the house.

I deemed the finding of the shoes to be of sufficient importance to recall the magistrate, who was in the carriage at the door, and about to start for London. He immediately alighted, and inquired into the particulars of the affair. Directly it was proved that Mary Lobenstein had been in the house, L—— rushed up stairs, and dragged the keeper into the presence of the magistrate, who sternly asked the man why he had deceived him in declaring that the girl had never been there. The fellow was evidently alarmed, and protested vehemently that he knew no female of the name of Lobenstein—and the only clue he could give to the mystery of the shoes was, that a young girl answering our description of Mary, had been brought into the house at night time about a fortnight ago, but she was represented as an insane prostitute, of the name of Hill, who had been annoying some married gentlemen by riotous conduct at their houses—and it was said at first that she was to remain at the Farm for life—but that she had suddenly been removed by Nares, but where, he could not say. L—— shook his head ominously when he heard this statement, and it was evident to us all that the mother's suspicions were right, and that a deed of blood had been recently perpetrated. The best means of ascertaining the place of burial was consulted on, and we adjourned to the garden to search for any appearance of freshly disturbed ground, or other evidence that might lead to a discovery of her remains. When we had crossed the yard, and were about en-

tering the garden gate, L—— suggested the propriety of fetching the little dog, whose excellent nose had afforded the only clue we had been able to obtain. I went back for the animal, but he refused to leave his mistress, and it was not without some danger of a bite, that I succeeded in catching him by the neck, and carrying him out of the room. I put him on his feet when we were past the garden gate, and endeavored to excite him to sprightliness by running along the walk, and whistling to him to follow, but he sneaked after me with a drooping tail and a bowed head, as if he felt his share of the general grief.

We walked round the garden without discovering any signs that warranted farther search. We had traversed every path in the garden, excepting a narrow, transverse one, that led from the gate to a range of green and hot houses that lined the farthest wall. We were on the point of leaving the place, satisfied that it was not in our power to remove the veil of mystery that shrouded the girl's disappearance, when the dog, who had strayed into the entrance of the narrow path, gave extraordinary signs of liveliness and emotion—his tail wagged furiously—his ears were thrown forward—and a short but earnest yaffle broke into a continuous bark as he turned rapidly from one side of the path to another, and finally ran down toward the green house with his nose bent to the ground.

"He scents her," said L——; "there is still a chance."

Our party, consisting of the magistrate, L——, and two other officers, the under-keeper, the locksmiths, and myself, followed the dog down the narrow path into the centre of a piece of ground containing three or four cucumber beds, covered with sliding glass frames. The spaniel, after searching round the bed, jumped upon the centre frame, and howled piteously. It was evident that he had lost the scent. L—— pointed out to our notice that the sliding lid was fastened to the frame by a large padlock—this extraordinary security increased our suspicions—he seized a crow-bar from one of the smiths, and the lock was soon removed. The top of the frame was pulled up, and the dog jumped into the tan that filled the bed, and commenced scratching with all his might. L—— thrust the bar into the yielding soil, and at the depth of a foot, the iron struck a solid substance. This intimation electrified us—we waited not for tools—our hands were dug into the bed, and the tan and black mould were dragged from the frame with an eagerness that soon emptied it, and exhibited the boarding of a large trap door, divided into two parts, but securely locked together. While the smiths essayed their skill upon the lock, the magistrate stood by with lifted hands and head uncovered—a tear was in the good man's eye—and he breathed short from the excess of his anxiety. Every one was visibly excited, and the loud and cheerful bark of the dog was hailed as an omen of success. L——'s impatience could not brook delay. He seized the sledge hammer of the smiths, and with a blow that might have knocked in the side of a house, demolished the lock and bolt, and the doors jumped apart in the recoil from the blow. They were raised—a black and yawning vault was below—and a small flight of wooden steps, green and

mouldy, from the effects of the earth's dampness, led to the gloomy depths of the cavern.

The little dog dashed bravely down the stairway, and L—, requesting us to stand from between him and the light, picked his way down the narrow, slimy steps. One of the smiths followed, and the rest of us hung our heads anxiously over the edge of the vault's mouth, watching our friends as they receded in the distant gloom. A pause ensued; the dog was heard barking, and an indistinct muttering between L— and the smith ascended to the surface of the earth. I shouted to them, and was frightened at the reverberation of my voice. Our anxiety became painful in the extreme—the magistrate called to L—, but obtained no answer; and we were on the point of descending in a body, when the officer appeared at the foot of the stairs. "We have found her," said he—we gave a simultaneous shout. "But she is dead," was the appalling finish of his speech, as he emerged from the mouth of the vault.

The smith, with the lifeless body of Mary Lobenstein swung over his shoulder, was assisted up the stairs. The corse of the little girl was placed on one of the garden settees, and, with heavy hearts and gloomy faces, we carried the melancholy burden into the house. The mother had not recovered from the shock which the anticipation of her daughter's death had given to her feelings; she was lying senseless upon the bed where she had been placed by the keeper's wife. We laid the body of her daughter in an adjoining room, and directed the woman to perform the last sad duties to the senseless clay while we awaited the parent's restoration. The magistrate returned to London; the smiths were packing up their tools preparatory to departure, and I was musing in melancholy mood over the events of the day, when the forbidding face of the keeper's wife peeped in at the half-opened door, and we were beckoned from the room.

"Please your honor, I never seed a dead body look like that there corpse of the little girl up stairs. I've seed a many corpses in my time, but there's something unnatural about that there one, not like a dead body ought to be."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, though her feet and hands are cold, her jaw ain't dropped, and her eyes ain't open—and there's a limberness in her limbs that I don't like. I really believe she's only swounded."

L— and I hurried up stairs, and the smiths, with their baskets of tools dangling at their backs, followed us into the room. I anxiously searched for any pulsation at the heart and the wrists of poor Mary, whose appearance certainly corroborated the woman's surmise, but the total absence of all visible signs of life denied us the encouragement of the flattering hope. One of the smiths took from his basket a tool of bright, fine-tempered steel; he held it for a few seconds against Mary's half-closed mouth, and upon withdrawing it, said, with a loud and energetic voice, "She is alive! her breath has damped the surface of the steel!"

The man was right. Proper remedies were applied to the daughter and to her parent, and L— had the

gratification of placing the lost Mary within her mother's arms.

Miss Lobenstein's explanation afforded but little additional information. When she was brought to the Farm by the villain Mills and his friend Billy the ostler, she was informed that it was to be the residence of her future life. She was subjected to the treatment of a maniac, her questions remained unanswered, and her supplications for permission to send to her mother were answered with a sneer. About three nights ago, she was ordered from her room, her shoes were taken off that she might noiselessly traverse the passages, and she was removed to the secret cell in the garden; some biscuits and a jug of water were placed beside her, and she had remained in undisturbed solitude till the instinct of her favorite dog led to her discovery, shortly after she had fainted from exhaustion and terror. There is little doubt but that the ruffians were alarmed at the watchings and appearances of the indefatigable L—, and withdrew their victim to the securest hiding-place. I had the curiosity, in company with some of the officers, to descend into the Secret Cell; it had originally been dug out for the foundation of an intended house; the walls and partitions were solidly built, but the bankruptcy of the projector prevented any farther progress. When Farrell and his gang took possession of the place, it was deemed easier to cover the rafters of the cellar with boards and earth, than to fill it up—in time, the existence of the hole became forgotten, save by those most interested in its concealment. Farrell contrived the mode of entrance through the glass frame of the forcing bed, and when the adjacent green-houses were constructed, an artificial flue or vent was introduced to the depths of the cell, and supplied it with a sufficiency of air.

Mrs. Lobenstein refused to prosecute the spinster Bishop, the malignancy of whose temper preyed upon her own heart, and speedily consigned her unlamented to the grave. The true particulars of this strange affair were never given to the public, although I believe that its occurrence mainly contributed to effect an alteration in the English laws respecting private mad houses and other receptacles for lunatics.

The magistracy of the county knew that they were to blame in permitting the existence of such a den as Farrell's Farm, and exerted themselves to quash proceedings against the fellows Mills and Nares, and their co-adjudors. A few months imprisonment was the only punishment awarded them, and that was in retribution for the assault upon the head of the police; but in Billy, the ostler, was recognized an old offender—various unpunished offences rose against him, and he was condemned to "seven penneth" aboard the hulks at Chatham. The greatest rogue escaped the arm of justice for a time; but L— has since assured me he has every reason to believe that Farrell was, under a feigned name, executed in Somersetshire for horse stealing.

The Farm was converted into a Poor House for some of the adjacent parishes; L— received his reward, and when I left England, our heroine Mary was the blooming mother of a numerous family.

ON THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY RICHARD HARRINGTON, PHILA.

In a country where the vernacular of Shakspeare is spoken, and likely to continue to be spoken "thro' ages yet unborn," a few words in reference to that rare and gifted spirit—who has spell-bound every heart and mind capable of sympathy, with the graphic delineations of nature and passion, and the wild and wonderful creations of intellect—may not be found uninteresting.

William Shakspeare—uneducated, unstationed, unassisted by any thing but the lightning-like rapidity of his own perceptions, and the plastic power of his intellect, gave to the world no less than thirty-six dramas, every one of which is a wonder in itself, and would have been sufficient in its isolated claim on our regard, to have placed him on the topmost pinnacle of literary fame. Such is the extraordinary power of this poet, that we know not where to commence our admiration, nor where to stop; the versatility of his delineations is only equalled by their depth and beauty. Who, when he has closed the play of Hamlet, and left undetermined his speculations on the mental mystery of the princely hypochondriac, would expect to revel in the light, the life, the gallant gaiety of the laughter-loving Mercutio? who, when borne along unheeding by the bloody and bold ambition of Richard the Third, would expect, on closing so foul a page, to meet on the turning of another with a tun weight of jollity in the fat-witted Falstaff? or, after sighing over the madness of the hot-brained Lear, and the sharp-tooth'd unkindness of his vulture daughters, to meet with such bright examples of feminine purity, softness and devotion, as the love-lorn Viola, and the deserted Imogene? These instances may be multiplied to the end of the chapter—but I cannot close my observations on the startling versatility of Shakspeare, without claiming the reader's admiration of that mind which could turn from the delicate tracery, the soft, delicious, rainbow-coloring of Juliet's spring-tide passion—who would have her boy-love no farther from her

Than a waaton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again—

of that mind, I say, who could turn from this, and with a pencil dipped in the blackest shadows which the hell of human passions could supply—depicted the dark fury—who, while her babe was smiling at her breast, would

"Have plucked her nipple from its boneless gums
And dashed its brains out—had she so sworn."

The great merit of Shakspeare is in the vast tide, or rather mountain torrent of original thought which

he poured upon the world. It is your *original* thinkers who are the benefactors of literature and the human race—mere learning is a secondary possession in comparison with this high-faculty. Had Shakspeare been over trammelled with second hand thoughts, he would never have given such powerful development to his own. Jonson is a proof of this: self-satisfied, splenetic, still honest, rare Ben Jonson; with an overweening reverence for the lore of antiquity and the classic cant of others, he fettered his own genius; and, with the exception of Catiline, Sejanus, and Kately, we have few natural delineations from his pen. His painting of passions became unrepresentable allegories, and Jonson himself snapped and snarled at the unlettered multitude for their cold neglect of his extraordinary powers. Yet, herein he shared but the fate of his cotemporaries—luminaries, certainly—but they had the misfortune to twinkle in the same hemisphere with the all-glorious sun of Shakspeare's mind, whose radiant, universal beams absorbed the light of lesser planets, and compel us to regard them only, in the language of Byron, as the "flashing emanations of a thing more glorious still"—how even, eloquent, and pure, is the polished Massinger! how soft, melodious and sensitive, the gentle Ford! and yet how passionless and puerile when compared with him who

"Was not for an age—but for all time."

Poet of Passion! poet of Nature! poet of Imagination! "exhausting old worlds and creating new;"—urging us forward with untired admiration of natural delineations—appalling us with the supernatural, and delighting and deluding us with the preternatural—no passion, thought, or feeling has he left unhonored or unsung; and had no poet ever lived or written before him, Shakspeare would have supplied the material of thinking to generation upon generation of kindred spirits. Scott, the multitudinous Scott, whom we may fairly regard as a prose Shakspeare, is here an evidence—he found the prototypes of one half of his characters in Shakspeare himself—yet we freely accord him all honor and glory for the other half.

The pedantic—the retailers of other men's thoughts—the merely studious, who pore over the primeval sages, and viewing them through the mist of antiquity, enlarge even their colossal proportions—indulge in sneers at Shakspeare for his wildness, his irregularity, his proud spurnings of the clippings, the divisions and subdivisions of classic uniformity. *Chacun à son gout*. With all humility, I prefer as a matter of contemplation, the stupendous wildness of mighty nature herself to the flat insipidity of a Dutch garden. I regard Shakspeare in the light of this stupendous wilderness, and look upon him with the deepest reverence as the oracle of nature and her God.

R. H.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

BY AN AMERICAN.

A BRIGHT and beautiful morning on the thirteenth of August, 183—, found us at anchor off the ancient Joppa, the celebrated port of the holy city; here the merchants of Judea obtained their rich cargoes from the coasts and isles of the Mediterranean, and Solomon received from Tyre the timber for the Temple, that great sanctuary of the living God. Within this narrow bay, Noah erected the ark of gopher wood, and embarked upon the roaring deluge—that world of mighty waters; and Jonah, when directed to the city of Ninevah, fleeing from the presence of the Lord, sought for refuge in the harbor of Joppa, on board a ship bound to Tarshish, on which voyage he was delivered to the whale. This city, considered one of the most ancient in the universe, contains a population of fifteen thousand; a recent earthquake, we understand, has almost entirely destroyed it. Built up of narrow streets, with dingy gray stone hovels, choked with filth, and swarming with vermin, it presented little, apart from its biblical recollections, to interest the traveller; but our reflections, as pilgrims to Palestine, dwelt not upon the sculptured column or marble portico of the present day: our anxiety was to behold the actual scenes of an Almighty's glory, the harsh yet hallowed sites of a world's redemption. The city with its once splendid fortunes has also changed its name, and is at present, by both Turk and Christian, styled Jaffa. Within the bay, upon whose placid waters our pilgrim sails were furled, there also floated an Egyptian ship of the line and two frigates; their sides and stern were richly carved and gilded, while the red colors, with the crescent of Mahomet, waved proudly in the breeze from their lofty peaks.

On the fifteenth, the Turkish admiral, surrounded by his oriental suite, visited our vessel in all the pomp and pageantry of the luxurious east; the starred banner of a new world waved over a chieftain of the Koran, and the thunder of the —'s artillery rolled far over the hills and plains of Palestine; the national anthem swelled in lusty sound along the holy sea, while the dehizens of America did honor to a lord of Egypt.

On the evening of the same day, the family of the commodore, with a large party of the officers, including individuals of each grade, left the ship, on a pilgrimage to the eternal city. After considerable difficulty, created in a great measure through the imbecility of the American agent at Jaffa, (an ignorant Frenchman, since removed,) we at length were enabled to proceed, mounted on a motley collection of Arabian steeds, Syrian ponies, asses, mules, and camels. While the cavalcade were arranging some necessary preliminaries, I paid a visit to the convent wherein the infected and dying soldiers of the French army were personally attended by their victorious chief. It was the only

object within the dark and wretched Jaffa then worthy any notice. In the wide plain beyond the gate the wild flowers grow over the sad slaughter-house of the Syrian troops—Napoleon's summary punishment for a violated promise. We rode over this stern scene of a military execution, on whose blood-stained sods the murderous cannon mowed down crowds of unresisting victims, while the merciless bayonet completed the fell work of destruction. What hath the world won by this terrible and bloody butchery?—another blot on the long dark catalogue of human guilt. Whilst gazing on this scene of wo, we were surrounded by a troop of natives, bearing in the midst a party of dancing boys, whose violent contortions and dreadful antics kept time with a shattered tambourine and a discordant drum; the harsh gutturals and furious singing of these wild, half-naked harpies, a parcel of soiled red feathers dangling from their elfish locks, pictured before us the demoniacal scenes of Tasso's *Furioso*, as they yelled and chaunted over this once gloomy scene of death and despair. We left the gates of Jaffa, escorted by a Turkish guard arrayed in all the glittering magnificence of Ottoman splendor; snow white garments, loose and free—a profusion of turban binding their swarthy brows, and small golden crescents glimmering on their breasts. These fierce moustached horsemen carried a javelin in the right hand, gem-adorned pistols at the saddle-bow, and a gun slung across the shoulders, with a silver-mounted scimitar pending from an embroidered girdle. Their steeds were remarkably handsome, and splendidly caparisoned; tails tracing the sand, and manes waving in the wind. On the left of the road, as we wound along the plain, rode, at the head, and in command of our escort, and bestriding a large dun-colored Arabian, an Italian renegade, in the service of the Pacha—a man of "vast adventure," who had fought with honor and renown amid the brilliant victories of the great Emperor; he commanded a regiment at the battle of Beresino, shouted for France at Waterloo, and was now leading across the wastes of Egypt a band of orientals, the magnificent warriors of the east; he was apparently forty-five or fifty years of age, with pale war-worn features, short curled black hair, long beard, with jet moustache, and dark pensive eyes; the whole countenance, though decided, was tinged with melancholy. His arms consisted of splendidly ornamented pistols, and an eagle-headed sabre—dressed *a la Turque*, at the head of his glittering array, he exhibited the very beau ideal of eastern chivalry and romance; and, as he rode on, restraining the wild and fiery steed whose prancing hoof and foaming bit required the careful spirit of a master to command, the dazzling images and splendid pageantry of the crusade were assembled before me, as on the very road we were then pursu-

ing, once swept the neighing steeds and enthusiastic followers of Cœur de Lion in all the glory of conquest and religion, shouting for the sepulchre.

Some few miles beyond the gates, we entered the vale of Sharon, where those beautiful flowers of Solomon still bloom as of yore. "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the vallies." Proceeding on our route, the scenery became very monotonous and dreary, and the soil remarkably dry; but I was informed it produced crops of cotton, figs, olives, and limes, and occasionally large harvests of excellent grain. The day became exceedingly hot and sultry, and water could not be obtained to quench the intolerable thirst we all experienced; not a human being passed us on our way, but, occasionally, afar off, standing on an isolated rock, or clambering among the cliffs, some solitary half-naked Arab, with crook in hand, and long-eared, wild, shaggy dog by his side, would be tending his goats. The scenery grew more and more desolate and lonely; the plain extending far away in the distance, without an object to break the stale monotony, or relieve the tired sight; not a human habitation could be discovered, and the casual appearance of the Arabs soon disappeared altogether. The impressive dreariness, however, which apparently oppressed the whole cavalcade, was in a great measure soon dissolved. Some Mahomedan horsemen prepared for one of those mock combats, which, at Constantinople, and in Persia, are conducted with so much splendor and eclat; the furious charge and shout, the commanding check and masterly retreat at the moment of terrible onset, were all enacted here with the usual grace and skill. The spacious plains were filled with the snow-robed chieftains; their tremendous yells rang through the air, while the sun, with meridian ray, flashed on their clattering arms, as hurling the djerred, they rushed away with the speed of lightning. By some mischance in the shock of fight, a dark, furious-looking fellow was thrown, "dashed thundering to the earth," where he lay in his fanciful costume, the stern reality of Byron's beautiful image, "fallen Hassan lies, his unclosed eye yet lowering on his enemy." The turban torn from his shaven head, floated away with the breeze, exhibiting to the defiling gaze of the Christian dogs, the long raven lock cherished for the Houris in Paradise; while his face, discolored with rage and dust, his garments rent, and the wild steed plunging riderless over the plain, breathed forth the poetry of an Oriental discomfiture.

As the sun declined toward the horizon, the caravan, gradually closing, silently pursued the dreary road until about dusk, when a bye-path conducted us to the decayed and dingy town of Kamba, the ancient Arimathea. We made our way through a crowd of admiring, half-naked Arabs, to the residence of a rich Armenian, who received us very kindly, and prepared a most excellent supper, served up in the eastern fashion. Cucumbers stuffed, à la mode Oriental; assafetida broils; spiced ragouts; whilst an immense dish of Pilau, (rice and boiled fowl, sprinkled with lemon,) sent up a savory steam from the centre of this rich profusion of Asiatic taste. Our kind host made every endeavor to arrange a bed for us; but

the very large number of guests rendered futile his anxious exertions to accommodate all, and my companion and myself, on our return from a short walk through the Bysa, finding the berths pre-occupied, were compelled to make a soldier's shift with blankets on the floor, where, independent of our uncomfortable position, we passed an indifferent night, being repeatedly roused by the loud and mournful howls of innumerable dogs collected in the long square immediately in front of the house; these animals recognise no master, and stray in immense numbers within the walls and in the outskirts of all eastern cities; they are extremely voracious and cunning, and at night-fall penetrate into the more populous regions in quest of prey, where their snappish barks and dreadful cries resound through the lonely streets in frightful concert.

At dawn of day, we hastened to our horses, anxious to recommence our journey ere the blazing sun had fired the cool and grateful breeze of morning. When mounted, those who had not taken time to snatch a hasty breakfast drank off a cup of Turkish coffee, the very essence of the berry—and, bidding farewell to our kind host, we dashed away through the crowd toward the gate. For a few hours, our journey was delightful, as we rode over the still and deserted plain, inhaling the fragrant airs wafted across the vale, blooming with flowers; but about two o'clock, P. M., the breeze died away, and the sun shone down with burning heat, apparently withering every living thing beneath the influence of its lurid blaze. Scorched, and choked with dust, we plodded on until a large grove of figs and olives by the road side, stretching out their shady branches, welcomed the way-worn, weary pilgrim; here, beneath the umbrageous green of these Scripture trees, we rested our tired limbs—from a neighboring pool we obtained cool and delicious water, and with the assistance of porter, cheese, crackers and cold beef, made a hearty luncheon. A delicious *dessert*, in a small sugared fig, strewed the ground, while the lightest shake of a tree would bring down a fresh supply in copious showers. Again we mounted, and after riding some fourteen miles from our halting place, reached the barren and desolate mountain which binds the plain or valley of Sharon; a scene of more complete sterility and nakedness never presented itself to the eye of man—rock piled on rock, with occasionally a stunted shrub or wilted olive, seeking life amid the crevices and craggy steeps. Up this broken and rugged scene we toiled our weary way for many a mile, and, gaining the summit of a lofty ridge, a grand and noble prospect was before us—bounded by the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea.

While clambering up a narrow defile, we suddenly came in contact with a detachment of Ibrahim Pacha's army—returning from Jerusalem. The party, consisting of horse and foot, were conducted by a black chieftain superbly mounted; the soldiers wore a red uniform, after the fashion of Europe; their baggage and artillery (long brass eighteen pounders) were lashed to the backs of camels; their standards were furled; and the whole band, enveloped in a cloud of dust, moved slowly down the heated and rocky road,

sounding their bugles, and gazing with astonishment on the pale-faced Christians.

The sun had set; long lines of golden crimson were flushing up the western sky; we reached a lofty eminence, and eager excitement seemed to pervade the van, when suddenly a cry of "Jerusalem" rent the air. "Jerusalem," cried the anxious centre of the cavalcade, and the thronging rear pressed forward. The city of David was before us; Jerusalem, rearing high its walls in the gloom of even—that city of mystery and crime, with all its recollections stood before me. "*Jerusalem! O Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent against thee, behold, your house is left unto you DESOLATE,*"—and never was a promise more fearfully verified. The red banner of the heathen waves in triumph from the dark and age-marked walls; Mahomet's children rear their Pagan towers within the once holy sanctuary of God; and the chosen and beloved tribe of Israel, heart-broken and discarded, are wanderers over the whole earth; her mountains are desolate and barren,—her vales, sterile and fruitless,—fountains and streams, dried up and withered. That awful denunciation yet hovers o'er the land—"cut off thine hair, O Jerusalem, and cast it away, and take up a lamentation on high places, for the Lord hath rejected and forsaken the generation of his wrath;" "for the house of Israel and the house of Jacob have dealt very treacherously against me, saith the Lord." Gathered on the brow of the hill, silently we gazed on that hallowed site of man's redemption; not a sound, not a murmur, escaped the lips of the awe-struck cavalcade, as they looked on this sad witness of a crucified Redeemer. Night darkened in the west; the cavalcade proceeded; the Turkish guard threw open the gates, and we entered Jerusalem. Winding our way through narrow streets flanked with lofty stone buildings, we proceeded to the Greek Convent, whose poor but obliging inmates received us with hospitality. Our accommodations were not of the best; the chambers, surrounding a naked court below, were small and poorly furnished—swarming with fleas and exhaling a most noisome stench. Never in the whole course of my existence did I pass a more abominable night than this, my first one in Jerusalem. On the morrow my body was one festering blister from the attacks of the ungovernable animals whose flying squadrons covered the helpless and wearied pilgrim. Morning at length dawned on the suffering and jaded traveller; refreshing ourselves with a cup of coffee, and a short walk in the lemon gardens attached to the convent, we sallied out to view the hallowed sites of scriptural events. Conducted by our guide through long and narrow streets, we suddenly found ourselves, on turning a corner, before the large and chequered square of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We paused to gaze on the nobly sculptured yet defaced façade of this building, whose marble walls and lofty dome enclosed the sad testimonials and criminal record of the Christian faith. Immediately opposite, the gray minaret of a Turkish mosque rears high the crescent of Mahomet above the turrets of the Christian fane, scorning and boasting over the helpless arm of the civilised world.

The church was erected by Helena, mother of Constantine, during her pilgrimage to the holy land, in commemoration of her conversion to the Christian faith. It stands entirely upon the hill of Calvary, embracing within its body the base and summit of the hill itself, the sepulchre of Christ, and the cave at the foot of the hill, in which the cross was discovered in a dream to the empress. The keys of the church are guarded by the governor, and during the delay in procuring them, we had ample time, within the shadow of the building, to admire the chiselled columns of verde antique and purple porphyry with which the front is beautifully ornamented. Chasms in the moulded pillars, and bruised architraves and capitals, exhibited the stern passage of time, or the ruthless hand of destructive man. The keys being at length produced, the large and heavy doors, studded with brass, were thrown open; the incense and gloom of the interior broke upon us. I stood, an American, a wanderer from a far country, within that building for whose possession the gallant crusader had wrested with the swarthy infidel, now, as then, the lord and master. The dying groans of a bleeding Saviour were ringing in my ears; crowds of exasperated and taunting soldiery were pictured on the mind; the Scribe and the Pharisee were there; a thorned crown pierced His dripping brows, the scoff and the shout of the multitude rose above the vaulted dome. "Hail, king of the Jews," was insultingly echoing round; the expiring sigh of the Son of God trembled on the palsied air—"Eli, Eli, lama Sabachtham;" darkness covered the land, and the vale of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. On the right stood that lofty and accursed rock, shattered in the midat. I separated myself from my companions, and, in company with a young Italian priest, ascended the mount of suffering and of hope. On the summit, a slab of marble commemorates the spot on which Christ was nailed to the cross, and a round hole in the fissure marked its erection. I was lost in the once terrible scene enacted around me; here trampled the fierce soldiers of Pilate—here arose the hootings of the mob—over this cold gray stone flowed the blood of the Son of God. On each side of the centre other holes are situated, wherein the two thieves who suffered with Christ were crucified; a lamp of gold glimmered faintly from an altar situated in the back ground, opposite the place of death, lighting up the holy gloom which pervaded around.

With a soul filled with sorrow and reverence, I went down that mount of infamy, yet of redemption. Descending far below, I stood in the cavern where, it is said, the true cross was discovered. After making the tour of the church, I found myself before the sepulchre of our Lord, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, the good man and the just. The door, through which he conveyed the dead and anointed body of Christ, stood open and bade me enter; the stone was rolled away, and the Angel of God, clothed in a raiment of light, had sought the blest bowers of heaven. I entered; forty golden lamps shone, and shine eternally, over the marble sarcophagus, which contained the mangled body of our Saviour; perfume and incense

were wafted throughout the sepulchre, while fresh roses and jasmine were strewed around. The holy father in attendance pronounced his benediction over me.

I passed several hours within the walls of this solemn edifice, gazing on the scriptural paintings, and listening to the seraphic strains of an Italian organ. On leaving the church, rambling along through crowded streets and lanes, I came at length to the *Via dolorosa*, along which Christ was carried a prisoner to Calvary. The spot is shown where Simon the Cyrenian was taken and compelled to bear the cross, and where Christ, fainting three several times, sat down to rest. I saw the window in the house of Pilate from whence the governor showed the Saviour to the people: "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe; and Pilate said unto them, 'Ecce homo'—Behold the man;" and they cried out, "Crucify him—crucify him."

In the evening we mounted our horses, and, conducted by a guide, took our way without the city walls; passing through the northern gate, whilst the Muezzins from the minarets, in clear and impressive tones, were bidding Mahomet's children come to prayer—"Mahoma, Alla! il Alla Mahoma Alla ackbar!" We descended the hill down a rugged path to the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which still flows, though shrunk and wasted, the brook of Cedron, upon whose once flowery banks flourished the garden of Gethsemane; thousands of Jewish tombstones covered the hill side, and among the many broken fragments which strewed the ground, the sepulchres of Absalom, of Zachariah, and of Jehoshaphat, where conspicuous; while to the left of the bridge a flat stone marks the place where Stephen the martyr was stoned to death. Retracing our steps under the shade of some venerable olive trees, we stood in the garden of Gethsemane, beyond an old fence, a carved stone marks the site where Christ in his agony prayed to the father, that, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will but as thou wilt." A little farther on is the place where he sweated great drops of blood, and beyond that, where he returned and found the disciples sleeping.

After wandering about, and dwelling some time amid the interesting locations of our Redeemer's grace, we ascended the opposite hill, directly in front of the city. The mount of Olives, the vales and the plains of Judea rose, sunk, and extended far around me, one gloomy picture of barrenness and sterility; the mighty curse of Jehovah hangs yet terribly over this once blooming land, redolent with nature's choicest blessings. On every side, in every direction, blasted ruin reigned supreme. "Hear, O Earth: behold, I will bring evil unto this people, because they have not hearkened unto my word, but rejected it; therefore will I cause to cease from the cities of Judea and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness; the voice of the bride-groom and the voice of the bride; for the whole land shall be desolate."

From beneath the shade of an olive tree, I stood calmly looking on Jerusalem; the once magnificent

city of the kings David and Solomon, with all its recollections, was before me; the winding brook of Cedron glides through the sepulchred banks; the garden of Gethsemane stands to the right within the valley, where the olive waves its branches over the place of betrayal; there is the hill of Zion, and the scene of the Last Supper; on Mount Moriah, where once existed that gorgeous temple of the living God, stands the mosque of Omar, wherein no Christian foot dare enter; the standard of Mahomet, and the green banner of David are preserved within; the walls without are handsomely sculptured, and the spacious court tessellated with black and white marble; far in the distance the Dead Sea, still and lifeless, covered those guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; while the Jordan, through banks of sand, rolled on towards the stagnant waters of the lake. The mountain, whence the kingdoms of the earth were temptingly exhibited to the Son of God, rose its desolate and craggy head high among the clouds; whilst, beneath, the distant plains of Jericho, wild and uncultivated, stretched for away in the north.

The sun went down in glory and gold, as the shades of evening settled on the sterile and stony fields. I cast another glance upon the once chosen of God; the red banner of the heathen was yet waving over its lofty walls; camels and asses, as in times of yore, with skins of water, were passing to and fro; the Syrian soldier guarded the city gates, and the drums of the Pacha resounded from within. As I turned to descend, my eye caught the river of John and the blue waters of the sea of Galilee. Descending, we stopped at the decayed monastery erected over the spot where our Saviour weepingly foretold the destruction of the temple, and the ruin of Jerusalem.

On the next morning we rode to Bethlehem; winding down the hill from the Jaffa gate, we passed the field of blood, the potter's field, and entered the great plain beyond the city. We paused at the pool of Hezekiah, and the tomb of Rachel, who was buried by the road side. We drew up on the fields where those celestial messengers, the angels of heaven, appeared by night to the shepherds, declaring the birth of a Redeemer; that blazing star which guided the wise men of the east, once lighted the path we were pursuing, as, meek in spirit, we entered the gates of that city wherein the lamb was born. "And he shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Beneath the floor of the great church erected by the devout Empress Helena, and supposed to have been originally a stable within a cave, was born the Saviour of mankind. Conducted by the monks, and holding lighted tapers, we descended, and stood where Jesus Christ was born. In the apartment, lamps are kept constantly burning, and daily orisons ascend. The church was once very magnificent, but through Musselman cupidity, has been sadly abused. From the summit of the convent, we beheld the field where Abraham kept his flocks—it was bare and drear. The good monks received us kindly and bade welcome with plenty of excellent cheer.

On the twentieth, we bade farewell to the once proud city of Judea, the empire of Solomon, the once chosen of God. I stood upon the last hill to take one long, lingering look. With a sorrowing heart and chastened spirit, I cried farewell to that mournful, yet mysterious

city; a denouncing judgment hovers o'er its awful desolation—but the glorious prophecy of hope rung with trumpet echo on my ear. I turned, and dashing down through rock and bramble, joined the cavalcade for Jaffa.
DECARLE.

LINES.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I would not have thee weep for me,
For thou wert made for smiles;
I would not that a tear should dim
Those blue eyes' liquid isles.

I would not on thy sunny brow
See clouds of sorrow lower,
Tho' it were like the passing shade,
Of some soft April shower.

I would not have thee breathe for me
One sigh of sad regret,
And yet I would not teach thy heart
Mine wholly to forget.

That voice's music, soft and low,
That lull'd my cares so long,—
I would not that a sound of grief
Should mingle in its song.

And yet, I would not have thee breathe
Amid the wild and gay,
With that soft, plaintive voice of thine,
Our last sad parting lay.

Sing the glad songs we used to love,
When life was like a dream,
And one perpetual summer's sun
Gilded its smiling stream.

But now, when darkness hides my sun,
And when my stream is chill'd,
They mock me with departed joys
To which my bosom thrill'd.

A cloud hath fall'n upon my path,—
May it not shadow thine,
Not e'en thy young life's sunny rays,
Can serve to brighten mine.

Yet dearest, I would have thee smile;
For sad and bitter tears
May dim the memory of glad hours,
Traced thro' succeeding years.

Then fare thee well! my lot is cast—
Whether on land or sea
It matters not—enough to know
It is not cast with thee.

WAR SONG.

RAISE the "Star Spangled Banner!" on high let it wave;
It shall lead us to conquest, or float o'er our grave;
Around let us rally, and scorning to fly,
Meet the rush of the foeman, and conquer or die!

Sound the trumpet—the trumpet that bids us prepare
For the onset, where tyranny's dark minions are;
Though her legions confront us in hostile array,
God's with us!—then onward—we'll conquer to-day.

Unsheath the keen sabre, and wield the bright lance,
With vict'ry elated, our tyrants advance.

Stand firm. Be undaunted. Already they yield;
They waver. Defeated they fly from the field!

Let the banner—the banner return to its rest,
In sorrow to float o'er each warrior's breast,
Who died to defend it from tyranny's claws,
And pour'd out his life's blood in liberty's cause.

Hereafter, when threaten'd by foemen, let's stand
United in feeling, in heart, and in hand,
And the spirit that glow'd in the hearts of the dead,
Burn bright in our own till the last drop is shed.

R. E. W.

IMPROVVISATORI.

WITH AN EXTEMPOREANEOUS TRANSLATION OF PISTRUCCI'S LAST IMPROMPTU POEM.

BY DOCTOR SOUTHEY.

THE art of improvising, or reciting impromptu verses upon any given subject, is intimately connected with the earliest portion of the history of poetry in every clime. Many of the Holy Lyrics, and the chant of the ancient Druids and the bardic rhymes of the Celts, were undoubtedly of impromptu production. The Homerides, or wandering Rhapsodists of the Greeks, the Troubadours of the middle ages, with their lays of love and chivalry, the Suabian Minnesingers, whose poetical contests are exhibited in the Manesse collection and the northern Heldenbuck, or "book of heroes," the master-singers of the thirteenth century, who celebrated the War of Wartburg at the mountainous castle of that name—the Provençals of France and Spain, and their descendants the minstrels, whose venality brought disgrace upon the gentle craft—all, more or less, practised the art of extemporaneous production in verse.

A vigorous, lively, and unrestrained imagination, with a ready flow of words, are essential requisites in the formation of an improvvisatore; hence we find many specimens of extemporaneous poetry among barbarous tribes where fancy is unrestrained, and the language sonorous and figurative. Frequent instances have been observed among the aborigines of America; and the modern improvvisatori of Europe utter their rhapsodies in the rich tones of the genial south.

The celebrated Petrarch, his rival Serafin d'Aquila, and a poet named Bernardo Accolti, were distinguished in this elegant accomplishment in the early portion of the Provençal range. Strange things are said of the wonderful powers of the latter personage, whose productions, when he recited them in the streets, congregated the whole population about him, to the material injury of the trade of the cities. Leo the Tenth encouraged the professors of the gentle craft, and assigned places at his own table to two of the most celebrated, Andrea Marone and Quernao, who also embodied the more profitable avocation of court fool. Signor Quernao was allowed to drink wine from the pope's own glass, on condition that he invented two Latin verses upon any proposed subject for every glass of wine; and if the verses were considered of an inferior nature, the quality of the wine was to be reduced by the addition of a proportionate quantity of water.

Cardinal Silvio Antoniano, who flourished in the sixteenth century, was surnamed Poetino, on account of his great talent in extemporaneous production. A pretty little incident is on record of the nature of his powers—he was exhibiting his wonderful faculty of improvisation, one evening, before some friends who were assembled in an arbor at the end of his garden,

when a nightingale from a bush in the vicinity began to compete with him for the mastery of song. Antoniano pursued his course till the wondrous melody of the bird compelled him to desist; but after a few moments' pause, he addressed the feathered songster in a strain of the purest poesy, and apostrophised the beauty of her song in verses so full of harmony and feeling, that his audience melted into tears.

In the papacy of Benedict the Thirteenth, the fair hands of the Bavarian princess Violante placed a crown of laurel upon the brow of Perfetti, the improvvisatore of Sienna; two volumes of his poetry were given to the public in the year 1748. This man sang his verses, and appeared dreadfully fatigued after every poetic ebullition. Metastasio was addicted to improvisation, particularly in the early part of his career, but was compelled to decline the practice, on account of his sufferings from the attendant excitement. Bernardi, a Roman advocate; Zucco, a Veronese; and Lorenzi, his pupil, were somewhat celebrated for their impromptu powers in the eighteenth century.

Several ladies have graced the annals of the gentle craft; and, besides the names of the celebrated improvvisatrici Giovannà de Santi, the nun Barbara, and Cecilia Michelli—the Tuscan lady, Maddalena Fernandez, "bought golden opinions from all sorts of people." The empress Catharine invited her to Petersburg, but the invitation was declined; she was requested by Francis the First to honor the court of Vienna with her presence—an honor that she accorded, and was received with every possible civility. The Arcadian Academy chose her a member, and styled her *Corilla Olimpica*, and, in the year 1776, she received from the Roman Senate the name of *nobile cittadina*, and was awarded the glory of a public crown. Theresa Bandettini, who called herself *Amarilli Etrusca*, was a distinguished improvvisatrice; she was originally an actress, but scarcely distinguished herself above the common herd; one day she listened to the lucubration of an improvvisatore at Verona, and became so moved with the genius of the poet, that she broke forth in a strain of energetic praise, and achieved the glory of extemporising a splendid poem. She delivered a wonderful impromptu on the death of Marie Antionette, before the Prince Lambertini, at Bologna, and has since published several poems, of various excellence.

The improvvisatori of modern times are neither numerous nor wonderful in their powers, with the single exception of Pistrucci, of whom, more anon. Several impromptu rhymers have earned distinguished names, but the specimens of their productions which have been printed scarcely attain mediocrity.

Gianni, the Italian tailor, visited Paris in the year 1800, and was greeted by Napoleon with the title of *improvvisatore imperiale*, and the more welcome stipend of six thousand francs a year. His exhibitions in the private circles of Paris were highly spoken of.

Tomaso Sgricci, of Arezzo, produced an extemporaneous tragedy, and the subject and the characters were furnished by the spectators. This took place at Florence, in 1816, but in Paris he produced the impromptu tragedy of Missolonghi, in 1826. He declaimed, extempore, the tragedy of Hector at Turin, and a tragedy on the death of Mary Stuart, at Florence, in 1823.

It is but lately that the improvvisatori have begun to give public exhibitions of their wonderful faculties. A German poet was the first to extemporise for money in public places. Wolf, a professor of Altona, consented to exhibit himself in the year 1824, and in the following year, Eugene de Pradel gave several public exhibitions of his talents in France.

Pistrucci, "the old man eloquent," is the most famous of the impromptu poets of the modern school, and even now, in his old days, can excel in vigor and variety, the boasted productions of the ancient German or Provençal school. It is impossible to describe the wonderful fire of the Italian's verse, the versatility of his genius, or the play of his unbounded fancy. We have a letter before us, written some months ago, containing an account of his last annual concert in London. The writer, a friend now in England, describes the scene with graphic effect, and we hasten to place the extract before our readers.

"Yesterday, I witnessed a curious and a wonderful scene. Jerrold took me to Pistrucci's concert. This man is a celebrated improvvisatore, and seems to keep a magazine of splendid original poetry within the receptacles of his mind. Several of the most popular vocal and instrumental performers of the day graced the orchestra upon this occasion; but, in my eyes, the only beauty of the scene was the wonderful *beneficiario*—the observed of all observers—the cynosure of eyes and hearts—and well he deserves his popularity, for he is truly an extraordinary man.

"After an act of a concert that at any other time would almost have turned my brain, from the soft variety of sweet sounds that marked its progress, Pistrucci appeared upon the platform. He was well received by the audience, which comprised upwards of fifteen hundred persons of the first fashion. He requested, in the purest Italian, that some one present would give him a subject for his muse. A gentleman named "FIESCHI'S INFERNAL MACHINE." A loud laugh followed the announcement, for a more unconventional subject could scarcely have been assigned—but Pistrucci went to work, and instantly produced a poem of excessive power and boldness of expression. There was no hesitation in his manner, and his vigorous lines received additional force from the expressive manner of the poet, who really seemed to glow with the fire of his verse. Dr. Southey, the laureate, sat on the same bench with me; and, as Pistrucci roared out his lines, the English poet translated them with the happiest attention to the literal sense and the pecu-

liarities of the style. I obtained a copy of the double improvisation, and have transmitted it for your perusal.

"Pistrucci again mounted the orchestral stage, and asked for two or three subjects, promising to give equal and satisfactory attention to all of them at the same time. Seven titles were handed up; and the ancient poet, nothing daunted, selected seven gentlemen to act as amanuenses, and fired away at an astonishing rate. The subjects were of the most singular variety, and this wonderful man ran from one scribe to the other, and gave out his impassioned stanzas with a redundancy that shamed their slow progress, and extracted an overwhelming burst of delight from the admiring auditors. The seven subjects were "The Moon," "The Effects of Vanity upon the Mind," "The Birth of Venus," "The Fall of the Roman Empire," "The Beauties of Truth," "England," and "The Three Days of the Revolution." In contributing his ideas to the various scribes, he never once mistook the persons apportioned to the subject he was illustrating, but ran from one to the other, with a newly coined verse, full of pertinent wisdom and experience, and peculiarly applicable to the nature of the matter he was poetising about. Southey could not restrain his rapture, and the audience testified their satisfaction by long and loud applause. The seven poems, which were all finished within ten minutes of one another, were read from the stage, and redounded to the credit of this most wonderful improvvisatore.

"Pistrucci has taken a strange stand in the following poem—a stand that caused him twice the difficulty in the management of the style of the strain, and the delicacy of the execution. He is opposed to the tyranny of the people's king, and execrates him as an honest bard would, but he deprecates the assassin and his motives in words of burning import.

"The following is the poem in question. You must bear in mind that Pistrucci composed it in Italian as fast as he could talk, and that Southey's translation was equally rapid—therefore do not criticise the production too severely."

To TREAT of the argument prescribed, is
Like steering between Scylla and Charybdis—
Perplexity darkens my mind!
'Twixt a tyrant and a cursed assassin
Lies the choice now my bosom harassing—
No issue auspicious I find.

But lo! the clouds clear from my vision,
And quickly I form my decision,

My design instantaneous is plann'd—
To stern independence aspirant,
I denounce the misrule of the tyrant,
The murderous coward I brand.

Usurper! though once in thy palace
Welcomed, 'gainst thee 'tis no malice
Awakes my extempore song—
While to spare thy foul foes, or to chaunt them,
Scarce beseemeth a free poet's anthem—
To sing were to sanction the wrong.

But woe to the wretch, would bring back
 The age of the fell Ravallac—
 Or the deeds of that monster abhorr'd—
 Though 'twere hard, in thee, Lord of the Louvre,
 For the patriot eye to discover
 A Henry belov'd and adored!

No! my verse may not shrine, as in amber,
 Nor my muse in her harpings remember,
 Fieschi, thy blood-bolster'd name—
 Thou the cause of the noble and good,
 By thy demon-like madness and blood,
 Hast crimson'd with horror and shame.

'Twas well that the blow thou didst level,
 'Gainst a king—by the justice of evil
 On its guilty contriver recoil'd—
 But thy guiltiness thus while avenging
 That infernal retributive engine
 Of a veteran, France too, despoiled.

And yet hadst thou, miscreant, succeeded,
 Of such demons a thousand were needed
 To purge earth of kingly dominion—
 Better leave such result to the working
 Of a power, which in secret is lurking,
 True avenger of mankind—opinion!

Oh! the cause is in steady progression,
 The cup of old Europe's oppression
 Will soon be filled up to the brim!
 Her sons soon spontaneous uprisen,
 Will burst from their bondage and prison,
 And raise to fair Freedom one hymn!

Though the bard may, alas! never see it—
 Though the grave may first clasp him—so be it—
 His children shall hail the bright dawn.
 Lo! that day now is rapidly nearing,
 O'er the nation's horizon appearing—
 Lo! their darkness of thraldom's withdrawn.

AN ORIGINAL MEMOIR OF

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

THIS remarkable lady, whose recent death has stopped a long career of active benevolence, paid the penalty of her excessive good fortune in suffering the attacks of the envious and malignant. Every disgraceful propensity and vicious indulgence has been imputed to her not only by the mercenary and the interested who failed in their attacks upon her purse, but the members of her former profession have assailed her name with the foulest obloquy, and branded her fair fame with every mark that "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" could invent. Those who are most intimate with the *arcana* of theatric life, can best resolve the reason; popularity pays a heavy tax, particularly upon the stage; the impotent and the ignorant impute their want of success to the extra luck of the talented professor; and instead of exerting themselves to soar beyond the confines of their original mud, employ their utmost powers in daubing the public's favorite with the filthiness of side-scene scandal and tavern slander. Had the Duchess of St. Albans, when Miss Mellon, have been guilty of twice the number of positive improprieties which a numerous host of enemies have imputed to her, not a slanderous word would have been uttered against her name, had she continued in her original humble station;—but the secret of her villany was in the word "success." She possessed talents and beauty; the former brought her into notice with the public, and the latter secured her an elevated station in life—the harpies of the green room—"for where is the place into which foul things sometimes intrude not?"—the theatrical ravens who quarrel and peck at each other, but concentrate their forces at the smell of

carriage, pounced upon her name and fame, "and strived to damn her with their foul report."

The Duchess of St. Albans has passed through a series of gradations that seldom mark the course of human life. She was born in the midst of penury and wretchedness, but died the possessor of countless thousands. Her father, it has been said, was a gentleman of the name of Mellon, in the service of the Honorable East India Company; but this report is incorrect—the facetious Jack Kinnear, an eccentric Irishman, who distinguished himself in Dublin at the time of the rebellion, and was compelled to flee to England to avoid the consequences of his fatuity, has the honor of our heroine's paternity. The disgrace attendant upon his treason, and the dissolute nature of his life, induced his wife to resume her maiden name, and the little Harriett was christened a Mellon at the place of her birth, in one of the small towns of Lancashire. Her father had taken up the profession of an actor, and was spoken of with much delight by many of the ancient denizens of Kendal, Carlisle, and Rochdale; the company was managed by a man named Bibby, and under his auspices the little Mellon rolled upon the stage. At the age of five years, she distinguished herself in the interesting assumption of stage infants, and was a plump, curly headed lump of beauty, as broad as she was long.

The family of Mr. Roydes, or Rhodes, of Halifax, in Yorkshire, endeavored to remove her from this congenial sphere of action; she profited by their friendship in acquiring a portion of that education which afterward distinguished her in life, but shortly returned to the fascinations of the stage.

At the age of eighteen, she was engaged by the managers of the theatres royal at Liverpool and Manchester, for the first range of characters in the line of genteel comedy. Shortly after our heroine had appeared upon the stage, her mother married a person of the name of Entwisle, a leader of the band at a provincial theatre—but we have no account of the death of Jack Kinnear, nor did we ever find a person who pretended to know what became of him. Miss Mellon, while at Manchester, attracted the attention of several rich and influential persons, and received more than one offer of marriage; she was then a well-grown, plump, raven-locked, black-eyed brunette, with singular vivacity of temper and sprightly powers of conversation. She rejected her mercantile swains, and fixed her affections upon an actor of the name of Grant, to whom she was actually betrothed, but from some unexplained cause, the marriage never took place. Grant was a Scotchman, and well known in later years about the minor theatres of London; he was an ugly and unlucky man, but steady in his conduct, and well-informed. He lived for several years in great distress, but when his former sweetheart heard of his penury, she sent him a monthly allowance of sufficient extent to smooth the downhill path of his life. Grant's last engagement was at the Surrey Theatre, when that establishment was managed by that glorious compound of talent and eccentricity, Elliston. Grant was selected by that worthy to play King Henry in his curious version of King Richard the Third. By the manager's direction, the ghosts were not to appear in the usual orthodox manner, at a chasm in the back drapery of the monarch's tent, but were to stud the front of the stage, by popping up their heads from the various traps and sliding panels that are scattered about the scenic floor. Grant, who knew that King Henry has a long wait, as it is technically termed, from the end of the first act to the middle of the fifth, had removed his black and kingly robes for his citizen's attire, and with a pipe of mild tobacco and a pint of porter, sat at the back door of the theatre puffing sorrow away, and awaiting the prompter's call to the scene of action. When he received it, his white wig was hastily put on; his coat and vest removed; and the black jacket of the unfortunate monarch donned, retaining the well-splashed white trousers, because, having only to poke his bust above the level of the stage, there was no necessity for any farther change. Grant knew that all stage-carpenters have a propensity for porter; he was aware that while he was speaking the ghostly warning to the naughty tyrant, the carpenter employed to turn the windlass of the trap would demolish the remainder of his pint; so, like a prudent and a canny Scot, he placed the pewter vessel on the two-foot square that sustained his ghostly corpus, and laid the ambrosial pipe lengthways across the top—the trap was not to come within sight of the audience, therefore his precaution could not interfere with the scenic effect—but the carpenter saw his motive, and in revenge, pretended to misunderstand his instructions, and rolled poor Grant completely up till the top of the trap attained the level of the stage. The audience burst into con-

vulsions of laughter—there was “the buried majesty” of England, the spirit of the murdered Henry, in a black jacket, and dirty white trousers of modern cut, gloriously splashed with London mud. A pewter pot and tobacco pipe stood by the side of his dirty Wellingtons. The bothered actor looked confusedly at his brother and sister ghosts, who were peeping from their appropriate holes. To complete the joke, which, by the way, is strictly true, Elliston, who enacted the crookbacked tyrant, opened his eyes when he heard the shouts of the audience, and perceiving the situation of the actor, started from his couch, and ran furiously at Grant, brandishing his drawn sword. Grant knew that it was useless to “chafe the lion in his mood,” and, “with his pipe in one hand and his pot in the other,” as the old song says, the royal ghost vanished at the wing. Enthusiastic peals of approbation crowned his exit—the remainder ghosts were *rung down*, Catesby was beckoned on, but the audience clamored loudly for the re-appearance of the dead monarch and his *beer*, and continued their uproar till the fall of the curtain.

Miss Mellon joined Stanton's company in 1794, and while at Stafford, formed an intimacy with the family of the Hortons, (*not* Wright, the banker, as generally reported,) and, by their influence with Sheridan, who was really pleased with her performances, she succeeded in forming an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. Her appearance was tolerably successful, but she made no decided hit till the production of *Tobin's Honeymoon*, when she took the town by storm in the character of Volante, which Mrs. Jordan had refused. Her charms attracted general attention, and from one of the papers of the day we extract the following *jeu d'esprit*:

For an apple, old Adam, 'tis said, d—d himself,

But why should I his follies dwell on?

When I own I am now such an amorous elf,

I could do just as much for a MELLON.

About this time, Mr. Thomas Coutts, a celebrated London banker, became much attached to Miss Harriett, and evinced his friendship for her by presenting several valuable gifts as tokens of admiration of her histrionic abilities. Mr. C.'s father, a merchant in Edinburgh, had married a daughter of Sir John Stuart, whose mother was a grand-daughter of Miss Grizel Cochrane, daughter of Sir John Cochrane, the son of the first Earl of Dundonald. We have mentioned the course of this genealogy for the sake of noticing an unexampled instance of female heroism and filial affection performed by Grizel Cochrane in behalf of her father, who was one of the principal performers in Argyle's rebellion against the tyranny and bigotry of James the Second. The doom that enveloped the house of Campbell affected the safety of Sir John Cochrane; he was taken prisoner after a deadly struggle, tried, and condemned to die upon the scaffold. The royal warrant for his execution was hourly expected—the prisoner's father, the Earl of Dundonald, hastened to London, to exert his influence in behalf of his unfortunate son—but he had scarcely left the good city

of Berwick ere the authorities were apprised that the next mail would bring the death warrant of Sir John. But that mail never reached its destination—the rider was attacked upon the dreary moor of Tweedmouth, by a stripling in a coarse jerkin and cloak, who grasped the mail bag and disappeared in the shades of the night. The prisoner was not led to execution. Fourteen days elapsed, and the efforts of his father were unsuccessful—a letter was received from the anxious parent with the painful intelligence that another warrant was to be despatched by the ensuing mail. Preparations were again made for the execution, when news reached the city that the mail carrier had again been robbed—not only of the mail, but of his horse, on which the assailer mounted with the leathern bag, and fled rapidly away. Fourteen days must again elapse ere the warrant could be renewed—but just before the expiration of the time, the old Earl of Dundonald rushed into the arms of his son, and proved to be the bearer of his pardon, wrung from the king, by the interest of Father Petre, his confessor, who had stipulated to receive the sum of five thousand pounds as the price of his intercession. The mail robber was the prisoner's daughter, Grizel Cochrane, who, in disguise, had twice perilled her life in attempting the arduous achievement, but received her reward in the rescue of her beloved sire.

Mr. Coutts was a worthy, liberal, good-hearted, old man—profuse in his charities, generous and hospitable in his household arrangements, but strict and exact in all business arrangements and money matters. A friend who had dined with him, and gazed with admiration at his well spread board, had occasion to pay in the balance of an account at the bank on the ensuing morning—there was an odd penny left. "I shall not change silver to pay you the penny," said the gentleman. "I must have it," replied the banker. "How is this? You gave me a dinner yesterday that must have cost you a hundred pounds; to day you insist upon receiving a penny at my personal inconvenience." "It is by attending to the trifles of business that I am enabled to give the hundred pound dinners."

Mr. Coutts was once sojourning at Bristol, in England, and frequented an obscure alehouse near the theatre, well known by the sign of the Shakspeare. His morning's draught was a glass of ale, and he would daily spend some time over the perusal of the London papers. The landlord was a real Boniface, and pitying the supposed poverty of his customer, who was dressed in a well-worn suit of brown cloth, invited him to eat his Christmas dinner with the family; and, at table, in the overflow of his heart, proffered the loan of a small sum to relieve the necessities of his guest. An explanation ensued—Mr. Coutts was at Bristol to superintend the affairs of the bank there, which was deeply indebted to his firm; but he never forgot the hospitality of his landlord. He assisted him with his purse and his recommendations; and eventually established him in one of the largest coach businesses ever attempted in England.

Mr. Coutt's first wife was named Susan Starkey, and was at one time nursery maid in Mr. Coutt's brother's family. Several children were the produce of this match.

Sir F. Burdett married one of the daughters, and when he was sent to the Tower of London, Queen Charlotte signified to Mr. Coutts that she meant to withdraw her account from his bank; but as there was a heavy balance, half a million of pounds sterling, she would give him three days to make up the accounts. Mr. Coutts informed her majesty in return that to withdraw such a small amount as half a million from his house, required no notice at all.

Mr. Coutts evinced his friendship to Miss Mellon by presenting her with several heavy drafts upon his bank. This was sufficient to open the mouths of her sisters of the sock, who were beginning to hate her for her popularity with the public and to plan her downfall. But whatever was the nature of her connexion with the banker during the lifetime of the first Mrs Coutts, nothing criminal could be proved, even by the jealous eyes that daily watched her residence, which was immediately in the vicinity of the theatre, and under the control of her parent whose name was affixed to the door. There Mr. Coutts paid his morning visits, for the old man never courted concealment; and his three married daughters, persons of title and respectability, visited their father's protégé. But the bed-ridden and decrepid wife died; and the banker made the actress his own by the laws of the church of England.

Mr. Coutts and our heroine have been very deservedly blamed for the indecent haste of their wedding. It is true that in this instance, there existed redeeming points; the deceased had long been morally dead—confined, palsied and senseless, to the bed of disease, and scarcely drew the breath of life—true, too, that the husband was an aged man, without an hour to spare—he was anxious also to preserve the reputation of the woman he long had loved. But there is something so outrageous to all the better feelings of our nature—so disgustingly opposite to all the proprieties of life in thus hastily blending the funeral and marriage ceremonies, that had the actress attempted to appear again upon the stage, the indignant audience would have driven her from it with contempt and execration.

For eight years, Mrs. Coutts enjoyed every possible happiness with her old man, and filled the station of life to which she had been advanced with propriety and respect. Her charities were numerous in the extreme. Raymond, at one time stage manager of Drury Lane Theatre, became involved, and she sent him a thousand pounds for a benefit ticket. Each of the Funds for the maintenance of decayed actors partook largely of her liberality—Emery's widow received fifty pounds a year, and the same annuity was paid to her former stage servant, who was also placed in a ready furnished house in the vicinity of London. Her friend Wewitzer was allowed the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, till he justly forfeited any title to her esteem by a course of dissipation and extravagance.

Mrs. Coutts was married in January, 1815. Her husband died in 1822, aged 91. He left the whole of his immense fortune, amounting to several millions sterling, to his wife, recommending only certain annuities to her consideration, all of which were instantly fulfilled. For five years she preserved her

widowhood, during which time she was courted by several of the first rank and fashion, who had no objection to "fat, fair, and fifty," garnished with half a dozen millions. The Duke of York had some idea of extricating himself from his pecuniary difficulties, but the banker's widow gave the scion of royalty a check that he duly honored.

In 1827, Lord Burford, who had barely attained his majority and the Dukedom of St. Albans, led his rich prize to the hymeneal altar, and bestowed the title of Duchess upon the *ci-devant* actress. Her aristocratic career has been splendid and appropriate; her immense wealth has been distributed, not with the hand of lavish profligacy, but with a princely generosity that will embalm her name in the hearts of thousands when her weak and puling assailers shall have passed from the memories of the world. Her patronage was kindly bestowed upon the worthy and the poor; many a member of the histrionic corps owes heavy obligations to the Duchess of St. Albans. Her influence was exerted for the friendless and the distressed—several criminals have been rescued from the gallows' foot by her intercession and unwearied exertion in their behalf. But the breath of calumny assailed her in the privacy of her domesticity; her habits were maligned; her charities ridiculed; and,

after various futile attempts at extortion, the revenge of the scorn of the press settled into a general series of illiberal and unworthy remarks in the columns of the Sunday papers devoted to the propagation of indecency and sin.

This excellent woman died on Sunday, the 6th of August last, in her sixty-seventh year. A general paralysis of nature was the cause of her death, which took place in the room where Mr. Coutts had breathed his last. Previous to her decease, she informed the Duke of her intention to leave the bulk of her fortune to the relatives of her former husband, from whom she had inherited it. She also signified her wish that the Duke should marry her heiress, and preserve the title to the estates, but he declined making any reply. Nine millions of dollars were bequeathed to Miss Angela Burdett, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis; one hundred thousand to his lady; and a life annuity of fifty thousand dollars was assigned to the support of the widowed Duke. The Duchess did not approve of the conduct of the Beauclerc family; and has inserted a clause in her will, that if any of its members shall reside with the Duke of St. Albans more than five days at any one time, "his legacy shall pass out of his hands as if he were dead."

THE POETRY OF NIAGARA.

READER! I am not going to indulge in a long disquisition upon this living wonder of the world—I am not about to prose over the poetry of this glory of creation—nor shall I stir up the etherialities of my fancy, and wing my thoughts into the seventh heaven of invention for the purpose of coining similes for this incomparable cataract, or attempt depicting this indescribable scene. Yes! I agree with Fanny Kemble. Niagara cannot be described—although various scribbling tourists have attempted it—but, like gibbeted crows, they hang, in *terrorem*, an awful warning to their tribe.

Hierocles mentions a pedant who wished to sell a house, and carried a brick about with him as a specimen of the building. There are many pedants of the present age who steal a pebble from Niagara, and think that they are exhibiting the wondrous whole.

There is more real poetry in the observation of the Indian, who endeavored to account for this gushing outlet of a world of water by supposing that the Great Spirit in his wrath *had cut the throat of the Lakes*, than in the ebullitions of myriads of the small poets, who *do* the cataract in "sonnets and sounding rhymes." The homely phrase of the Yankee who gazed upon Niagara for the first time, and merely said, "Wael, I swow, but that's a pretty considerable spurt

of water," is not more ridiculous than the matter-of-fact guide-book sort of narratives that some tourists give of their visits to the Falls. A young lady (bless her sweet eyes!) in a letter written during a tour round the Lakes, remarks—"I cannot and dare not attempt to describe my feelings as I gazed upon the vastness of the scene! I never believed it possible for any created thing to imbue me with such a strong conviction of my utter nothingness as was impressed upon my soul when I stood at the river's brink beneath the Table Rock—and yet Niagara is but a speck amidst creation's wonders—a touch from the finger of God!"

In the summer of 1836, I passed some time in the vicinity of the Falls, and rambled to the right or to the left, as my fancy dictated—free from the trammels of uncongenial companionship or the tyranny of a Niagara cicerone, with his hacknied phrases of delight and stereotyped notions of the sublime and beautiful. It is amusing to observe the nonchalance of these fellows when they apportion out the "ways and means" of the scenery to a group of admiring cockneys—so much beauty to each scene—so much time to each beauty—so much description in so much time—and so much money for so much description! "A Falls Guide," if business is brisk, gobbles up Goat Island in a quarter of an hour—Terrapin Bridge is

barely a mouthful—the Rapids are instantaneously passed—the Whirlpool waded through—and without wasting any breath on the Cave of the Winds, gallops over the Horse Shoe, and clears the Table Rock at a bound.

During one of my early morning rambles, I was overtaken by a thunderstorm. I ran to the shelter of a tavern, upon the Canadian side, and was welcomed by a pretty little black eyed brunette, the only person visible during an hour's sojourn. I peeped through the steamy glass of the windows, and saw the foam of the cataract and the mist of the storm mingling in the driving gust. The heavy rain pattered on the creamy surface of the deep and troubled pool; and the melancholy sough of the wind added depth to the booming sound of the waterfall; while the loud thunder-burst awoke the echoes of the trembling rocks, and the forked lightning played amongst the foliage of the tall old trees. But the heaviness of the atmosphere imparted a sad and gloomy tinge to the scene; the cold winds rattled the window frames; the room was damp and chilly; and I was glad to leave gazing upon Nature in her dullest aspect, and turn to the cheering blaze of a wood fire, and the sparkling smile of the young brunette.

Several torn and dog-eared volumes of scrap-books, albums, and journals were scattered about the centre-table of the tavern parlor. I opened one of them, to beguile the weary hour—and the little girl, as she hurried to and fro, said—"We have many books full of writing, sir—all the visitors come here during their stay, and nearly all of them write something in our albums; we are famous for our poetry."

"And truly," said I, "if a man has the spirit of poetry within him, the sight of the wonders of Niagara and the beauty of your bewitching smile ought to bring it out of him in some shape or other—and if he wishes any Byronic excitement in the shape of gin and water, or Jonsonian virtue in the article of wine, your bar-room can supply the means. Having the three great sources of inspiration within reach, let us see what results have been produced."

During my stay, I examined nearly a dozen albums, and found not a dozen specimens of tolerable verse. Some of the pages were filled with low and scurrilous remarks upon America by the Canadian tourists, to which illiberal answers were generally appended. A stupid son of John Bull claimed the *merit* of the Falls for England, because the Horse Shoe Cataract was nearer to the Canadian side; to revenge this illiberality, a valiant Yankee, from Scarborough, in Maine, threatened, in direful pot-hooks, to *lick* Great Britain out of the map of the world. I remarked that scarcely an observation had been made without incurring the fate of having a rude and frequently vulgar pendant in another hand writing. This conduct must, of course, deter a delicate minded person from expressing his or her thoughts where there existed so positive a certainty of ridicule and insult. It was curious to observe that the vilest scrawls were sure to be signed by the writer's name, with his place of address very conspicuously blazoned; while the few worthy pieces were either without signature or modestly graced with the initials of the scribe.

The generality of the effusions were comically inclined, but few succeeded in raising a smile, unless it was at the sheer nonsense of the thing. "A Yankee's Address to Niagara" must have been written by an escaped school-boy:

Pray how long have you been roaring
At this infernal rate?
I wonder if all your pouring
Could be cypher'd on a slate.

Another down-easter paraded his name in conspicuous large text letters, and said, in a homely mixture of rhyme and reason, "I travelled from Massachusetts to see Niagara."

I came here the Falls to view,
Which are always old and always new!

A neat crow-quill hand writing, bearing the signature of a lady from New York, contained the following piece of extraneous foolery. I am sure that she must blush whenever she recollects the silly act:

I saw the foam come tumbling down,
And spoil my ribands and my gown,
Nor heeded it, because I felt
That all around me here there dwelt
A seven horse power of Majesty—
And, overcome, I cried, "Oh, my!"

But, perhaps, the most laughable of the selections that I deemed worthy transcription is a piece of serious intent, written in an upright stiff school-master sort of hand, and signed in full, with name and address. It is much too labored to be extemporaneous.

Sublime the scene! the never-ceasing roar!
The solid upright rocks that wall the shore,
And the vast liquid lakes that dash and pour!
On Europe's land the like was never found—
A cataract that shakes the solid ground—
So high! so wide! *so many yards around!*

Contrast the grandeur and dignity of the above lines with the trifling nature of the following:

Oh, if I were a little fish,
And had a little fin,
To keep my little self afloat,
I swear I would jump in.
And having seen the mighty falls,
And heard the mighty roar,
Myself would be a mighty fish
Henceforth for evermore!

Willis Gaylord Clark, as if to shame the beggarly productions of the scribbling tourists, has improvised eight lines of perfect beauty. They constitute a gem that is no disgrace to the coronal encircling the brows of this genuine son of Apollo. Let us hope that the drudgery connected with the direction of a daily paper

will not prohibit the cultivation of his fine vein of poesy—he cannot be spared from his pedestal in the gardens of the bi-forked hill. The lines are as follow:

Here speaks the voice of God! let man be dumb,
Nor with his vain aspirings, hither come;
That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods,
And with its pressure shakes the distant woods;
These groaning rocks th' Almighty's fingers piled—
For ages here his painted bow has smiled;
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal—beautiful—serene—sublime!

One of the albums was devoted to the registry of the names of the adventurous few who brave the perils of Termination Rock, and earn certificates of having been under the great sheet. A gentleman boasts on one of the pages that he performed the dangerous and useless feat of carrying a deer-hound in his arms to the extremity of the standing place beneath the great Fall—a wag has written a commentary on this folly by asserting that “there was a pretty pair of pups.” Another scribbler describes his opinions adjacently thus—“Aquatic, Beatic, Cataratic, Hydrotatic, Pneumatic, and Rheumatic.” Another gives a rule of conduct for the visitors:

Yes, traveller, go under,
And midst the wild thunder,
The spray and the dashing,
The stones, and the splashing,
Turn not to one side,
But cling to the guide,
He is safe, though he's black.
Pay when you get back.

A southerner has perpetrated a series of very bad puns in the following lines:

I've drank at least six strong gin slings,
In hopes to give my fancy wings;
I've beat my brains for near an hour,
But cannot feel poetic power.
With pencil pois'd, and asses' skin,
I've walked without—I've sat within—
Trying to fix up something fit
To put my name to when 'tis writ.
Here, bring more gin! I'll raise the steam!
I think I have a transient gleam.
I crawled, undress'd, beneath the sheet,
But frighten'd at the desperate feat,
I sneak'd back rapidly again—
The sheet gave me a counter-pain.
I fear'd, too, lest my giddy head
Should throw me in the river's bed;
And none would bolster my wife's pillow,
If I was laid beneath the billow.
I donn'd my clothes, my money paid,
And nothing by my motion made,
For a cockney friend observed, “I'll bet
Your asses' skin was made *vellvet*.”

The following was written by a Philadelphian, who must have felt particularly inspired by the majesty of his subject:

Niagara! Niagara!
I swear you are a staggerer!
I don't wish to be a bragger, or
A consequential swaggerer—
Yet still I vow, Niagara,
Your Falls are quite a staggerer.

Thus much for the poetry of Niagara. I have given the choicest productions of countless visitors to this unequalled scene; I have honestly selected the most favorable specimens of the effects of the inspiration derived from contemplating the beauties of nature in her grandest mood.

The subjoined piece of beautiful poetry was copied on a subsequent occasion, and graces the pages of the American Literary Souvenir for the ensuing year:

GREAT Spirit of the Water! I have come
From forth my own indomitable home,
Far o'er the bosom of the eternal sea,
To breathe my heart's deep homage unto thee,
And gaze on glories that might wake to pray'r
All but the hopeless victim of despair.

Flood of the forest! fearfully sublime!
Restless, resistless as the flood of time!
There is no type of thee—thou art alone,
In sleepless glory, rushing on and on.

Flood of the forest! thou hast been to me
A dream, and thou art still a mystery!
Would I had seen thee years and years ago,
While thou wert still unworshipp'd and unknown,
And thy fierce torrent, as it rush'd along,
Thro' the wild desert pour'd its booming song,
Unheard by all save him of lordly mood,
The bronzed and free-born native of the wood.
How would my heart have quiver'd to its core,
To know its God, but half reveal'd before!
In other times, when I was wont to roam
Around the mist-robed mountain peaks of home,
My fancy wander'd to this western clime,
Where all the haunts of nature are sublime,
And thou wert on my dream, so dread a thing,
I trembled at my own imagining:
But I have come from far to gaze upon
Thy mighty waters, and my dream is gone!

Flood of the forest! I have been with thee,
But still thou art a mystery to me!
Years will roll on, as they have roll'd, and thou
Wilt speak in thunder as thou speakest now;
And when the name, that I inscribe to-day
Upon thine altar, shall have pass'd away
From all remembrance, and the lay I sing
Shall long have been but a forgotten thing,
Thou wilt be sung, and other hands than mine
May wreath a worthier chaplet for thy shrine.

THE CALM AT SEA.

THE MUSIC BY T. F. REICHARDT.

WITH THE ORIGINAL WORDS BY GOETHE.

AND A TRANSLATION BY JAMES LAWRENCE, ESQ.

LENTO.



Dol.



smorz

O'er the melancholy O - cean, Heavy
Tie - fe stille herscht im was - ser, Ohne

slumbers seem to creep, Ev'ry wave has lost its motion, Ev'ry ze - phyr is a -
regung ruht das meer, Und be - kummert sieht der schiffer, Glat - te fla - che ringsum -



sleep. Deaf the breeze in ev'ry quarter, Mari - ners unheeded rave, O'er the calm unruffled
her. Keine luft von keiner seite, Todes - - stille furchter - lich, In der un - ge - heu - ren



water, 'Tis the si - lence of the grave. The clouds disap - pearing, The
 weite, Re - get kei - ne welle sich. Die nebel zer - reissen, Auf

Piu moto

pros - - - pect is clearing, And E - - - o - lus sets all his
 ein - - - mahl wirds hel - le Und Ae - - - o - lus lo - - - set das

pri - son - ers free; The Hea - - - vens are bright - er, The heart of the
 ang - stli che band, Es sau - - - seln die win - de, Es ruhrt sich der

Seaman is light - - - er and light - - - er.
 Schiffer gesch - win - - - de, gesch - win - - - de.

The tide gai - ly flow - - - ing, The gale brisk - ly
 Es theilt sich die wel - - - le, Es naht sich die



REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUALS.

We have received copies of the *Token*, the *Literary Souvenir*, and the *Christian Keepsake*, comprising, we believe, the entire list of *Annals* which the booksellers intend to publish during these times of pressure. We have sufficient evidence before us, to convince the sneerers at the progress of the *Fine Arts* in America, that we are at least able to compete with the old world in the production of these elegancies of literature; the above named volumes may enter the lists with any of the choicest European works of the same quality; and we believe, that if sale could be insured for our American annuals equal to the number of copies of the fancy works disposed of in England, that the enterprise of our booksellers would soon leave the Londoners far behind in the race. The manufacture of an American annual costs twice as much as the production of a similar work in England; and yet the selling price of the one is not more than the charge for the other, while the English bookseller sells ten copies to the American's one.

We love the *Annals*. There is something sacred in the destination of these beautiful compounds that endears them to our recollection—we do not look upon them merely as splendid picture books, or illustrated galleries of literature, but as a connecting link in the great chain of human love that ought to bind the banded race in pleasant unity. Can the hand of affection present a more fitting thing to the object of his choice than a *Souvenir* or *Forget-Me-Not*? a more sensible evidence of esteem than a gilt bauble or a glittering stone. Can a father give a more acceptable *Token* to his children than one of these enticing gems? or can we evince our opinion of acquaintances in a better way than by the presentation of a *Gift*, or a *Friendship's Offering*? The dissemination of *Annals* softens the asperities of life, and assists the cultivation of the humanities—thousands of persons connect pleasant remembrances with the books upon their parlor tables, and agreeable thoughts rush upon their minds whenever the handsome volumes glad their eyes.

THE *TOKEN* AND ATLANTIC *SOUVENIR*, A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT. Edited by S. G. Goodrich.
Boston. American Stationer's Company, 1838.

Our friends, who have not seen the current number of this splendid Annual, must not injure it by any recollection of the appearance of last year's *Token*. The work has fallen into the hands of fresh proprietors, and with commendable spirit they have increased the size of the volume, and the beauty of its pictorial embellish-

ments. Ten engravings, of superior excellence, illustrate the writings of several authors more or less known to fame; and as the pictures are generally the most attractive points in the formation of the annuals, we shall pay some extra attention to the embellishments of this beautiful work. The presentation vignette is a wood engraving of remarkable softness—it is executed by J. A. Adams, of New York, an artist who, in his peculiar line, far excels all contemporaries; indeed, we defy the most celebrated engraver in England to equal this effort of Adams' genius—and we are thought to know something of the subject we are dictating upon. Adams has not yet achieved the fame that he deserves; he is unknown to his countrymen—one tithe of his merit has made the fortune of many artists—but wood engraving is not sufficiently encouraged in America, although we believe that the sight of the admirable print in question will materially assist its progress. It possesses all the chasteness and delicate tinting of the softest steel engraving, and is calculated to deceive the eyes of experienced lovers of the art. The merit of the design belongs to Chapman, who has painted the subjects of five of the best plates. The frontispiece, "The Expected Canoe," is beautifully engraved, and forms a delightful picture, but there is an awkwardness in the position of the squaw's left arm that gives her a constrained appearance, and sadly militates against the general effect. The vignette in the title page, of "Cupids carving Mementos upon a Pumpkin," is one of the most delightful specimens of engraving, and redounds nobly to the credit of Gallandet. "The Only Daughter" is a good picture, painted by Newton after the manner of the old Dutch masters, and well engraved by Andrews. "The Token" is Chapman's best picture—an Indian maiden is playing with a belt of wampum on the banks of a romantic waterfall. It is engraved as a vignette by Charles Jewett, who has done full justice to the painter's design. The next plate is Chingford Church, in England, and is, undoubtedly, the gem of the volume—it is a perfect picture—a good specimen of the richness of English landscape, materially aided by the ivy-covered tower of the old church and the sun-lit eddies of the little stream that skirts the humble resting place of the village dead. This beautiful picture is from the pencil of Brown and the burin of Smillie—they may both be honestly proud of their work. We do not like Healy's "Young American on the Alps." There is nothing characteristic in the figure or the face of the New England youth, and the back ground gives but a poor idea of Alpine scenery. Cushman's engraving deserves the highest praise. "The Last of his Tribe," is the poorest picture in the book, both in design and execution. There is an evident straining after effect in the position of the dying chief and the scathed tree that resolves itself into positive failure; and although the illustrating poetry says something about the moon and stars, it is impossible to define the nature of the light from the plate; the clouds are woolly, and the arrangement of shade is extremely unnatural, whether it be as Falstaff says, "By day or night, or any kind of light." "The Fairies in America" is another of Chapman's beautiful vignettes, exquisitely engraved by Smillie; the elfin flight over the waters of the quiet lake, "the moon-touched crags," and the red man startled in pursuit of his prey, are equally well-defined and delicately touched. The editor of the forthcoming "Writings of Washington," has favored the proprietors of the Token with impressions from one of his plates, "Martha Washington," painted by Woollaston, and engraved by Cheney from the original in possession of G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington House. It is a splendid print, and augurs well for the nature of the illustrations of the above named national work.

Of the literary portion of the work, we must be brief in our notice, but shall, most likely, revert to it again. Miss Sedgwick has a tale in her best manner—the author of "Twice told Tales" has several articles, one of which we copy at the conclusion of our remarks. "Jacques le Laid" is a pleasant sketch, and Pierpoint has achieved a spirited essay upon "The Wonders of the Deep." The author of "The Blind Boy" has "A Tale of Humble Life"—it is a thrilling narrative, well told. Grenville Mellen and Hastings Weld have both illustrated Chapman's picture of "The Fairies" in nervous verse; and Mrs. Hale, the accomplished editress of *The Lady's Book*, contributes a pretty and affecting story, called "The Love Marriage," with some delightful verses upon "A Dead Oak Tree." It is impossible to enumerate the rest of the articles, nearly fifty in number; but next month we may find room to mete a fuller justice to this creditable and pleasing work.

THE SHAKER BRIDAL.

One day, in the sick chamber of Father Ephraim, who had been forty years the presiding elder over the Shaker settlement at Goshen, there was an assemblage of several of the chief men of the sect. Individuals had come from the rich establishment at Lebanon, from Canterbury, Harvard, and Alfred, and from all the other localities, where this strange people have fertilized the rugged hills of New England by their systematic industry. An elder was likewise there, who had made a pilgrimage of a thousand miles from a village of the faithful in Kentucky, to visit his spiritual kindred, the children of the sainted Mother Ann. He had partaken of the homely abundance of their tables, had quaffed the far-famed Shaker cider, and had joined in the sacred dance, every step of which is believed to alienate the enthusiast from earth, and bear him onward to heavenly purity and bliss. His brethren of the north had now courteously invited him to be present on an occasion when the concurrence of every eminent member of their community was peculiarly desirable.

The venerable Father Ephraim sat in his easy-chair, not only hoary-headed and infirm with age, but worn down by a lingering disease, which, it was evident, would very soon transfer his patriarchal staff to other hands. At his footstool stood a man and woman, both clad in the Shaker garb.

"My brethren," said Father Ephraim to the surrounding elders, feebly exerting himself to utter these few words, "here are the son and daughter to whom I would commit the trust, of which Providence is about to lighten my weary shoulders. Read their faces, I pray you, and say whether the inward movement of the spirit hath guided my choice aright."

Accordingly, each elder looked at the two candidates with a most scrutinizing gaze. The man, whose name was Adam Colburn, had a face sunburnt with labor in the fields, yet intelligent, thoughtful, and traced with cares enough for a whole lifetime, though he had barely reached middle age. There was something severe in his aspect, and a rigidity throughout his person, characteristics that caused him generally to be taken for a schoolmaster; which vocation, in fact, he had formerly exercised for several years. The woman, Martha Pierson, was somewhat above thirty, thin and pale, as a Shaker sister almost invariably is, and not entirely free from that corpse-like appearance, which the garb of the sisterhood is so well calculated to impart.

"This pair are still in the summer of their years," observed the elder from Harvard, a shrewd old man. "I would like better to see the hoar frost of autumn on their heads. Methinks, also, they will be exposed to peculiar temptations, on account of the carnal desires which have heretofore subsisted between them."

"Nay, brother," said the elder from Canterbury, "the hoar frost, and the black frost, hath done its work on Brother Adam and Sister Martha, even as we sometimes discern its traces in our cornfields, while they are yet green. And why should we question the wisdom of our venerable Father's purpose, although this pair, in their early youth, have loved one another as the world's people love? Are there not many brethren and sisters among us, who have lived long together in wedlock, yet, adopting our faith, find their hearts purified from all but spiritual affection?"

Whether or no the early loves of Adam and Martha had rendered it inexpedient that they should now reside together over a Shaker village, it was certainly most singular that such should be the final result of many warm and tender hopes. Children of neighboring families, their affection was older even than their school-days; it seemed an innate principle, interfused among all their sentiments and feelings, and not so much a distinct remembrance, as connected with their whole volume of remembrances. But, just as they reached a proper age for their union, misfortunes had fallen heavily on both, and made it necessary that they should resort to personal labor for a bare subsistence. Even under these circumstances, Martha Pierson would probably have consented to unite her fate with Adam Colburn's, and, secure of the bliss of mutual love, would patiently have awaited the less important gifts of fortune. But Adam, being of a calm and cautious character, was loath to relinquish the advantages which a single man possesses for raising himself in the world. Year after year, therefore, their marriage had been deferred. Adam Colburn had followed many vocations, had travelled far, and seen much of the world and of life. Martha had earned her bread sometimes as a sempstress, sometimes as help to a farmer's wife, sometimes as schoolmistress of the village children, sometimes as a nurse or watcher of the sick, thus acquiring a varied experience, the ultimate use of which she little anticipated. But nothing had gone prosperously with either of the lovers; at no subsequent moment would matrimony have been so prudent a measure, as when they had first parted, in the opening bloom of life, to seek a better fortune. Still they had held fast their mutual faith. Martha might have been the wife of a man, who sat among the senators of his native state, and Adam could have won the hand, as he had unintentionally won the heart, of a rich and comely widow. But neither of them desired good fortune, save to share it with the other.

At length that calm despair, which occurs only in a strong and somewhat stubborn character, and yields to no second spring of hope, settled down on the spirit of Adam Colburn. He sought an interview with Martha, and proposed that they should join the Society of Shakers. The converts of this sect are often driven within its hospitable gates by worldly misfortune, than drawn thither by fanaticism, and are received without inquisition as to their motives. Martha, faithful still, had placed her hand in that of her lover, and accompanied him to the Shaker village. Here the natural capacity of each, cultivated and strengthened by the difficulties of their previous lives, had soon gained them an important rank in the Society, whose members are generally below the ordinary standard of intelligence. Their faith and feelings had, in some degree, become assimilated to those of their fellow-worshippers. Adam Colburn gradually acquired reputation, not only in the management of the temporal affairs of the Society, but as a clear and efficient preacher of their doctrines. Martha was not less distinguished in the duties proper to her sex. Finally, when the infirmities of Father Ephraim had admonished him to seek a successor in his patriarchal office, he thought of Adam and Martha, and proposed to renew, in their persons, the primitive form of Shaker government, as established by Mother Ann. They were to be the Father and Mother of the village. The simple ceremony, which would constitute them such, was now to be performed.

"Son Adam, and daughter Martha," said the venerable Father Ephraim, fixing his aged eyes piercingly upon them, "if ye can conscientiously undertake this charge, speak, that the brethren may not doubt of your fitness."

"Father," replied Adam, speaking with the calmness of his character, "I came to your village a disappointed man, weary of the world, worn out with continual trouble, seeking only a security against evil fortune, as I had no hope of good. Even my wishes of worldly success were almost dead within me. I came hither as a man might come to a tomb, willing to lie down in its gloom and coldness, for the sake of its peace and quiet. There was but one earthly affection in my breast, and it had grown calmer since my youth; so that I was satisfied to bring Martha to be my sister, in our new abode. We are brother and sister; nor would I have it otherwise. And in this peaceful village I have found all that I hope for,—all that I desire. I will strive, with my best strength, for the spiritual and temporal good of our community. My conscience is not doubtful in this matter. I am ready to receive the trust."

"Thou hast spoken well, son Adam," said the Father. "God will bless thee in the office which I am about to resign."

"But our sister!" observed the elder from Harvard; "hath she not likewise a gift to declare her sentiments?"

Martha started, and moved her lips, as if she would have made a formal reply to this appeal. But, had she attempted it, perhaps the old recollections, the long-repressed feelings of childhood, youth, and womanhood, might have gushed from her heart, in words that it would have been profanation to utter there.

"Adam has spoken," said she, hurriedly; "his sentiments are likewise mine."

But, while speaking these few words, Martha grew so pale, that she looked fitter to be laid in her coffin, than to stand in the presence of Father Ephraim and the elders; she shuddered, also, as if there were something awful or horrible in her situation and destiny. It required, indeed, a more than feminine strength of nerve, to sustain the fixed observance of men so exalted and famous throughout the sect, as these were. They had overcome their natural sympathy with human frailties and affections. One, when he joined the Society,

had brought with him his wife and children, but never, from that hour, had spoken a fond word to the former, or taken his best-loved child upon his knee. Another, whose family refused to follow him, had been enabled,—such was his gift of holy fortitude,—to leave them to the mercy of the world. The youngest of the elders, a man of about fifty, had been bred from infancy in a Shaker village, and was said never to have clasped a woman's hand in his own, and to have no conception of a closer tie than the cold fraternal one of the sect. Old Father Ephraim was the most awful character of all. In his youth, he had been a dissolute libertine, but was converted by Mother Ann herself, and had partaken of the wild fanaticism of the early Shakers. Tradition whispered, at the firesides of the village, that Mother Ann had been compelled to sear his heart of flesh with a red-hot iron, before it could be purified from earthy passions.

However that might be, poor Martha had a woman's heart, and a tender one, and it quailed within her as she looked round at those strange old men, and from them to the calm features of Adam Colburn. But, perceiving that the elders eyed her doubtfully, she gasped for breath, and again spoke.

"With what strength is left me by my many troubles," said she, "I am ready to undertake this charge, and to do my best in it."

"My children, join your hands," said Father Ephraim.

They did so. The elders stood up around, and the Father feebly raised himself to a more erect position, but continued sitting in his great chair.

"I have bidden you to join your hands," said he, "not in earthly affection, for ye have cast off its chains for ever; but as brother and sister in spiritual love, and helpers of one another in your allotted task. Teach unto others the faith which ye have received. Open wide your gates,—I deliver you the keys thereof,—open them wide to all who will give up the iniquities of the world, and come hither to lead lives of purity and peace. Receive the weary ones, who have known the vanity of earth,—receive the little children, that they may never learn that miserable lesson. And a blessing be upon your labors; so that the time may hasten on, when the mission of Mother Ann shall have wrought its full effect,—when children shall no more be born and die, and the last survivor of mortal race, some old and weary man like me, shall see the sun go down, never more to rise on a world of sin and sorrow!"

The aged Father sank back exhausted, and the surrounding elders deemed, with good reason, that the hour was come, when the new heads of the village must enter on their patriarchal duties. In their attention to Father Ephraim, their eyes were turned from Martha Pierson, who grew paler and paler, unnoticed even by Adam Colburn. He, indeed, had withdrawn his hand from hers, and folded his arms with a sense of satisfied ambition. But paler and paler grew Martha by his side, till, like a corpse in its burial clothes, she sank down at the feet of her early lover; for, after many trials firmly borne, her heart could endure the weight of its desolate agony no longer.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, FOR 1838. Edited by William E. Burton. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

As we are guilty of the entire concoction of this annual, with the exception of some very pretty pieces of illustrative poetry by our friend, Charles West Thomson, we cannot be expected to say any thing of the nature of the contents. Our business now is with the booksellers' portion of the work—the unrivalled elegance of the binding—and the number and nature of the embellishments. It is indisputably the handsomest looking book that has emanated from an American store; and may rank in appearance with the largest and the costliest of English annuals. Sixteen plates grace the table of contents—the frontispiece depicts a group of lovely ladies, painted by Parris, and deliciously engraved by J. B. Forrest. The vignette on the title page is a gem of the first water—we have never seen any thing to excel it, and congratulate Mr. Tucker on the splendid effects he has produced, not only in this instance, but in several other subjects committed to his care. We are not able to spare time for the entire supervision of the plates; but as we wish to render a full notice of the Annuals to our readers, we shall extract a few anecdotes from an article entitled "My First Fight—a Chapter on Duelling."

Two backwoodsmen, in the vicinity of the Titti-bi-wasse, in Michigan, were hunting in the woods, and found a cow that doubtless had strayed from some unfortunate settler. The rival claims to the beast produced a quarrel, and the friends of the parties worked it up to a pretty big chunk of a fight. They had no weapons but the rifle and the hunting-knife—but to make the affair perfectly honorable, it was agreed that the combatants should be placed over night in a couple of newly built log houses erected within ball-range of each other. Plenty of ammunition was to be supplied, but the firing was not to commence before sunrise and to cease after sundown. The rival cow-claimers were at liberty to storm each other's hut, or to remain ensconced behind the open logs, for the mud had not been applied to the crevices, but all animosity was to cease with the daylight; if either of them received a wound, the other was to be considered the better man, and to have the undoubted ownership of the cow. If neither were hurt, the animal was to be sold, and the proceeds divided between the combatants, deducting the expenses of a general treat. The winner of the toss for first choice of shanties selected the building in the north-eastern corner of the lot, leaving his antagonist to fix himself in the other, which occupied the south-western. His friends rated him soundly for the apparent silliness of his choice, and declared that he would have the sun in his eyes for the longest part of the day. The backwoodsmen took their places; our friend of the first choice barricaded the door of his hut, and throwing himself on the floor, slept soundly through the night. At day-break his antagonist began to blaze away at every likely crack or available chink, but was not favored with a shot in return. He was afraid to venture on storming his enemy's entrenchment, lest he should be picked off when out of shelter. The sun was rapidly descending in the western sky, when the back-woodsmen, who had hitherto been silent, cautiously raised his head from the protection of the bottom log, and made an observation. As he had cunningly anticipated, the sun was

completely behind his antagonist's hut, and shining through the crevices of both the walls, developed the interior to his gaze. He saw the shadow of his rival's body in the middle of the luminous cracks of the western side of the hut—the first shot took effect—and he won the victory and the cow.

Many a life has been saved by the exertion of a little presence of mind, when the circumstances would have made even hope despair. An Irish author, either Grattan or Sir Jonah Barrington, states that an officer had received a deadly insult, and challenged his man to fight a duel with the muzzles of the pistols inserted in each other's mouths. They met, and were placed in the position agreed on, breast to breast, awaiting the signal. One of the seconds was about to give the word, when the other, pitying the situation of his friend, called out, "Jack, look here." Jack turned his head at the summons just as the fatal word was given; his adversary's ball went through his cheek, doing him little hurt, but his fire had been effective, and his rival dropped at his feet.

A duel lately took place at an hotel in France; it was an affair of most inveterate hatred, necessary to be settled that instant; each person was to place his pistol to his antagonist's breast, and both were to fire at a given signal. One of the combatants requested permission to retire for three minutes, for the purpose of putting his name to his will which was unsigned in his room up stairs. He returned at the expiration of the time appointed and killed his antagonist, whose fire he received without material injury. The leisure granted by the courtesy of his opponent's second he had employed in putting on four or five silk vests; he was perfectly aware that the bullet could not penetrate the web, and he escaped with a slight contusion.

In England, the practice of duelling is rapidly on the decline; and in France, a decree has been made, assigning life annuities to the widows or orphans of fallen duellists, to be paid out of the estates of the respective adversaries. This custom will shortly stop the fashion of fighting for trifles; the honor of the quarrelsome will not be so sensitive when its vindication affects the pocket.

Shortly after the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth to the throne of the Bourbons, an English officer was dining at the Restaurant Les Freres Provenceaux, in the Palais Royale. A *châf d'escadron*, belonging to a regiment of chasseurs, was dining in the same box. Both of the officers were drinking the same sort of wine, and, in mistake, the Englishman used the wrong bottle. An altercation ensued—the Englishman apologized, but the chasseur gratified his national antipathy by indulging in gross and violent invectives. The Englishman, about to retire, had poured out his last glass of wine, but justly incensed at the Frenchman's abuse, threw the liquid into his face. The chasseur hurled a bottle at his opponent's head, and, in return, was knocked over the table. Such an outrage could only be washed away by blood—but it was dark night, and the impatient Frenchman demanded instant satisfaction.

Duelling had been strictly forbidden within the purlieus of the court. To obviate this difficulty, it was proposed by one of the by-standers that messieurs should retire alone to a private room—that a brace of pistols should be procured, but only one of them should be loaded. That the combatants should toss for the first choice—the person winning the toss to have a handkerchief tied over his eyes, and be led to the table whereon the pistols were laid—the first pistol touched by him in his choice, to be his weapon in the duel. That the muzzles of the pistols be then turned towards their own heads, and the holder of the loaded pistol would blow out his own brains.

This method of defeating the court regulation was agreed to by both parties; they retired to a small room on the attic story, and by the light of a small wax candle loaded the pistol. The choice was fairly made; the *châf d'escadron* won the privilege of first selection, and with the impetuosity of his nation, had no sooner obtained the pistol than he dashed the muzzle against his brow and pulled the trigger. He had selected the uncharged pistol! The Englishman calmly said, as he thrust the ramrod into the barrel, "I believe I have the right one."

After a pause, distressingly severe, he inquired of the Frenchman, if he had any children.

"I have."

"So have I; a wife and seven children—may God shelter and protect them, for they have lost their earthly stay. May I encroach upon your feelings for the allowance of one hour to settle my affairs, and write my beloved ones a last farewell?"

"I will give you all your life!" said the gallant Frenchman, "and beg to retract my illiberal aspersions on your brave nation. I feel that I have been to blame; accept my apologies, and let us be friends for ever. Yes! you must live for me; for your amiable lady, and for your children, who are so dear to you."

"I thank you, sir," said the Englishman, with a formal bow, "but, by the laws of the duello, my life is justly forfeited, and you will not find me neglectful of my honor."

Early in the morning the chasseur received a letter, informing him that when he perused it the writer would be no more. He regretted that imperious necessity had compelled him to be so long in arranging his affairs, and begged the kind remembrance of his friend!

It seems that when the Englishman had written this letter, he had gone quietly to bed, which, by his orders, had first been warned; and after half an hour's repose, this victim to imperious honor had blown his brains out. The Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and said it was a pity, for he was *un homme brave*.

An affair of honor may sometimes be turned into ridicule by the agency of the second, who, not deeming the cause of sufficient importance for the shedding of blood, descends the little step of division between the fearful and the foolish, and burlesques the whole proceeding. In a case of this description in Ireland, the engaged combatant turned suddenly round, and shot his friend and second through the heart.

In the latter part of the last century, a duel was fought in England, which, from the high rank of the parties, attracted considerable attention. Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, the head of the house of Stuart, conceived himself insulted by the Duke of York, the second son of the King of England, and commander-in-chief of the army. Court etiquette and military discipline prohibited the chance of an honorable adjustment, but the Duke, before all the officers assembled on parade, informed Colonel Lennox that he disdained to shelter himself beneath his rank as prince, or to seek protection in his military dignity. A meeting took place, the Colonel's shot rumbled the side curls of the Duke, and an amicable explanation ensued. The nation boasted of the courage of its officer in challenging the Duke, and of the Duke's condescension in giving the required meeting. It now appears that the pistols used in this memorable duel were loaded with *bullets made of cork*! What an insult to the blood-bolstered code of honor that drove the colonel to the field!

A comedian of some reputation lately hoaxed a blustering fool of a fellow, who had been bragging of conquests that he never made, and exhibiting love letters from ladies who never existed. One of the invented names, Thomson, was attached to a series of letters of the most ardent and romantic nature. Wealth, person, heart, were all offered for his acceptance; he publicly displayed the supposed evidences of his success; described the tender Thomson as a romantic heiress of sweet sixteen, and supposed that he must run away with the little love-sick devil, or he should never have any rest from her importunities.

His acquaintances suspected that the letters had been manufactured by the braggart himself. The actor undertook to punish his impudence and conceit, and sent him a letter from John Thomson, senior, calling the lover to a severe account for secret correspondence with his daughter, a maiden under age. The boasting Adonis was alarmed—Thomson was a title of some frequency in the directories—and he believed that he had accidentally hit upon a coincidence in name and circumstances. He consulted the actor, and commissioned him to render any possible apology, but the imaginary Thomson was implacable; and the terrified wretch consented to settle the dispute in the field rather than confess he had invented the whole story, and fabricated the delicious *billets doux*.

The actor prevailed upon two of his comrades to personate papa Thompson and his second. Shots, from barrels guiltless of bullets, were exchanged; and Thomson fell to the earth, shot through the head—so the letter writer thought, when he beheld the face of his antagonist covered with blood, and heard him shriek and groan as he writhed upon the ground in mortal agony. The comedian, who acted as the second of the hoaxed, led him from the ground, and concealed him in a garret till nightfall. He was then informed that Thomson had gone defunct—that the coroner's inquest had returned a verdict of wilful murder, and that a large reward was offered for his apprehension. The poor wretch was frightened out of his wits; and, by the advice of the player, agreed to hide himself in a crazy hay loft, and depend upon the chances afforded to the other of bringing him provisions unperceived.

He was compelled to endure this solitary confinement and hard living for several days as a punishment for his vanity and lies. The actor, with his co-mates who had personated Thomson and his second, accompanied a host of the victim's acquaintances on a visit to the stable one morning, when the unwashed and unshaven Adonis was liberated. An explanation ensued, he was compelled to confess his delinquencies—and being suffered to depart from the city, was never seen again.

The following is the termination of a paper called "A Day on Lake Erie."

The sun was setting with a splendor and a glory unequalled even in "the golden skies of fair Italia's land." Masses of clouds assumed every possible variety of wondrous form and gorgeous tint. Dark and mountainous appearances in the fore part faded in the centre to a clear and sunlit distance. Grades of light and shade heightened the illusion. Rocky steeps and castellated crags frowned over an extensive valley of inconceivable loveliness; and streams of shining silver meandered through the purple and yellow fields. It was a most remarkable combination of effect, and elicited general surprise and admiration. The whole of the passengers collected on the after part of the upper deck; and when the first expressions of delight had passed away, they gazed in silence upon this striking development of the beauties of nature.

One of the passengers, a stout, farmer-looking man, with his wife and daughter hanging on his arms, took off his hat, and said, in a loud tone—"These are thy works, Parent of Good! The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, and the firmament proclaims thy handy works. Blessed be the name of the Lord God!"

These apposite quotations forcibly struck the minds of the standers-by; and, with one accord, the hats of the male passengers were removed from their heads. A holy feeling of reverential awe pervaded our bosoms as "we looked through nature up to nature's God."

A thin, cadaverous-looking fellow took a hymn book from his pocket, and in a snuffling tone, requested his brethren to assist him in *improving the occasion*. He mounted the top of the rudder post, and gave out two lines of a hymn in a canting drawing manner, and led off the singing at the top of his voice. One or two of his friends joined in the discord, but the rest of the passengers put on their hats, and turned jeeringly away.

"There," said my friend, the Colonel, "you may note the difference between the effects of genuine impulsive piety and the second-hand cant of the Pharisees—the outward spiritual sign and the inward spiritual grace. The righteous overmuch thrusts his worldly sanctity down your throat in disagreeable doses—but the voice of pure religion emanates from the heart, and is sure to find a responsive chord."

Passing forward, I overheard one of the deck hands thus deliver himself "in communion sweet" with the firemen. "Them there sarin singers aboard boats is never no good. I went as hired help to two on 'em west o' the mountains, and down Mississippi; they were raal stingy and mean—they'd pick a pismire off the ground and steal the crumb out of his mouth. They used to preach and pray and sing all day, and go out and steal a nigger at night. They got catched in Looseyanney, and Lynched right away; and I guess, if I hadn't a streeked, I should a been Lynched too, for keeping bad company."

The old Colonel bade me farewell, and, dreading the effects of the night breeze on the lake, retired to his berth. The lights of Cleveland, my port of destination, soon appeared in view. I selected my portmanteau from the general mass of luggage; and while inquiring for a porter, I saw a police officer busily engaged in handcuffing the psalm singer. The constable had been some time on the watch for his victim, who was a principal agent of the western gang of counterfeiters.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE AND MISSIONARY ANNUAL, for 1838. Edited by the Rev. John A. Clarke. Philadelphia. William Marshall & Co.

This beautiful little Annual (we say little only in reference to the size of the gorgeous *tomes* we have been describing) deserves the widest range of popularity that can be accorded to a meritorious and handsome work. Its contents breathe a spirit of pure and holy love for the bipeds of this erratic world—a delicate and genuine tone

of christian feeling, free from the rankness of sectarianism, and devoid of bigotry or fanatic prejudices. It is a pleasant and enticing work, wherein one may read an instructive essay, "an auld world tale," with its impressive moral, or a page of stirring verse, redolent of pious thought. But we may spare our words: the editor has said, and well has he said, the objects of the work in the course of the preface, and we beg of our readers to peruse the following quotation.

"The present work has been undertaken with a view of ministering to the moral improvement, as well as to the intellectual enjoyment, of that class of readers among whom an Annual would be likely to find favor. It is believed that an American Annual of a high literary order, and of a decidedly religious character—glancing in several of its articles at MISSIONARY topics, and the great interests of Christian benevolence, in conjunction with all the other kindred subjects common to a work of this description, would, in several respects, be eminently useful.

"Such a work would contribute to throw a hallowing influence around American literature, and furnish to the youth of this land additional proof, that, so far from there being any thing in religion repugnant to a pure and cultivated taste, there is no field into which the student in polite literature can go and find such choice, beautiful, and fragrant flowers, as those which bloom on Zion's hill, or dip their pendent petals in the brimming edge

— "Of Siloa's brook, that flows
Fast by the oracle of God." —

"Such a work would enable parents and Christian friends to confer the means of spiritual instruction, while at the same time they were gratifying those kind feelings of their heart, awakened by the return of the Christmas and New Year holidays. In putting such an Annual into the hands of their children and young friends, they would feel they were bringing them under an influence that would tend to improve their heart and expand their intellect, as well as gratify their taste and regale their imagination.

"And finally, such a work would have a tendency to fasten divine truth upon minds that could scarcely be reached in any other way. I will suppose that the ornamented and elegantly bound volume is purchased and laid upon the centre table, without the slightest reference to the lesson of holy instruction it is intended to convey. This volume has inscribed upon its gilded pages THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE. It is caught up in some moment of thoughtlessness or of ennui; and just then speaks to the eye, that holds communion with its pages, so winningly of Christ and eternal things—or breathes forth upon the listening ear notes of heaven so sweetly, that from that hour there begins in the heart a work of transformation that will terminate in the everlasting salvation of one of the gayest and most thoughtless of earth's children."

It is impossible to speak in detail of the numerous articles contained in this volume, or of the merits of the long list of contributors. Our own poetess, Miss Waterman, has two sweet productions that may compete with any. Willis Gaylord Clark has a vivid page of "Reflections" illustrating one of the finest prints in the book. We wish we could afford room to add his poem to the extracts already marked for insertion. Dr. Stephen Tyng has written a capital article upon the late Bishop White, whose head, most exquisitely engraved, is the appropriate frontispiece to the Annual. We have never seen a more striking portrait, and Inman, the painter, has had full justice done to his extraordinary likeness by the burin of Mr. Dodson. "The Missionary Preaching to the Red Men" is a delicate little vignette, in Mr. Tucker's best style. "The Death of Sapphira" is not to our taste; there is a coarse horror about the picture that disgusts the eye; the sitting figure is badly foreshortened, and looks like a deformed dwarf, while the strong glare of light upon all the fleshy portions of the group, betrays a woful want of knowledge in the distribution of effect. "Cottage Piety" is one of those delightfully portrayed scenes that you can linger over by the hour, and fancy the history of any individual depicted in the plate—W. H. Ellis has well engraved the painter's splendid conception. "The Brahmin Suicide" well depicts the costumes and the country of the Eastern clime. "The Storm in Harvest" is a capital copy of Westall's famous picture—"The Polish Exile," and "Olympia Fulvia Morata" are in no wise inferior to their predecessors. "The Morning Walk" embraces a female head of singular beauty, well defined by Forrest; and "The Shrine" deserves our warmest praise.

We have expended our catalogue of eulogies in endeavoring to give the reader an idea of the beauties of these works—but, in fact, we have seldom been better pleased than when critically analysing the nature of the elegant volumes before us. We subjoin a short tale from the Christian Keepsake, and for the present, bid the Annuals adieu.

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER. *By Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

"HENRY L. was born in that delightful village on the banks of the Connecticut, where the great Edwards reaped his spiritual harvests, and the apostolic Brainard 'rests from his labors.' He was a son of many prayers; and I have heard his father speak with deep emotion, of the thanksgivings and wrestlings with which he 'lent the child to the Lord all the days of his life,' in full faith that he would 'be born again,' and called to the work of the ministry. Henry was early informed, and often reminded of this his infant dedication; but he grew up, as other boys do, without the love of God in his heart. Much as he loved his father and mother, he was so far from making their act his own, that there is reason to believe he secretly resolved to mark out his own course, and in pursuing it, to 'walk in the way of his own heart, and after the sight of his own eyes.' Entirely averse as he was, and as 'the carnal mind' always is, to holiness and self-denial, how could he think of 'taking up the cross,' and following him 'who was despised and rejected of men, and in whom he saw no form nor comeliness why he should desire him.'

"He however wished for a public education; and having read the preparatory books, came to college, in the autumn of 1825, a tall and 'goodly' young man, with a frank and open countenance, fine health, and a perilous flow of animal spirits. Guided as he had been, from early childhood, in 'the right ways of the Lord,' by parental instruction and example, an enlightened conscience held the wayward propensities of his heart in check; and it was manifest, from his alternate restlessness and fixed attention under the preaching of the word, that the truth did not fall powerless upon his ear."

"Soon after leaving college, Mr. L. commenced his professional studies in the Theological Seminary of A——, where he spent three years. He thought there could be no higher, nobler earthly aim, than to become thoroughly qualified to preach the everlasting gospel. But what field of labor should he himself enter? Should he remain at home, or should he 'go far hence unto the Gentiles?' The heathen were perishing; and his choice was soon fixed. His parents perceived it in the benevolent aspirations of his soul, long before his lips made the disclosure; and when he 'told them all his heart,' and craved their consent and their blessing, 'immediately they conferred not with flesh and blood,' but said, go, and 'the Lord be with thee.'

"While pursuing his theological course, Mr. L. became exceedingly interested in the Dyaks of Borneo, who were then represented as even more savage and blood-thirsty than the cannibal tribes of New Zealand. Could any thing be done to save them? 'While he was musing the fire burned.' They were continually before him, in all their horrible barbarity. Day and night his ardent spirit yearned over them; and though he had reason to believe that no white man could venture within their reach, even for an hour, without extreme danger, his desire to visit their country and attempt their conversion became irrepressible. The American Board, under whose direction he had placed himself, yielded to his wishes; and, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, he embarked with a brother of a kindred soul, for the great eastern Archipelago. Touching at Batavia, on the frontiers of the vast empire of pagan darkness, they yielded to the judgment of an experienced veteran in the missionary service, whom they met there, and concluded to remain, till they could make the wisest and best arrangements in their power for proceeding to the place of their destination. While they were waiting at Batavia, they were induced to plan a voyage to the island of Sumatra, with the view of spending a few weeks in exploring the country of the Battas, which it was supposed might be done without any greater hazard than missionaries have often encountered, with entire safety.

"They landed—they sought for information—they were encouraged—they were dissuaded—they looked to heaven for direction, and finally resolved to proceed. Having procured suitable guides, they advanced slowly and with great difficulty three or four days' journey into the interior, when they came suddenly upon a kind of fort, which belonged to the Battas, and from which they sallied out with the most hostile demonstrations. The guides fled. The missionaries could not make known their benevolent errand, for there was no one to interpret, and the spears of the barbarians soon closed the interview in blood. How the orgies of the succeeding night were kept may be conjectured, for the Battas too are cannibals. But the martyrs—young, vigorous, ardent and fresh from their long preparations—went up (who can doubt it?) to receive their crowns. What a change! How sudden—how great—how glorious! One hour entangled in those horrid jungles, and the next walking 'the streets of the New Jerusalem!' One moment stunned by savage yells, in the agonies of a cruel death, and the next listening to the song of Moses and the Lamb!

"When Henry L. left America, both his parents were living to receive his last embrace, and to commend him to the protection of that Power which rules the winds and the waves. In the autumn of 1834, his father was suddenly called away from a large and dependent family, several months after the death of Henry, but before the tragical news had reached this country. His mother, now a widow in feeble health and deep affliction, was my neighbor. The letters from Batavia which brought the overwhelming intelligence to her brother, were of such a character as to leave no room for doubt, or hope. As soon as I learned their contents, I was on my way to her dwelling. But how should I meet her, whose life, since the death of her husband, was more than ever 'bound up' in Henry? What sympathies had I to offer in such an hour? What could I do but sit down, like Job's friends, without speaking a word? Surely I shall find the martyred missionary's widowed mother, utterly prostrated by the shock. Such were my thoughts, during the few moments that it required to bring me to her door, and such the painful anticipations with which I entered the house. But how could I do her this great injustice; or rather how could I thus 'make the grace of God of none effect?' I was never more mistaken in my life.

"She was not prostrated. She met me as usual with a smile. It shone through her tears, it is true; but it was no less a smile for that. 'This day brings you heavy tidings.' 'Yes,' was her calm reply; 'but I am so far from being sorry I parted with Henry, as a missionary to the heathen, that I never in my life felt so strong a desire that some of my other children might engage in the same cause. O, how much do those poor creatures, who have murdered my son, need the gospel!' The surprise, the relief of that moment, I cannot express. It was giving a turn to the affliction which I had not thought of. But it was so natural, or rather, there was so much of the grace of God in it, that as the new idea flashed on my mind, I seemed to see the conversion of the poor Battas intimately connected, and very much hastened by the tragical event. Surely it will, I said to myself, excite the church to more fervent prayers and more strenuous efforts in their behalf. The more savage they are, the more urgent the reasons for sending them missionaries. Here is a widowed mother, whose son they massacred in cold blood, before he could speak a word to them of Jesus Christ, the great atoning sacrifice,—wishing, in the first moments of her grief, that her other children might be prepared to go and carry them the gospel of peace. Surely, when Christian mothers come, by hundreds and by thousands, to issues like these, all 'the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty,' will be enlightened, and become the dwelling places of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The Fourth Volume of THE PICKWICK PAPERS has just been issued by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The author of these inimitable sketches, in one short year, has attained immortality; our children will place his volumes upon the same shelf with Smollett, Fielding, Irving, Scott, and Marryat. "Boz" is an unequalled painter of human life; his portraits are not a *refacimento* of every artist's scrap book, nor are they copies

from any "great original," but positive studies from nature itself, without the least taint of caricature;—striking and undeniable resemblances, full of the spirit of the master, and free from the sophistications of varnish and gold frames. If Boz delights in developing the peculiarities of humble life, it is not from any vulgar predilections, but from its richness and variety of material; his portraits of Count Smorltork and Lord Mutanhead, are equally true, and his descriptions of fashionable society at Bath equally racy with his accounts of the family of the Wellers. The variety of "Boz" is a wonderful charm—his pathetic touches are particularly effective: one minute you are laughing till the water runs down your cheeks, and in the next, you are smearing off a tear with the tip of your finger, as if ashamed of crying at the fictitious distresses narrated by the skilful Boz. The man who could peruse the death scene of the chancery debtor, described in this Fourth Volume, and rise from such perusal without experiencing a dimness of vision from a flow of moisture in his eyes, ought not to assume a human appellation—"At his birth, be sure, some demon did preside."

The character of Mr. Pickwick is well sustained throughout—the quiet benevolence which exhibits itself beneath the mass of pleasing absurdity that wraps the old gentleman through the many laughable adventures he is fated to endure, speaks wondrously to the heart. His philanthropy seriously affects the sensibilities of his devoted Samuel, with whom, in his opinion of his master, we cordially agree—

"I never heerd, mind you, nor read of it in story books, nor see in picters, any angel in tights and gaiters—nor even in spectacles, as I remember, though that may ha' been done, for any thin' I know to the contrairoy; but mark my words, Job Trotter, he's a regular thorough-bred angel for all that: and let me see the man as ventures to tell me that he knows a better vun." With this defiance, Mr. Weller buttoned up his change in a side pocket; and with many confirmatory nods and jestures by the way, proceeded in search of the subject of discourse."

Old Wellers' plan for the deliverance of Mr. Pickwick from prison, and the old gentleman's opinions of the Americans, are worth transcribing:—

"Sammy," whispered Mr. Weller, looking cautiously round, "my duty to your gov'nor, and tell him if he thinks better o' this here bis'ness, to commoonicate with me. Me and a cab'net-maker has dewised a plan for gettin' him out. A pianner, Samivel—a pianner!" said Mr. Weller, striking his son on the chest with the back of his hand, and falling back a step or two.

"Wot do you mean?" said Sam.

"A pianner forty, Samivel," rejoined Mr. Weller, in a still more mysterious manner, "as he can have on hire; vun as von't play, Sammy."

"And wot 'ud be the good o' that?" said Sam.

"Let him send to my friend, the cab'net-maker to fetch it back, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "Are you awake now?"

"No," replied Sam.

"There ain't no vurks in it," whispered his father. "It 'ull hold him easy with his hat and shoes on; and breathe through the legs, vich his holler. Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker.' The 'Merrikin' gov'ment vill never give him up, ven vunce they finds he's got money to spend, Sammy. Let the gov'nor stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, or Mr. Dodson and Fogg's hung, vich last ewent I think is the most likely to happen first, Sammy: and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins' as'll pay all his expenses, and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

The general excellence of this work is well sustained in this volume. The publishers intend issuing a complete edition of this cockney classic, with faithful copies of the original illustrations. We care but little for pictures to Boz—they will but spoil the work, as Ireland murdered Hogarth by moralizing the painters' plates.

THE FOURTH PART OF LOCKHART'S LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT, has been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard. It is an act of mere supererogation to say anything in favor of this universally popular work. The critics of every periodical, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily—conspire to sound its praises; you see it noticed in every publication, and meet with it in every parlor—in every reading-room—aboard every steamboat, and in every stage-coach. The same wonderful success attends its publication in Europe—in fact, the whole world, at this moment, is employed in reading a piece of biography which eventually will eclipse the glories of poor Boswell.

We subscribe the first interview between Scott and Lockhart, and the description of the magician's den.

When the ladies retired from the dinner-table, I happened to sit next him; and he, having heard that I had lately returned from a tour in Germany, made that country and its recent literature the subject of some conversation. In the course of it, I told him that when, on reaching the inn at Weimar, I asked the waiter, whether Goethe was then in the town, the man stared as if he had not heard the name before; and that on my repeating the question, adding *Goethe der gros dichter* (the great poet,) he shook his head as doubtfully as before—until the landlady solved our difficulties, by suggesting that perhaps the traveller might mean "the Herr Geheim-Rath (Privy-Counsellor) Von Goethe." Scott seemed amused with this, and said, "I hope you will come one of these days and see me at Abbotsford; and when you reach Selkirk or Melrose, be sure you ask even the landlady for nobody but the Sheriff." He appeared particularly interested when I described Goethe as I first saw him, alighting from a carriage, crammed with wild plants and herbs which he had picked

up in the course of his morning's botanizing among the hills above Jena. "I am glad," said he, "that my old master has pursuits somewhat akin to my own. I am no botanist, properly speaking; and though a dweller on the banks of the Tweed, shall never be knowing about Flora's beauties; but how I should like to have a talk with him about trees!" I mentioned how much any one must be struck with the majestic beauty of Goethe's countenance—(the noblest certainly that I have ever yet seen)—"well," said he, "the grandest demigod I ever saw was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called *Jupiter Carlyle*, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton—and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt, but no more a poet than his preceptor. As for poets, I have seen, I believe, all the best of our own time and country—and, though Burns had the most glorious eyes imaginable, I never thought any of them would come up to an artist's notion of the character, except Byron." A reverend gentleman present, (I think, Principal Nicoll of St. Andrews,) expressed his regret that he had never seen Lord Byron. "And the prints," resumed Scott, "give one no impression of him—the lustre is there, Doctor, but it is not lighted up. Byron's countenance is a *thing to dream of*. A certain fair lady, whose name has been too often mentioned in connexion with his, told a friend of mine that, when she first saw Byron it was in a crowded room, and she did not know who it was, but her eyes were instantly nailed, and she said to herself *that pale face is my fate*. And, poor soul, if a godlike face and godlike powers could have made any excuse for devilry, to be sure she had one." In the course of this talk, an old friend and schoolfellow of Scott's asked him across the table if he had any faith in the antique busts of Homer? "No, truly," he answered, smiling, "for if there had been either Jimmers or stuccovers worth their salt in those days, the owner of such a headpiece would never have had to trail the poke. They would have alimented the honest man decently among them for a lay-figure."

He at this time occupied as his *den* a square small room, behind the dining parlor in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small moveable frame—something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis, and its motto *clausus tulus ero*—being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side—poetry and the drama on another—law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, &c., in silver—the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fuddled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed *à la mode* round them. A few green tin-boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt—(so called from one of the German *Kinder-marchen*)—a venerable Tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity—and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the foot-stool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood every thing he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lipping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.

THE SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN; a Story of the Atlantic, by an Officer of the U. S. Navy. Carey and Hart.

It is almost impossible, now-a-days, to write an interesting tale of the sea—Cooper, Marryatt, Hall, and Chamier have used up every possible particle of material, and the most brilliant novelist would be unable to float his craft across the ocean's waste without running foul of one or all of the vessels above named. There is a monotony in the works of the best maritime writers; and the utmost skill of their successors can barely

navigate their newly-launched hulks through the straits of criticism, or enable them to weather the rocks of contempt. Some of them have sunk at their moorings, and others are high and dry on the shoals of ridicule, where they remain to the annoyance of their skippers and the consignees.

In a word, we are tired of nautical tales; the sea is positively worn out; and ships afire, mutinies, sea-fights, fogs, and floggings, are considerably below par. Novelty is a thing to be desired, but not expected in maritime delineations; and the book before us evinces the truth of our remark. Every thing is ship-shape and sailor-like—but we have read every event therein narrated, in different words, at least some half-dozen times over. This is not the fault of the author, but of the worn-out subject he has chosen to employ his pen. The same skill directed to another matter would have produced a very excellent novel.

"The Scourge of the Ocean" is a well-told tale, subject to the above drawback, and bears evidence of considerable taste, which, properly cultivated, promises future fruit of richer flavor. The commencement of the tale is inauspicious, but progressively improves in interest and ability. The conduct of the midshipman to his superior officer is inexcusable, and injures the hero in the minds of discerning readers. If the author had confined the cockney dialect to one of the English warrant officers, or marines, he would have produced better effect in the conversational portions. The destruction of the Scourge, and the preceding scene in the fog, are well told. We had marked an extract from the second volume, depicting the rescue of the hero from the hands of the police, but found that abbreviation would injure its excellence. The following dialogue is humorous and good:—

"I am hexceedingly sorry, Mr. Spikes," said Ramrod, looking round to see that none observed him in conversation with the prisoner, it being contrary to discipline to speak on other matters than those of duty, in such cases; "I am hexceedingly 'urt at 'aving you hunder charge, but it's the fortin of war, as corporal Gunpowder said when he split his inexpressibles."

"I don't mind it, Ramrod," returned the boatswain; "it's not the first time I've been in bilboa, and may be 'twon't be the last; we can't always carry stun' sails you know, and must make calculations for heavy weather if we follow the sea."

"Hexactly, Mr. Spikes," returned the soldier, "and, therefore, you must hamuse yourself so as to keep off the blue devils, and not allow this little rewerse to throw you off your guard; it's verry fortunate, sir, that I was put on post 'ere, because I can now and then hindulge in a little hintelligent conversation, which, in your present situation, Mr. Spikes, you'll find wastly agreeable."

"Thank ye, Ramrod," said the boatswain; "but we'll manage to spin out the watches as short as possible; I've got a bit of a book here, stowed away at the head of my berth, and now and then, for lack of something better to do, we'll take a spell at it. You can read, Ramrod?"

"I didn't go to the huniversity for nothing, Mr. Spikes," returned the soldier with a knowing inclination of the head, and a sage expansion of both eyes.

"I used to have a little larning myself," rejoined the boatswain, rummaging in search of the article in question; "but, having something better to attend to, I managed to forget it all;—ah, here it is, just overhaul a leaf or two of it, Ramrod, and let's get the drift of it."

"This here is the Helements of Hucld," said the soldier.

"Yes, yes, it's one o' them books the young gentlemen get their knowledge of seamanship from. Go ahead, Ramrod, and let's hear what it has to say about fitting rigging and the like."

"A point," said Ramrod, reading, "considered mathematically, has neither length, breadth, nor thickness."

"That's a d——d lie," exclaimed the boatswain indignantly; "a pint has just all three of them; it's a reef pint I 'spose the chap has allusion to, and every body knows that reef pints must have a certain length, must be platted with so many strands, and must have a particular width, in proportion to the size of the sail they're laid up for. Now, Ramrod, this comes of trying to get larning by setting down on your locker instead of going aloft and seeing how things are done there. I've often told Mr. Everett that same, but it was no use; midshipmen are too lazy to go over the top rim when they can crawl through the lubber's hole."

"But, Mr. Spikes, he may not 'ave reference to a reef pint," returned the soldier, who, being a man of education, deemed it his duty to advocate the cause of science.

"Then what the devil does he mean?" rejoined the boatswain.

"He may allude to a pint of rum," answered Ramrod.

"Ah, yes, I see how it is," returned Spikes, "you've got in that part which explains the arrangements of the spirit room; go on and let's hear how he stows his casks."

"A straight line or right line," continued the soldier, reading the following article, "is the shortest distance between the two points which limit its length."

"Avast a bit, Ramrod," said Spikes, who seemed not to comprehend the sense of this sentence; "just read that over again."

"A straight line, or right line, is the shortest distance between the points which limit its length."

"Well, d——n my tarry topights, if that arn't the first time I ever heard a reef band called a line before," exclaimed the boatswain.

"A line," continued Ramrod, reading, "has length, but neither breadth nor thickness."

"That's another d——d lie!" ejaculated the boatswain; "every line has a certain thickness, from a tow-line to a twiddling-line. Now, Ramrod, it's my opinion that the chap that built that book, did it for the purpose of getting to wind'ard of the officers' pockets; and what's most surprising to me is, how they can read it without seeing the mistakes of the d——d lubber; but I 'spose they think every book is gospel, like the New Testament the preacher talks so much about."

"Mr. Spikes," returned the soldier, "you oughtn't to condemn hevery book on account of this one, which, I hacknowledge, is perfectly ridiculous; there are many verry hexcellent and correct 'istories, such, for instance, as Sinbad the Sailor, and the Soldier's Manual Hexercise for the Land and Sea Service."

"I don't foul-mouth any book," returned the boatswain, "but them that the young gentlemen use to learn seamanship. I tell you, Ramrod, it can't be had in that way; if a man wants to be a sailor he must take hold of the marlin spike, and go hard at it."

"Hexactly," returned Ramrod; "and by the same token, if he wants to be a good drill, he must 'andle the musket."

"THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND, by the Reverend I. J. Blunt, of St. John's College, England," forms the sixth volume of the Library of Christian Knowledge, and is just published by Marshall & Co., Philadelphia. The well-known talents of the Editor, the Reverend Herman Hooker, have materially contributed to the success of this series of works—and his own original production, *Popular Infidelity*, has met with the approbation of the thinking portion of the community. "Blunt's Reformation," is an historical detail of the rise, progress, and consummation of the great religious revolution in England, and is a valuable documentary work, necessary to the library of the general reader. We quote an interesting account of the introduction of the various monkish tribes into England—observing, *en passant*, that the work is well printed, and bound in library condition:—

In this century, (the thirteenth,) the mendicant orders recently brought into being—the maggots not so much of corrupted texts as of corrupted times—found their way into England. The Franciscans, or Friars Minors, the Dominicans, or Black Friars; the Carmelites, or White Friars; and the Augustins, or Grey Friars; were the four divisions. Of these the two former were the most considerable; the Franciscans were the chief of all. The first settlement of these last was at Canterbury, in 1234; that of the Dominicans, thirteen years earlier, at Oxford; at which place, as well as at Cambridge, all the four orders soon found themselves in possession of flourishing houses. There was much to captivate in their prospectus. All worldly views they renounced; they depended upon the alms of the people; and the people, admiring their disinterestedness, and reverencing their piety, (which was, or which seemed to be, much beyond that of the monks,) were cheerful givers. They cultivated learning with great success; filled the professors' chairs in the universities; searched out manuscripts, and multiplied the copies; collected libraries at any cost (for their popularity furnished them with the means); not a treatise on the arts, theology, or the civil law, appeared, but the friars bought it up.—They improved the architecture of their country; for though their vow, like that of the Rhocabites, scarcely allowed them to sow seed or plant vineyards, or have any, it did not deny to them the building of houses; and, accordingly, on these were lavished the ample sums which the munificence of their benefactors poured into their treasury. It was the ambition of the great and noble that their bones should rest within these hallowed walls; and sumptuous shrines bespoke the mighty dead that slept in the chapel of St. Francis. All this might be well; but your friar was a sturdy beggar, and prosperity made him forget himself. He learned to drop the literary and religious character, and assume the politician. He engaged in diplomacy: mixed in the intrigues of courts; discussed treaties, formed alliances, and resolutely maintained the authority of the pope (whose creature he was) against all the princes and prelates of Christendom. He was furnished by his master with powers for effecting all this; and these he used to the confusion both of seculars and monks. He could preach where he would; if he could not lawfully take possession of the church of the minister, he could erect his ambulatory pulpit at any cross, in any parish, and rail (as he generally did) at the supineness and ignorance of the resident pastor. If he chanced to be received under the parsonage roof (as he seldom was,) he was felt to be a snake in the grass, ready to betray his host in return for his hospitality; and, if he saw a fowl or a flask on his table, to denounce him, in his next day's harangue, as a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. He could confess whosoever might come to him. It was to no purpose that a parish priest refused absolution to any black sheep of his flock; away he went to a Franciscan, and absolution was given him at once; the more readily, indeed, as an opportunity was thus afforded the friar of expressing his contempt of every ecclesiastical body but his own. Nor did he enter into the labors of the parochial minister only; he had nobler game in another class of seculars—the cathedral clergy. These he reduced to poverty, and the venerable edifices to which they belonged to decay.

FIELDING, OR, SOCIETY. * By the Author of *Tremaine and De Vere*. Three Volumes. Carey & Hart.

MR. WARD has produced an extraordinary work. Fielding is not a novel, and certainly cannot be termed a romance—it is a *récolement* of the practical philosophy of a cosmopolite—the experiences of an observation-hunter—an analysis of human nature, by a strong-minded man, detailed with much conversational spirit and logical effect. There are two divisions in the work, but Mr. Ward has not employed the agency of a plot to connect his illustrations of society and life, or the development of his category of supernatural influences. "Fielding" will be more generally perused than either of Mr. Ward's former productions; the Christian moralist and the philosopher will find matter equally valuable,—and the attention of the general reader will be attracted by the variety and spice of the anecdotal illustrations, which were not suffered to enlighten the didactics of *Tremaine or De Vere*. A few of these worldly elucidations we select for the amusement of our readers; but we shall not weaken the force of Mr. Ward's philosophy by presenting any portion of his comments—which are perfect in their continuity, but would be unsatisfactory and bald in their separation.

A reverend prebendary, in a cathedral town, once amused me much. He complained that the stalls in the chapel were cold; and being a great invalid, of a high family, he used all his interest on a vacancy, to become dean—merely for his *health's* sake. There was matting and a velvet cushion in the dean's stall; none in that of the prebendaries.

After dinner we of course fell upon politics, and the ministry were of course attacked and defended. One of the assailants was particularly violent against the personal character of the premier; he was a mere fool, if not something worse; unfit to be trusted, and suspected of betraying the people whom he had used as a stepping-stone. He was reproved as too personal in his reprehension. "What motive can I have," said he, "but anxiety for the public good?" Alas! poor human nature! I afterwards found that the minister's lady had turned her back on the patriot's wife at court. "But do not let that surprise you," said my informant, "for Marshal Ney met his death—that is, he deserted Lewis XVIII., and was shot for it—precisely from the same cause." He said himself he could not bear the coldness of the court towards his wife, whom he found in tears every night, on account of her reception there.

I thought all this very strange, but I found from Etheredge, when I mentioned it to him, that it was very common. "It is inconceivable," said he, "how much may be done or undone by a bow or curtesy, given, or omitted. I have known a man of talent sulk for a twelvemonth with a lady of fashion, because she did not acknowledge his salute at the Opera, though the poor offender, being much engaged, really did not see him. Another gifted person, much connected with the press, would never join the world in attacking a celebrated countess, because she had appeared interested in his conversation at a dinner, and on withdrawing, had dropped him a most graceful curtesy. From that time forth, while not unjustly blamed by his contemporary writers for a great deal of *hauteur*, the paper he was connected with always spoke of her as a pattern of condescension."

It was the reported case of a man who, being sued for a debt, pleaded that he had formerly committed burglary in the house of his own father, for which he had been condemned to be hanged; but though only transported, the consequence in law was, that he could neither sue nor be sued, and therefore could not be forced to pay.

GLEANINGS IN EUROPE. ENGLAND, BY AN AMERICAN. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

Mr. Cooper has turned his European tour to a profitable account: and has shown his proficiency in the vice of book making, by manufacturing his trip into several volumes of questionable merit. The "author of the Spy" has become an errant grumbler; his recent works are a continuous tissue of fault finding—like the ass in the Eastern apologue, he wanders through the flower garden, and tramples down the finest buds, and defiles the beauties of the choicest flowers, in an eager search after his favorite thistle. But Mr. Cooper outdoes the Oriental asinine, for when he has obtained his weedy prize, he grumbles in the height of his delight, and laments the bitterness of the thing he has taken such pains to discover.

If Mr. Cooper indulges in a laudatory notice of any French custom, it enables him to reprobate the manners of the English—if any thing in England is fortunate enough to meet his approval, he is sure to enlarge in a bitter strain upon the opposite deficiencies of the Americans—but the quantity of praise, when compared with the grumbling, is like Falstaff's half-penny worth of bread and gallons of sack—and his grumblings are as washy as the fat knight's drink, without its spice or flavor.

Mr. Cooper, in his preface, remarks that it is quite probable his book contains many false notions—that a better feeling now exists in England towards America than when he was in Europe, and that a *future work* may repair some of the faults he has committed. Why publish your erroneous statements at all, Mr. Cooper? or is the opportunity of making another book of more importance than the dissemination of false impressions and acknowledged errors?

In the course of some remarks upon English literature, (wherein he declares that few of the celebrated writers of England understand the grammar of their own language,) Mr. Cooper quotes a saying that "no author was ever written down except by himself." He is now proving the truth of the observation, and the admirers of his inimitable novels lament the late perversion of his pen.

Place Mr. Cooper's volumes upon England in the hands of a youth, and desire him, after an attentive perusal, to give his opinion of the manners of our mother-land. The boy would be unable to arrive at any fixed conclusion from the contradictory statements of his author, who out-Cobbett's the knight of the gridiron in his total want of consistency. In one instance, we have several opposite impressions of the disposition of the English toward the people and institutions of America. We are told, in the course of every half dozen pages, that the islanders despise their transatlantic brethren, and sneer at every thing American with a bitterness as disgraceful to them as it would be disrespectful to us. But the author has not, in any one instance, been able to prove his assertions by the evidence of a single fact—on the contrary, every incident tells of respect and attention to the Americans in England—a respect that is poorly repaid by querulous complainings and tetchy misprision. In one place, Mr. Cooper observes that "the English are drilled into a formality that throws a cloud over their social intercourse. As a people they are not fluent." In the preceding paragraph, he had noticed that "the people of England are more hearty, cordial, and free in their modes of intercourse than the Americans;" and yet, in another place, he remarks that the English are the most artificial people he had ever known!

He asserts that the English are not indifferent to comments on their national habits and characters. "I should say that the English are *thin-skinned*, and the Americans *raw*. Both resent fair, frank and manly comments with the same bad taste, resorting to calumny, blackguardism, and abuse." Yet Mr. Cooper confesses that when he anticipated some unpopularity in England from having published a work there, noticing the "*peculiarities*" of the English in a foreign spirit, and with no claims to English favor, he was entirely disap-

pointed. "There is a manliness and a feeling of pride in the better character of the country that singularly elevates it above this bitterness. I much question, had the case been reversed, if either the French or the American public would have received a book with the same liberal spirit." Now, how are we to reconcile these positive contradictions? the original postulatam must be erroneous, or "the fair, frank, and manly comments" of Mr. Cooper failed to receive the customary blackguardism because they were beneath contempt. Yet Mr. Cooper is so pleased with the English reception of his book, that he means to make the English nation "respectable," by taking "a subject" (for a tale or novel, we presume, but it is not stated) "from their teeming and glorious naval history." Really, this is very patronising and pretty in Mr. Cooper, and we hope that John Bull will not be so thick-headed as to neglect acknowledging the amazing force of the intended honor.

There is occasionally a flippancy of expression in Mr. Cooper's remarks that is extremely offensive to good sense. The incomparable Joanna Baillie is styled "a respectable old woman." "The peers and great commoners of England are, generally, *respectable* men." He tells a dinner party that Commodore Rodgers is a *respectable* man—indeed "respectability" is Mr. Cooper's *obiter dictum*. The Lord Chancellor in his robes "looked like a miller with his head thrust through his wife's petticoat"—a novel and gentlemanly simile. The English horse-guards, generally supposed to be the finest troops in Europe, are described as "large men certainly, but they must be next to useless in a campaign." Did Mr. Cooper never hear of the effective charge of the Life-guards at Waterloo? it turned the tide of victory, and drove the flower of the French cavalry in confusion over the plain. This gallant "flight to victory," as it has been termed, was hailed with an enthusiastic burst of cheering from the whole of the allied armies; prodigies of valor were performed, not only by the leaders, but by the private soldiers. One of them, Shaw, was not slain till he had killed seven of the French cuirassiers with his own hands. Is it ignorance or antipathy that induces Mr. Cooper to sneer at this valiant band, whose merits were acknowledged by Napoleon—there is less disgrace in confessing the valor of an enemy's troops, than in asserting they are kept for state, and useless in a campaign.

Mr. Cooper complains that anecdotes have been circulated to his prejudice; he has noted down several of his acts while in London that tell more to his prejudice, than any anonymous slander or private tattle; the following instances will suffice to exhibit his total want of the *bienséance* which should belong to every traveller, particularly a literary lion, professedly on a tour of critical observation. He quarrelled with a gentleman because he was not assigned a post of honor at a dinner where the other guests were either dukes, lords, generals, M. P.'s, or men of mark. He silenced the table-talk of another dinner party by rudely contradicting a bullet-headed Englishman's observations on the want of polish in the Americans; thus affording an evidence of the truth of the offensive remark. What a glorious opportunity did Mr. Cooper lose of quietly proving the fallacy of the Englishman's statement, by a bland and courteous argument of the position! Mr. Cooper carried his hat into the midst of a fashionable assemblage, and hid it under a sofa in the drawing-room—when he wished to retire, he was compelled to disturb a venerable Bishop, and drive him from his seat upon the sofa, that the hat might be redeemed—and all this vulgarity was confessedly to prevent the footman from carrying his hat to its proper place in the hall—and thereby save the requisite fee of a shilling for the menial's attention in receiving and returning the skull-covering of the liberal traveller.

MELIORATION OF THE DRAMA.—We copy the following excellent remarks from a recent number of Blackwood:—

"We altogether disregard the ridiculous outcry raised against theatres from their abuse; and, so long as we have Shakspeare, can rejoice that we had a theatre to summon that mighty genius into action, and still have a theatre to spread the splendors of his mind through the people and posterity. The first step, as we conceive, would be to form some public body for the *express encouragement of the drama*. We have a Royal Academy for painting; we have half a hundred associations for all kinds of public efforts, from the dreary drudgeries of geology, up to the noblest researches of science. Why not establish a society for the direct promotion of dramatic authorship—to give rewards for the ablest comedy and tragedy; to spread dramatic knowledge, to purify dramatic taste; to exercise the mild influence of opinion over the conduct of actors, authors, and managers, alike, and without harshness or officiousness, have all the effect of a powerful and salutary jurisdiction? The object is certainly worth the trial. The literary ambition of Swift was to found an academy for the purification of the national language. The noblest trophy that Louis XIV. raised in the height of his power, and the only fragment of his fame which survived himself, was the French Academy, whose chief exploit was the Dictionary of the national language. Yet we suffer the most brilliant, most effectual, and most permanent, popular, and universal of all the efforts of genius to lie in utter neglect; struggling into an abortive existence under the difficulties of bankrupt theatres and bitter criticism, wholly unprotected by the natural patronage of the higher orders, almost wholly unknown to the people, and thus absolutely decaying out of the land. To undertake this duty and remove this stigma, should be the work of the opulent, the intelligent, and the patriotic of the nobility of England. Many would join them; and a society would be formed, which might become rapidly one of the ornaments of the country. Doubtless they would find a vast quantity of feeble writing poured in upon them in the first instance. This is the natural result of the long neglect of the drama, and also—and the remark is worth making—of the strong propensity of the people to dramatize. But a few months would exhaust the influx, and then the stream would begin to run pure. Writers who now shrink from the *entrée* of the pursuit, who know nothing of the means of access, or who have been disgusted with the difficulties of theatrical negotiation, would be found, delighted to follow the impulse

of their minds, when the fruit of that impulse was to be placed in the hands of men of rank and estimation, actuated simply by the wish to raise the fallen dramatic fame of this singularly dramatic country. We cordially hope that the experiment will be made. We can answer for its success. Half a dozen years would not elapse without producing a total change in every matter connected with the national drama, stimulating the latent poetry of England into vividness and beauty, and re-peopleing the deserted hills of national literature with shapes not unworthy to move even among the colossal heroes and demigods of Shakspeare.

But, to revert for a moment to the fact that our best actors have not had a fair field for their display, we affirm that the failure of authorship is the true cause of the comparative failure of stage ability. The most vivid actor is but little less than a puppet, without a vivid part. He may look the character, but it is the author who must give him the power to speak it. No pleasantries of the performer can fully struggle against native dulness in the play, and no originality in the performer can make an audience find perpetual novelty in perpetual repetition. In fact, all our comedies are worn out; and, except Shakspeare's, no tragedies are now ever capable of being performed. Repetition even in those cannot extinguish the beauties, but it has palled the delight; and the actor's fame perishes under the forced sameness of the exhibition. If we should once again see the revival of talent in the drama, we should forget our complaints against the decay of talent in the actors. While the temple is in ruins, who can wonder at the listlessness of the priests? Like the old and fine superstition of the Greeks, the cutting down of the forest not merely stripped the land of its noblest ornament, but exiled the whole host of nymphs and sylvans—made the night no longer vocal with sounds of unearthly harmony, and extinguished the purple wavings of the thousand pinions that once bore the forms of beauty and inspiration among its dewy haunts and caverns of solemn shade."

These opinions are as applicable to the American stage as to the English; theatres are liberally encouraged in nearly every part of the Union, yet there is no national drama in America—and while the laws of copyright remain in the present state, it is not probable that we shall achieve anything beyond a trial tragedy, a Yankee farce, or a nigger foolery. It is unreasonable to expect that persons of talent can meet with sufficient encouragement from theatrical managers in this country, when a few cents will furnish the theatre with a copy of the last new English play, which is generally a miserable hotch-potch of incidents stolen from French vaudevilles, and exemplified in the vilest language. The playwrights of the present English school are unable to render a tolerable version of the pieces they pretend to translate—the joyous and graceful wit of the Frenchman is above their capacities; vulgar slang and puerility assume its place; and the fine sentiment of the Gallic *romanticist* resolves itself into bombastic and unendurable twaddle. If the international copyright act is to pass into a law—and it will be an insult to the liberality and justice of the nation if it does not pass, and that quickly—let the English dramatists be included in a protecting clause; give them power to demand a trifling remuneration for the performance of their pieces here, as in France and England, and the national drama of America will spring from its many sources, and with a wholesome flood, fertilize the sterility of the land. If managers, stars, or the public, as the case may be, are compelled to remunerate authors for the use of their plays, they will assuredly prefer taking advantage of the local popularity of an author who can work to order and attend to any necessary alteration in his fabrication, which by any possibility cannot be inferior to the present state of the foreign ware. There is another advantage which must accrue from including the dramatists in the copyright law—the audience will not be insulted by being compelled to listen, or actors degraded in being forced to act, the cheap and nasty rubbish that is now nightly represented on the stage. A man who deals in stolen goods alone, must be content with his booty, and, however damaged, endeavor to dispose of it by puffing advertisements and lies—but if he orders his commodities of a fair dealer, and pays the regular market price, he can pick and choose till he succeeds in pleasing the tastes of all his customers. Let us look to this: let us take advantage of the scheme above-mentioned: let us set England an example in founding an association for the melioration of the stage, and the encouragement of a national drama; and as a primary and most important step, let us secure the passage of the law of international copyright.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, NEW JERSEY.—The Annual Commencement took place on Wednesday, September the 27th, and was numerously and fashionably attended. The new church, a handsome, well arranged edifice, was crowded with rows of lovely ladies, who seemed to take much interest in the proceedings of the day. We regret that we were not in time to hear the salutatory addresses in Latin, English and Greek—nor the recital of a poem called "The Enthusiast" which seemed to gather golden opinions from all kinds of men. The list of exercises in declamation and composition contained a variety of subjects which were generally well treated and appropriately delivered. Without wishing to be invidiously distinctive, we must remark that Alexander H. Bailey, of New Jersey, eloquently pronounced some forcible arguments respecting "The Admission of Foreigners to the Elective Franchise," and Joseph H. Dukes, of South Carolina, recited a poem of singular beauty, entitled "The Dead Sea." This gentleman also delivered the Valedictory, and acquitted himself with fluency and ease. The various degrees were afterwards conferred upon the successful graduates. The ball in the evening was graced with a numerous assemblage of fashion and beauty. Frank Johnson's band was there, and the supper arrangements of the managers met with distinguished approval. The company did not separate till a very early hour. We tender our thanks to the alumni, not only for the politeness of the invitation, but for the kind attention and hospitality bestowed upon us during the period of our stay.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY.

BY A RECENT VISITER.

THOSE who have not been eye-witnesses of the fact, can scarcely imagine the extreme difference which exists between the constitution of the German universities and those of England and America, and the still greater diversity of manners between the students of these several establishments. The general intelligence and classical acquirements of the German youth are proverbial, as are likewise the generous freedom and independent spirit possessed and exhibited by them. To trace the singular habits and modes of life of this numerous and important body, whose peculiarities influence so materially the tone of thought and character throughout their vast country, cannot fail to be interesting to the natives of a land which they love to regard with a feeling almost affectionate.

The German universities are nearly all situated in small towns, which, indeed, have scarce any existence separate from them. Here are neither theatres nor gaming-houses; and, except a few balls, or other parties of pleasure, whereto any of the students may be invited by families to whom they have had letters of introduction, no individual engagements interfere with that regulation by virtue of which they live together, even during their hours of relaxation—an interval generally spent in promenades over the picturesque country usually surrounding a university town, or in social assemblies whereat the freest cordiality prevails. Although particular friendships are undoubtedly formed, yet every one has some knowledge of the other; and the entire body may be, without much license, denominated a brotherhood. The use of the familiar pronoun *thou* effaces, amongst them, all distinctions of class or rank; and the sophisticated *you* is banished often at the first interview.

There is no garrison in the greater part of these towns; a few civil officers being sufficient to ensure the preservation of order. At Jena, the old barracks are converted into abodes for the students: at Giessen they are occupied by the library and various scientific collections. It were to be wished that these warlike edifices were universally destined to such uses;—

disputes might then be settled by streams of ink instead of blood!

In most cases a young man studies at three or four universities at least before he graduates. If, indeed, he is designed to fill any public post in his own country, he must pass two years at *its* university; but he is afterwards at liberty to go wherever he likes, and hear the most celebrated professors of other states. He requires no farther passport than his student's card, the occasional production whereof enables him to travel (which he generally does on foot) throughout the whole of Germany—*Austria alone excepted*. Neither does he want any great supply of cash; the travelling *studiosus* is held exempt even from the grasping exactions of the innkeepers; and he has not unfrequently introductions, from stage to stage, to houses of the parents of his comrades, or of old comrades themselves now established in the world. If he should arrive with exhausted pockets at any university, upon proper representation he is furnished with money to enable him to continue his route;—and thus the most intimate ties are frequently formed and perpetuated.

In these travels the students find abundant opportunities of seeing and knowing mankind; and both they and the different professors are constantly acquainted with what is going on in other universities besides their own. Each professor, indeed, is judged and appreciated, not only within his peculiar circle of activity and influence, but by all the schools. The spirit, too, which reigns throughout these universities, and the general and intimate connexion of the students, tend greatly to extinguish all feeling of animosity between the different states of the great Germanic Confederation—so closely united by geographical position and similarity of national character.

In general, (there must, of course, be exceptions,) the morals of the students are pure. The nature of their studies—their high feelings of courage and honor, and of the interest of their native country—their ideas of religion (in all cases more or less subjected to the test of reason)—friendship and love, that double flame;

lighting up the human breast—all contribute to this desirable end. These are the subjects of their conversation when the pipe and the Rhenish are enjoyed—these, the burdens of their vocal strains, at assemblies distinguished by the utmost frankness, but from which is excluded all aim at *banter*, that prolific parent of quarrels. The German student seems desirous of enjoying his youth in all the plenitude of its freshness. He seeks to rise above the sensible world around him, forming an *ideal* with regard to every thing, and abandoning himself so unreservedly to this sense of refined delight, that many have protracted for three or four years their university course.

The liberty possessed by the student is inherent in the constitution of the universities; and the advantages resulting from such a system may be fairly held to counterbalance its defects. It seems not undesirable that a young man should early enjoy a certain degree of freedom, in order that he may learn (though occasionally at his own expense) to use without abusing it. School-boy restraints cease to press upon him directly he becomes a student. He is not compelled to follow such or such a course of instruction. If any given professor should not be to his taste, he is not *obliged* to yawn over his lectures. In France, and some other countries, a young man *must* attend the dogmatic *dicta* of certain professors—because, thanks to the principle of monopoly, there is no competition. The German student knows what will be expected of him when he quits the university, and that there are examinations whereto he will be subjected:—it is sufficient that he acquires the knowledge he should acquire—no one demands of him the where or the how. The aim of collegiate studies should be to develop the intellectual function—not so much that the student should *learn*, or exercise his memory, as that he should *know*, and ripen his judgment. To this end, a judicious portion of liberty should be conceded; for too much constraint retards every species of development. Science may be likened to a forest-tree, which loses its beauty and vigor if we confine its roots, or bend and torture its branches. This spirit of freedom is quite in harmony with the German notions of the dignity of science, and of those who cultivate it—a sentiment among them truly characteristic and national. The university authorities, meanwhile, excite as much as possible a *taste for study*, and keep away all objects calculated to distract attention.

The ordinary principles of jurisdiction are almost null at these universities: no crime indeed escapes due punishment; but in many respects the collegians are privileged. Their general habits are strikingly opposed to those which contact with the world produces. Like the ancients, they live much in the open air, which is frequently resonant with their music. Without being either cynical or penurious, they can often dispense with even the commonest comforts. They are liberal to the last sou; have a particular language for every thing concerning themselves; and affect sundry peculiarities of costume.

The best-founded objection advanced against the lives and manners of these students is, the frequency of duels amongst them. They hold, that ordinary laws

are inefficacious with respect to what concerns the principles of honor or free opinion; and, cherishing a high and laudable portion of self-esteem, they are punctilious to a degree undoubtedly censurable. These meetings, however, are rarely fatal in their result; swords are the weapons employed, and the young men are skilful in their use; for fencing, together with other gymnastic exercises, forms part of the education of the German student.

During the writer's sojourn at Heidelberg, he made the intimate acquaintance of sundry collegians, and was of course known to a great number. He subsequently continued his travels on foot, knapsack on back and staff in hand; and thus, during the several vacancies, traversed a great part of Germany—especially the Hartz—meeting with many an agreeable companion amongst the fellow-schoolmen. To gain the confidence of any student one may occasionally encounter, it is only necessary to name some common acquaintance: from that moment the parties, if they take the same direction, pursue it together.

Under the generic denomination of *student* may be found princes, dukes, counts, and the sons of poor peasants: some fellows worth a plum, and others with scarce enough to purchase bread; youths of seventeen, and men from thirty to forty: in the public gardens, as well as in the saloons, both nobles and the sons of humble citizens are recognised. There, flock young men of every nation in fraternal assembly. It is chiefly at Göttingen, however, (a university peculiarly resorted to by the aristocracy,) that the noble republicans of Berne, as well as the phlegmatic Englishmen, (whose natural reserve is a little abated by contact with the frank continental youth,) are to be found.

Catholics and Protestants throw aside every feeling of religious animosity; even Jews, although greatly undervalued throughout Germany, are received into the general circle, if they display the principles of good fellowship. One man shows marks of indefatigable industry—another has a complete horror of application: the conduct of one is regulated by the severest principles—that of another gives evidence of morals somewhat relaxed: the man of knowledge is elbowed by the man of pleasure. But, throughout the whole, circulates a spirit of cordiality, a feeling of brotherly confidence, a freedom from the trammels of etiquette, which one may seek in vain among other classes of society.

The students are denominated alternately by the classical term of *frater in studio*, and the familiar appellation of *bursch* (boy, companion.) Two several origins have been given to this latter appellation; one sets forth that, in the 13th century, the French king established pensions (*bourses*) for a certain number of students belonging to the university of Paris; such as enjoyed this gratification were styled *bursarii*, whence comes the term *bursch*. It is more probable, however, that the etymology, like the word itself, is German, coming from *bur*, *baur*, which, in the old German, signifies a *vigorous boy*. Besides, by this expression it is customary more especially to particularise those students who form part of the *Burschenschaft*, of which we shall speak by and by.

The youth who frequents the gymnasium, or initiatory college, is styled *frosch* (frog.) He is subjected to a discipline so severe, that if, during a journey in the country, he enters an inn to take beer, wine, or indeed any liquor save water—should he be discovered, he is sentenced to eight days' imprisonment, and the innkeeper fined, in default of his reporting the circumstance to the director. The *frosch* is submitted to sundry rigorous tests before he is regularly admitted into the university; and it is only after passing these that he participates in the freedom of a student's life.

The students lodge and board, or, in some instances, lodge only, among the inhabitants of the town, and each man calls his landlord his *Philistine*. After breakfast, the morning is spent in attending lectures, or writing notes upon such as have been already heard. The dinner-hour is generally from twelve to one; and an abundant table of plain and wholesome food is provided at the very moderate charge of eight or nine florins (the German florin is in value about 2s. 4d.) a month. They resume their work until evening, and then assemble in the principal street of the town, which they promenade in parties of from two to twelve. At night they sup at the various taverns, where, assembled in large parties, and the labors of the day at an end, they occasionally indulge in a glass of Rhenish; or, should purses be low, and wine not procurable, the light-hearted youths content themselves with an humbler beverage, and seek consolation in singing:—

Wine brings pimples and gout, my boy?

If you'd keep your complexion clear,

Learn wisely to do without, my boy,

And stick to the honest beer!

The personal appearance of the students is in itself peculiar. The make of their caps especially distinguishes them; as do also the ribands upon their breasts, the long pipe ornamented with strings, &c., the flowing locks, and large moustaches. At one period every university had adopted a uniform color for the little riding-coat, which forms an essential part of the ancient German dress. This garment (ordinarily black) is short, and opens behind, with but one row of buttons, and a very small collar. To complete the suit, pantaloons of black or gray cloth are worn, half-boots, and a black bonnet with or without feathers. The chest is invariably exposed, neither is any cravat worn, but the shirt-collar left to fall back upon the shoulders; the long hair is parted over the forehead, and a tuft ornaments the under lip. The indispensable articles of a German student's baggage are, a knapsack for travelling, and a good *ziegenhein*, or short staff, whereupon the owner's name is engraved. *Ziegenhein* is the name of a village, at which a great quantity of these staffs are fabricated, and thence circulated throughout the different universities.

The young man's chamber is usually decorated with a dozen or so of pipes. A pair of foils is likewise to be found, for the purpose of fencing; and as almost every student must have his faithful *dog*, it is often a point of rivalry who shall possess the largest and

best-trained animal. These dogs may be said to have become quite erudite; for, not long since, when it was attempted, at Heidelberg, to impose a duty on them, a petition was presented in their name, and drawn up in much more independent terms than those used by many an academical citizen. The students apply the name of *dog* to any place of confinement; a circumstance, the origin of which is as follows:—In former days, when a new prison was erected, they gave it the name of the first individual incarcerated therein: the celebrated Wallenstein, at that time a student at Altdorf, was condemned to imprisonment in one of these edifices; but not being desirous of bequeathing his cognomen to such a receptacle, he shrewdly passed his cur in first.

In each university the students select certain houses of public entertainment, wherein a particular room is set apart for fencing, and we are sorry to add, fighting. Here they go to work in true martial style; always, however, when *fasting*, in order that every thing should be *selon les regles*, and the wounds inflicted less dangerous. The person injured names the place of meeting; and so great is their complaisance, that the student who is not already skilled in the use of arms, is allowed a fortnight to exercise himself therein. Should the dispute exist between members of different universities, the understanding is, that they meet each other half-way.

At each affair of this kind, the following persons are considered indispensable: the two seconds, two *witnesses*, the umpire and the surgeon; and to these such spectators are added as it may be agreeable to the parties to admit. The duty of the seconds is chiefly to prevent blows being aimed too low, and to stop the fight whenever a wound is received. The *witnesses* should be impartial observers of all that passes on either side, and give their opinion thereon with candor; while the umpire decides any disputed point. A hurt is dressed immediately; and if it be but light, the contest is resumed. Every circumstance of this kind is denominated an *assault*. After the sixth assault, the satisfaction is held to be sufficient; and, whether the parties are severely or slightly injured, they shake hands, in token of complete reconciliation. Of course, among large communities, various occasions of personal offence arise; but the most deadly insult that can be offered by one man to another, and which is only to be expiated by an appeal to arms, is the application of the epithet, *dummer junge* (silly fellow.)

We should not conclude this sketch without saying a few words respecting the celebrated *Burschenschaft*, a secret association of German students, which has superseded sundry previous associations, and is still in existence. After the sanguinary struggle which the entire German people had to sustain against Napoleon, the young men, who had suspended their studies in order to fly to the succor of their country, re-entered the universities full of resolution and experience. The year 1817 brought together, at the chateau of Wartburg, (where Luther was incarcerated, and the works of Kotzebue burnt,) a great number of deputies from the different universities. At that place was conceived the idea of the grand *Burschenschaft*, which, according

to the intention of its founders, was to be universal, scientific, and patriotic. Strong in the purity of their designs, this band of true brothers proceeded in a public manner until the unhappy event (the murder of Kotzebue) which rendered the name of Sand so conspicuous. As that misguided young man had been a member of the Burschenschaft, the society shared in the odium justly called down by his deed; and all participation with it was for the future forbidden, notwithstanding the fact was clearly proved that, as a body, it was quite guiltless of having provoked so criminal an act. A secret Burschenschaft was then organised; and this, despite the proceedings set on foot against some of its members, has never been destroyed.

The *Court of Honor* is one of the most useful institutions of the Burschenschaft, inasmuch as it is a tribunal which aims at diminishing the frequency of duels. When a dispute arises between two students, the injured party is obliged to bring the question before this court, which, in the majority of cases, prevents a meeting. In a university where formerly affairs of this kind took place daily, six months have, since the establishment of the *Court of Honor*, passed without the occurrence of one assault.

The *Comment* is a collection of laws and regulations established among the students at large, respecting duels, festivities, and punishments. The latter are thus graduated:—The *consilium abeundi*, which involves no publicity; *banishment* from social meetings, either temporarily or perpetually—a sentence which, together with its cause, is communicated to the other universities; *exclusion*, which amounts to a forfeiture of honor, and is inflicted on account of violation of word—theft—fraud—cowardice—unfair conduct in

duelling—associating with an excluded person—neglect of the laws of the Comment, &c. He upon whom this latter punishment has fallen cannot be present at any assembly of the students, neither can he demand satisfaction if insulted: he is, in fact, universally shunned. Professors themselves—nay, even the bourgeois—are occasionally subjected to a sentence of exclusion, if they injure either of the students, who have abundant means of annoying by such a sentence any man with whom they come in contact.

Of late years, several universities have been either established in, or transferred to, the capital cities of Germany, and still further mutations of the kind are spoken of. This system is of questionable utility. It has been said, that in the capitals are concentrated the great libraries and other scientific collections. But might not these be rather transferred to the university towns? for in metropolitan cities they are often merely objects of parade, or the resort of idlers. And why expose a race of high-spirited young men to needless temptations? why prematurely excite the slumbering passions? Is it in order to have the *glory* of repressing them when excited, or to give employment to the soldiers and the police?

The concentration of the universities in the capitals would be a death-blow to the moral strength of Germany—their peculiar spirit would evaporate amidst the fascinations of play, theatricals, &c. Their independence would likewise be destroyed; they would be controlled by the several ministries, and consequently retrograde; for continental governments are *pioneers* which always march *behind* the people in the path of reason and improvement. G. M.

A U T U M N .

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

The summer days are over,
The balmy breeze is still,
The rushing, as of hurrying wings,
Is heard around the hill.

The branches that have gracefully
Waved in the summer air,
Now toss on high their mighty arms,
In anger and despair.

The bright green leaves are turning—
A thousand blushing dyes,
Flash down in changing glory from
The overhanging skies.

The curtains of the glowing west
Roll back each shining fold,
And the young Autumn woods are bath'd
In rays of mother gold.

Till proudly waving in the wind,
Their bright and glowing sprays,
They seem like birds of Paradise,
Replum'd with Heaven's rich rays.

The green, the summer green is o'er,
And 'neath those blushing beams,
Around the deep and silent woods,
A crimson carpet gleams.

So dazzling bright, that one might deem
His race of glory run,
And we were basking in the land,
Where sets the mighty sun.

Gay, ruby mantled Autumn comes,
A monarch of the year,
To rear his thrones and palaces
On faded Summer's bier.

THE DUELLO.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, Prince of Arragon.
 ORLANDO, } his Sons.
 SEBASTIAN, }
 ERIBERT, friend of Orlando.
 ANTONIO, father of Eribert.

IRENE, sister to Eribert, espoused to Orlando.
 ZANTHIA, her Cousin, in love with Sebastian.
 ISADORA, Guardian of Irene.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of the Prince of Arragon.*

Enter ORLANDO and SEBASTIAN.

Orlando. Nay, talk not to me—I will hear no reason

Save that which honor dictates—Heaven and Earth!
 Think of the insult—the indignity—
 The degradation of an open blow!

And can you—can you ask me to be calm?

Sebastian. But, dear Orlando, you're too violent.

Orl. Violent, brother!—pray you listen to me.

Have I not always borne his headlong humor,
 His overbearing, domineering spirit,
 With the most patient and submissive meekness—
 Have I not sat and let him rail at me
 In such a way as would have moved a saint,
 And never stirred a muscle—all because
 I knew the man was of a temper heated
 By nature and indulgence—but a blow—
 That is a pass my patience cannot brook,
 Even from Eribert; he shall answer it.

Seb. A man by passion swayed, my dearest brother,
 Is more an object of our kind compassion
 Than of our vengeance. You must e'en forgive—
 Forgive and pity the poor man's infirmity.

Orl. And bid all Arragon behold my shame!
 Never; by all the saints I swear it, never.

Seb. Why now you are as bad as Eribert—
 What, will you, brother, play the madman, too?
 Because a creature, mov'd beyond his reason,
 Has stricken you with his hand, must you too rave,
 And prove yourself as much in wrong as he?

Orl. Sebastian, you're my brother—bound to me
 By all the fondest feelings of the heart—
 But, as you love me, counsel not dishonor—
 That blow has stain'd me—all the world beholds
 The mark upon my fame—I cannot bear it—
 I cannot bear the agony of scorn—
 I cannot bear the world's derisive smile—
 'Twill call me coward—can I hear that word,
 And walk unmasked among my fellow men?
 O, there's a taint upon me, and remains

But one way left to wash that taint away—
 His blood—his blood, my brother.

Seb. Nay, Orlando
 There is another word will do as well—
 Less sanguinary, but more potent still—
 Forgiveness!

Orl. Do I hear you?

Seb. Aye! Forgiveness!
 The most unearthly attribute of man!
 Does it alarm you, that I ask your soul
 T' assert its native dignity and glory?
 Would you root out the god-like nature in you
 And act the demon, pushing heaven aside,
 And taxing hell for vengeance? O for shame!
 I thought you owned more wisdom?

Orl. Sir! I think,
 Since sneering is the mode, some other men
 Besides Orlando, show a lack of wit,
 Especially when they usurp the seat
 Of judgment, and advise to shameful deeds—
 What! would you have me go and crouch to him—
 To Eribert, my enemy, and beg him
 To trample on me, that I may forgive him?
 What will the world say?

Seb. Ah! 'tis there again!
 The world—the world—the world—your precious
 idol—

To which you fain would sacrifice your all—
 Your life, your peace, your soul! O brother, brother
 What will the world say! Wherefore need you
 care?

Its breath cannot destroy the sunshine *here*—
 It cannot take away the life of life,
 The consciousness of virtue; that is yours
 Mid the world's loudest laugh—the world without it
 Will be a desert. Do not act the child,
 And throw away your substance for a bauble!
 What if you throw yourself before the steel
 Of the now frantic Eribert, and prove,
 With sacrifice of life, your love of honor—
 What will the world say then? 'Twill call you fool,
 Altho' it may not coward, and your title
 Will be secure to both; for he who dares not

Front the world's fiercest frown, is less a brave man
Than he who flies before the cannon's thunder.

Orl. 'Tis vain to talk. Sebastian, look upon me—
Do I not stand before you, a stain'd man;
Disgraced, degraded? did not men behold it?
Did they not stand in wonder at my patience,
That failed to smite him dead upon the spot?
I saw the thought of dastardy was written
Upon their faces then—I cannot bear it—
I cannot live to hear that thought expressed—
O talk not to me—it may be unwise,
But he or I must perish!

Seb. Shame upon you!
I took you for a man!

Orl. And am I not?

Seb. No; for you let the demon master you,
And the world makes you fear. Think you that world,
Upon whose idle breath you fondly hang,
Will shed a tear upon your blood-stained grave?
Never—'twill jest upon your memory,
And write your epitaph, "So falls the fool!"

Orl. But it will leave my honor unimpeached!

Seb. And how can honor serve you in the earth,
When you are deaf to it—methinks 'twill be
A sorry trifle, purchased with your life.

Orl. But I may live—

Seb. You may—a darker doom
To you than death itself. Call you this blow
A stain—O 'twill be blanched to snow, before
The fearful crimson of your fellow's blood!
Yes, you may live; but it will be a life
Of misery unuttered—girt around
With the strong curses of your victim's friends,
And with the stronger curse of your own soul—
O think of it, my brother, think of it,
Before it be too late.

Orl. I cannot—must not—
I would I could—but, my fair fame at stake,
I must not let one selfish thought have sway—
No more—no more—the world beheld the debt,
That world must see it paid.

Seb. Alas! my brother!
Do I then plead in vain. By all the love
Of our young days—our happy days of childhood—
By our fond mother's sainted memory;
By all your hopes, by all your better feelings—
O let me, on my knee, with tears beseech you
To quit this horrible infatuation?

My brother, my dear brother, answer me.

Orl. Sebastian, I do love you, and believe
The most devoted kindness of these tears—
These prayers, that ought not to be made to me—
Yet, oh! forego them—they do tear my heart;—
But honor's voice is louder than them all—
I must not listen to you.

Seb. Oh! Orlando!

Orl. Nay, nay, you plead in vain; pray let me pass.

Seb. Remember your poor father—will you blast
His proudest hopes, and strew his path with sorrows?

Orl. O drive me not to madness—let me go!

Seb. Think of Irene.

Orl. Ah! there lies distraction!
Brother, unhand me! by the Gods, you shall!

There is but one word I dare listen to—
And that is honor—honor.

(*Exit.*)

Seb. Entreaty is in vain; my poor lost brother!
How shall I save him? a mistaken sense
Of fame and reputation drive him wide
Beyond the bounds of reason. It is idle
To waste my words upon him. How to save him?
Eriber, too! a youth of noble feelings,
But too unbridled temper! How to save them?—
At morning's dawn they meet upon the heath—
So I learn from their messenger—I would not
My father knew of this—and yet without him
How shall I intercept them? I must in
And meditate some means to stay their purpose—
Poor foolish—foolish boys!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—A Hall in the House of DON ANTONIO.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. O joyous day! my happiness is full!
To-morrow makes my lov'd Orlando mine,
Ay, mine for ever—all my fondest hopes,
My warmest wishes, and my brightest dreams,
Approach their consummation. Glorious sun!
That sinkest brightly to thy evening bed,
My sky is clear as thine—without a cloud,
And calm as this sweet hour. Haste, haste, O Sun!
And travel swiftly in thy efrant course—
Haste to thy orient dawning, with gay birds,
Gay as my heart, to hail thy coming hour—
O bring me quickly on the blessed day
That makes me truly happy. O my heart!
I'm sure I shall not sleep a wink to-night
For thinking of to-morrow—dear to-morrow!
Would it were come! My spirits are as light
As gossamer. I fear I am too gay,
Too happy for endurance—will it last,
Or is it but a harbinger of sorrow?
Tush! why that busy and obtrusive question?
To-night—to-morrow, are for happiness,
Come sorrow when it may. But where's Orlando?
I wonder that he comes not. He was wont
Invariably to come before the sunset—
I hope he does not chill before we wed!
O no, I will not think it—Hark! he comes—
O my dear, dear ———. Why Zanthia, is it you?

Enter ZANTHIA.

Zanthia. Zanthia, is it you! Why what's the matter?
Oh! if you do not want my company,
I know of one that does—so good bye to ye,
When next I trouble you, 'twill do you good. (*Going.*)

Irene. Nay, Zanthia, stay, I did not mean unkindly,
But I was looking for another face—
In truth—for I've no secrets kept from you—
Did you see any thing of one Orlando
As you came thro' the garden?

Zan.

O, dear coz,

You think of nothing else—that same Orlando
Is first and last in all your waking thoughts,

And if he do not govern all your dreams,
It is no fault of yours.

Irene. Well, may he not,
When on the morrow—dear, delightful day—
He is to be my husband? Strange, indeed,
If I, an almost bride, am not allowed
To dream about my wedding. Do'nt you dream
About ———? But no—I won't retaliate—
Dont blush—I'll spare you.

Zan. Nay, I won't be spared—
Out with it—let me know the precious name—
"Twill be delightful news—out with it, coz.

Irene. Ah! this pretended ignorance might do
If I had never seen a certain youth,
Who shall be nameless, and a certain damsel,
Stealing at eve along the river's bank,
And singing ditties, oh! such loving ballads
As never Orpheus sung Eurydice—
And then I won't say aught of meeting lips
And twining arms, and the most tender partings,
Because you'd think me envious—but if she,
That loving maid, don't dream of that same youth,
Why then—

Zan. Well, most observant coz, what then?

Irene. She lacks imagination—that is all!

Zan. O, little mountain mouse! But, dear Irene,
We must not quarrel—that I love Sebastian,
I will, to you, confess—a sober love,
Based on the knowledge of his worth and virtue—
But I have still a heart that lives in you—
And tho' I sometimes tease and banter you,
Perhaps beyond discretion—trust me, coz,
Your happiness is dearer to my thoughts
Than I can ever tell you—dear Irene,
I know I'm often thoughtless, but I do
Rejoice in prospect of your coming hopes,
Even to the depth of tears.

Irene. O dearest Zanthia,
Forgive me if I chide you.

Zan. Nay, enough!
This kiss is pardon—but where is Orlando?

Irene. That is the query that I put to you—
Did you not see him?

Zan. No, in sooth, I did not—
I thought to find him here.

Irene. 'Tis strange he is not—
He seldom is so late—What can it mean?

Zan. O nothing, dear—you must not be suspicious—
He will be here anon—meanwhile, the garden
Looks lovely in this summer twilight—shall we
Enjoy awhile its sweetness till he come?

Irene. Even as you please—but here comes my kind
mother,
My good old governess—

Enter ISADORA.

Ah, dearest mother,
Think you to-morrow brings us a fair day?

Isad. Oh, my dear child, think not about the weather,
If all is clear and calm and joyous here,

(her hand on Irene's heart,)
No matter for the clouds, or rain, or storm.

Irene. But I had rather be a sunny bride—
You know the proverb, mother.

Isad. Ay, my love—
And if my bones be any almanac,
And yonder moon tell true, it will be fair—
Well, dears, you're for a ramble in the garden;
'Tis a sweet night—God bless you—you will find
Your brother, Eribert, among the walks—
I cannot tell what ails him, but he seems
Most strangely out of mood—ah, these young people,—
They have queer ways.

Zan. Oh, Eribert is apt
To get a little vexed—I'll manage him—
Ay, Madam—I'll soon laugh him out of it.

Isad. Oh you're a roguish fairy—bless you, dears.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Palace.—Moonlight.*

Enter ORLANDO, (with a sword.)

Orl. It nears the hour. The moon has almost
reached

Her midnight path, and o'er the face of nature
There lies an awful stillness—O ye saints!
Forgive me, if I dare profane an hour
Of peace like this, with thoughts of human blood?
I would it were not so—I would my soul
Were calm as yonder lake, whose silver breast
Feels not the amorous sighing of the breeze
That woos it with soft kisses. Here 'tis storm,
Whirlwind and hurricane—oh, how unlike
This lovely midnight—I do fear the scene,
If thus I let it work into my soul.
Will win me from my purpose—would it might!
O that I dare forgive him—take his hand
And tell him we are friends—we were so once
In heart and soul, and we might be so still,
Did not our pride and honor's laws forbid—
They are imperative, and must be followed,
Tho' they bring down perdition and despair.
O, tyrant custom! that dost thus transform
Our nature into tiger's, teaching us
For veriest trifles, to defy Heaven's wrath
And wash our hands in vengeance. Beasts of prey
Tear not their fellows—man, and man, alone
Wars with his kind, and drinks of kindred blood
From passion's heated chalice. But 'tis vain
To mourn our gloomy fate—Philosophy
May preach her ethics till the world shall wane—
But can she stop the courses of the sun,
Or change the ocean's current? Honor's law
To me is changeless as the sun or tide—
It calls for satisfaction—I am doomed to it,
Tho' it should damn me—for unsullied fame,
Undimmed renown, are needful to my life
As is my daily food—But hark! the chime
Of the far village bell calls to the heath!
Now vengeance nerve my arm and brace my soul
For the strong struggle—Fate has spoke the word,
And she must be obeyed! O! Eribert! (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. I cannot rest—my brother's foolish quarrel
Has driven all sleep away—the boy is mad
With high chivalric notions of false honor,
Which urge him to revenge—I must prevent
This meeting in the morning. If I can
But hold them off till reason's calmer voice
Can have its way, they will perceive the folly
Of such a childish quarrel, and be friends.
Should they meet sooner—they have both true swords,
And one or both are lost. Let me reflect—
I must use stratagem. What if I write
A letter as if coming from his friend,
The young Duke Montalbano, urging him
To come, upon the instant, to his castle
On a most pressing business, in the which
An hour's delay is fatal—let me see!
I know he loves the Duke—Yes, it will do!
I'll catch my brother in his better feelings,
And ere the journey's o'er his blood will cool,
And all will yet be well. Forgive me, Heaven,
If for a moment I should lean from truth
To save a brother's life! *(Sits down and writes.)*

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. The deed is done!
He's murdered, by my hand! that should have been
The first to stay the uplifted sword, or take
Its point into my breast.

Seb. Eternal mercy!
Am I too late?

Orl. Who's there? stand off—stand off—
I have a sword—Oh! brother, is it you?

Seb. How's this—Orlando! what do I behold?

Orl. His blood—his blood—'tis I have murdered him—

My friend—my Eribert—O, damned Orlando!
Doomed to remorse for ever!

Seb. My poor brother! *(weeps.)*

Orl. Don't weep—but take this sword—Sebastian,
take it—

'Tis crimson with his life drops and yet warm—
Here, sheathe it in my heart, and let our blood
Be still associated, even in death!
'Tis fit you be my executioner!—
Oh, had I listened to you—

Seb. Would you had!

Orl. Why don't you take the sword and strike me
down—

My life is blasted—I can naught but die—

You will not? Nay, then, my own hand—

Seb. Hold! fool! *(snatching sword,)*
Twice fool and madman? slaying first your friend,
Then bent on self-destruction!

Orl. Madman! fool!

Brother, beware—yes, yes—I am—I am!

But for that I am both, oh let me die—

By your hand, dearest brother! let me die!

Seb. No—there is retribution in the heavens,
And you must wait their time!—I will not chide—

You have erred deeply, but these tears avow
How much I love you.

Orl. Had I listened to you,
I might have saved this anguish.—Retribution!
Say you there's retribution in the skies?
O yes! his blood is on me,—it cries out,
Like Abel's, from the ground, with such a voice
As might be heard thro' all the depths of hell,
And out-bray heaven's own thunder!—O, that sound,
It comes in every breeze—the bells will ring it,
And even the cricket on the hearth, will speak
Of blood and fratricide—

Seb. O rave not thus!
There may be hope—

Orl. None—none—'tis all despair—
Who can wash blood away?—Will it not glow
On every thing I see—hills, woods and dales,
Where we have wandered, when there was a sun
In the bright heavens—will ask for Eribert,
And tax me with his murder—let me fly—
I cannot tarry here.

Seb. Where will you go?
Orl. Oh, any where to wander from myself—
To the impenetrable woods and mountains,
The inaccessible cliffs, among the eagles,
Where I may live an exile, as I am.
Brother, farewell—he kind to poor Irene,
And tell her not to curse me—and my father—
I ne'er shall see him more—farewell, for ever!

(Rushes out.)

Seb. Orlando—stay—oh, wretched, wretched boy!
What shall I do? He flies across the lawn
Like a young deer. I fear he means some purpose
Against his life—I've lost his course already—
'Twere best I follow him, and strive to track
The path he travels. Honor—cursed honor!
What misery hath thou engendered here! *(Exit.)*

SCENE V.—*The Council Chamber.*

FERDINAND on the Throne.

Ferd. Is there aught more for our deliberation?

1st Peer. There is a law, and may it please your
Highness,

That passed the Council several days ago,
Which yet awaits your signet.

Ferd. True, Don Manuel,
I had well nigh forgotten;—'tis of import,
And not to be overlooked. Was the law published
As of that day's enactment?

1st Peer. Ay, my lord—
Even as the vote was given.

Ferd. Bring a taper.
(He takes the wax and prepares to put his seal.)

Seb. Forgive me, sire, if I presume to beg,
Before the wax is melted, a short pause:—
It is not yet too late to stay a course
May bring us deep repentance. Ere your seal
Is fixed, the statute still may be recalled.
I know I am the youngest of this council—
An inexperienced youth amid wise age—
Yet let not that condemn me. O, my lords,
Why will you rear a fabric that shall fall
And bury you in ruin?—Why enkindle

A flame that shall ensure your own destruction ?
Do you not see that 'tis upon the noble,
The great, the rich, the high-born of the land,
This bloody law must work ? I crave your patience—
But let me pray your highness stay your hand,
And ponder it again !

Ferd. For shame, Sebastian !
Are you a son of mine that tell me this ?
Are not our laws alike for high and low,
Or shall we bind the poor man in its fetters,
And let the rich go revel in his crimes ?
Say you a bloody law—what is more bloody
Than these same private feuds, with which the land
For the last century has groaned. The wars
That have vex'd so long Castile and Arragon,
Have cost us life enough. We cannot spare
To have the flower and chivalry of Spain
Cut down in honor's quarrels. It is time
That duel be considered nought but murder,
And death its punishment. We need the law,
And it must pass—no matter if it fall
Upon the prince or peasant.

Seb. O, my lord—

Ferd. Let Don Diego speak.

2d Peer. I would but say,
If Don Sebastian wishes not this law,
'Twere well he gave us some good argument—
As yet we have heard no reason.

Seb. O ! by heaven !
I could give reason that should make you start,
As if the earth had spoken !—but I dare not.

Ferd. Sebastian, this is madness—pray be calm—
It ill becomes a Prince of Arragon
To talk thus wild in council. Ho ! my signet !

(Prepares to seal.)

Seb. Hold ! hold ! the wax will prove a viper's
tongue—

And sting you unto death.—Let it not meet
That burning taper : 'twill explode upon you,
And wreck your peace for ever.

Ferd. You grow wild—
Sir, I command your silence !

Seb. (aside.) O my father !
You little know the weapon you prepare
For your own heart !

Ferd. (sealing.) The law is ratified !

Antonio (without.) Nay, let me pass.

Attendant (without.) Indeed, my lord, I cannot ;
The prince is now in council.

Ant. (without.) Stand you by—
I'll see him, were he in his cabinet.

(Enters with IRENE—both kneel before the Prince.)

Ferd. My Lord Antonio, why this interruption ?
You were not wont—

Ant. Justice, my liege, and judgment ?

Ferd. Well—for what ?

Ant. The murder of my son !

Ferd. Murder—how murdered ?

Ant. Alas ! my lord ! some private controversy.

Ferd. What ! comes the victim to the stake already ?
Are we defied—and our thus new-made laws
Set at contempt ?—Why, this is well !—Sebastian,
Do ye hear this ?—here's Eribert, your friend,

Slain in a duel !—You'd repeal our law,
And let the assassin free.

Seb. I would—I would !

Unhappy man ! you know not what you say ! *(Aside.)*

Ferd. Who is the offender—speak his name, Antonio !
And have the council's judgment. Prince or peasant,
Herdman or peer—the law's impartial voice
Demands his forfeit life. Were he my son,
Nay, twice my child, I'd stand and see him perish
Upon the altar of immaculate justice
In such a cause as this ! Speak, Don Antonio,
The offender's name.

Ant. My lord ! I know it not.

Ferd. Nor you, Irene ?

Irene. Nay, my lord, I do not—
I only know my brother is no more,
And his destroyer fled—

Ferd. Fled—has he fled—
Nay, if the country hold him, our stern justice
Shall seek him out. Who is the culprit—who ?
My lords, are you informed upon this matter ?
Have you no clue ? Sebastian, you are wont
To gather news—do you know aught of this ?

Seb. Alas ! my sire, I do—but pardon me
If I beseech you let me pass away,
And hold my peace.

Ferd. What, would you shield the villain ?
In Heaven's name I command you, as your prince,
Disclose the word.

Seb. (aside.) He asks perdition of me—
And must I let it fall ! *(kneeling)* My honored father—
For your sake—for my own—and that of others
Whom now I must not name—bid me no more
To speak destruction to whole families,
And deluge them in tears ! It racks my heart
To think of what must follow ! Ask me not
To speak all that I know. The offender stands
So high in Arragon—

Ferd. I tell, thee, son—
Were he as high as royalty itself,
My faith is pledged against him—speak, I charge thee,
Without prevarication.

Seb. O, my father !
If I must tell what thou wilt groan to hear,
And I shall shrink to have uttered, let me speak it
Into thy private ear.

Ferd. I say—no—no !
The offence has been against the public law ;
The land has claim to public accusation.
Here, in the midst of these, my chiefs and nobles,
I'll hear the name. Sebastian, speak.

Seb. (collecting himself for the struggle.) It is—
Irene (who seems fired by a sudden impulse.)

If it is he, O do not speak, Sebastian !
'Twill kill me but to hear it !

Seb. (takes her in his arms without heeding her.)
Saints support me !

It is—Orlando of Arragon—

Ferd. (starting from his throne.) Great Heaven !

Irene. O, my Orlando ! *(Faints.)*

Ferd. (rushing front wildly.) I have slain my child !
*(Sinks to the floor. The characters group, and the
curtain falls.)*

UBIQUITY BILL.

A TRAVELLING GENTLEMAN FROM DOWN EAST.

"And 'a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in; bounce, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come; I shall never see such a fellow."—SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM JONES was my fellow graduate and roommate at Harvard. We entered college upon the same day, and our names were enrolled among the baccalaureates at the same commencement. Jones was a steady and a studious youth, but scarcely had he attained his degree, and quitted companionship with the Cambridge alumni, ere his father, a wealthy merchant, wished him to take the customary European tour; the necessary funds were provided, and the introductory letters procured. Jones selected his berth aboard one of the floating palaces of packets that voyage between New York and Liverpool; and as the vessel glided from the shores of his native land, and thrust her prow into the waters of the great Atlantic, he felt, to use his own words, that "a change" had indeed "come o'er the spirit of his dream." He became travel-mad—he was imbued with a restless spirit—smitten with the love of foreign climes, and "many-colored life." From that period he has been a perpetual tourist—a continuous vagabond—a sojourner by the way-side—"here to-day and gone to-morrow."

I am not going to recount the adventures of William Jones—nor shall I give his opinions or impressions of the countries he has visited. Indeed, I am not sure that he has formed any opinions himself—for he seldom remains longer than a day or two in any place. His passion is for travelling—for going a-head. He does not strive to economize his time or his trouble—a new road, an agreeable companion, or easy method of conveyance, will ever draw him from his intended route, and send him whirling along to an opposite point of the compass. His changes are so numerous, and his appearances in distant places so singularly sudden, that he has acquired the name of Ubiquity Bill among his acquaintances; a name not undeserved, for he almost seems to possess the faculty belonging to the Irishman's bird, of being in two places at once.

I have been somewhat of a traveller myself, as the patient reader will discover, if he dare venture to finish this strange but veracious relation. I have encountered Jones in various climes; generally in a very unexpected manner; but he is not my John Jones—my evil genius—for I joy in the society of my old room-mate, and love to grasp a countryman by the hand beneath a foreign sky. Besides, a meeting with Jones always affords me an evening of delight—he assigns such curious reasons for his eternal locomotion;

inquires so mechanically about the state of the roads and the management of the packets or stages upon my last route, and relates so many curious little voyaging adventures which he has experienced during his multitudinous trips. I first met with Jones during his earliest European tour—it was "on the margin of fair Zurich's waters;" I was gazing on the statue of Charlemagne that adorns the cathedral of that imperial city of narrow streets. Jones recognised me among the crowd, and a hearty slap on the back, and a terrific shake of the hand, evinced his gratification at the meeting. He was then hurrying, full tilt, to Basle, for the purpose of securing a place in one of the old fashioned water-diligences that descend the Rhine. He had been through the Tyrol, and intended spending the rest of the summer on and about "old father Rhine," steaming from town to town, and tasting the various wines of reputation, or occasionally diverging to the right or left of the stream, as the quality of the temptation might induce.

We had many things to talk about. He had not seen an American for many months; and had been out of the chance of receiving any letters—he regretted that it was impossible to join me in my intended visit to the Italian states, as he had given his word to overtake a party that had gone on from Schaffhausen; and although he desired my company, yet he could not undertake to cross the Alps again—the journeying was so execrable in every mountainous district. We parted in the morning, and went in directly opposite directions. I rapidly traversed the Grisons, crossed the Lepontine Alps by St. Gothard's pass, and after a day's rest for myself and horse at the Capuchins' *hospitium*, hastened on my way to Milan, along the banks of the Lake of Como. As I trotted up to the inn door, my friend Jones saluted me from the piazza. He had changed his mind in the course of the first day's ride—had traversed the extreme width of Switzerland with his usual rapidity—had crossed the Simplon in a *calèche légère*, and reached Milan half a day before the object of his pursuit.

Business detained me in Italy for several weeks; Jones soon grew tired, and, bidding me farewell, crossed to Genoa, and embarked for the Mediterranean. I saw him next in London—he was sitting in one of the corner boxes of the dress circle, at Covent Garden Theatre, surrounded by a large party of the fashionable

and the gay. I was on the opposite side of the house, and unable to catch his eye. I wished particularly to see him, for I was on the point of quitting England, and knew not where I might again encounter him. I went round to the box, but he was gone. I left London before daybreak—embarked at Dover for Calais, and *diligenced* my way to the French metropolis. While superintending the removal of my luggage, I saw William Jones descend the steps of a Parisian omnibus—I doubted my vision, but his smiling face and hearty grasp convinced me of his reality—he had crossed the British channel from Brighton to Dieppe, and having been fortunate in his sea voyage, the shortness of his land transit enabled him to arrive before me, and again gave me reason to fancy him endowed with powers of ubiquity.

I received a letter, shortly afterwards, from a gentleman in Scotland, giving me an account of a pleasant day's salmon fishing in company with an old friend, William Jones. The same post brought me an epistle from Dublin, with a notice of my countryman's presentation to the Lord Lieutenant. I met him (Jones) the next night in the gallery of the House of Commons.

A Bostonian, of the name of G——, once called on me, and requested my services as his friend in an affair of honor with a British naval officer. I inquired into the particulars, and found that Ubiquity Bill, as we generally termed the erratic Jones, had involved two very agreeable fellows in a serious quarrel respecting the possibility of his being in two places at once. Both of the gentlemen were positive in their assertions—one had observed Jones walking with an elegantly dressed lady in Hyde Park, London, at the usual hour of promenade, on one of the fashionable days, while the other asserted that he had that very day arrived from Paris, and had left Jones at a *rouge et noir* table in the Boulevards, winning every stake, and coolly pocketing the Frenchmen's francs. I explained the almost ubiquitous powers of my friend, but experienced severe difficulty in pacifying the beligerent feelings of the disputants.

Jones's trips and travels in Europe were all marked with the same eccentricity and rapidity of progress. The morning papers would contain an account of his arrival at Long's, and the Evening Gazette would notice his appearance at a *fête* given by the king of Belgium. He once made up a party, a pic nic to Richmond, on the Thames—on the morning of muster, a letter was received from him, with the Doncaster post mark, requesting a polite excusal—yet he joined the party at the supper-table, on their return to London.

When I was on the point of returning to America, I offered to take his letters to his friends—my services were kindly accepted, and a dozen or so of missives were given to my care. He informed me that he was about to visit Russia in the suite of an English envoy, and would most probably remain from home during

the whole of the ensuing year. In due time, I landed at New York, visited my friends, and after a few days' unavoidable delay, extracted Jones's letters from my trunks, and dropped them in at the post-office aperture. As I was strolling leisurely up Broadway, I saw, though I could scarcely believe my sight, the well known face of my ubiquitous friend, with a cigar stuck knowingly between his lips, and his hat impudently cocked on the back of his head, staring with the *ennuyé* air of a traveller, from one of the lower windows of the Astor House.

He quitted me for a tour through the Canadas, yet sufficient time for his *trajet* had barely elapsed, before I received a letter from an acquaintance at New Orleans, informing me that my old college chum, Jones, was a prodigious favorite in the fashionable circles of that city. I have two friends who will separately swear to seeing him, one at Jamaica, and the other at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, in the same week, while his aunt asserts that he did not leave Philadelphia till two days after the date sworn to by the rival seers. I do not pretend to explain the mystery of his whereabouts—I relate what I know, and what I have heard—the latter may be incongruous in its details, but a small allowance for the excitement of the narrators will make all square.

William Jones has been absent from home, upon his last trip, for more than a twelve month. He started to visit the fifth division of the globe, and determined to cross the whole of the Australian continent, from the English penal settlement on the coast washed by the South Pacific Ocean, to the Gulf of Carpentaria and the fairy islands of the Coral Sea. He wished to explore the secrets of the gigantic lagoons that absorb the waters of the Macquarie and other streams of magnitude that irrigate the boundless plains of that unknown land—he resolved to overcome the formidable barrier of the Blue Mountains, and penetrate into the recesses of the arid wastes beneath the tropical line.

We have received information of his arrival at Swan River; yet Captain Coffin, of the Nantucket whaler, Enterprise, declares that he saw Jones aboard the Dexterity barque, in Behring's Straits, as clerk or supercargo; and the last advices from China affirm that an enterprising young American, named William Jones, had succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the celestial city, and was deep in the favor of Fi-to, the heir apparent to the Brother of the Moon, and Uncle to the Seven Stars.

MILES DOTTEREL.

Boston, October, 1837.

**. Since writing the above, I am assured that my friend Ubiquity Bill, has just returned from Florida, and is now in the city, with the scalp of an Indian slain by him in the last engagement.

M. D.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

BY MISS JANE H. WILLIAMS, OF BELLEFONTE, PENN.

"This young officer, (Wolfe,) equally distinguished for his bravery and amiable qualities, led the British and Colonial troops to victory before the walls of Quebec, and fell in the moment of success."—GRIMSHAW'S UNITED STATES.

FAR from the green hills of thy native land,
Thy last sigh with the battle clang was blended—
No mother watched thee, and no sister hand,
Young warrior, on thy dying moments tended;
Thy only canopy the boundless sky,
Thy only dirge the shout of victory!

And thou did'st perish nobly, and most brave,
With the proud fame a soldier loves before thee;
Borne from the battle to thine early grave,
While fame her laurel leaf was holding o'er thee;
As the glad shout triumphantly passed on
From rank to rank, "they fly! the day is won!"

And thou didst pass, un'nounced to death's dark night
When the dread envoy from the foe had found
thee;
Wo for the brave! thy brethren of the fight
With sadden'd hearts and dim eyes gather 'round
thee!
When stern hearts melt and many a tear drop steals,
Tells it not grief which language ne'er reveals?

Thou hast thy meed, the hero's meed is thine!
Thy name recorded in the book of glory,
The laurel leaf thy memory doth entwine,
Emblazoned—chronicled in song and story.
And few there be, who boast with thee a name
In fame's proud dome, can equal virtue's claim.

Quebec's fair domes bear record of thy fame;
Proud Montmorenci on its bosom bears it;
Orleans' green Isle doth speak, and Abraham's plain
On its piled rocks and frowning heights still wears
it.
And free born men within their hearts do keep
An altar to thy memory still and deep.

Rest, soldier, rest; the war cry wakes thee not,
Nor the loud trumpet breaks thy calm repose;
Yet is thy grave a consecrated spot
Where many a brave deed done, bright lustre
throws.
Sweet be thy slumber in the narrow cell,
And soft thy pillow! Soldier, fare thee well.

THE ARAB TO HIS STEED.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

COME forth, my proud Arabian, the swelling sounds of
war
Peal loudly on the morning air, from crimson'd fields
afar;
Toss back thy wild and flowing mane, the foeman's
vaunting cry
Can bring no terrors to thy heart—no dimness to thine
eye.

'Mid thousand coursers on the plain, tho' wing'd with
lightning speed,
I've seen thee foremost in the ranks, my brave, fleet-
footed steed,
Undaunted 'mong a hostile band, thy proud, defying
neigh
Sent horror to the craven hearts that lin'd thine on-
ward way.

With tiny hands, my gallant steed, I've stroked thine
arching neck,
And many a childish garland wreath'd, thy king-like
head to deck;

I've taught thee to a nurling's touch that lofty head
to bow,
And cheer'd thee with a manly strength to dare the
battle's brow.

Come forth, my proud Arabian—impatient of de-
lay,
I see thee madly paw the earth, I hear thy swelling
neigh;
Come forth—thy prancing hoof is arm'd, and ready
for the toil,
The Arab rider and his steed fight for their native
soil.

One bound—I clasp thy panting sides, I feel thy
heaving heart,
And yet, ere night—perchance, perchance, my gallant
steed, we part;
It matters not—away, away, we battle for the brave,
So that the Arab and his steed, may fill a victor's
grave.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PROUD MAN.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

It may do good:
Pride hath no other glass to show itself
But pride.

SHAKESPEARE.

I LEFT college at the age of seventeen. The death of my father had caused an eventful difference in my worldly affairs; I was suddenly awakened from a dream of wealth and independence to the sad reality of poverty, and the consequent necessity of immediate employment. My father had speculated beyond his capital, and, unable to stand the shock of ruin, of buffet the waves of adversity, he had sunk in the vortex of the wreck.

My mother, the kindest and the best, was dependant on my exertions for her support; I was forced to undertake the task, though my pride revolted at the thought: for I was proud! fantastically, stupidly, proud. My mother had encouraged my romantic notions of gentility; I not only despised the unintellectuality of mercantile pursuits, but dreaded, as debasing and soul-withering, the touch of any implements connected with money making, either as a profession or a trade.

I was offered an eligible situation in the counting house of my father's most intimate friend. I considered the offer to be an insult; and commented in strong language on the intended degradation. With a bitter smile, the merchant asked my pardon; he regretted his mistake, but was not aware of the strength of my bank account. He left us, and we lost an excellent though hasty friend. A rich old broker offered to establish me in business, and, requiring only personal security, exact but a moderate interest on cash advanced. I rudely told the good old man that I would sooner starve. My mother, with a parent's fondness answered every proposal by requiring that my inclinations should be consulted; and, in accordance with my inclination, every friendly offer was refused, till we were gradually left alone, in poverty and pride, to wish impossibilities, and taste the heart-sickenings and sinkings of penurious respectability.

I had, during college leisure, found amusement in sketching the lineaments of various personages, members of our circle. I had a quick eye and a ready hand, and my portraits, for so in courtesy were the daubings called, generally possessed something of a resemblance. Opposite to the humble lodging, into which we had removed after my father's death, was the residence of a tradesman whose store was located in one of the principal streets of the city; one of his children, a lovely, laughing girl, about two years of age, frequently attracted my attention. A merry twinkle of the eye and a constant smile beautifully lighted up the fat dimples of childhood's features, and ringlets of light glossy hair curled over her round and chubby shoul-

ders. Her appearance came in beautiful contrast with the marked and swarthy features and African head-gear of her negro nurse. I was struck with the picture; and sketched it one morning on a piece of panel, coloring and finishing it at my leisure.

The child, a favorite with my mother, was brought into my room, to see if she would recognise the likeness of her nurse. The negro girl was delighted, and blazoned forth the story. The loan of baby's picture was requested, that father might see the likeness. The next day produced a letter, requesting permission to retain the picture, and enclosing twenty dollars, its estimated value, with an offer of the like sum for the portrait of every member of the family. I was from home when this well-meant epistle arrived, but, having perused it on my return, my pride took alarm, and I desired that the merchant should be informed that I was no hireling dauber, and the cash be immediately returned. That was impossible; my poor parent had hailed this opening to a respectable profession with delight; had personally acceded to the wishes of our neighbor; and nearly the whole of the twenty dollars had been expended in supplying the wants of our little household, and in procuring the actual necessities of life.

Repayment being impracticable, I gulped down my pride, and, forced by fell necessity, painted the other portraits. My friends again rallied round me; my industry was rewarded—and when the first year of my mother's widowhood had expired, I had the heartfelt pleasure of seeing her in comparative respectability and comfort, the result of my exertions independently and honestly applied.

Almost the only intimacy which I had formed at college was with Gerard Hayne, a young student from New England. He seemed devotedly attached to me; soliciting, nay, demanding my friendship by many acts of kindness which, eventually, thawed my haughty disposition, and I condescended to receive him as my friend. In answer to a letter that I had sent to him at college, describing my change in life and subsequent intentions, I received the following warm-hearted effusion:—

"DEAR FRANK—Your letter has sensibly affected me—I cannot describe how much, till we personally indulge in that communion which your absence has so distressingly interrupted. The same post that delivered your missive, brought me a letter from my beloved sister, Maria; she is most unpleasantly situated—compelled by the will of my late uncle, our family's benefactor, to be married ere she attains the age of eighteen, or suffer the whole of his immense fortune to pass into the hands of strangers. My uncle married late in life; but, making a bad choice, became

enthusiastic in his admiration of early wedlock. My sister is within a few weeks of the age which my uncle imagined to be the hymeneal ultimatum, and her heart is yet untouched. Her chance of wealth is well known, and Maria writes me word that she is environed with beaux. I hope she will be cautious in her choice, for we are all the world to one another in the way of relatives; and I should be sorry to lose the companionship of such a girl, by resigning her to any one unable to appreciate her value.

"Frank, run home with me, and pass a month, before you settle down for ever to that face-making profession you have chosen. I wish you to see Maria—to love her, if you can; and marry her, if she will.

"I have often said that you were much alike in features, thoughts, and manners; and particularly in that determined spirit of independence which, through much indulgence, has resulted in indomitable pride. I mean not to offend you, recollect. I have told her the same, and have had her cherry lips in pouting projection for many days together, in reward for my candor.

"I shall be with you to-morrow. Trusting that you will deem my communication entirely confidential,

"I remain, my dear Frank,

"Yours, truly,

"GERARD HAYNE.

"July, 182-."

I accepted this proposal without a second thought; the idea of certain independence almost turned my brain. A well regulated mind would have scorned the thought of marriage as a means of wealth alone, but my pride conquered the whisperings of honor; and, in imagination, I already grasped her fortune, and once more stood above the world.

I accompanied my friend to his home. Maria Hayne was a beauty of the first class. I loved her from the moment I beheld her. Her oval countenance and dark complexion reminded me of the peerless belles of old Castile; her elegantly arched brows gave a graceful softness to the fire of her dark hazel eyes. Her brown hair, smoothed over a well shaped forehead, hung, in love-enfolding ringlets, on the peach-like bloom of her cheeks. Description cannot paint the beauty of her small, but playful mouth; nor depict the graceful elegance of her swan-like neck. Lovers have described their mistresses; painters have shadowed forth the charms of goddesses; and sculptors have embodied their wonderful idealities—but I had never gazed on living beauty like Maria Hayne, and my heart instantly acknowledged her sovereignty, as I bowed before her shrine.

Maria was playful as the graceful fawn. Seldom could I entice her into serious conversation; and, although I was gratified in observing that my attentions were always welcome, yet the vivacity of her disposition continually prevented a positive declaration of my love. But the affectionate Gerard frequently congratulated me on my success with his wayward sister, and I complacently viewed myself as the future husband of the lovely Maria, and master of all her wide domains.

We were rambling, one delightful summer evening, through the intricacies of a belt of forest skirting the Hayne estate, when the lively girl began a satirical review of her various lovers, and commented in the severest terms upon the apparent venality of their motives. My cursed pride revolted at the remotest chance of an implied insinuation, and, suddenly ceasing my usual tone of familiar affection, I inquired if Miss Hayne suspected me of mercenary intentions.

Maria fixed upon me a penetrating glance, and mildly said: "Never till now, Frank; your present confusion is the effect of conviction. Your conscience accuses you of the paltry motives that first impelled you to seek my acquaintance—but, never mind; I forgive you, for I believe that you now prefer me, and not my estate.

"That question, madam, may very soon be resolved," said I, in my most dignified style.

"Nay, now, Frank, do not look so sulky. You would not have me, simple girl as I am, enter into competition with a bunch of real estate big enough for the ground plot of six cities, or oppose my pretensions to the beauties of stock securities."

"There is no need to parade a description of your wealth, madam," said I. "Your insinuations are thoroughly understood."

Why should I dwell upon this fatal instance of my besotted pride? The warm-hearted girl exerted herself to remove the effects of her badinage, but my inordinate self-esteem despised her explanation, and, like a brute, I walked haughtily away, leaving her to return through the forest by herself.

Gerard Hayne, when made acquainted with my precipitancy, exerted every possible means of reconciliation; but my obdurate pride refused to make the slightest acquiescence. One of my rivals told me of a speech made by Maria, that set my heart in flames. "Tell the painter," said the playful girl, "that if he confesses his fault, and begs for pardon, I will employ him to paint my portrait, and endeavor to persuade the rest of my beaux to patronise him with their custom."

When this speech was reported to me, I foamed at the mouth, and swore that I would have deadly revenge for the damning insult. Pride, for the moment, conquered love; and hate, black, revengeful hate, took possession of my heart. I removed from the Hall, and travelled on to New York ere I condescended to inform Gerard of my departure. My letter was insultingly cold; and I enclosed, in bank bills, the estimated expense of my board during my sojourn, according to the charges of the Boston and New York hotels.

This act of wicked, mad-brained pride, almost bared my wallet of its contents; but I had satisfied my ostentation, and evinced, what I painfully felt to be untrue my perfect independence of pecuniary results. I resolved also to remain in New York till my spirits resumed their usual tone, and I should be enabled to face my parent with wonted calmness.

On a gala evening, I entered one of the public gardens in the upper part of the city, hoping in the bustling crowd to rub off the morbid excitement under which I labored. The varied nature of the entertain-

ments attracted my attention; the jovial faces of the visitors seemed to soften the asperity of my feelings, and I entered with unusual alacrity into the amusements of the hour. A merry-voiced damsel excited my notice. She was not very beautiful—her ill-formed mouth and snub nose were but poorly compensated by the twinkle of her small but piercing eyes. She was flauntingly attired, but an appearance of excessive good humor seemed to pervade every action, and her ready laugh attested her enjoyment of the scene.

Whilst gazing at a flight of rockets, she fell, or pretended to fall into my arms. Recovering, in great confusion, she apologised with ready phrase for the accidental slip, which was owing, as she declared, to the inequalities of the ground. A lively conversation ensued—she was wonderfully deferential and polite—and I obtained permission, while seeing her home, to accompany her to the theatre on the succeeding night.

I should be happy to draw a veil over this part of my eventful life—to hide the weakness of my erring nature from my friends, and keep concealed the potency of my sorry pride. This girl, vulgar, ignorant, and coarse—without the slightest adventitious aid, excepting a decent figure and a profusion of light frizzly hair, so won upon my affection by flattering my pride, that the delicate and high minded Maria was, for a time, forgotten in the specious delight of an insinuating tongue.

A few weeks, devoted to the costly round of theatres, gardens, boating parties, and country trips, soon exhausted the remainder of my funds. My mother had written to me from our humble residence on the banks of the Delaware, for a fresh supply of cash, but I was unable to answer her demands. My false and rotten pride allowed me to submit to the degradation of obtaining a temporary supply from the pawnbroker, on the security of my watch and my diamond breast pin, in preference to soliciting help from the companions of my father.

I knew that the time allotted to Maria Hayne for the termination of her celibacy by her uncle's will, would soon expire; I knew that Gerard was not rich enough quietly to resign the immense fortune of his relative, and I knew that Maria was but too ready to oblige her darling brother. I anticipated, therefore, the reception of a message from Gerard, requesting me to return to the Hall, and accept the hand of his fair and wealthy sister.

I was sauntering down Broadway one quiet evening, with my new acquaintance, who had decked herself in habiliments of every color in the rainbow, when my sight was attracted by the neatness of a carriage and pair, evidently containing a bridal party. The lady, habited in white, turned her head as the vehicle passed me, and I beheld, distinctly, the features of my adored Maria.

Who was her husband? when were they married? I left my partner in the street, and rushed from tavern to tavern, and tore the papers into shreds in my anxiety to discover a notice of the wedding. My search was, for a time, in vain—a lad came into the reading room with a pile of Eastern newspapers from the post office.

I picked up the latest date, and read the announcement of the marriage of Miss Maria Hayne to Mr. Stephen Brockett, of Rhode Island.

My outraged pride burst all bounds. She had dared to accuse me of mercenary conduct; yet, to secure her uncle's wealth, she had sacrificed herself to age and fat stupidity. Brockett was forty years old—he was a quiet good natured fool, without a positive quality under heaven.

I soon resolved upon my course. I was determined that she—the false Maria—should not long triumph over my weakness; but, like all revengeful people, I injured no one but myself.

I ran to my garden beauty, and, pretending the most violent attachment, proposed instant marriage. Deceived by the gentility of my manners, the quiet respectability of my dress, and the apparent command of money that I enjoyed, she imagined that she was making an excellent connexion, and gave a willing consent. The next day's papers announced my marriage with Miss Catherine Bishop, eldest daughter of Colonel Bishop, of Massachusetts.

My pride was appeased. I was married almost as soon as the perfidious Maria. She had not triumphed over me, for I had boldly displayed my freedom from all interested motives—I had equalled her in the public exhibition of personal indifference—but I had leagued myself to infamy and sorrow.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell!
An age of discord, and continual strife.

SHAKESPEARE.

My poverty drove me from the scene of my imaginary triumph, without the possibility of giving the inconstant Maria a parting glance. I landed within a few hundred yards of our humble dwelling, with my gaudily drest bride upon my arm, but with scarcely a dollar in my pocket. My worthy parent gazed with surprise upon the daughter I had brought home, but received her with expressions of affectionate welcome, as the bride of her only son.

When an opportunity offered, my mother fondly blamed me for my precipitate match, but, hoping for the best, inquired about the respectability of the family of my wife. I could give no answer; her father's name had not been correctly stated in the papers—it was merely a puff of my pride. How had she gained my heart? I was ashamed to say that I had been flattered into a sickly fondness, and had married through revenge. I could not point out the accomplishments of my wife, for she was destitute of the commonest acquisition. I could not praise her intellect, for her diction was vulgar and common place—and her lack of beauty was freely descanted on by my mortified parent.

My wife scrupled not to express her astonishment at the meanness of our habitation; and plainly gave me to understand that she regretted having thrown herself away upon a beggar. A few days sufficed to wear away even the appearance of respect, and she

accused me of swindling her into marriage under the false appearance of a gentleman, when I was but a half-starved painter. Her violent language severely pained my venerable parent; and my pride, smarting under the obloquy I had myself inflicted, rendered my life supremely miserable.

Shortly after the expiration of the first year of my marriage, my wife presented me with a boy. I had hoped that the softness of maternal cares would effect some little melioration in her conduct, but the child was looked upon as a hindrance to her gadding propensities, and was shortly resigned to the attention of his grandmother. Under her care, my boy thrived well, and I found the little fellow gradually winding round my heart, and robbing my cup of life of some portion of its bitters.

With the utmost exertions, I could scarcely keep the demon want from my fireside. My immediate friends were soon supplied with portraits, and my pride would not allow me to solicit patronage from strangers. My mother severely felt the disadvantageous match I had so childishly hurried into, and pined over the blasted prospects of her beloved son. She died, in a few years, heart-broken, and despairing.

My wife openly rejoiced at the old woman's death, as she kindly phrased it, and immediately insisted on removing from the dull cottage in Pennsylvania, and recommended that I should try my luck as an artist in New York. I attended to her wishes, and established myself in a small house in an obscure nook, in the upper portion of that city. But my removal made matters worse than before. The idle and dissolute persons who were formerly companions of my wife, again crowded round her, and incited us to join them in their vulgar abominations of tavern balls, garden concerts, and other excuses for public gadding. My pocket was too poor to afford such frivolities, and my time was too precious to waste. After a few denials, my wife refused to succumb to my determination, and frequently left me, in open defiance, and passed half the night away from her husband and her child.

I remonstrated, threatened, and implored, but all in vain. My proud heart quailed beneath this treatment, but I turned to the child of my affections, and found solace in the cheerfulness of his innocent prattle.

Let me be brief in the narration of my disgrace. A mechanic, of low habits, frequented my house in my absence, and frequently accompanied my wife in her visits to the play. He was a down-looking, thick-lipped, pock-fretted scoundrel, and an object of my undisguised abhorrence. I was sitting with my dear child upon my knee, waiting for the return of my wife from a fancy ball, and watching from the open parlor window the gradual breaking of the young day, when my wife burst into the room, and throwing herself upon the floor, went into violent hysterics. When I succeeded in bringing her to her senses, she informed me that in her way home she had been grossly insulted by this Shoard, for so was the ruffian named, and had barely escaped with honor. I seized a stick, and rushed out, but the neighborhood was free from stragglers. But my outraged pride demanded retri-

bution; I insisted upon knowing the fellow's haunt that I might have instant revenge. She told me that he lived at Brooklyn, whither he was doubtless gone. I sallied forth, determined on revenge, but after several hours fruitless search, I returned, wearied and disgusted, to my home.

When I opened the door of my humble dwelling, I was surprised to find the parlors naked and empty. The chairs, carpets, tables, and other appointments were gone. I called aloud, but was not answered. I rushed up stairs—the best part of the bedding was gone, and open drawers and cupboards attested the completion of the plunder. My boy was amusing himself among the flowers of his little garden. I called him to me, and found that the ruffian Shoard had removed every article worth taking, and that my wife had accompanied him in his departure.

The iron entered my soul, and I gave myself up in despair.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

There's not an accent of that tender voice,
There's not a day-beam of those sun-bright eyes,
Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half utter'd, feeling half-betray'd,
Nor glance of kindness; no, nor gentlest touch
Of that dear hand in amity extended,
That e'er was lost to me; that, treasur'd well,
And oft recall'd, dwells not upon my soul,
Like sweetest music heard at summer's e.

Mrs. JAMISON.

The endearments of my boy roused me from my lethargy, but I could not shake off the despondency of mind that affected me, and seemed to threaten the utter prostration of my faculties. I reverted to the scenes of my youth, and thought of the proud expectations of my father, who had fondly anticipated a bright career of glory for his only child. Then did I curse the silly pride that tempted me to outrage the feelings of my friends, to insult the love of the fair Maria, to drive the estimable Gerard from my esteem, and force me to the arms of ignorance and sin. I envied the simple rustic, doomed to follow the plough's tail—the toil-worn artisan, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—or the humble fisher boy who spreads upon the beach his shining prey, laboriously torn from beneath the distant wave.

My son, nearly five years of age, like a heavenly comforter, cheered me in my sad dismay. His round and beauteous face beamed with love's expression, when he asked me to read to him, or join him in a game at play. I had a few dollars by me; while they lasted, I used to run out at night to a cellar in the neighborhood, and procure sufficient nourishment for that evening and the following day. When the money was gone, I disposed of the very few remaining articles of furniture, apparel, and books that the rapacity of my wife had suffered to remain. All, all went at last—but I could not bring myself to visit any of my acquaintances, and own the bitter degradation I had been compelled to undergo. I sent my boy to one or two of the neighbors to borrow small sums for the purchase of our daily bread. I was too proud to go myself, but I intended every succeeding day to make

some important move that might relieve us from our distress, but I never could bring myself to decide upon the plan, nor muster resolution enough to conquer my shame-faced pride.

One morning, I found myself without a cent, and not the smallest morsel of eatable matter was in the house. I did not dare to trouble the neighbors again, and I was resolving the means of getting a breakfast, when my dear boy came to me, and asked for a drink of water. His eyes were heavy and inflamed, and his skin seemed hot and feverish. I became alarmed for the safety of my child. In the depth of my wretchedness, he was my only joy—my pillar of light guiding me through the wilderness of my desolation—the only bright bit to cheer me with its rainbow hues in the dark and cloudy atmosphere I was compelled to dwell in.

I wrapped him in his bed rug, and after cooling his mouth with water, requested him to sleep for a short time, while I went for our meals for the day. I knew not where to go, but it was impossible to let my boy starve; smothering, therefore, my pride, I knocked at the door of an old school-fellow, and, sending up my name, requested to see him. The servant looked suspiciously at my shabby attire, and immediately returned with an announcement of "not at home." I withdrew dispirited, and repeated my experiment in another street, but was insultingly refused the loan of a moderate sum. I could starve, but I could not ask again for money.

When I returned, I found my little darling in a raging fever. I was alarmed, and would have summoned assistance, but knew not where to apply. He piteously besought me not to leave him again. I sat down by his side, and tried to cheer him with my talk, but his heavy eyes gave no sign of interest, and he answered not to my observations.

Darkness came on. I had no candle to lighten the sick chamber. Stretching myself, as usual, on the floor, and pillowing my head upon my arm, I sank into a disturbed and unrefreshing sleep.

In the morning, my child was worse, much worse. His limbs were subjected to convulsive twitchings, and sighs and sobs of pain broke half stifled from his lips, which were parched and split by fever. I knelt by his side, hoping, praying for a change. I could not bear the thought of seeing him die neglected—unattended. I determined that he should have advice, if I fell upon my knees in the open streets, and begged the charity of the passers-by. I whispered to him that I was about to go out for a few moments, to fetch him something that would make him well. He opened his eyes full upon me, and seemed about to cry; his breath puffed out hot and noisome, smelling of the grave's decay. He seized my hand, and, clasping it to his breast, turned upon his side, as if resolved to hold me to him while his little life should last.

Nothing disturbed the horror of my thoughts for many hours, but his short, hard breathings, which seemed to increase in speed as he neared his journey's end. Night was fast approaching, and the pangs of hunger were tearing me to pieces. I was pondering on the apparent impossibility of obtaining food, when I

was startled by the sound of my son's voice, addressing me in his usual clear and musical tone. "Father, if I get quite well to-night, will you take me into the country to-morrow? it is so dull here, and I long to be amongst the flowers."

I knew not what to say. The suddenness of the speech was not more surprising than the manner. I kissed him, and promised what he asked. He threw his arms about my neck, and said: "What a dear father you are; how I do love you. I am almost well already." His face was cool; and his eyes, free from the fever fire, gradually closed; as if he was about to fall into a refreshing sleep. I watched him till the darkness foiled my sight, when I glided gently out of the room, my heart elate with new-sprung hope.

I seized the opportunity afforded by his repose, to search over the house for some disposable article—but in vain. I had parted with every moveable that I had possessed in the world. My linen was all gone. Beds and bedding, except the solitary blanket that my boy slept on, had been sold some days past; all my apparel, excepting what I then had on. My vest—I could spare that. It was worn and old, but it would produce something, however trifling. I pulled it off, buttoned my coat over my shirt; and, joyously hastening to the pawnbroker, received a shilling in exchange. With this sum, I purchased a fever powder, a lemon, and some sugar; and, borrowing a lamp from the oyster cellar where I had generally purchased my provisions, returned home gayer in spirit than I had felt for many weeks. My boy, my pride, my all, might still survive. Oh, could I but see the roseate bloom of health once more mantling on his cheek, I would never more repine. Poverty should conquer pride. If I could not obtain work, I would beg, borrow—God forgive me! I thought that I could even steal to feed my boy.

My hands trembled from excess of joy, as I prepared the cooling draught for my son. I gently lifted up the latch of the door, and entered his room, expecting to hear his dear soft voice in inquiry as to my absence, and anticipating the beauty of his smile when he thanked me for my trouble. The light fell upon the bed; he had not moved. I called him in a cheerful tone, and kneeling upon the ground, offered him the drink. God in heaven! his eyes were wide open—his jaw had dropped—my son was dead!

I did not weep, nor rave, nor tear my hair. I sat down silently upon the floor, and in dumb affliction passed the night. I did not sleep—the heaviness of my loss had crushed my heart, and palsied all my faculties. I knew that my child was dead, and knowing that, had thoughts for nothing more. He was my world. Penury had crushed my joy and my ambition; friendship, connubial love, filial duty—where were the objects of their care? My boy was all that I had left amid my passions' wreck—in him were concentrated my love, my pride, my hope—and he was gone; for ever, ever gone!

Two entire days and nights had passed since I had tasted food, but I seemed full to satiety, although twelve hours ago, a pack of ravenous wolves seemed worrying my entrails. The morning broke; I covered my head in the death blanket of my child to hide me

from the gay and cheerful light. I had been a long and pained watcher; weariness had pressed her clammy hand upon me; my weak frame was unable to withstand the fatigue, and I gradually sunk into a broken and uneasy sleep.

Who can explain the vagaries of dreams? Alas, in sleep, I tasted the happiness that was forbidden me on earth. I thought that I was the husband of Maria; that we were walking in a beautiful pleasure garden, with my dear boy bounding before us in all the joy of youth, pointing out the brightest flowers to my notice, presenting the sweetest to his mother. Yes!—Maria was the mother of my child. I was too blest, too happy. In the ecstasy of the moment, I caught my wife to my bosom—the exertion awakened me—I was embracing the lifeless body of my son.

I went into the streets, and walked for some time, endeavoring to drown the recollection of my grief in the bustle of the crowd. It was a vain attempt. The never-ending tide of population that streams through the streets of our chief Atlantic city only made me more intensely feel the depth of my desolation. Amidst the crowd, I knew that I was alone—a solitary being, without one connecting tie to life, without one claim upon my human kind.

I returned home—to my empty naked home—to the corse of my beloved son. A fearful change had already taken place, showing the power of the disease by which he had been destroyed. It was necessary that he should instantly be buried, but I had neither money nor friends, and my pride would not consent that my son should owe to charity, the scanty decencies of a pauper's grave. Besides, it would be useless to reveal my poverty and shame, and ask assistance, when the bitterness of death had passed.

I carried back the lamp, and borrowed a hammer and a saw. I wrenched off the shutters from the windows of the upper rooms, and endeavored to cut and nail them into coffin shape. I was unused to the work, and it was nearly dark before I had concluded the rough and ill-shaped box. With a throbbing heart, I performed the last sad offices to my child; and, wrapping him in the shirt taken from off my back, the only piece of linen in my possession, I consigned him to his coffin; when kissing his cheek, already damp with the fetor of decay, I hastened to prepare his final resting place.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

This child so loved—this child so fair,
Grew paler every day;
A weight upon his spirits hung,
They watched him pine away.

They laid him in a little grave,
Wash'd by the morning dew,
Which falls whenever the pine boughs wave,
As they were weeping too.

The father's moan was never heard,
None saw him weep or sigh,
Upon his lip was not a word,
But death was in his eye.

MISS LONDON.

In the sunniest corner of the little garden did I dig the grave of my fair-haired child—with his own little spade—in the midst of the flowers he had planted, and

under the althea tree, beneath whose shade we often had reposed. From want of rain, the ground was hard, and in my weak, exhausted state, the labor seemed excessive. My back ached to soreness, my hands blistered in many places, and soon became torn, bleeding, and stiff. I had no pickaxe to loosen the earth—nothing but the small and broken spade. Yet with all this violent and unusual exercise, not a drop of moisture exuded from my pores—but my head seemed full of fiery coals, and my eyes ached with pain as I closed over them the hot and burning lids.

I crawled from out the grave, and as I staggered up the yard towards the house, I reeled like a drunken man. I had not tasted food for more than sixty hours. I seized my precious bundle—I had no light to gaze my last upon his angel face. I fastened on the rude coffin lid by tying around it the skipping rope of my boy—the rope he had so often used in his light and cheerful play. I raised the coffin to my shoulder; I stood upon the head of the steps leading to the garden; and as I was about descending with my load, the heaviest that a father ever bore, a band of music in a neighboring garden struck up a triumphant air—a flight of rockets whizzed through the sky, and a merry shout evinced the gratification of the crowd.

I turned sick at heart. Hundreds of my fellow creatures were revelling in enjoyment, whilst I, like a murderer, in darkness and secrecy, was burying my victim's corse. They were indulging in expensive pleasures, whilst I, compelled by poverty, was hiding the body of my beloved babe in unholy earth, like a dog—despair wringing my heart, and hunger gnawing my vitals.

The fireworks again rose high in the clear air, illuminating all the place with meteoric light. I dreaded being seen by the neighbors, and crouched down amongst the damp bushes, hugging to my breast the burden of my love. The multitude again shouted; I could have cursed them, but did not dare profane that moment by an oath. I thought of my wife—at these gardens I had first met with her, and it was not unlikely but she was then amongst the merry shouting crowd. Busied in the pleasures of frivolity and crime, she knew not of the death of her first born, nor cared for the anguish of his father, her betrayed—her starving husband.

The voices ceased, and the garden was again wrapped in gloom. With much difficulty, I succeeded in placing the coffin in the half-formed grave. The wind sighed mournfully through the branches of the althea tree, and shook off the withered flowers in a gentle shower upon the coffin—a fitting emblem of my faded flower, my rose untimely plucked. I wished to pray over his dear remains, before the earth covered them for ever. I could not pray—I should have screamed, for I was all but mad. When I attempted to crawl out of the grave, my foot slipped; in falling, my head struck against the edge or shoulder of the spade, and I received a severe and painful wound. I jumped up, and began furiously to throw in the loose mould. The hollow sound of the damp death earth, striking against the coffin of my beloved son, smote upon my heart—it sounded like the knell of every hope on earth. A

burst of laughter from some citizens passing the end of the alley, bound homeward from the gardens, grated on my ears like the yells of malignant demons. The spade fell from my hands, and I burst into a violent flood of tears. I sat down on the edge of the grave, and with my head sunk upon my chest, and my hands convulsively clutching my matted and blood-soaked hair, I wept long and bitterly.

The cold breeze of the morning played on my fevered temples, and by the hazy light of an autumnal dawn, I filled up the grave, and restored the garden to its usual appearance. I had secured my son's remains from violation, but I was without the means of satisfying the vulture that was again awake, and craved for food. Death could alone release me from this accumulated misery. The waters flowed deep and strong—oblivion was beneath them—one plunge—and all would then be still.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Death! Death!—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror of posterity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulted brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of death with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

SHAKESPEARE.

I rushed from my melancholy house, and as I turned the corner of the alley, the sun burst out in golden splendor, and darted his radiance full upon my face. The cheerfulness of his beams seemed to mock my wretchedness; I shaded my eyes with my hand, and dashed madly forward. I ran for some distance without being observed. Several blocks were yet to be passed before I could reach the river; I hurried on, looking anxiously down the street for a sight of the water, as for a dear and welcome friend that alone could relieve me from the fierceness of my despair.

A stevedore, hastening to his work, encountered me at the corner of a street. He spoke to me; I would have avoided him—but, struck by the wretchedness of my appearance, he followed rapidly, and loudly called on me to stop. I quickened my pace, and turning aside into a bye-street, jumped hastily down a ladder leading into the cellar of a dry-goods warehouse, and, hiding myself in the corner, heard my pursuer pass along the street. I remounted the steps, and was congratulating myself upon my escape, when I was seized roughly by the arm, and found myself in the grasp of the warehouseman, who, with his comrades, had been drawn into the street by the cries of my pursuer. I was interrogated as to my purpose in entering the cellar. My recent hasty pace, added to the night's excitement, had been too much for my weak emaciated frame. I could not answer them, but stood, making mouths and gibbering like an idiot, as I vainly endeavored to explain.

"Some poor devil of a lunatic, who has hurt himself in escaping from a mad house," said one of the men, pointing to the wound in the side of my head, which had bled freely, and the sanguine stream had plentifully bedewed my clothes. "We had better take care of him, I guess," continued the man; "hold on to him, while I go and bring an officer." My weakness caused me to stagger, and I caught at the man for support. "Oh, that's it, eh? drunk, by the lord!" said he, pointing at my clothes, stained with the earth from the grave of my child. "He has been tumbling about the streets, and that's the way he has cut his head." The men began pushing me about till I fell against the wall; a burst of laughter followed, and they told me to reel home as soon as I could and wash my face, and get the store open before the boss was there, or I should lose my place. I crawled slowly up the street—the men jeering and shouting after me while I remained in sight.

This incident diverted me from my course. I was compelled to walk some distance ere I could again turn down towards the river. At last, I reached the wharves; at a little distance, I espied a vessel moored in the stream, and a few yards apart from the other craft, but communicating with them by a plank. It was apparently unoccupied. In a few moments I stood over the deep and rolling tide, alone, and ready for the fatal plunge.

I took off my suspenders, and twisted them securely round my hands to check, as much as possible, the instinctive efforts of nature. While thus occupied, I glanced my eyes around, to take my last sad look. The sun was high in the heavens, shining clear and full, giving a pleasant and grateful warmth, which the fresh morning breeze wafted cheerily abroad. The river brought down its pure stream from the mountains, and careering joyously onwards, hastened to mingle its waters with the wide Atlantic sea. The cultivation of the distant lands glowed in the early sunshine like masses of the precious metals; the variegated hues of the forests, at that season always rich and grand, received new splendor in their tints from the beauty of the young day, shadowed occasionally by a passing cloud which gracefully sailed on the face of the light blue sky. The bay, unequalled in magnificence, was before me, spread out far and wide, like a lovely page in the book of nature. Crowds of sails were hovering over it, in strange variety of shape, like the wings of wonderful and far off birds. The limpid water, gazing at and reflecting the glories of the heavens, was reposeing, as if in voluptuous enjoyment, calm and unruffled, except when rippled by the zephyr's kiss.

The quiet loveliness of the scene rivetted my attention. I drank down huge draughts of its beauty—I felt its balm enter my soul. Nature seemed speaking to me with her thousand tongues—every thing appeared life-like, joyous and grateful. I shuddered with horror when I recollected my impious purpose, and was unable to continue my gaze. *I thought that the Creator smiled upon me!* and I knelt down and prayed.

I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and, turning round,

beheld the stevedore who had chased me through the streets. He had recognised me from the wharf, and quietly approached me. In plain and simple language, free from one word of reproach, he requested me to abandon my design, and offered his services to see me home or to my friends. Friends! home! I had no home; at least, no place possessing any of the usual attributes of home; but I was touched by his kindness, and gratefully squeezing his hard and toil-worn hand, I pointed towards the shore.

When we had reached the wharf, my strength had failed, and, utterly exhausted, I sat down upon a bale of merchandise, and swooned. I was recovered by the exertions of the stevedore; he chafed my torn and blistered palms—he dipped his hat into the river, and sprinkled me with the refreshing drops. A crowd collected round me; his story was soon told—he had prevented me from drowning myself. Some of them pitied, while others jeered. My coat, buttoned to the chin, was unloosed, in spite of my remonstrance. The absence of my shirt and vest was noticed, and, coupled with the ghastliness of my looks, told a tale of sorrow and privation that appealed to their human sympathies, and there was a burst of commiseration from the crowd.

The story spread with rapidity. Clerks ran from the stores—the seamen hurried from their ships—the carmen left their drays—and the children suspended their play to gaze, half frightened, on my cadaverous face. Questions were showered upon me that I was unable to answer; and a tall, thin man, in a suit of black, addressed the mob, and pointed out the sinful nature of my attempt—the result, doubtless, of an ill spent life, and despair of pardon in the world to come. I was unable to endure this treatment. I had become an object of public pity and reproach—nay, I was more—a show, a mark for the finger of ignorance to point at—an illustration of the vices of the age. I buried my face in the bosom of the stevedore, who interrupted the noisy strain of fanaticism with a volley of oaths and threats.

A stout red faced man pressed through the crowd, and talked loudly of the obstruction of his business, and insisted upon my immediate removal from his wharf. When he was reminded of my inability to walk, he offered a quarter dollar to pay my coach fare to the *Alms House*!

Pride came to my assistance, and strengthened every limb. I rose, and putting aside my consequential director with a dignified motion of the arm, moved as if I intended to pass through the crowd. The people opened a path for me, but ere I had staggered a dozen yards, I beheld, right before me, his eyes fixed upon me with a doubtful gaze, Gerard Hayne—the brother of Maria.

He uttered my name in a tone of interrogatory. I nodded in reply.

"Is it really you? good God, what is the matter? you are half naked, bleeding, starving! What have you been about?"

"Burying in a hole, dug by myself, the body of my only child."

When I had uttered these words, the first that I

had spoken for many dreary hours, I fell senseless upon the ground.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

*Æquum memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, morture Delli.*

MORACE.

Gerard's kind attentions restored me to myself. His friendship poured the oil of peace upon my troubled spirit, and the employments of industry eradicated the morbid feelings of my mind. Despising dependence, I applied myself to the study of my profession with an earnestness that astonished even myself. By the recommendations of my friend, I soon obtained a lucrative practice, and the first proceeds of my pencil were devoted to the furtherance of the interests of the stevedore, whose kindness appeared at a moment when it was most deeply felt. I purchased the dwelling wherein I had formerly lived, and placed him and his family in quiet possession—requiring, in quittance of rent, that they should keep the untimely grave of my fair haired boy free from weeds. Gerard wished me to consent to his exhumation, and the bestowal of a formal burial, but I could not bear the idea of disturbing his remains. I fancied that his gentle spirit would be better pleased with the flower-decked resting place, near the home of his short but sorrow-stricken life—that he would prefer the rude grave, dug by the bleeding hands of his beloved parent, to the marble vault of the stranger, and the proud formalities of purchased grief.

My next proceeding was to obtain a release from the unfortunate creature with whom I had so preposterously connected myself in marriage. Thanks to the nature of the laws of this happy land, a divorce was easily obtained, and I was again unfettered—free!

A twelvemonth had elapsed since the renewal of my intimacy with Gerard—yet he had never mentioned his sister's name, nor that of her husband. I respected the delicacy that prompted the silence, but I was eager to be made acquainted with the facts of her marriage. I wished to know if she had found the happiness that I had been unable to attain—if she had been blessed with children; and had suffered, as I had, the agony of bereavement. The leisure of my profession was spent in Gerard's society, yet I had never seen, nor had I heard the slightest mention of any member of the Brockett family.

When the documents confirming my divorce were delivered to me from my lawyer, Gerard Hayne was with me in my *atelier*. I was giving the final touch to a picture that I intended for the exhibition, and had devoted many laborious hours to its completion. The subject was *The Madonna*; and I had, not altogether unconsciously, delineated the well remembered features of the fair Maria in the visage of the virgin mother. I opened the law papers, and, with an air of satisfaction, handed them to Gerard for his perusal.

"I congratulate you, Frank," said he; "now, you can marry again, and begin the world anew."

"My matrimonial experiences are too bitter to be easily forgotten," said I. "The burnt child dreads the fire, says the adage, and I am not aware of anything in creation that could tempt me to endure another scorching from Hymen's flambeau."

The color rose in Gerard's cheeks. He contracted his brows, and walked silently to the window.

I resumed my palette. After a pause of some duration, I made a common-place remark relative to the coloring of my picture. Gerard exclaimed in a friendly tone; "Your Madonna is a creditable production, Frank; and, considering the brevity of your probation, a work of which you may be proud."

"Proud!" said I; "I hate the word, even when there is laudable reason for indulgence in its qualities. To my bloated vanity, I am indebted for years of agonized remorse. When I think of what I am, and what I might have been—and place in contrast all that I have suffered with all that I might have enjoyed, I am strangely tempted to regret the interference of the stevedore."

"It is a wonderful likeness," said Gerard—his eyes fixed upon the Madonna.

"A likeness! what mean you?" said I, in much confusion.

"You must have loved her deeply, to have remembered her so well."

"Gerard—my friend—" I was unable to finish the sentence. The opportunity I had been anxiously awaiting had occurred, but my heart was too full to allow me to speak calmly on the subject.

Gerard observed my agitation, and proposed a walk. In a few minutes we were in the streets, and soon halted before the door of a large house in the most fashionable portion of the city.

"I have a call to make here—may I trespass on your time for a few moments?" said my friend. I signified my assent—the door opened in answer to his knock—and he left me upon the threshold. He stayed some time, and I was on the point of returning, when he reappeared. I rated him loudly for his cavalier treatment.

"Frank," said he, "do not scold me. I have been endeavoring to serve you."

"Most scurvily have you served me. For nearly half an hour have I been kicking my heels on this slab of West Chester. I have counted the iron railings, fronting the opposite mansion, four times over, whilst you were employed—"

"In your behalf, my prince of painters. The owner of this house is a great patron of the arts; I have been proposing the purchase of your Madonna, but my friend objects to the subject, having two or three in the house already."

"Ha! are they copies from Raphael, Carlo Dolci, or—"

"No; quite original, I believe. I have just seen a beautiful specimen—a better exemplification of the subject cannot be imagined," said Gerard.

"I should like to see it," said I.

"Run up with me, now, and tell me what you think of it."

I followed him up the stairs, and into a spacious

drawing-room, the walls of which were covered with pictures, but I did not observe the Madonna. A pair of folding doors, communicating with another room, were thrown open by my friend, and I discovered, sitting on a couch, the form of the lovely Maria.

She seemed as handsome as when she first attracted my ardent gaze. Time had dealt leniently with her, as if loth to touch, with his disfiguring hands, the softness of her youthful beauty. A little prattling charmer sat upon her lap; and my heart confessed that a lovelier embodiment of the Madonna could not enter the painter's brain.

It would be difficult to determine who was the most embarrassed; but female tact soon obtained the ascendancy. Long after she had recovered her self-possession, I continued stammering and blushing; and unable to join in conversation. The door opened; I jumped from my chair, expecting to see the fat form of Brockett enter the room, but I encountered the servant with a tray of refreshments.

"My sister looks well, don't you think so, Frank? Six years have passed lightly over her head, and maternity and widowhood have not wrinkled her brow."

"Wid—ow—hood!" said I, with my heart in my mouth?"

"Yes," said Maria; "are you not aware that I lost poor Brockett in the second year of our marriage?"

I could not answer her. Thoughts of happiness rose from their lurking places in the very depths of my heart—my blood coursed rapidly through my veins—my fingers tingled—my temples throbbed violently—and when I essayed to speak, my tongue seemed much too large for my mouth.

Maria evidently saw my trepidation, and whispered to her little daughter to hand me a glass of wine. I drew the little girl upon my knee, and kissing her pretty rosebud of a mouth, managed to say; "What is your name, my lovely little lady? Maria, I suppose, after mama."

"No, sir; my name is Fanny Brockett. I was christened Frances, yet mama generally calls me Frank, because, as she told me yesterday, it is the name of a dear friend whom she used to love so very, very, much."

Maria jumped up from the couch, and ran to the window. Gerard caught up the little Fanny, and quitted the room. In one minute, I was at Maria's feet—in two more, I was kissing her hand—and in two more, I was jumping, like a madman, over all the chairs and tables in the room. I was the accepted husband of my early love.

Maria confessed that she had ever loved me; that my unwarrantable insult and rude departure had piqued her into the acceptance of Brockett's proposals. He had made her a quiet, good sort of a husband, but had died without inspiring any other sensation than respect.

Gerard had delicately withheld communicating the situation of his sister while I was legally tied to the wretched woman from whom I had just been released. He had felt considerable annoyance at my apathetic silence, but the resemblance of the Madonna and my subsequent agitation, convinced him of Maria's power

over my heart, and he resolved upon immediately bringing us together.

Six weeks after my reconciliation with Maria, I claimed her as my bride. We agreed to spend the honeymoon on her estates in New England; and Gerard promised to accompany us. We departed the next morning in the steamboat for Boston—a merry, happy party.

Having a few calls to make in my passage to the boat, I requested my friend to conduct his sister to the wharf, where I promised to join them in due time.

My heart rose proudly within me, as I stalked grandly down the street. I had drank deeply of the chalice of wretchedness and want—I had almost tasted the bitterness of death—but love had healed my bruised heart, and wealth—unbounded wealth—profusely gilded the present and the future, and the humble past was lost amidst the dazzling glare.

My business had carried me to a low quarter of the city. I was returning towards the wharf, when the piercing shrieks of a woman, mixed with the sounds of heavy blows, issued from the recesses of an obscure and narrow alley. Several of the passers-by rushed up the court, and forced open the door of the room from whence the cries proceeded, in hopes of rendering assistance. I followed them; and peeping over the shoulders of the foremost, recognised in the shrieking woman, my former wife, the profligate mother of my child. She was lying on the floor, her countenance

bruised and disfigured, her long hair dishevelled and unbound, and her flaunting apparel torn and soiled. She was crying from the effects of the blows that had been inflicted on her by the ruffian Shoard, who was standing, stick in hand, over his prostrate victim. Both man and woman were evidently under the excitement of liquor, and coarse recrimination and foul language passed between them.

Fortunately, I withdrew from the room without being recognised. A police officer, to whom I was well known, had been attracted by the screams, and was entering the alley. I explained to him the circumstances of the case; and, giving him the contents of my purse, requested that he would place the wretched female in some asylum, and promised that I would be answerable for her support.

I reached the wharf a sadder but a wiser man. The smiles of my beauteous bride drove the dulness from my face, but could not erase from my mind the impression that I had received.

I am now enjoying the highest possible felicity. Domestic bliss, worldly riches, health, friendship, and unbounded love, continue to bestow their blessings. But I bear all meekly. When the worldly vanity of human nature rises in my breast, the sad remembrances of the garden grave, the attempted suicide, and the horrible scene in the alley, sink into my soul, and blast the upward movements of my pride.

(From the Literary Souvenir for 1838.)

N A P O L E O N ' S G R A V E .

BY J. H. MIFFLIN, PHILA.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led thro' Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's tower, that blazed the while,
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust,—nor wife, nor son,
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Has sunk,—and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High in his couch, the ocean flood
Far, far below, by storms is curl'd;
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! The mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
That morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far off world at last
Breathes free—the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there from the pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No!

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's loud sigh.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE FRENCH DRAMA.

THE French Drama rules the modern stage. The English and Spanish comedies are both compounded from the refuse vaudevilles of the Parisian theatres; German Operas and Italian Ballets are but the *refrain* of some popular piece of French origin, garnished with original music and splendid scenery. The imaginations of M. Scribe and his dramatic brethren furnish plots for the whole (with a few paltry exceptions) of the English burlettas and farces that grace the boards of the London stage—and from whence they are transplanted to the American theatres. The head of the romantic school of dramatists, a new school of authorship that is much encouraged in France, is the celebrated Victor Hugo—we are about to examine the nature of his pretensions to the universal suffrages of the play-goers of Paris, and speculate on his influence upon the drama in general.

In literary, as in political life, obstinate perseverance will ensure success for splendid errors. This is the secret of the power which Victor Hugo has deservedly won, and which he is likely to retain during the present generation. He is the Napoleon of the literary world, trampling on all the forms of ancient legitimacy, but substituting himself for a system; he has founded a dynasty which will have no heir, as it had no ancestor; we cannot complete the parallel, by quoting any glorious extravagance to serve as the literary despot's Russian campaign, nor can we venture to speculate on an author's St. Helena, but intellectual joins with political history in assigning determined limits to the sway of selfish principle. The very sources of Victor Hugo's strength are also those of his weakness; he has based his edifice on ideality, and on it alone—not the ideality arising from the comparison and generalization of realities—but the ideality of isolation, the dreams of solitude, the visions of a hermit. Take a small room, close the shutters, make a small aperture, place in it a convex glass of irregular focus and imperfect purity: the images on the wall will be discolored and distorted, but they will be uniformly so; they will give an erroneous representation of the great drama of life, but the representation will be consistent. Just such is Victor Hugo's delineation of humanity; he has closed the shutters on the real world of life and business, he views it through a clouded and distorted medium, he laughs history to scorn, and sets probability at defiance. No writer ever drew so largely and determinately on the stores of his own consciousness, or has more sternly refused to compare the images of his solitary fancy with living humanity.

Victor Hugo's style is as peculiar as his conceptions; his genius is essentially lyrical; he is prone to exaggerations, abrupt transitions, reflections generally startling, and sometimes profound, singular forms of expression, and extraordinary metaphors and figures. His most humorous delineations have in them some-

thing Pindaric; no other writer would have said of Quasimodo, "He looked like a giant that had been broken in pieces and badly soldered together." He has written odes, novels, dramas, essays, dissertations, and criticisms, at least works that come nominally under these heads, but, with the exception of the odes, all his works should rather be called *Hugoisms*, for they have a common spirit and substance, a very slight difference in form, and they violate every rule that has heretofore been deemed stringent on the novelist, the essayist, and the dramatist. In fact, his tales are irregular odes, with the commentary worked into the text; his dramas are lyrical ballads of action, and his criticisms are Pindaric essays. His works are but little known in America, and in England he is principally distinguished as a novelist; Hans of Iceland, Bug Jargal, and above all, that extraordinary production *Notre Dame de Paris*, have been the chief sources from which the English have drawn any estimate of his power; but in France he is far more remarkable as a dramatist; he has devised plans for restoring the theatre to its former supremacy, and every one who possesses a taste for dramatic literature, is deeply engaged in speculating on his certain success or assured overthrow. Indeed, it is on his dramas that the author himself rests his claims to fame; he deems that it is his destiny to become the Martin Luther of the stage; he believes that the theatre ought to be, and may be, made the great school of civilization, the chief instrument of moral advancement; but that it should be able to discharge such functions, he deems that it must be regenerated, and he unhesitatingly offers himself to work out the difficult task of its renovation.

Now, before we examine how far Victor Hugo has succeeded, it is necessary to make some preliminary inquiry respecting the feasibility of his project. Can the theatre be restored to its former eminence in the scale of civilisation?—is it capable of such an application in the present state of society as would render it so efficient for the instruction of this generation as it was for the teaching of the grandfathers of our grandfathers? The hermit of the dark room, the observer through the imperfect convex glass, never dreams of mooted the question; though it is the most essential consideration in his enterprise. We have no hesitation in declaring that the revival of theatrical influence appears to us just as hopeless, and every whit as absurd, as Don Quixote's efforts to restore chivalry. The Drama was at one time the sermon, the newspaper, the novel, and even the history; it concentrated in itself all the means by which intellectual power can work on mind; the priest preached in the mysteries, the statesman roused popular feeling by a dramatic representation of the national enemy; the strolling story-teller and ballad-singer of a former age added acting and scenery to his tales and songs;

and it was almost exclusively on the stage that ancestral records had "a local habitation and a name."

But though the theatre can not be restored to its ancient pride of place, we must not be understood to assert that it may not or ought not to possess a certain influence, and that too of a commanding nature. Such a speculation has floated through the minds of many able men, but every effort to realise it has been frustrated. We stop not to inquire the cause of these repeated disasters in others: we confine ourselves to Victor Hugo's plans. Let us just see what is the ideal form of drama by which he proposes to restore the dynasty of the stage.

"Were there any man who could realize the drama such as we comprehend it, that drama would be the human head, the human heart, the human passions, the human will: it would be the resurrection of the past for the benefit of the present: it would be the history of our fathers contrasted with our own deeds; it would be the mixture on the stage of all that we behold commingled in life; it would be here an insurrection and there a peaceful chat between lovers; the lovers' conversation containing instruction for the people, and the insurrection an appeal to the heart: it would be laughter: it would be tears; it would be the good, the evil, the high, the low, fatality, providence, genius, chance, society, the world, nature, life; with an undefinable sublimity hovering and fitting over all."

This description is not of course to be taken as a strict logical definition, but though it is thus freed from the rules of a severe analysis, it is open to the objection of being vague and rather unintelligible. We gather from it, however, that the poet has not accurately settled in his mind the relations of truth and fiction, and as this is one of the most important elements in the inquiry, we shall say a few words on the subject.

For some half dozen centuries it has been the fashion with novelists and penny scribblers to call upon the world to hold up their hands in wonderment at some circumstance illustrating the hackneyed truism, "Truth is often much stranger than fiction." To be sure it is: it would be exceedingly strange if it were not; nay, in a certain very important sense, fiction ought to be generally more true than truth itself. Fiction is based on statistics, it has a calculus of its own, and its estimate of probabilities often presents problems more difficult than the solution of Cardan's rule. It is not enough for the novelist or dramatist to seize on circumstances that have happened, he must also choose such as are likely to happen again; fiction deals not in the exceptions but the generalities of life, it is more or less the estimate of the mean proportional of humanity according to the most approved tables of Quetelet and Babbage. Take Hamlet for instance; every word he speaks finds an echo in your bosom as he does in ours, but Hamlet is neither you, gentle reader, nor is he any one of us; he is at once all and none—Hamlet is not a man but MAN.

The imperfection of language misleads most people in this investigation: we are sadly in want of an intellectual alphabet; "every moral truth is a falsehood"

sounds very oddly to the ear, yet it is only saying in other words "there is no general rule without an exception," the adherence of a dramatist or novelist to truths purely individual would change the exception into the rule and the rule into the exception. There was once a methodist preacher haranguing in our presence on the immorality of the stage. "Does it not," said he, "begin and end in lies; a man comes in and says to another, not at all related to him,

"I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night; &c.

Could the devil, who is the father of lies produce a more monstrous falsehood?" Every body with a grain of common sense in their heads of course sees and laughs at the stupid absurdity of the rant; but many of the laughers fall into the self-same error when they speak of fiction as opposed to truth, when it is in fact an inference from truth.

The question then is not as Victor Hugo elsewhere puts it, "Should limits be assigned to invention?" because in strict accuracy, inference, not invention, is the foundation of fiction. The real question is, "Are the fictions true—do they give accurately the form and pressure of the time that they profess to portray?"

Tried by this test, Victor Hugo is found sadly wanting. It is not in history, it is not in human nature that we are to seek for the originals of his dramas: it is in the depths of the author's own mind. He does not profess to develop and reproduce any authentic event; he takes his models from his consciousness, he appeals neither to annals nor to chronicles, but to the most abstracted species of truth, and the most mysterious laws of human nature. In fine, he professes to have gone to the very highest point in mental analysis, to have abstracted not merely the limits of time and place, but of age, country, and condition. To examine productions so constituted, we must, if possible, trace out the process of their development; let us for a time direct our attention to one of the author's most celebrated plays, "Le Roi s'amuse."

A very brief consideration of this drama reduces the number of actors to three; a king, a young girl, a father. The entire plot is concerned with these personages alone, the others are introduced only to aid the development. The king is introduced to us in the first act, a passionless libertine, a capricious despot, a debauchee whose heart has never been touched, and whose senses are ever excited; consequently, a wretch who scruples not to use every means to gratify unbridled passion.

The second act introduces us to a father who has no consolation, no earthly happiness but the beauty and chastity of a beloved daughter, whose pure bosom is a heaven on which his soul, tossed by the tempests and storms of the world, anchors assured of safety.

In the third act the father has lost his last earthly stay; the shrine where his spirit loved to dwell has been polluted by royal lust and ruffian violence; the flower that he fostered with anxious care is blighted and flung away as a worthless thing, to be trampled or scorned by any who may pass by. But the

unhappy girl loves the author of her ruin, and intercedes with her father for his pardon. He sternly swears vengeance, and endeavors to inspire her with a maddening sense of her wrongs.

The worthless king appears in the fourth act utterly

forgetful of the ruin he has wrought: the father exhorts him to his daughter toying with a worthless courtesan, and addressing to this wretched hireling the very same profession of undying love that he had used the night before to his unhappy victim.

FATHER. If no longer he loved, would you love any more?

DAUGHTER. I know not: eternal affection he swore

When with me.

FATHER. Say when.

DAUGHTER. In my chamber last night.

FATHER. Come look through this chink and describe me the sight.

DAUGHTER. I see but a man.

FATHER. Look again.

DAUGHTER. Wo! Alas!

THE KING. *(To a Valet in a different part of the stage.)*

Two things here at once.

VALET. What?

KING. Your sister: a glass.

We need not quote any of the repulsive scene between the king and the courtesan; the unhappy daughter consents to her father's plan of vengeance, but she displays so much weakness that her sire sends her out of the way. She returns just as a hired assassin is about to murder the king, offers her innocent bosom to the knife, and saves her perjured lover by the sacrifice of her heart's blood.

In the fifth act the unhappy father enters, beholds the corpse, mistakes it for the king, triumphs in his imagined vengeance, resolves to wash his hands in the blood, and stooping down, discovers his daughter.

This may be regarded as the germ of the play, such as it first presented itself to the mind of the poet, and there are few who will not confess that it might form

the subject of a noble tragedy. But the original conception was a mere possibility; the artistic skill of the poet was necessary to convert it into a probability. In almost every step of the process Victor Hugo has signally failed. His first blunder is the baptism of the characters; he names the king Francis I., a prince of many and great faults, but surely not liable to the imputation of heartlessness. But what is far worse, indeed almost inconceivable, he makes the noble father, the very model of paternal love, to be none other than Triboulet, the Court Jester, the pander to his master's lusts, the villain that most frequently stimulated the monarch's desires, and prompted his debauchery. Let us look at one of the scenes between this Roman father and his sovereign.

TRIBOULET. What! make love in the city?

KING. And why not?

TRIBOULET. Have a care,

Of husbands and wives in the city, beware!

They are dangerous folks if their honor you stain,

And the mark of a touch on your hands will remain;

Let us kings and fools be contented to sport

With wives, daughters, and sisters in palace and court.

KING. Aye! there 's Cossè's fair dame!

TRIBOULET. Away then and take her.

KING. 'Tis a difficult task.

TRIBOULET. Bah! to-night we will make her

The prisoner of love—

KING. But the Count?

TRIBOULET. The Bastille.

KING. Oh no! sir, oh no!

TRIBOULET. Well, if pity you feel

Just create him a duke.

KING. Ah! he 's one of those fellows

Of citizen tastes and confoundedly jealous.

He 'll refuse every bribe, and revenge he 'll demand.

TRIBOULET. If he makes any noise send him out of the land—

But means may be found, sire, more easy, more sure,

Your love and your safety at once to secure.

Count Cossè no longer can fill you with dread,

If, like a wise monarch, you strike off his head:

Of his fate there is no one will dare to complain,
When we'll swear that he plotted with Rome or with Spain.

Is the wretch thus introduced—a monster of personal deformity,

Whose mountain back might well be said
To measure height beyond his head,
And raise itself above—

is a court-jester, wearing a chain like a dog, clothed in the livery of a slave, ready to suggest and share in every detestable crime—capable of the sublimity of sorrow ascribed to a sensitive and agonised father? Victor Hugo refuses to appear at the bar of reality, he appeals to the unrestricted feelings of the heart;—fearlessly we accompany him to that tribunal, convinced that it will decide Triboulet to be an impossible creation or existence.

But the author has a right to be heard in his own defence, and he must state his own conception of Triboulet.

“Triboulet is deformed, he is sickly, he is the buffoon of the court, and this triple misery renders him depraved. Triboulet hates the king, because he is a king; the lords, because they are lords; and all mankind, because all men have not humped backs. His only delight is constantly to knock the king and the lords against each other, breaking the weaker against the stronger. He depraves, corrupts, and brutalises the king; he urges him to tyranny, to ignorance, to vice: he lets him loose against every noble family,

incessantly pointing out to him a wife to seduce, a sister to steal, a daughter to dishonor. The king, in Triboulet's hands, is but the Punch of a puppet-show, breaking every doll against which his force is directed by the juggler behind the curtain. One day, in the midst of a feast, at the very moment when Triboulet is urging the king to carry off the Countess of Cossé, M. de St. Vallier forces his way into the king's presence, and sternly reproaches him for the dishonor of his daughter Diana de Poitiers. Triboulet rallies and insults the hapless complainant. The father raises his arm and pronounces a malediction on Triboulet. From this the entire action of the drama is derived. The true subject of the drama is *the Curse of St. Vallier*.”

The existence of such a monster of depravity as Victor Hugo describes, is barely possible; but we doubt whether the most licentious buffoon of the most licentious court would, under the circumstances, have insulted St. Vallier as Triboulet is described to have done. A short specimen will suffice.

TRIBOULET. Well, now for new mischief: 'twere sure a good thing,
To play in his turn some trick on the king.

Enter a SERVANT (who whispers to Triboulet.)

Monsieur de Vallier is waiting below,
Enfeebled by age, and heart-broken by wo:
He asks for the king.

TRIBOULET. Good Lord! what a joke!
Let him in, *(servant retires.)*

'twill be fun, though 'twill scandal provoke.

ST. VALLIER. *(Without.)* I must speak to the king!

KING.

No! no!—Who comes there?

ST. VALLIER. I must speak to the king!

KING. No! no!

ST. VALLIER. *(Entering.)* But I swear,
I will speak to you, sire.

KING. St. Vallier?

ST. VALLIER. The same.

TRIBOULET. The charge of his answer, my liege, let me claim.

(Turns to St. Vallier, and continues in a pompous theatrical tone.)

My lord; you were guilty of treason, your head
Was forfeit to law, the just sentence was said,
But your merciful monarch restored you to life;
So far good. Now, what causes this rage and this strife?
Have you lost all your sense, are you mad, are you wild,
To wish for a grandson, your son-in-law's child?
Your son-in-law's frightful, misshapen, ill-made,
The marks of small-pox in his face are display'd;
Of his visage no painter could tell you the tints,
Pale, yellow, and brown; it is said too he squints:
He's pot-bellied, just like my friend whom you see *(points to M. Cossé)*,
And he's hump-back'd and crooked, exactly like me,

Were your daughter once seen with such man by her side,
 The world would yourself and your daughter deride;
 It was merely through kindness to check this appearance,
 That led our good king to make this interference.
 He felt quite reluctant your grandsons should be
 In front like to him (*pointing to Cossé*) in the back like to me.
 Your son-in-law's ugly, his children would shock
 Every mortal who saw them; you're rid of that stock;
 Let the monarch alone, he'll continue your race,
 With innocents human in form and in face;
 And very soon grandsons your old age shall please,
 By pulling your beard and by climbing your knees.

We say that this ribaldry is extravagant and unnatural; but whatever doubt may be on that point, we are sure that every one will be persuaded that the utterer of such scurril jest could not himself be a tender father, jealous almost to insanity of his daughter's honor; guarding her purity with a watchful zeal, such as the most sublime virtue alone could inspire. But Victor Hugo does not even suspect this incongruity; he exaggerates the virtue as he had exaggerated the vice, and ascribes to the miserable jester a poetic and profound melancholy such as can only be rivalled in the Thoughts of Pascal and the Poems of Byron.

Blanche is a more perfect character, though her sorrow for the seduction is blended with too large a portion of love for the seducer. It is easy to conceive that despair might drive her to wish for death, because there is no longer any thing left for which she can dare to hope. But assuredly it is going too far to represent her purposely placing herself in the assassin's

path, and sacrificing life to save the author of her wrongs.

We think that most of our readers will agree with us after this brief analysis of Victor Hugo's most celebrated drama, that he has violated the truth of humanity as flagrantly as he confesses that he has outraged the truth of history. He has made his work purely a creation of fancy; his fictions are generalisations of his own thoughts, not of realities, and great as is their power, they are necessarily destitute of verisimilitude.

There is one redeeming characteristic of the drama we have contemplated which formed no part of the original conception, but which becomes evolved in the development; it is the transforming power of one noble sentiment. While we read the father's tender effusions, we feel as if paternal love had rendered the hunch-back lovely and the miscreant noble. We venture to translate a part of Triboulet's address to the senseless body, after he has recognised his child.

(TRIBOULET takes the body in his arms as a mother holds an infant, and turns to the bystanders.)

Oh no! she's not dead—God would not remove
 My last source of hope and my sole earthly love:
 The hunch-back is scorn'd, avoided, or spurn'd,
 No pitying eye on his sufferings is turn'd;
 But she—oh! she loves me, my comfort, my stay,
 Her tears wash'd the sting of the scorners away.
 So lovely and dead! Oh no! aid me thou
 To wipe off the damp that has sullied her brow.

(Takes a napkin from one of the spectators.)

Her ripe lip is red. Had you seen! I behold
 Her an infant once more with her ringlets of gold.
 How fair she was, then! See, I clasp to my breast
 My Blanche, my delight, my poor daughter oppress'd.
 'Twas thus when an infant I fondled her charms,
 Thus still and thus helpless she lay in my arms;
 When my angel awoke, ah! could you but see,
 How her eyes saw no wonder, no monster in me;
 But gaz'd with affection and radiance divine,
 While her little hands grappled feebly with mine.
 Poor lamb! Death—oh no! It is gentle repose—
 There was danger before—now her eyelids unclose,
 She awakes, she awakes; and one short moment more,
 Will Blanche to her father's endearments restore.
 My friends, I'm not mad, in my words there is sense,
 To none of you here have I offer'd offence:
 And since you have found me so tranquil and mild,
 Permit, oh permit me to gaze on my child.

How smooth is that forehead ! no wrinkle is there,
And gone are the traces of sorrow and care.
Her hands have already grown warm within mine,
Just look—will you touch them ?

A STRANGER.

I see not a sign

Of motion or life, but the surgeon is here.

TRIBOULET. Well—I will not hinder him, let him draw near—
You see, sir, 'tis nothing—just a fit, as I said.

Oh speak ! is it not so ?

SURGEON.

The lady is dead—

Then be not by fanciful symptoms beguill'd.

TRIBOULET. I have murder'd my child—I have murder'd my child.

(*The curtain falls.*)

It was manifestly an after-thought that led Victor Hugo to rest his defence of this drama on the purifying influences of paternal love; but the idea once presented to his imagination, held its sway and suggested a still more singular drama. Victor Hugo resolved to display maternal tenderness, redeeming and ennobling the most atrocious crimes, the most consummate turpitude. We need not enter into the general question of examining how far a drama can be legitimately applied to the solution of a psychological problem, but assuredly neither the subject of Lucretia Borgia, nor the manner in which it is treated, are calculated to inspire us with any favorable impressions of the author's artistic skill.

A heroine polluted by incest, murder, adultery, encircled by an atmosphere of depravity, to whom crime is as necessary as food, retains the feelings of a mother: it is possible, for the tigress loves her cubs; but it is scarcely within the limits of credibility, that the object of her affection should be the offspring of incestuous intercourse, the living witness of the most revolting crime in nature; and it is utterly impossible that her affection should be of that holy and pure nature which alone is worthy of poetry. We might have endured the moral anomalies of Victor Hugo's earlier plays; it is possible that the bandit Hernani may have preserved the chivalrous feelings of a Spanish noble, and that the courtesan Marion de l'Orme may be capable of pure love; but it is utterly impossible that Lucretia Borgia should have room in her polluted soul for any feeling that could interest humanity. It was a flagrant error to make such a moral monster the heroine of a drama. What would be said of the sculptor that sought his models in the charnel or the lazar house, that wrought representations of revolting decay, or still more revolting deformity, to show that there was some single minute feature in the human frame which resisted the disgusting effects of death or pestilence? But Hugo has gone beyond this: never was there in life or in death any thing more shocking, more horrifying, and more sickening than his portraiture of Lucretia Borgia; and the attempt to relieve the picture by traits of maternal love merely superadds incredulity to disgust. Yet it was received with applause on the very stage whence Hernani and Marion de l'Orme had been hissed and hooted: such is the influence of perseverance in producing the toleration of splendid error.

Victor Hugo has told us the secret of the peculiarities of Lucretia Borgia; it is simply the development of an idea of his own consciousness—maternal love in a vicious bosom—the characters have derived nothing from history but their baptism, and he demands that they should be tried, not by the conventional standard of any stage of society, but by the general laws of human nature. The demand is unfair; but even if we yield to it, what law of nature would justify maternal love redeeming not one vice, but every crime which the tongue can speak or the mind conceive?

We have not room to enter into any analysis of Angelo, the tyrant of Padua; it is, in fact, a mere revival of Hernani and Marion de l'Orme; there are a scoundrel and a courtesan, each with a single virtue, pictures undoubtedly from the dark room and imperfect glass, creatures of Hugo's imagination, whose archetypes could not be found in the world of reality. But our old acquaintance, Bloody Queen Mary, must not be dismissed so summarily; she is made the heroine of a drama, or rather she is made the form in which the author develops one of the most whimsical ideas of his consciousness. The psychological discovery which the drama was formed to propound, is continued in the following speech of Lemon Renard;—

"My Lord Chandos, when a woman is our ruler, caprice is our ruler. Politics are regulated, not by calculation, but chance. We are no longer able to count upon any thing. To-morrow will not be a logical inference from to-day. Affairs of state cease to be a game of chess, and become a game of cards."

Now while we deny that this aphorism can be received either as an absolute or general truth, we assert, that if the entire annals of history were searched for a refutation, no more striking instance could be found than Mary Tudor. She was not capricious, but as steady a bigot as ever the church of Rome produced, and as inflexible a despot as either her father or sister. The politics of her reign might have been calculated on from the outset with more certainty than the schemes of annuity companies. The politicians of her day could count upon every thing. The to-morrow of her time might be read in the yesterday; and the affairs of state were only a game of cards, because the chief player could *sauter la coupe* and hold all the honors.

This drama is, indeed, Victor Hugo's most flagrant

sin against historical verity; his partisans tell us that he had a right to baptize his own idea, but we say that by such baptism he did by implication "promise and vow certain things in its name," and that the neglect of the conditions is ruinous to the child.

It would be worse than idle to criticise the historic verisimilitude of a drama, in which there is not an incident that could have occurred in the reign of any of the Tudors, nor indeed at any time in England. It is equally at variance with abstract human nature. Marie Tudor and Jane are impossible characters; their love and their jealousy are not the passions as we see them in real life, and the hero Fabiani is to the full as much out of nature as Triboulet. We need not pursue the analysis farther: he who has read one of Victor Hugo's plays can understand the plan of all: his system is to represent one pure passion struggling with and overcoming the depravity of all the rest; it is the Corsair or Giaour broken into crumbs; he

exaggerates the purity, he exaggerates the depravity; he views both in his dark room and through his distorted medium, he will not correct his false impressions by his own experience or that of others—he neither mixes with the world nor reads history; hence his representations are distorted phantasmagoria, objects of wonder, of horror, even of admiration, but not of sympathy. And hence their fate may be predicted, they will be stared at, applauded, and forgotten.

The influence of the French drama cannot be revived; Victor Hugo, in his efforts to restore stage dynasty, has inflicted upon it an irreparable injury, by removing it to a greater distance from reality, and thus depriving it of sympathetic interest. He has mistaken the true nature of fiction, which is the more perfect when it is the more true: but he has evinced powers that would command success if he opened the shutters of the dark room and substituted plain glass for the imperfect convex lens.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

THE long, long nights are coming on, the time for
mirth and song,
The gathering round the household hearth of all the
happy throng,
The meeting place of parted friends, whose light hearts
glad the year,
And strip it of its loneliness—and yet thou art not
here.

Again the winter fire illumines the scenes of other
days,
And well remember'd faces beam, before its cheerful
blaze;
It throws its wild and fitful gleams around the pic-
tur'd walls,
And there, upon a vacant seat, in startling brightness
falls.

There is a tone in music gone, a star from out our
sky,
That left us with thy gentle words, and with thy kind-
ling eye,
And sadly youthful voices fall upon our aching
ear,
Our lonely spot is desolate—because thou art not
here.

Four weary years have fled away, since last that vac-
ant chair
Was as a throne of joy to us, for thy glad form was
there;

Those long and weary years have dim'd the freshness
of our youth,
But tighten'd round our loving hearts, their early ties
of truth.

The sunny summer of our life hath lost its shining
hue,
And sombre Autumn clouds have veil'd its morning's
azure blue;
But yet for thee the heart's young buds shall bloom
'mid winter drear,
That wither in their solitude, because thou art not
here.

Come to us, brother, o'er the wave, it's pure white
crest of foam
Shall waft thee, like the wings of hope, back to thy
native home;
The voices of familiar friends an answering unto
thine
Shall whisper to thee thro' the winds, and lure thee
o'er the brine.

The long, long nights are coming on, the time for
mirth and song,
The gathering round the household hearth of all the
happy throng;
The meeting place of parted friends, whose light hearts
glad the year,
And strip it of its loneliness—and yet thou art not
here.

NOT VERY HARD TO TAKE.

An artist—"tis not fair to tell his name ;
 But one whom Fortune, in her freakish tricks,
 Saluted with less smiles than kicks,
 More to the painter's honor and her shame,—
 Was one day deep engaged on his *chef d'œuvre*,
 (A painting worthy of the Louvre),
 Dives and Lazarus the theme,—
 The subject was his earliest boyish dream!
 And, with an eye to color, breadth, and tone,
 He painted, skilfully as he was able,
 The good things on the rich man's table,—
 Wishing they were, no doubt, upon his own ;
 When suddenly his hostess—best of creatures !—
 Made visible her features,
 And to this world our artist did awaken :
 " A gentleman," she said, " from the next street,
 Has sent a special message in a heat,
 Wanting a likeness taken."
 The artist, with a calmness oft the effect
 Of tidings which we don't expect,
 Wip'd all his brushes carefully and clean,
 Button'd his coat—a coat which once had been,—
 Put on his hat, and with uncommon stress
 On the address,
 Went forth, revolving in his nob
 How his kind hostess, when he'd got the job,—
 Even before they paid him for his skill,—
 Would let him add a little to the bill.

He found a family of six or seven
 All grown-up people, seated in a row ;
 There might be seen upon each face a leaven
 Of recent, and of decent woe,
 But that the artist, whose chief cares
 Were fixed upon his own affairs,
 Gazed, with a business eye, to be acquainted
 Which of the seven wanted to be painted.

But a young lady soon our artist greeted,
 Saying, in words of gentlest music, " Ah !—
 Pray, Mr. Thingo'me, be seated,—
 We want a likeness of our grandpapa."

Such chances Fortune seldom deigns to bring :
 The very thing !
 How he should like
 To emulate Vandyke !
 Or, rather—still more glorious ambition—
 To paint the head like Titian,
 A fine old head, with silver sprinkled :
 A face all seam'd and wrinkled :—
 The painter's heart 'gan inwardly rejoice ;
 But, as he pondered on that " fine old head,"
 Another utter'd, in a mournful voice,
 " But, sir, he's dead !"

The artist was perplex'd—the case was alter'd :
 Distrust, stirr'd up by doubt, his bosom warps ;
 " God bless my soul !" he falter'd ;
 " But, surely, you can let me see the corpse !"
 An artist but requires a hint:
 There are the features—give the cheeks a tint—
 Paint in the eyes—and, though the task's a hard 'un,
 You'll find the thing, I'll swear,
 As like as he can,—no, I beg your pardon,—
 As like as he *could* stare !"

" Alas ! alas !" the eldest sister sigh'd,
 And then she sobb'd and cried,
 So that 'twas long ere she again could speak,—
 " We buried him last week !"

The painter heaved a groan : " But, surely, madam,
 You have a likeness of the dear deceased ;
 Some youthful face, whose age might be increased ?"
 " No, no,—we haven't, sir, no more than Adam ;
 Not in the least !"

This was the strangest thing that e'er occur'd ;—
 " You'll pardon me," the baffled painter cried ;
 " But, really, I must say, upon my word,
 You might have sent for me before he died."
 And then he turn'd to the surviving tribe,—
 " Can you describe
 But a few items, features, shape, and hue ?
 I'll warrant, I'll still paint the likeness true ?"

" Why, yes, we could do that," said one ; " let's see ;
 He had a rather longish nose, like me."
 " No," said a second ; " there you're wrong,
 His nose was not so very long."
 " Well, well," pursued the first, " his eyes
 Were rather smaller than the common size."
 " How ?" cried a third, " how ?—not at all ;
 Not small—not small !"
 " Well, then, an oval face, extremely fine."
 " Yes," said the eldest son, " like mine."
 The painter gazed upon him in despair,—
 The fellow's face was square ?

" I have it," cried another, and arose ;
 " But wait a moment, sir," and out she goes.
 With curiosity the artist burn'd—
 " What was she gone for ?" but she soon return'd.
 " I knew from what *they* said, to expect to gain
 A likeness of grandpa was quite in vain ;
 But, not upon that point to dwell,
 I have got something here will do as well
 As though alive he for his portrait sat !"
 So, saying, with a courtsey low,
 She from behind, with much parade and show,
 Presented an old hat !

C. M.

T R I N E T T E .

A LEGEND OF THE LIEGEOIS.

MANY years since there was a small village about a mile and a half from the eastern gate of the city of Leige. The best house in it was the little inn, which stood apart from the rest about a stone's throw. What its sign may have originally been, I do not know, for it was known through all the country round by the name of the "Morning Star," which it had acquired from the alertness of its inmates. No house in the whole province of Flanders kept such early hours. The landlord, Adam Polder, was an old man, and his wife not much younger than himself. Their niece, Trinette, (Catrine was her real name, but all the world called her Trinette,) assisted them, and was, in fact, the efficient person; and great credit indeed she had of it, for it was the very pattern of a village inn, with its pink front and its green outside shutters, and the white benches on each side of the door, and the four poplar trees between it and the road; and then inside the nicely sanded floor, and the rafters loaded with hams and dried fish, and the blazing hearth, and the shelf decorated with Tournay earthenware, and the store of bright brass jars and dishes which Trinette polished till they shone like gold. It was quite a little Flemish Paradise. But the thing she was prouder of than of all beside, was the little garden behind it, where over and above the onion-bed, which supplied her mistress with the magnificent clusters she delighted in hanging up in her window, Trinette contrived, with the assistance of Jan Van Bloemen, to rear some tulips, which both believed to be the finest flowers that had ever blossomed beyond the precincts of Haerlem. Now, this Jan Van Bloemen was a young market gardener, whom all the world pointed out as Trinette's bachelor. It was very true, that whenever he had occasion to go into the city, and these occasions had occurred almost daily for the last seven or eight months, he always discovered that his shortest road was that which led him by the "Morning Star;" and he would often stop, in a neighborly way, to chat with old Adam, or to help his pretty niece to tie up her flowers. Moreover, he had danced with Trinette at the kermesse of their own, and all the neighboring villages; and when he carried off the prize at the last popinjay, credible witnesses asserted that he had been heard to declare, that he felt much less satisfaction in his success than in the reflection that she had been a witness of his triumph; at which avowal Trinette was said to have blushed and smiled. In short, it was supposed to be a settled thing, and every body called Jan a very lucky fellow; for, besides her being very pretty, it was beyond a doubt, as Adam had no child, that she would inherit the contents of a long leathern purse, which he kept in the large household chest, with the brass belts and hinges, which stood in the kitchen, acting in the double capacity of receptacle and dresser, and into which, every Saturday night, he emptied the gains of the preceding week—and Adam's gains were sure gains.

It was not one of those beer houses where you see cards about all day, and hear the billiard-balls rattling till midnight, as is too frequently the case; but respectable customers, good beer, short accounts, and early hours, characterised the "Morning Star;" early hours, indeed, for the family went nightly to bed with the lamb, and reason good, for they rose before the lark. Now, it happened one day towards the end of autumn, that Jan had been detained at Leige till a much later hour than usual, yet he was unwilling to return home without communicating to his friend Adam some important intelligence he had just received from the brother-in-law of the cousin of the burgomaster's confidential servant, relative to an expected rise in the price of hops. He almost feared that the door might have been closed for the night, but there was no harm in trying if it were still on the latch. His surprise and pleasure may be conceived when, as he approached, he saw the fire-light darting bright, cheering gleams through the, still-open casement. I will not venture to affirm that his feelings experienced no check, when a closer examination enabled him to discover that Adam's kitchen that evening received unwonted guests. Three men of unprepossessing physiognomy, in whose dress the trader and the military adventurer were anomalously blended, were seated smoking round the table, on which stood a flask of Rhenish wine, and a Dutch cheese, which Jan well knew was seldom produced except on occasions of ceremony. Adam sat in his stiff-backed oak chair, listening with an air of deferential respect to the occasional observations of the strangers; the hostess plied her knitting in the chimney corner, and Trinette, who was busied in removing the remains of dinner, was laughing gaily at the witticisms which ever and anon escaped from their lips, in the intervals between their long whiffs. Neither did it escape Jan's notice, though certainly it was but a trifle, that the village coquette was dressed with more than usual attention to effect—her linen cap arranged with more than ordinary care over her glossy dark hair, and the wrought clocks of her blue worsted stocking more ostentatiously displayed than was her wont. It was perhaps not unnatural that a jealous lover—and such was the market gardener—should combine the circumstances, and conclude that this holiday attire was exhibited in honor of the, to him, very objectionable associates in whose company he beheld her. The real key to Trinette's unusual finery and super-abundant lightness of heart had escaped his penetration—she sported, for the first time, a pair of long gold earrings! Jan had been standing for about ten minutes an unsuspected observer of the group, when Trinette suddenly perceived him, as she passed the window in the course of her household arrangements, and her surprise was indicated by a start, which the jealous lover thought betokened less gratification than her manner towards him usually evinced; and his reflections did not become less

gloomy, when she joined him, exclaiming in her liveliest tone, "A fine night, Myneer Jan! but somewhat of the chilliest. Methinks it would be wiser in your worship to turn in, and take a seat by our fire-side, than to stand out here in the frosty wind, counting the stars, like M. Le Cure, or the bishop's chaplain." "I am not cold, Trinette," replied Jan, exasperated by her ill-timed pleasantry, "neither was I counting the stars; neither am I disposed for a seat by the fire-side in the company of strangers." "For that matter," returned the damsel, with a toss of her little head, "nobody wishes to constrain your self-willed inclinations. But I find it cold, and I must go in; my master and these honorable gentlemen will require my attendance." "These honorable gentlemen, indeed! I never saw more unprepossessing-looking individuals in my life. Let me tell you, Trinette, it is not for the credit of the 'Morning Star' to harbor such suspicious characters. Honorable gentlemen! Why, they are more like smugglers, or deserters, or brigands," continued he, in rising wrath; "if old Adam would take my advice, he would close his door against such desperadoes." "Vastly well, Heer Van Bloemen!" retorted the maid of the inn; "but old Adam knows his interest, and my interest, and the interest of the 'Morning Star' better than to close his door against respectable travellers from foreign parts, with their memories full of old stories from distant countries, and reports of the wars of our own days, and their purses full of broad pieces, which they are ready and willing to spend." "Ay, and their knapsacks full of trinkets and toys, which they are willing to bestow on the host's pretty niece," cried the indignant gardener, furiously glancing at the new ear-rings which had just met his eye. Now, Trinette really loved Jan as well as she loved any thing excepting herself; so, perhaps, had she not been self-convicted of a superabundance of complacency in her new bravery attire, she would have condescended to relieve his uneasiness by acknowledging that the obnoxious ornaments were the present of her sister, the wife of a respectable grocer at Namur; but, offended by his jealousy, and not quite displeased to consider herself the injured party, instead of the aggressor, she contented herself with replying scornfully, "These ear-rings were not given me by the honorable gentlemen. It is very strange, Jan Van Bloemen, that you will imagine there is no one disposed to make me a present but yourself, or old Adam, or these guests of ours." "I wish your guests were—at Liege," interrupted he, suppressing a less charitable wish. "The gates will soon be shut, and they will hardly like to spend the night in the fields." "Neither will they require to do so—they propose lodging here." "Here?" reiterated Jan, who knew, from the proximity of the city, such a thing had never occurred as a traveller's spending the night under old Adam Polder's roof. "It is impossible, Trinette; you have not accommodation to receive them." "It is very certain, however, that these honorable gentlemen have pressing business; they will set forward on their way before the city gates are open in the morning; and as for their lodging, my mistress and I will sleep in the inner

room, and the eldest of the travellers will have a bed in the kitchen; old Adam will do very well for one night, rolled in a good blanket, and lying on the household chest; and the two others, being active young men, have no objection to climb the ladder, and sleep in the loft." "You have managed well, and yet St. Guddle help me! but I have great misgivings about these men." "You are valorous," replied Trinette, laughing affectedly. "Good Jan! mind your cabbages, and let us manage our affairs for ourselves. It's lucky you have not yet authority to command in the 'Morning Star,' and may be it were wiser that I never put it in your power to do so." "It might be better for us both that I never attempted to influence a stubborn will, or attach a fickle heart." "As you will, Jan—the loss would be yours, not mine," retorted the offended girl.

The tone of forced mirth in which these words were pronounced, was infinitely displeasing to Jan's feelings, and he was far too angry to observe that tears of vexation gushed into her eyes. The insulting laugh was conclusive; he turned sullenly on his heel, and left her without one parting word. She watched him with half-relenting interest till he was out of sight; twice she was about to recal him, and twice pride overcame her better feelings. "I will make friends with him to-morrow," said she—"to-morrow." The morrow broke, and Jan, magnanimously nursing his much-abated indignation, resolved to betake himself for his morning meal to any place in the neighborhood, except the "Morning Star." Fearful that he might be tempted to break through this praiseworthy resolution, he would not even trust himself to look in that direction, and actually proceeded to his master's garden by the straight path across the fields, revolving in his mind thoughts not very complimentary to the constancy of the fair sex in general, and of the individual culprit in particular. He had not proceeded very far on his way, before he was accosted by Wilhelm Stein, the mason, who observed in that tone of peculiar bitterness which distinctly indicates that the individual speaking has suffered a disappointment in the matter of his matin meal, "Friend Jan! the 'Morning Star' will lose its reputation for early hours: I have been knocking at the door till I am tired, and no one answers; the shutters are still closed, and the household doubtless still asleep. As a friend, let me advise you to remonstrate with Trinette, or the leatheren purse will be lighter than you think for." In the bitterness of his wrath, Jan was about emphatically to declare his total indifference to the weight of the purse, and his unqualified conviction of the absolute inutility of any remonstrance from him in that quarter; but as no man likes to point himself out as the object of indifference and contempt to his ladye love, he allowed the observation to pass, as if unheard, and contented himself with forming a very fervent mental aspiration, that, ere long, by word or deed, Wilhelm Stein might give him a legitimate excuse for knocking him down. Wilhelm passed on, and Jan, who soon reached his destination, addressed himself diligently to his work; but before noon, many passers-by had remarked on the tardiness of the "Morning

Star," and some expressed a doubtful wish "that all might be well within." Coupling these remarks with the recollections of the night before, a sudden apprehension flashed across the gardener's mind. He threw down his spade, and hurried to the little inn; the shutters were still closed, and, to his inexpressible horror, he perceived that no smoke curled from its chimneys. He knocked, but there was no answer: he called, but nothing appeared to stir within. Some persons, however, hearing him, hastened from the neighboring fields to his assistance. The door, upon trial, appeared firmly fastened; and they were considering what course they should next pursue, when a faint, a very faint moaning decided them to enter, let follow what might. There was a low window at the back of the house, which occurred to them as offering more facility for gaining admission than any other. It looked into the garden, and the flower-beds beneath had evidently been recently trampled. The shutters, which were here simply closed, not bolted, yielded immediately to their hands, and Jan Van Bloemen sprang in hastily, and gained the interior of the cottage before any of his companions had followed him. An exclamation of horror prepared them in some degree for the scene within. The stream of light from the garden window disclosed an appalling spectacle. The lifeless body of old Adam, gashed with wounds, lay on the kitchen floor, close by the brass-belted chest, whose lid had been burst open, and the contents rifled. The corpse of his wife was also stiffening in her blood, and a weak, feeble groaning alone indicated that the murderers had left one deed of blood incomplete. Could affection stay the parting breath, Jan's assurances of pardon were not wanting. But Trinette's moments were numbered; and gathering her little remaining strength by an effort, to point out the last night's travellers as the perpetrators of the crime, she sank back upon his shoulder to wake no more! Search was made instantly for the fugitives, and they were very shortly discovered, concealed in a low oak-copse, about half a mile from the spot. They offered no resistance when seized, but suffered themselves tranquilly to be conducted to the Hotel de

Ville, where, as it happened, the tribunal of justice was at that moment sitting. Trinette's dying deposition, and Jan's identification of their persons were unnecessary to convict them, as they made a full confession of their guilt, which was accompanied by circumstances of peculiar barbarity and duplicity. Sentence was passed upon them, and every individual present acquiesced in the justice of the award; but a thrill of horror ran through the whole court, when one of the prisoners stepping forward, declared in his own name and that of his accomplices, that from the moment of committing the crime for which they were justly about to suffer, they felt that they were delivered over, body and spirit, to the enemy of souls. They had wandered for hours, but always in a circle; for an irresistible force restrained their steps, and withheld them within sight of the home of their unoffending victims. They were removed from the bar, and a pious priest never after left their side, urging them to employ their few remaining hours in making their peace with heaven. But they turned a deaf ear to his admonitions; they spurned the offers of pardon, and awaited in hardened impenitence or stolid apathy, their fearful doom. The fated hour arrived, and an immense crowd collected to witness their execution. I will not enter into the details—suffice it to say, that the sentence decreed them to be burnt, that their very remains might not encumber the earth. But no human hand scattered their ashes to the winds of heaven; for, while the flames still crept lazily round the blackened pile, a tempest arose which, in violence, surpassed any that the oldest Liegeois present ever remembered. Loud, sudden, cracking bursts of thunder, attended by vivid and forked lightnings, and furiously rushing blasts of wind, dispersed the terrified multitude. The alarmed executioner even fled from the spot, and it was not till the storm had subsided into a heavy continuous plashy rain, that he returned to look upon his work. A black scathed-looking spot was all the trace left of what had recently occurred there, from which, to his unutterable horror, crawled an innumerable swarm of black beetles, who spread themselves in all directions through the city.

INFANCY.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THERE'S something pleasing in the guileless smile
Of Infancy. The gladsome hearts, and brows
Devoid of care, affect us not the less
Because we cannot wear them. If our soul
Contain a share of this world's bitterness,
If sorrow builds his hall within our breast,
And covers o'er our once unwrinkled brow
With gloom, as with a veil; need we to sneer
At those whose hearts as yet are fresh and free,
Untouched by Misery, and unsoiled by Sin?
No! and I hold the man who dares to scorn

The earnest sports and joys of Infancy,
A misanthrope, a gloomy, scowling knave.
I would not trust that man with power or sway—
Not for the world or all the world's vast wealth.
He would oppress all those beneath his thrall,
And prove himself a tyrant, dark and grim,
A friend to gloom, a foe to harmless joy.
That self-same man, no matter who he be,
Alone for carnage and for strife is fit,
Not for the social ties of civil life.

Blockley, Pa., Sep., 1837.

BUNKER HILL.

BY ROBERT R. RAYMOND, PHILA.

AN Autumn noon-day sun shone warm and bright
 On Boston's gilded spires; and Bunker raised
 Its lofty crest, and high, looked down upon
 Her temples and her roofs; and half way up
 Its naked side,—behind a shell-ring chain
 Of bankments slight and rude,—there lay a band—
 A patriot band of scantily arm'd men.
 From far and near they came—their hearths and homes
 Deserted, and the loved ones there awhile forgot—
 For deeper thoughts were stirring in their breasts,
 And busier scenes required their presence here.
 No proud array was there, no clanging sound
 Of brazen-throated trumpet stirr'd the stern,
 Deep stillness of that phalanx lone and few—
 "The pomp and circumstance of war" were not—
 But hushed—with darkling brows and eyes that flashed
 Defiance to their hireling foes, they stood
 Firm-footed on their country's soil—for her,
 (For they had sworn to fight her blue hills free,)
 A sacrifice. And they were men, who left
 Upon the unturned mould the plough,
 And in the unshorn grain the sickle dropped—
 From off the hook, above the chimney shelf,
 That bore its venerated weight, they snatched
 The rusty firelock, loved memorial
 Of daring deeds that warlike sires had done.
 Sons worthy of such sires, who heir'd as well
 Their fathers' virtues, as their fathers' arms,
 Now seized and bore them forth, to hurl among
 Detested foes, death-dealing showers, and speak
 In each report, "Revenge for Lexington!"
 And there they stood in sterner resolve, and gazed
 With anxious eye adown the valley, where—
 The Briton host—in martial pride and power—
 Came slowly on. Proudly as they are wont,
 Who dare the carnage-field, seeking to deck
 Their brows with blood-dipped leaf, the column'd foe,
 With bugle-blast and spirit-rousing drum,
 And unfurled flag and burnished arms, that glanced
 And glittered in the sun-light, and the tread
 Of war-horse prancing in his course—with heads
 Upraised in haughty fearlessness, and mien
 Of lofty grace—within whose veins there coursed
 Th' unmingled blood of ancient warriors
 And kings, came on; and loud their war-notes pealed
 Up the high hill and to the arching canopy.
 As doth the conqueror from a glorious field
 That his victorious arm hath won—they came;
 And England's monarch-king had gathered there
 The choicest spirits of her mighty land,
 Whose names undying were to noble deeds
 Allied—whose hearts of iron knew not fear.
 And such were marshalled 'neath the red-cross flag,
 And came—obedient to a tyrant's will—
 To quench the battle-thirst in kindred blood—
 To rivet shackles on the freeman's wrist!

They have left the plains—they have gained the
 height,

Their bayonets flashing in the light—
 The sabre unsheathed—keen-edged and bright—

The musket levelled low;
 With the dragon-banner above them borne—
 With the wailing note of the bugle-horn—
 With bitter taunt and galling scorn,

They move upon the foe.
 On—onward they come—as the wave in its path
 From its progress reaps might—from the tempest its
 wrath,

And battles the fiends of the deep;
 They rush—as the mountain-blast rushes by,
 With the forest-monarch uprooted high,
 And whirling wreck to the lurid sky,

Arouseth the lightning from sleep.
 They are met—and the mad wave dashes its shock
 With a powerless foam on the ocean-rock

Of the manly heart's resolve;
 They are met—and the host its might hath bowed
 To the volley that sweeps through its columns proud,
 As a ruling voice from the mountain cloud,

The whirlwind may dissolve.
 Now, yeoman, remember your sire before ye,
 And strike for the sake of the mother that bore ye,
 Strike deep—for the blow shall to freedom restore ye,

The grave—or thy cottage-home;
 Where the love-throng are waiting in hope thy return,
 And hearts with expecting anxiety burn
 For thy lingering step to come.

They fought—that little patriot band—like men,
 Who gathered to defend a cause, for which
 They dared to die. Unmoved, they stood before
 The crushing onset of their mighty foe,
 And bared their bosoms naked to the shock.
 No limb there trembled—and no eye was there
 That quailed before the fury of the storm.
 With iron nerve—and still, as men too full
 To shout—they met, and gave again the blow.
 They raised no boisterous battle-cry, nor rent
 The sulph'rous conflict-cloud with noisy rage;
 But "Freedom," watch-word of the free, was writ
 On every brow, and rang with fierce intensity,
 In every volley rattling from their ranks.

Thrice, on that bloody day, did Britain's pride
 Give shameful way, before the firm repulse
 Of that mere group of rude, untutored men:
 Thrice, did her vanquished line that came in state,
 And all the pomp of discipline and strength,
 Leave on the well-fought field their choicest hearts.
 The hirelings earned their fameless victory,
 But on the green sward, wet with streaming gore,
 Were heaped the gallant loved ones of their band.

'Their noblest chiefs were slain, and there they lay—
The common herd and they—"in one red burial
blent."

The haughty conqueror stood within that frail
Redoubt, and gazing, wondered at its frailty.
And in its narrow space were crowded scenes
Which on that mid-day sky might well reflect
The blood-red blush of horror and of shame.

Here on the saturated sod, there lay
An aged man. His whitened locks proclaimed
The chill of threescore winters—and the blood
Was struggling in a slow and clotting tide
From out his shrivelled temples. On his brow
Was settled, e'en in death, the rigid stamp
Of resolution stern. His wasted hand
Held, with a grasp that death itself could not un-
lock,

A rusty falchion. Well its work was done
That day, though wielded by a withered arm
And weak. But he was gone to join again
The brethren of his youth—the pilgrim sires—
In that bright world above, where all are free,
And strife unholy never mars its joy.
Beyond, a dying yeoman, on the ground,
Was straining all his fast receding sight,
With musket levelled to his glazing eye—
All flashing still with fierce, unfading hate—
To make one more dark sacrifice unto
His shade—then stiff'ning, sank in grim repose.

WARREN! first martyr in the holy strife!
Thou slaughtered witness of a despot's might!
That noon-sun marked the evening of thy life,
And set in darkness on thine only fight!
It set, to rise upon a brighter day—
Undimmed by clouds, unlimited by even—
Where endless sunshine drives the night away,
And lights the glory of the blest—in heaven.
Thy short campaign was over here—and He,
The Great Commander—far beyond the sky
Thy presence summoning—hath drafted thee
Into the armies of the saints on high.
Thy funeral pageant was a soldier's tear;
Thine only requiem—a patriot's sigh;
Thine ashes to the sod! thy mem'ry dear,
Enshrined in freemen's hearts, shall *never* die.

Oh England! when 'mid pride of future days—
'The guardian Genius of thy glorious isle,
In counting o'er the trophies of her praise,
Shall linger here and check her lofty smile—
Her burning shame a crimson glow shall fling
From cot of husbandman, to hall of king,
O'er all thy land. And she, with humbled mien,
Shall weep, in bending o'er her scutcheon's sheen,
To find it sullied with a bloody gout,
Which all her island seas may ne'er wash out.
While in the enfranchised land, free hearts shall thrill,
When thought in retrospect doth glide away,
And dwell with generous rapture on that day—
The day of freedom's birth on BUNKER HILL.

THE RUINS OF THE PARTHENON.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

WHAT thoughts of awe and reverence arise,
What spirits pass before the eyes' wild glare,
Whene'er this hallowed spot we view! The skies,
The darkened tomb, the ocean, and the air
Bring all their long-forgotten spirits there.
Behold, they come! those men of mighty name
That erst the fame of Greece conspired to rear;
Sages with lore, heroes with sword and flame,
And bards with tuneful lays, that erst won loud ac-
claim.

And as they pass, a stern, though shadowy band,
With eyes astonished gaze they on the scene,
(A scene which shows the ruin of their land.)
And, in a wondering tone, inquire what mean
Those cots which stand the columns tall be-
tween?

Those temples, citadels, which they did raise,
To be the wonder of this sphere terrene—
Why have they fall'n, since Grecia's better days,
To be the Moslem hind and Turkish peer's amaze.

Why should they wonder? know they not the truth,
That fates as well as empires must decay—
That nature is not always in her youth—
That every year, adown oblivious way,
Yielding unto an all-commanding sway,
Kingdoms and monarchs travel, wrapt in shame?
'Tis so—'twill be so—till the last great day.
Vain all our toils, we gain no lasting name,
From that most trumpet-tongued, yet fickle goddess,
FANE.

Monarchs and Lords! this ruined spot survey,
And ruminate upon the tide of chance;
Seek ye no farther to extend your sway,
Your subject's woes and your renown t'enhance;
For fame and glory are at best romance—
Renown a shadow—empire but a dream—
They last not, rest not,—like a spirit's glance
They come, they go; and like the cheerful gleam
Of sunbeams through a cloud, they vanish, e'er well
seen.

Blockley, Pa. Sep. 1837.

FRIENDSHIP.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUTH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

THE pleasures of the exalted passion of Friendship have often been portrayed in thrilling language and luminous colors. They have been proclaimed by the orator and sung by the poet. They have been enjoyed by some, and abused by many. They have been professed by the tongue, oftener than felt by the heart. They may be claimed by the prince, but are more purely enjoyed by the peasant.

True friendship is of celestial origin. It is the purest coin of a noble soul; the golden chain that the corroding tooth of time cannot sever; the grand connecting link between the children of men; and the silken cord that reaches from earth to heaven. It is the sacred tie that unites kindred spirits in the bonds of union; the base of social order and domestic felicity; the neutralizer of human frailty; the true source of rational enjoyment, and the philosopher's stone of earthly happiness. It emanates from honest hearts and elevated minds, imbued with pure and unalloyed philanthropy. It is a happy prelude to realms of bliss beyond the skies. But alas for poor weak human nature, only a small portion of mankind drink at this crystal fountain, and participate in its consequent blessings. From the earliest ages to the present time, experience has led many to exclaim with Goldsmith,

"What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

In as great a ratio as *genuine* friendship enhances the pleasures of life, *false* friendship embitters all its woes. No pains penetrate a generous mind more deeply, no wounds are felt more keenly than those inflicted by the hand of a traitor. The poisoned dagger of an open and hated enemy, is balm in comparison. The pangs of a heart deserted by those on whom its affections are placed, are as relentless as death, as cruel as the grave. No torture is as severe, no anguish as acute, no disease more fatal. Under the blighting chills of false friendship, the immortal soul writhes and sinks, leaves its tenement of clay to moulder beneath the clods of the valley, and flees to the arms of its Creator.

Deception is a propensity deeply planted in human nature, and the hobby-horse on which many ride through the world. Judas betrayed the Lord of glory with a kiss, and his example, with all its cowardly villainess, has been a precedent imitated by multitudes.

Thousands have had their property, their reputation, their happiness, and their lives sacrificed by a kiss. With all the advantages of experience, the most wary are sometimes caught in the snares of false friendship.

To illustrate the wiles of deception, I will relate an incident that transpired under my observation, and which I shall never forget whilst my memory endures. In the town of ——— resided Elder ———, a gentleman universally esteemed by his acquaintances, for his good sense, moral worth, and consistent conduct. He had an only daughter, who was the pride of her parents, the delight of her friends, and the nucleus of a social circle, which was cemented by the ties of mutual esteem and kindred feeling. She was "as chaste as Zobeide, and as beautiful as the Hours." Her heart was a stranger to deceit, she suspected it not in others. She was innocent as the playful lamb, and cheerful as the morning lark. Her disposition was open, noble, frank and generous. She possessed every requisite to make a *good* man happy, and to promote the most refined enjoyments of connubial felicity.

At length, a young man located himself as a classical teacher in the place, of genteel appearance and pleasing manners. To cover his dark designs more deeply, he professed the religion of the cross, and soon took an active, and, apparently, zealous part in its exercises. The father of this amiable girl, being a man of piety, and believing the stranger sincere, several times invited him to his house.

Months rolled on, his visits became more frequent, and he finally paid his addresses to the daughter. He succeeded in obtaining her entire confidence and warmest affection. His ostensible attachment was of the most ardent kind, he was "eloquent in love." He imprinted the burning—the *Judas* kiss, and folded his fair victim in the coils of base deception.

In view of some of her friends, a dark mystery hung over the stranger. Feeling a deep interest for her welfare, they suggested to her and her father, their fears that he was not what he appeared to be. He had already gained her assent to become the wife of his bosom, subject to the will of her parents. She suggested to him the necessity of consulting them without further delay. The old gentleman had seen much of the world, and was conversant with men and things. On the application of the stranger for the hand of his daughter, he put a series of interrogatories to him relative to his origin, reputation, and future in-

tentions, well calculated to test the sincerity of his professions. He answered every question promptly and satisfactorily. He also produced letters of commendation, and several, that he averred had just been received through the mail from his friends, regularly stamped with the post-mark of the town of — in a distant state. He was required to obtain a certificate from Judge —, who was known to be a resident of the town named, of his parentage and good character. This done, every objection would be removed. In the mean time, the father took the precaution to write to the post master of the office where the letters shown were apparently mailed, relative to the standing of Mr. —. In due time, he received an answer in all respect favorable to the young man named, saying, that he was absent on a tour to the west. By the same mail, as was then supposed, the desired certificate arrived from the Judge, speaking in the highest terms of Mr. —, who had a few months before graduated at — College, and was now on a tour to the west. The termination of this investigation was satisfactory to the parents, and enrapturing to the confiding daughter. Every obstacle was removed, every suspicion lulled. In a few days this demon in human shape led this amiable girl to the hymenial altar. In less than two weeks from that time he decamped, with a considerable sum of money borrowed from her friends, and left this angelic woman to writhe under the tortures of false friendship, the victim of a dark, designing knave, the subject of a hellish plot, as deeply laid and successfully executed, as can be found in the black catalogue of guilt and crime. The wiles of deception triumphed over the most rigid caution. The young lady, although warm-hearted, was not rash. She listened to the counsel of her parents, and patiently waited their determination. After the man she loved had been weighed in the balance and pronounced to be pure coin, a pleasing prospect of future bliss opened before her. In two short weeks after she passed the Rubicon, her morning sun was enveloped in gloom, and sunk to rise no more.

The shock was too great for her sensitive mind, the arrows of grief pierced her bleeding heart. She withered, and died. A neat stone points to her narrow house, and by her side, the remains of her fond parents repose in peaceful slumber. Although thirty winters have spread their frost upon my locks since this mournful scene was acted, it often passes in review before my imagination as if only a transaction of yesterday.

The whole plot was subsequently revealed by a woman, whose husband fled with a paramour, and who was a *particeps criminis* with the hardened fiend, who had consigned a whole family to an early grave.

This husband, whose heart revelled in the same sink of corruption with that of the young stranger, had, at that time, charge of the post office, and was a printer. The young man had been expelled from college for repeated larcenies from his room-mates, and had assumed the name of a respectable graduate, who was a native of the town to which the father

wrote, and whose history he well knew. The letters exhibited by him, and the one containing the certificate of the Judge, were all forged, and post-marked by a stamp prepared for the purpose. The letter written by the father was opened by the process of steaming the wafer; its answer was examined in the same manner, and the certificate which apparently arrived by the same mail, was made to correspond with it in every particular. The stranger had often named the college and time at which he graduated; the letter from the post-master and the certificate from the Judge, confirmed his statements. The deception was as complete as the result was tragical. He was a young man of talent, and had nearly finished his collegiate education. His manners were fascinating, and his whole appearance prepossessing.

He was afterwards traced in his dark career through several States, in three of which he succeeded in the same game, and finally left the country, to save his life from the avenging hand of a young gentleman, whose sister he had ruined, and who followed him more than a thousand miles.

In view of this, among numerous instances of a similar kind, let all be admonished, and more particularly the *young*, to beware of wolves in sheep's clothing, and to use the utmost care in choosing a bosom companion. Genuine coin loses none of its inherent qualities by being seven times tried, and you had better place it in the crucible of trial *seventy times seven*, rather than take a counterfeit. Remember that caution is the parent of safety, discretion the helm of human action, and prudence the ballast to preserve equilibrium. The ocean of life is constantly infested with pirates, sailing under false colors. A large proportion of mankind wear the mask more or less; few are, in all respects, what they appear to be. Deception is practiced from the cradle to the grave, by the beggar, and by the king.

I will notice some prominent characters, and beg my readers to shun them as they would the fangs of an adder or the crater of a volcano.

Beware of *sunshine* friends, whose love is evidently based on the seven principles of five loaves and two fishes. Those who are surrounded by wealth, power or fame, are in constant danger from this numerous and detestable class. Like insects in embryo, they burst forth in myriads the moment they feel the genial rays of your prosperity; but the instant the chilling dews and clouds of adversity dispel the warmth that gave them life, they fly as on wings of wind. When a man falls by misfortune, it often happens that those who have enjoyed his most liberal benefaction, are the first to forsake, censure, and reproach him. This arises from base ingratitude, and is a trick to gain the favor of some other person who has the loaves and fishes, and who, perhaps, rejoices at the prostration of one who was an object of his envy. Truly has Cowper said,

"No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love erected."

How many courtiers have accompanied princes to the dungeon, or in exile, on the ground of friendship? How many, who, in prosperity, professed the most ardent attachment, have visited and administered to the wants of an unfortunate debtor, when thrown in prison by merciless and avaricious creditors? Learn the result of these queries, and you will be enabled to duly appreciate *sunshine* friends. You may have a thousand intimates, and not a genuine friend among them.

Beware of the flatterer, who tells you of your superior beauty, talents, wealth, influence, or power. Flattery is a magic charm, and should be listened to with great distrust. It flows from weak heads and corrupt hearts, and is beneath the dignity of a slave.

Be cautious of persons whose oily tongues run on diamonds, and whose bewitching smiles are enchantment. The poison of asps may rankle in the heart beneath, and inflict a deadly wound in an unsuspecting moment. The serpent exhibits the brightest colors, when coiled to spring upon its prey, and highly charged with venom.

Avoid those who are all loquacity, unbosoming their secrets, with a solemn injunction of silence, that, by reciprocity, they may obtain yours, only to betray them. Such persons uniformly employ half a score to aid them in keeping every arcanum. A loquacious person is a pest in society.

Beware of persons who communicate their ideas to you in a mysterious manner. The sly hint, the dark inuendo, the knowing wink, the significant look, and the deep sigh, are all of doubtful gender, and seldom emanate from a pure source.

Be cautious not to link yourself with persons of a captious, passionate, fretful disposition. To live on terms of uniform amity with them, requires, as much caution as to carry a firebrand through a powder house. A single spark may produce direful consequences.

"A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By careless, sharp corrosion:
A temper, passionate and fierce,
May suddenly your joys disperse,
At one immense explosion."

Shun the tale-bearer, and those who are surcharged with envy, jealousy, and contention. Such persons would gladly convert a paradise into a desert, the abodes of happiness into smoking ruins, and blast, with their foul breath, the fairest flowers that bloom. The felicity and prosperity of those around them affect their hearts as water does the unfortunate subject of hydrophobia. Their spasms are as severe, and their saliva as dangerous.

Never take to your bosom the fickle and unstable, who are ever fluttering in the wind, who are *every thing* by turns, and *nothing* long, poisoning on doubts, and balancing on the pivot of uncertainty and indecision.

Beware of the man who despises frugality and economy; who rushes into the arena of high life beyond his means, and urges you to enter into visionary and hazardous speculations, in which you are to make your fortune by a *coup de main*. The schemes of such men produce ninety-nine blanks to a prize, and are dangerous experiments.

Beware of forming sudden intimacies with strangers. You can treat them with courtesy and hospitality, without introducing them to the secret recesses of your heart and business. It is imprudence to trust any man with the minutiae of your concerns, without good evidence that he moves within the orbit of moral rectitude. We find too many, who, like Cataline, conceal a sink of corruption under a fascinating exterior. Truly did the poet say,

"And who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected."

A fine coat, a lily hand, a gold watch, and a graceful bow, are passports that often introduce strangers into good company, who are despised by those who know them. An itinerant dandy is a dangerous animal, of which all persons should beware.

Finally, let me admonish *all* to guard against counterfeits. One false friend is more dangerous than a thousand open and avowed enemies. By such a one secrets of the most sacred import are treacherously betrayed; frailties of human nature basely exposed, and often exaggerated; reputation is wantonly destroyed, and the prospects of future happiness blasted at one bold stroke. A false friend strikes in the dark, and leaves you to welter in misery and woe.

In selecting a friend, choose one of strong common sense; who is consistent in all things; who shuns every purlieu of vice; one—

"Whose heart, and head, and liberal mind,
Breathe general good to all mankind;
Who, when a friend, by Fortune's wound,
Falls, tumbling headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from off his face."

Such a friend is worthy of our esteem and veneration, is entitled to our affection and confidence, and may be safely chosen for a bosom associate and kindred companion.

A YANKEE TAR'S

ADVENTURE WITH THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

"There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare withal."—SHAKESPEARE.

It was on a lovely morning in October that Jack Thompson and his three partners, the owner and crew of the Jolly Lamplighter pilot-boat, were seen hauling her down the steep shingly beach of the small fishing village of Eisenberg, some few miles to the westward of Hamburg. When viewed from a distance at high-water, the town appears as if just emerging from the waves, while, almost from the very strand, a precipitous rock rises up, crowned by an ancient church, whose gray and weather-beaten walls, visible some leagues at sea, have often cheered the home-sick mariner with the hope of mingling once again with the companions of his youth. Years have made but little alteration in the place; a few old-fashioned houses, sundry groups of fishermen's cottages huddled irregularly together, a dock nearly choked with mud, and a rude pier composed of unhewn granite blocks, form the most prominent features of Eisenberg.

Jack Thompson, the owner of the pilot-boat, which by this time had been pushed into the water, had formerly rated as an able seaman on board a Yankee frigate; from thence he had passed into the merchant-service, and, being cast upon the German coast in a tempest which left not another of his shipmates to tell the story, had domesticated himself at Eisenberg, and gained his living as a pilot, by preserving other vessels from the fate which his own had so unhappily met with.

Although the denizen of a foreign country, Jack Thompson still adhered to the natty costume of the Yankee tar: his blue jacket, small hat placed jauntily upon one side of his head, his highly polished shoes, and gracefully curled love-locks, might all have passed muster upon the deck of "old Ironsides." His companions were Germans of the true breed: Hans Gutterblutt, his mate, was of Upper Saxony, and set up for a wit. Rodolph Lintz, and Molk Vanderspiegel, being of Coblenz, were practical men, and said nothing.

"I say, Hans," said the owner, taking his place at the helm, "I guess the wind's coming round; we'll have some of the squalls off the coast to-day. What d'ye ye think of standing out to west'ard? I hard tell of some square-rigged craft in that direction—Dutchmen from Batavia belike—they'll want a pilot, surely, and mayhap a boat's crew."

"Oh, to be sure, Meester Van Thompson," replied the animated Hans Gutterblutt; "you are always in de richt. I do remember fifteen year at Sluys, my grandmother——"

"Pass me aft that sheet, you Jarman lubber," interrupted his chief, "Molk! sprit the mainsail—haul away, now." The boat's keel grated through the loose sand, she glided from the shore with a free wind and a flowing sail, and dashed through the rippling waves, which had already begun to glitter in the morning ray. While the Jolly Lamplighter was holding on her rapid course, her careless crew lay stretched along the thwarts, or bent over the gunwale, gazing listlessly upon the sparkling foam that bubbled at her side; at times the hoarse but not unmusical voices of the Germans would be lifted up in some old national hymn; while the Yankee, who happened to be in a taciturn mood, keeping his watchful eyes fixed upon the sails, with an occasional glance to windward, so-laced himself in silence with a quid of tobacco.

The day was now far spent, and this had been, apparently, an unsuccessful trip for our boat's crew: they had been out some leagues to sea, without the appearance of any vessel likely to require their assistance. At length, tired of the pursuit, they stood in for the harbor: the hazy evening was near its close, as they slowly worked their way against an ebb tide.

"Well, that's as queer a go as ever I seed," exclaimed Jack Thompson, suddenly starting up.

"Der Teufel!" ejaculated Hans Gutterblutt, "Der Teufel!" growled Rudolph Lintz; and "Der Teufel!" re-echoed the sagacious Molk Vanderspiegel.

And the astonishment of the boatmen was well founded. Rapidly doubling the rocky point which shelters the small haven from the westerly gales, a large square-rigged vessel hove in sight, with all her canvass spread, and every spar landing.

"What is she—where did she come from?" was the exclamation of the vivacious mate.

"It's no odds where she comes from," said the owner; "she's a stranger, or she'd never poke her bowsprit among them rocks: howsomever, a good pilot might bring her safe off yet."

"Oh, Meester Van Thompson," interrupted the mate, "I am frightful she is not a Christian craft. See what a breeze of wind she have got, and we have not got von breath!"

"That is because we are becalmed here under the land. She's a jolly three-master, and a Dutchman by her build; so out with the oars, my hearties, and we'll just run alongside and hail her."

"Oh, Meester Van Thompson," shouted Hans, "do not be such rash man—she is der Teufel, or we would have seen him before—she is de 'flying Dutchman,'

and de 'phantom ship.' I remember fifteen year at Sluys——"

"Belay your jawing tackle, you Jarman lubber; ye havn't as much brains as would bait a mackerel-hook. If so be as y're afeard, I'll put ye ashore on the rock, and board the barque myself."

Accordingly he ran the boat into a little creek or gully between the rocks, and the next moment he found himself deserted by a crew, who, in the hour of real danger, would never have quitted his side, but who wanted sufficient moral courage to encounter with him an unknown or supernatural enemy.

By the time that Hans and his companions had gained the summit of the cliff, the night had become dark and foggy. They looked anxiously towards the point where the strange vessel had appeared, but their most intense scrutiny could not discover any trace of her—not a spot was apparent upon the waste of waters, nor even one glimmering light to indicate the presence of a solitary boat upon the fishing station: dense masses of vapor rolled slowly in from seaward, and a heavy ground-swell had begun to break upon the rocks beneath; the clouds drifted furiously athwart the murky sea, and all things seemed to prognosticate a dreadful stormy night.

"Oh, he is gone, and der Teufel has got him!" said Hans Gutterblutt, as, with heavy heart, he joined his two comrades on their march homeward. "Oh, he was such nice man, and did sing! Oh, I shall never hear him sing Jolly Dick de Lamplichter more."

The night, as was expected, had become wild and tempestuous; but towards morning the gale lulled, and the sun rose vividly upon the ocean: the waves, though the storm had passed away, still chafed and broke into sheets of white foam against the opposing cliffs of the rocky projection.

At an early hour, the disconsolate mate, with his silent companions, walked down to the pier, meditating upon the mysterious fate of his unlucky superior, when, like a spirit from the other world, they beheld Jack! the identical Jack Thompson! leaning against the stock of an old anchor, and composedly smoking his deeply tinted Meerschau pipe. He greeted them with a nod and a knowing wink. "Tausend Teufeln!" cried Hans; "here is Meester Van Thompson, and der Jolly Lamplichter, both alive."

The report that our hero had been pilot to a *phantom ship*, on the preceding evening, spread with great celerity. Old and young crowded round him, but he evaded all their inquiries; and it was not until evening that, seated with a few particular cronies, he gave the following recital of his adventure:—

"When I pushed off from the rock," said he, "I confess I did feel a little flabbergasted. Howsomever, there was no use in turning back; so I put the helm up, and before ye could say Jack Robinsen, I was alongside the barque. A great big-bellied Dutchman she was, with studding-sails set aloft and alow; but what bamboozled me most was, sink the noise or word was to be heard aboard. She was more like a floating churchyard than a decent Dutch craft. Howsomever, I ran the yawl close under the mizen-chains, and hailed her as loud as I could bawl, 'Barque, ahoy!'

'Hilloa!' answered a black looking swab, popping his mug over the starboard quarter. 'Does your honor want a pilot?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, very civil; 'step aboard, we'll pay you well—heave out a line there?' Well, into the chains I jumped, and who d'ye think stepped up to me but *old Davy Jones himself*—a regular devil with cloven hoofs, and a thundering long tail, with horns to match!"

"It was der wilde Yager," interrupted Hans.

"Hold your jaw, ye Jarman lubber. 'Well,' says he; 'what cheer, Jack Thompson,' says he, quite coolly, though his eyes were burning in his head like a couple of hand-grenades. Then says he, 'Jack Thompson, go to the wheel and work the ship.' 'Ax your pardon, but which is the skipper, sir?' says I, as bold as brass. 'I'm the skipper,' says he, making a low scrape—'at your service.' 'You, the skipper! well, that's a rare one, anyhow, thinks I; a nice mess I've got into. Well, I was obligated to take the helm, and it warn't till then I diskivered that every man of the crew was the very moral of old Davy the skipper; howsomever, to give the devil his due, they were good seamen, and did their duty like men-of-war's-men. Well, not to be spinning out a long yarn, I worked the ship out of her berth amongst the rocks, without so much as breaking a barnacle on her keel; and when fairly got into the offing, taking off my hat very civilly, I wished the captain a good voyage, and was just stepping into the yawl that lay alongside, when he stopped me. 'Jack Thompson,' says he, 'you're a rele trump, and did ye're duty like a man: here's something to drink my health with'—and he hauled a long purse of golden shiners out of his breeches-pocket. I was rather taken aback when I saw the guineas glimmering through the net-work; howsomever, I waurn't going to sell my precious soul in that way. 'Ax your honor's pardon,' says I, 'but I never takes money from gentlemen of your honor's quality.' 'Well,' my lad,' says the skipper, not a bit vexed, 'you must at least take a glass of grog afore you go. Fireblood!' says he to a young devil, who was sitting smoking a pipe in the main-hatchway; 'jump, and fetch me the bottle.' 'The devil bottle you,' thinks I; but there was no use in being obstopolous. Well, when the youngster came up, he filled a glass for me first. 'Alter your honor, sir,' says I, making a leg. 'Here's to the continuance of our acquaintance,' says he, bolting the whole, glass and all; then filling another, and wagging his tail, he handed it to me. 'To be sure it smelt like rale Jamaiky, and my lips were smacking to taste it; but, recollecting it was only a scheme of the old shaver to weather upon me, I made believe to drink it, and, when I thought he was not minding, shied the tippie over my shoulder. But he was not to be done so easily: 'Jack Thompson,' says he, turning round in a terrible passion, 'd'ye think I'm to be humbugged in that lubberly fashion? Is that the way to sarve good liquor, you swab?' 'I ax your honor's pardon, sir,' says I. 'Hold your jaw, you lubber! I treated you like a gentleman, but you took neither my money nor my drink, and it shall be worse for you. You think yourself a monstrous clever fellow, Mister Thompson; but I'll show you the difference.' With

that he gave the deck three slaps with his long tail, and in the twinkling of a handspike there blew a hurricane from every point of the compass, with such thunder and lightning as old Davy himself knows how to manufacture; and before I could bless myself, the whole ship, captain, crew, and all, had sunk to the bottom, like a lump of lead, and I was left on the surface swimming for my life! I saw the 'Jolly Lamplighter' within an oar's length of me: I struck out like a dolphin, and in a brace of shakes was safe aboard her. It was blowing pretty fresh at the time; but I weathered out that gale, as I had done many a one before it; and now here I am, ready to laugh in Master Davy's face, and be his pilot the next time he comes into these parts."

Such was Jack Thompson's history of his adventure; which soon, by the industry of the gossips and wonder-hunters of the village, became the conversation of the country for miles round. Every one retailed it with such alterations, modifications, and exaggerations as suited his taste, until it grew too horribly marvellous for human ears.

In a few months after his exploit, Jack gave up the

"Jolly Lamplighter" to his mate, Hans Gutterblutt; purchased a large smack—seldom went to sea—sporting a gold watch of alarming dimensions, with a steel chain and fifteen seals; and, in short, became a man of note in the village, second in importance only to old Fritz Letterboxen, the postmaster. The worthy householders of Eisenberg marvelled at his sudden elevation; but they did not grow a whit the wiser, for Jack left them to wonder on, until they had fairly tired their imaginations.

I ought, perhaps, to conclude here; but, in justice to my readers, I must add, that many years afterwards it was whispered that Jack, one night in a mellow mood, had hinted that the unearthly barque was, in fact, a rich Dutch smuggler, that had got amongst the rocks in the fog; and that, for his service in piloting her out, he had received a bag of ducats, which he scrupled less to accept than the purse of diabolical gold.

However that may be, it is certain that Jack cannot, to this day, relate without a roguish leer of the eye, and a significant hitch of the trousers, the story of his adventure with the "*Flying Dutchman*." E.

STANZAS.

'Twas a sweet and balmy eve in June,
And the milky way was bright,
The out-stretch'd arms of the crescent moon
Beam'd forth thro' the silent night—
And a lady gazed, and sigh'd, that soon
Such beauty would fade from sight.

A lady gazed, with a babe at rest
On her arm, and heav'd a sigh,
As, clasped to that fair and snowy breast,
She drank in the scene on high,—
"Will I ever meet my baby blest,
Aloft in that beautiful sky?

"The stars are gemm'd in their glory there,
The moon-beams dance on the sea,
My heart beats glad as it breathes its prayer,
My innocent boy, for thee,"—
The mother sobbed o'er her infant fair,
As it smiled in frolic glee.

It smiled as a thought passed o'er its heart,
In its slumber pure and deep,—
"Oh, ne'er may passion or trouble start
From his calm and peaceful sleep
My bright-eyed boy!—nor guile nor art,
Ever cause those eyes to weep!

"They are pure and gay, those radiant beams,
As they blaze in their glory out;
But the smile of my babe in his innocent dreams,
And his waking, joyous shout,—
Oh, sweeter are they than yon star which seems
To flaunt its glory about!"

The light breeze cooled the feverish flush
That lit up the mother's cheek:
How Nature's generous feelings rush
O'er the spirit pure and meek,
In the dreamy night and the solemn hush
Of the solitudes we seek!

The light breeze fanned, and a tear apace,
A bright and dewy tear,
Cours'd down o'er the mother's crimson'd face
To the sweet babe slumbering near,—
Her eye was upturn'd to the realms of space
As the tear fell, bright and clear.

The thought had passed,—and the throbbing breast
Again was becalm'd and still,
A gentle sigh, and the babe close prest,
With a start and joyous thrill,—
"The world may frown and thy peace molest,
But it cannot wreak thee ill!

I'll guard thy ways with a mother's care,
I will teach thy thoughts to soar
To the spirit-land, the dwelling, where
YON GLORY is hov'ring o'er;
And He will hear and answer the pray'r
That my full heart shall out-pour!"

She paused; but the pageant beam'd on high,
As if brightness ne'er could cloy,—
It seem'd as if each would fain outvie
The others in glory and joy,—
The stars look'd out and smil'd from the sky
On that mother and infant boy!

Columbia, Pa.

ALP.

THE IRISH BRUTUS.

BY A CONNAUGHT RANGER.

ON the front of an old stone house in Dead Man's Lane, sometimes known as Lombard Street, in the city of Galway, is a black marble tablet, bearing the date of 1624, and a skull and cross bones insignia, accompanied by the following motto:—"REMEMBER DEATHE. VANITI OF VANITI, AND ALL IS BUT VANITI." The mansion is dilapidated, and of poor appearance, but a sad story is connected with it; and the original builder of the house was concerned in a singular point of justice, the fulfilment of which, in the eyes of the citizens of Galway, raised its owner to a reputation of honest severity that almost equalled the pure and patriotic justice of the inflexible Roman.

James Lynch, an opulent merchant, was elected to the mayoralty of Galway. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit, he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant, named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which, from the earliest period, has characterised the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but in these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was a source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favorable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honorable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview, he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at its injustice, the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and in maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of the pursuer prevented him from recognising, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poinard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, dur-

ing the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognised on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night, a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts, when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father, on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, as chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment, the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of duty in his magisterial capacity, as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated, and though he now perceived that the cup of earthly bliss was about to be for ever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure the prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth who had long been a universal favorite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock, when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter beheld him who had been their hope and pride approach, pale, bound and surrounded with spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life, with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, too, condemn-

ing that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds: the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevented by the guards from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which joined it; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends: but while Lynch evinced all the feeling of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he unflinchingly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the grate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and, with a faltering tongue, asked if he had any thing to hope? The mayor answered, "No, my son—your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity: but that is at an end—with this world you have done for ever—were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder: but you must die: these are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and, if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning to God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at a throne of mercy, the youthful cul-

prit joined with fervor, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been prepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to fulfil on the altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace, but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired peaceably and slowly to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family.

WILL YE COME TO THE TRYST?

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

SHALL we meet on this spot in after time,
When thousands of years have passed away?
Shall we come from a fairer and brighter clime,
To meet below as we meet to-day?

Ye'll be spirits then,—but if spirits can give
A single thought to the things below,
It still will be sweet for a moment to live
'Mid the scenes that in youth ye were wont know.

Another race will be inmates then
Of the homes where our revels of soul we held—
Or perhaps desolation may stalk o'er the plain,
—And point to the ruins her hand has fell'd.

But the thought of these days, like an evergreen flower,
Shall bloom 'mid the changes and blights of time,
And shine abroad in our trysting bower,
As shine the plants of a better clime.

Will ye come to the tryst?—ye'll be spirits then—
But, oh! may we hope it, in bliss so high
That when ye have come to the paths of men
Ye will long again to your home to fly.

There's a region of joy, where all that is fair,
And holy, and happy, prolongs the day—
Be it given your spirits to mingle there,
When thousands of ages have passed away.

MASONRY IN AFRICA.

A FRAGMENT, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED HISTORY.

UPON the windward coast of Africa, in a situation calculated to warm the coolest temperament, stands a European settlement,—a pimple of civilization upon the fiery face of a barbarous continent.

"Once upon a time" a Masonic lodge had existed there. Its members had ceased to melt, having gradually melted away; for the constant flux and reflux of white residents, the brief sojourn of many and the death of an appropriate portion, rapidly vary the population of the little colony. After a lapse of years, however, it was not long since determined that the lodge should be re-opened.

The house formerly used had become ineligible; and, in the true spirit of a mason-soldier, a gallant captain offered to receive his brothers in his own wing of the barracks.

A tiler, or servant to the lodge, however, was indispensable; and here arose a difficulty. What black man, Mahometan or pagan, could be induced to receive instruction necessary to his admission within the lodge; and, regardless of the prophet Mahmoud, on the one hand, and, on the other of Satan,—the principal object of fervid worship amongst the infidels of those hot parts,—to hazard his well-being in this world, and his sombre soul in the next.

Various were the negro gentlemen invited; but few possessed "hearts big enough." No wonder that in the gold-dust country they should prove deficient in the "*œs triplex*!" One refused upon the very admissible ground that the masons had been accustomed to attend service in the colonial church once annually; and that, claiming to himself the same liberty of conscience which he allowed to others,—being by birth, and subsequently by conviction, of that extensive religious "persuasion" called Pagans, and of the particular sect of the said popular church which worships the devil and reverences dead men's teeth,—he must decline compromising his religious principles, and sanctioning by his presence the heterodox tenets of the English colonial chaplain.

A second, however, had forsaken the Heathen modes of his ancestors, and had waxed into a fervent proselyte, under missionary auspices, in all respects save a tough hereditary prejudice in favor of a genteel establishment of eight or ten wives,

"To pound his rice,"

whether Fantee, Mandingo, Cosso, Bullum, or Soosoo. This strange conjugal whim, be it remarked, generally is as unalienable and adhesive to the negro taste, as "roast pig" was to the palate of the immortal "Elia."

This reclaimed pagan, however, professed that he would rather dine on fried soles, that unclean piscatorial; masticate dog's flesh before it had become putrid; disbelieve in witchcraft; or put away a spouse, however freckled, than adjoin himself into a society whose nominal master indeed might be the Honora-

ble Colonial Secretary, but whose real spiritual president, he well knew, could be no other than Beelzebub the *Bugaboo*, whose ways he had renounced.*

The remaining mass of the negro "ton" declined their services on reasons no less satisfactory. They appealed to the yet living reputation of the deceased lodge, which they characterized as *prononcee* to a certain degree; for the spirit of the building, once redolent of mysteries and fraternity, prolongs a posthumous existence in their imaginings, awful and evitable. It is desolate, for none will enter it; it is crumbling, for none will repair it; it is shunned as the favorite trichinium of Sathana, Beelzebub, and Ashtaroth; it is known as

"THE WHITE MAN'S DEVIL-HOUSE."

As incredulous a negress as ever succumbed to Obeah asserted that, from its vague interior, bells were heard to toll, and chains to clank, at the lone hour of midnight, twelve—when the "sun lived in the bush;" and that many a rash eye had been scared away by goblin apparitions and rank sights. With her own orbs, whilst stealthily prying through a window, had she beheld no less a potentate than Satan himself, sucking the blood of a white cock, and feeding a dead man with palaver sauce.

The idea of secret and mysterious associations is not new to the negroes; they have not borrowed it from the white man. A short reference to the nature of such as are familiar to them, will throw light upon the awe with which they regarded the old Devil-House of the white man, and declined the privilege of *entree* at the new one.

Their own hidden fraternities existed in gigantic organization and with withering power, long before the diseased and "craw-craw" complexion of European discoverers was known to the natural inheritors of Warren's jet blacking. Evil rites attend them; and bodily mutilation, and the chance of slavery, are united to supernatural horrors. Well aware of this, they naturally imagine similar diabolical mysteries to constitute the "working" of white man's freemasonry: nay, more; recognising the superiority, the mastery of the whites in all things that come under their observation, they take for granted that the same exists in matters which they do not witness, and, if their own orgies are terrific, they suppose that those of the white man must be intensely more so.

Of all men they are most horribly superstitious, and, in consequence, are victims also to superstitious horrors of the first magnitude. The forest, or bush, the air, the streams, the ground, swarm with a surplus

* It is curious that whilst the Hebrew word Beelzebub means "prince of flies," Bugaboo, in negro language, signifies "the white ant," which is deemed the devil's familiar.

population of Satan's imps and witches. Each moment and each step expose the wayfarer to the gripe of some malicious fiend. To evade the unwholesome clutch, the limbs are ornamented with charms and talismans, with dead men's hair and leopards' teeth. To deprecate and conciliate these animavorous specimens of African zoology no pains are spared, and temples named "Devil-Houses" witness the placatory sacrifices to the spirit of evil.

But this will not suffice. It is not enough simply to protect the person. Associations are formed which recognise the necessity of watching over Satan's interests, by visiting with direful vengeance such members of the tribe at large as may have treated his majesty with less respect than his station entitles him to expect. There are liberalists and spiritual republicans even in Africa.

Some writers, in noticing these associations as similar to freemasonry, have fallen into the same error with the black colonists aforesaid, who refused their aid to tile the lodge because they confounded it with their own tremendous and execrable fraternities.

The secret sisterhoods of Africa have their own peculiar charms and peculiar annoyances. The initiated maidens enjoy much respect, and a singular liability to be sold to the slave-factory; and many inducements are held out to the grand-mistress of the order to dispose of her gentle sisters in this manner, since a well-built maiden, warranted of clever action, of unblemished points, and sound lungs, will find bidders at a hundred hard dollars at any respectable bazaar between Senegal and Guinea. "Inshallah!" (God be praised!) as the Mahometan slave-merchant thankfully observed.

The honor, however, compensates for the danger, and they love to entwine the privileged emblem of their order, the ivory circlets, in the hair; an ornament that glads the heart of the simple ebony maid, as feathers and brilliants rejoice that of the blonde or the nut-brown.

The initiations, alas! are attended with ungentle mutilation of the person; and the trembling and weeping girl is blindfolded, that she may never know the woman who lacerated her. Gashes, however, on the face, arms, breast, and back are favorite ornaments; they are the unpretending substitutes for rouge and cosmetics. The society is in a flourishing state, and the worshipful mistress derives a considerable revenue by the sale of refractory maidens. The guilt generally arises in the practice of witchcraft and sorcery;—accomplishments assiduously cultivated by the young ladies of Nigritia.

But, to return to our story. Enough has been said to explain how it happened that ideas of awe rested amongst the black colonists upon "The White Man's Devil House."

The night was of that deep-toned glory unimagined save by those who have watched the firmament of a tropical sky. No moon was up; but the moon-like planets threw upon the sultry ground shadows of man and horse as they slowly wound round the long mountain path that led from the sea-washed capital at its foot, to the summit of the Barrack Hill. As a higher

elevation was gained, the suffocating breath of the low grounds became tempered by the land breeze, that floated down by the channel of the wide river, and flung itself rudely upon the hill side. Yet the still, close atmosphere, and the distant flickering of purple and golden lightning far away to the east over the lands of savage nations, warned against loitering for the chance of a tornado. By ones and twos the little straggling brotherhood alighted at the barrack gates; and there, thousands of miles from their native land, and the fireside of home, men, unconnected by birth, by interests, or by office, met, and cordially felt that they were related. Just before entering the chamber whose secrets are bound as by adamant, the eye fell upon a figure sitting in the verandah in the very dignity of overmastering terror. His aspect told that he was following the poet's advice,

"Nimium ne crede colori!"

He was a black man awaiting the ceremony of initiation with much the same intensity of interest that enlivens the criminal execution. He appeared the living representative of that fear-stricken island tree whose trembling leaves distil a sympathetic dew. He was an old serjeant of the Royal African Corps. Years of discipline had taught him reverence for the tastes of his superiors; and when invited by his officer to tile the lodge, overcome on one hand by the condescension of the captain, and overwhelmed on the other by misgivings of latent Satanic cajolery, he had plunged into the Rubicon. If his commander had deemed it expedient to form an alliance with so powerful a prince as the prince of darkness, what business had he to do with it? He had fought at Waterloo, and would fight at any time against the devil himself if ordered to the charge; but he had never expected to serve in the same company. However he sturdily denied flinching from the approaching trial of his courage.

The negro's burnished face smartened up when all was over. Rumor, whose numerous tongues, if well pickled, would pair off with all the boiled turkeys cooked in Christendom on a Christmas-day, and leave plenty to spare, told the tale of wonder in "quarter less no time," how Serjeant B. had become a member of white man's purragh; how he had sat down to supper, with Captain — on one side, the devil on the other, and the chief judge opposite; how the serjeant thought he recognised the "old gentleman" as a comrade in the Peninsula; and how the old gentleman politely acknowledged similar remembrances, and took wine with him; and how they had parted, with mutual hopes and promises of meeting again at some future day, in the hot season, not in "the rains."

The more the woolly-headed men and maidens of his inquisitive acquaintance interrogated the serjeant himself concerning his adventure on that fearful night, the more he would not tell them a word about the matter; and, to this moment, no mysteries are more mysterious, no secrets more arcane, than those which trouble the black population of the little colony respecting the "White Man's Devil-House." T. H. R.

TWO NIGHTS IN BEAUCHAMP TOWER:

OR, THE CORONATION AND THE SCAFFOLD.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ANNE BOLEYN.

Forget not yet thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose stedfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not this!

SIR T. WYATT.

"Go weigh against a grain of sand
The glories of a throne!"

It was the night before the first of June, 15—, and the gallantest lords and the loveliest ladies of England (each vying with the other in the splendor of their habiliments, and the courteous mystery of their devices,) were assembled in Beauchamp Tower. In the midst of the radiant circle sat the "cynosure" of all eyes, the charming Anne Boleyn, surpassing all around her by the playful grace of her smiles, and the sparkling wit of her discourse; her beauty was of that warm *enjoue* character which is so peculiarly fascinating: the large dark loving eyes, "half languor and half fire;" the ripe, rich, delicate lips; the slight and swan-like neck shadowed only by the long and clustering ringlets of dark brown glossy hair; the clear brunette complexion (heightened by the rich rose of her cheek) and the nymph-like grace of her form,—all united to render her the most bewitching woman of her times. Triumph and gratified ambition gave brighter lustre to her eloquent eyes, and the smile on her lips repaid the homage of her surrounding courtiers. Her attire was splendid: satin and silver, and purple and ermine, arranged with a taste peculiar to herself, and displaying the graces of her figure with rather more latitude than the rigid costume of the ladies of her court. She appeared half occupied in examining the profusion of jewellery on a table near her, and half listening to the polished wit of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who stood behind her chair.

"How like you the crown, daughter?" said the Countess of Wiltshire, placing one of exquisite workmanship, composed almost entirely of the richest gems, before her.

"I thank heaven, well, lady mother," answered Anne; and turning to Wyatt, she added, gaily, "How like you the crown, Sir Poet?"

"So well, lady of all hearts—

That may the FALCON* never rue
The gallant height she won unto!"

"How now! an evil prophecy on the eve of our coronation? That is not well from our Knight and Minstrel!" and taking a lute from the hands of an attendant lady, she held it forth to Sir Thomas. "Here, Sir Poet, we command thee, on thy allegiance instant—

* The appropriate device of Anne Boleyn.

ly to supplicate the muses, and do homage to Parnassus for thy fault."

Wyatt knelt with graceful ease, and receiving the lute, murmured some words, which brought a blush to her cheeks, and a casting down of her long fringed eyelids, as if to hide the language of her smiling eyes, as the poet, rising, accompanied his rich and powerful voice with the lute, and poured forth—

THE LAY OF THE FALCON.

There are crests in merry England
On their banners fair and free,
But the proudest and the gallantest
Is the one that's dear to me!

It is the first in battle-field,
The first in lordly hall,
And shines out like a silver star,
The brightest of them all!

It ever bore a stainless name
In ancient chivalry;
'Tis the gentlest and the courtliest—
Oh the Falcon crest for me!

There's a bird sings sweet at sunset,
And its music in that hour
Seems whispering of the balmy south,
And the silvery almond flower.

The soft low voice of fountains,
In its own bright summer clime,
Seems murmuring to the melody
It pours at even time.

'Tis in the bower of beauty,
'Mid smiles and revelry—
But the bold and fearless Falcon
In the cloudless sky for me!

There's a step heard on the forest leaves,
As if a fawn were there,
And white hands shed aside the boughs,
And ringlets soft and fair

Are shaken from a brow of snow,
As if they feared to hide
The timid light of thy blue eyes,
My young and gentle bride.

I own their sweet and touching charm,
My beautiful Marie,
But the flash of summer lightning
In the Falcon's glance for me!

It was the night before her coronation, and Anne Boleyn held a revel in Beauchamp Tower, herself leading the masque, and presiding at the banquet in all the pride of her beauty, her power, and her triumphant ambition. One alone in that gay assembly won not the smiles and ready words of the animated queen. The lover of her youth, the forsaken Percy, whose heart she had sacrificed for a crown, sat apart, gazing on the fair idol of the hour, his thoughts wandering to the sweet time when, as the page and the maid of honor, they were the happiest and the gayest in the stately court of the now exiled Catharine.

"All earthly things have their change," murmured Percy to himself, "since thy heart could forget its early vows! But that thy joyous smile may ne'er be darkened, or thy delicate brow withered by the crown thou hast chosen, is the true prayer of him thou hast deserted!"

* * * * *

Stowe, the gorgeous chronicler of England's glories, has, in his own quaint style, pictured the splendor of Queen Anne Boleyn's coronation, and the radiant triumph in which she moved from the Tower to Westminster—the proudest peers of England bareheaded at her bridle rein: the "marvellous rich and goodly" pageant of the heavenly Rose and the crowned Falcon at Leadenhall; the Tower of the Virtues; the "heavenly noyse" of the singing men at Templebar; and, above all, of the many conduits "running continually wine, both white and claret," till the very imagination is fatigued with the overpowering magnificence which was the prevailing characteristic of the court of Henry. Of a verity, if *all is true* which is there described of the costly dress of the peers and peeresses of those days, the goldsmiths must have possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone to furnish the profusion of wrought gold and "powderings of diamonds and balass rubies," which so lavishly mingle in his description of the splendor of Anne Boleyn's coronation. History has largely dilated on the circumstances attending her short career, and on the glorious reform of which she was the principal instrument. The suddenness of her fall, and the bitter indignities which were cast upon her by the vicious courtiers of the time, have long held forth its lesson to posterity. Attired with the royal magnificence in which she had presided for the last time at the court pageant of May Day, at Greenwich, she was hurried away in a solitary barge, and treated with contumely and disdain by those who had the same morning bowed the knee and bared the brow before her. The passionate avowals of her innocence, which she protested on her knees, were disregarded; and of all

who were the actors in this first part of her sad tragedy, Sir Thomas Audley was the only one whose attentions and respect showed her she was still a woman and a queen. On entering the Tower, she turned to Kingston, the governor, and exclaimed,

"Come, sir, lead me to my dungeon!"

"Not so, madam," he replied, "I lead you to the same lodging in Beauchamp Tower which you had before your coronation."

And, opening the door as he spoke, Anne was left alone in the silent chamber. Alas! how many different thoughts rushed wildly to her heart! The last time she had been beneath that roof, how bright and glorious were all her dreams of days to come! Lovingly and beloved, she left it a Queen, to meet the admiring gaze of thousands—to have the proudest peers of England for her servitors, and to feel the crown of St. Edward on her delicate brow: she came again to Beauchamp Tower neglected and despised—insulted and abused—to leave it for a scaffold, and to exchange the jewels of a crown for the cold glitter of the headman's steel.

"Oh, Beauchamp Tower!" said the weeping beauty, "could I but wear now the light heart with which I left thee! Oh, that bright day of triumph! oh, this sad night of worse than despair! Catharine! Catharine! thou art indeed avenged!" and she buried her face in her small clasped hands, as if to shut out the record traced by memory and conscience deeply on her heart.

She had wept long and unrestrained, for none were near to soothe or court the fallen, when a portion of the tapestry was cautiously removed, and a stranger, wrapped closely in a mantle, was in an instant at her feet. Anne sprang wildly up, and casting back the long ringlets of her chestnut hair from her pale face, glistening with tears, she gazed upon the intruder, who, at the same time throwing away his disguise, discovered her once loved and still faithful Northumberland.

"Ah!" half shrieked Anne, "I thought—I hoped—it was!"

"Lady of my heart," said the still kneeling Percy, "he to whom thy thoughts glanced holds dalliance in a palace—he, for whom the truest lover was forsaken, has forgotten thee—has doomed thee. Oh, mistress of my soul, can that delicate beauty be abandoned to so harsh a fate?—Can the faithless tyrant?"

"Rise, my Lord of Northumberland. To whom do you hold this language?—to the wife of your King?—to your crowned Queen? How know you of the royal Henry's thoughts, or of my fancied doom?—how or why came you hither?" And as she spoke, Anne gathered her queenly robe around her slight and graceful form, and stood forth as proudly as when her smiles were a world's guerdon.

"How I came, boots not now," said Percy, rising, "and I have but a few short moments to plead to that heart which should have been my own. Anne, my beloved Anne! I can save thee from death—I can bear thee far away to a happier clime! Speak but the word and thou art free! Gold can even unbar the prison of a Queen, and love can!"

"Hold, hold, my Lord Percy, I am not now that Anne Boleyn whose girlish heart listened to your fond love tales in Havering Bower! I am the wife of your King! the mother of a Princess of England! I hold no parley for flight or fear—Henry, the royal Henry, does this but to try my faith.* I rest secure, even were the axe before me, that this is but an ordeal of the true constancy of his anointed Queen! Speak not, Percy—I can call help, and"——

"I have dared death for these words! Anne, my worshipped Anne! to-morrow they will condemn thee, and I must look on and see thee perish! Let it not be thus—let the agony of thy lover"——

"Mary Talbot would not thank thee for this," said the Queen, sinking on her chair, as Percy grasped her robe, and, kneeling, wet with the truest tears the hand she suffered him to retain.

Percy looked up; there was reproach in the glance, and her heart felt it deeply; her pride and her ambition seemed to fade away, and the sweet dream of love in Havering Bower, when Percy knelt before her and in the same voice of music wooed her for his bride, rose like a pleasant thought, to fade before the image of his despair and her own broken vows!—Percy was again the lover of her youth, and the sweet eyes of Anne Boleyn looked sadly through their tears on him she had deserted; when the approach of footsteps roused her from that trance of a moment, and, trying to withdraw her hands from his trembling clasp, she exclaimed—

"Fly, Percy, fly! let me not have thy death to an-

* Anne Boleyn's own words during her imprisonment.

swer for. I know thy generous purpose—I thank thee truly; but I have no fears for the issue of to-morrow. The Falcon has not yet flown its flight. Thy Queen shall yet reward thy faith. Nay—nay, linger not, if thou hast ever loved Anne Boleyn!"

"If I ever loved thee!—My beautiful! my lost! I cannot save thee—but never shall word of mine aid their detested purpose. Farewell! farewell, my first and only love! Oh, Anne Boleyn, would that thou hadst never entered Beauchamp Tower—would that"——

Voices were now heard so near, that Percy, moved by the agony of Anne, who feared all things in the discovery of his presence, with a desperate effort released her hands, which he had already covered with passionate kisses, and disappeared behind the tapestry as the Lady Edward Boleyn and the attendant maidens of the Queen entered the apartment.

* * * * *

History has recorded that fatal 15th of May, (the peculiar month of her destiny,) when the doom of Anne Boleyn was pronounced; and its records also show that Northumberland, who had gazed on the beautiful Queen (as she stood before her judges, calm in her innocence,) till his heart seemed breaking with agony, suddenly rose and left the hall, unable to hear the fatal verdict which doomed her to the block!—Years have gone by since the beautiful martyr yielded her spirit to her Creator; but where can ambition find a truer lesson on the vanity of this world's hopes, than by remembering the contrast of the *first* and *last* nights spent by Anne Boleyn in Beauchamp Tower.

O.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN, PHILA.

Blest the dead, the early dead!
Tears for them shall not be shed:—
Mercy gives a gentle doom,
Leads them to the sheltering tomb,
While the sky of life is bright,
Ere the coming on of night;
Those that linger long shall know
Storm and darkness, cold and snow;
But secure in peaceful rest,
Lie the early dead—the blest!

From the spring-time bow'rs they fled,
Ere one glossy leaf was dead;
While the bee was on the flow'r,
While the bird sang in the bow'r;
Fragrance floating all around,
Mingled with delicious sound:—
We shall know them melt away,
They shall mourn not their decay;
Birds shall sing, and roses bloom
O'er the early, envied tomb!

Gone! with buoyant hearts and young,
But, to tones of rapture strung!
Ere the jarring notes of care
Mingled discord with despair—
They shall feel no pow'rs decline,
See not strength nor beauty pine;
Know not friends to death depart;
Never mourn for treachery's smart—
Happy dead!—escaped from pain
All must feel who yet remain!

Better than the best of life
Is a respite from its strife—
Those that live shall sigh for death;
Draw in pain their lingering breath;
But no pang shall ever grieve
Sleep of yours—too sweet to leave
When the "life of life" is o'er,
Life has only death in store—
Joy for those, and triumph high,
Blessed dead, who early die!

THE GUERRILLA WAR.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WHEN the drum beat, Moreno started from his humble bed, and beckoning the soldier to follow, the Spaniard bowed courteously to all around, and then, wrapped in his mantillo, slowly proceeded towards the upper heights.

Striking into a path rendered difficult by the obstruction of a fall of snow, the Guerilla led the way with the precision of one perfectly familiar with the localities of the mountains, until, in the bosom of a deep ravine, they suddenly found themselves in the centre of a band of independents.

The appearance of this formidable body was far more picturesque than military. They might have numbered one hundred, and all were armed and equipped according to individual fancy. Some were showily attired—others slovenly to a degree; and dresses of rich velvet were singularly contrasted with the coarser clothes worn by the peasantry of Andalusia. They looked more like a banditti than an organized band; but their horses were in excellent condition, and their arms of the best kind, and perfectly effective. The single word "my friend," obtained for the visiter a rapturous welcome; and a brief description of the rencontre on the bridge, which O'Connor overheard repeated by the Guerilla, seemed to recommend him to the troop, as a fitting comrade for their bold and reckless leader.

There was in the whole system of Guerilla warfare a wild and romantic character, which, could its cruelty have been overlooked, would have rendered it both chivalrous and exciting. Men, totally unfitted by previous habits and education, suddenly appeared upon the stage, and developed talent and determination that made them the scourge and terror of the invaders. But theirs was a combat of extermination—none of those courtesies which render modern warfare endurable, were granted to their opponents—the deadliest hostility was unmitigated by success—and, when vanquished, expecting no quarter from the French, they never thought of extending it to those who unfortunately became their prisoners. A sanguinary struggle was raging; and *væ victis* seemed, with "war to the knife," to be the only mottoes of the Guerilla.

The strange exploits of many of these daring partisans, though true to the letter, are perfectly romantic; and the patient endurance, the deep artifice, with which their objects were effected, appear to be almost incredible. Persons whose ages and professions were best calculated to evade suspicion, were invariably their chosen agents. The village priest was commonly a confederate of the neighboring Guerilla—the postmaster betrayed the intelligence that reached him in his office—the fairest peasant of Estremadura would tempt the thoughtless soldier with her beauty, and

decoy him within range of the bullet—and even childhood was frequently and successfully employed in leading the unsuspecting victim into some pass or ambuscade, where the knife or musket closed his earthly career.

In every community, however fierce and lawless, different gradations of good and evil will be discovered, and nothing could be more opposite than the feelings and actions of some of the Guerillas and their leaders. Many of these desperate bands were actuated in every enterprise by a love of bloodshed and spoliation, and their own countrymen suffered as heavily from their ferocious rapacity, as did their enemies from their swords. Others took the field from nobler motives: an enthusiastic attachment to their country and religion roused them into vengeance against a tyranny which had become insufferable—every feeling but ardent patriotism was forgotten—private and dearer ties were snapped asunder—homes, and wives, and children were abandoned—privations that appear almost incredible were patiently endured, until treachery delivered them to the executioner, or in some wild attempt they were overpowered by numbers, and died resisting to the last.

Dreadful as the retaliation was which French cruelty and oppression had provoked, the Guerilla vengeance against domestic treachery was neither less certain or less severe. To collect money or supplies for the invaders, convey any information, conceal their movements, and not betray them when opportunity occurred, was death to the offender. Sometimes the delinquent was brought with considerable difficulty and risk before a neighboring tribunal, and executed with all the formalities of justice; but generally a more summary vengeance was exacted, and the traitor was sacrificed upon the spot. In these cases, neither calling nor age was respected. If found false to his country, the sanctity of his order was no protection to the priest. The daughter of the Collector of Almagro, for professing attachment to the usurper, (Joseph Bonaparte), was stabbed by Urena to the heart; and a secret correspondence, between the wife of the Alcalde of Birhueda and the French General in the next command, having been detected by an intercepted despatch, the wretched woman, by order of Juan Martin Diez, the Empecinado, was dragged by a Guerilla party from her house, her hair shaven, her denuded person tarred and feathered, and disgracefully exhibited in the market-place—and she was then put to death amid the execrations of her tormentors. Nor was there any security for a traitor, even were his residence in the capital, or almost within the camp of the enemy. One of the favorites of Joseph Bonaparte, Don Jose Rigo, was torn from his home in the suburbs

of Madrid, while celebrating his wedding, by the Empecinado, and hanged in the square of Cadiz. The usurper himself, on two occasions, narrowly escaped from this desperate partisan. Dining at Almeda, some two leagues distance from the capital, with one of the generals of division, their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the unwelcome intelligence that the Empecinado was at hand, and nothing but a hasty retreat preserved the pseudo king from capture. On another occasion, he was surprised upon the Guadaluara road, and so rapid was the Guerilla movement, so determined their pursuit, that before the French could be succored by the garrison of Madrid, forty of the royal escort were sabred between Torrejon and El Molar.

A war of extermination raged, and on both sides blood flowed in torrents. One act of cruelty was as promptly answered by another; and a French decree, ordering that every Spaniard taken in arms should be executed, appeared to be a signal to the Guerillas to exclude from mercy every enemy who fell into their hands. The French had shown the example; the Junta were denounced, their houses burned, and their wives and children driven to the woods. If prisoners received quarter in the field, if they fell lame upon the march, or the remotest chance of a rescue appeared—they were shot like dogs; others were butchered in the towns, their bodies left rotting on the highways, and their heads exhibited on poles. That respect, which even the most depraved of men usually pay to female honor, was shamefully disregarded; and more than one Spaniard, like the postmaster of Medina, was driven to the most desperate courses by the violation of a wife and the murder of a child.

It would be sickening to describe the horrid scenes which mutual retaliation produces. Several of the Empecinado's followers, who were surprised in the mountains of Guadarama, were nailed to the trees, and left there to expire slowly by hunger and thirst. To the same trees, before a week elapsed, a similar number of French soldiers were affixed by the Guerillas. Two of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were suspected of communicating with the brigands, as the French termed the armed Spaniards, were tried by court-martial, and executed at their own door. The next morning six of the garrison were seen hanging from walls beside the high-road. Some females related to Palarea, surnamed the Medico, had been abused most scandalously by the escort of a convoy, who had seized them in a wood; and in return the Guerilla leader drove into an ermdia eighty Frenchmen and their officers, set fire to the thatch, and burned them to death, or shot them in their endeavors to leave the blazing chapel. Such were the dreadful enormities a system of retaliation caused.

These desperate adventurers were commanded by men of the most dissimilar professions. All were distinguished by some *soubriquet*, and these were of the most opposite descriptions. Among the leaders were friars and physicians, cooks and artisans, while some were characterised by a deformity, and others named after the form of their waistcoat or hat. Worse epithets described many of the minor chiefs—truculence

and spoliation obtained them titles; and, strange as it may appear, the most ferocious band that infested Biscay, was commanded by a woman named Martina. So indiscriminating and unrelenting was this female monster in her murder of friends and foes, that Mina was obliged to direct his force against her. She was surprised with the greater portion of her banditti, and the whole were shot upon the spot.

Of all the Guerilla leaders, the two Minas were the most remarkable for their daring, their talents, and their successes. The younger, Xavier, had a short career, but nothing could be more chivalrous and romantic than many of the incidents that marked it. His band amounted to a thousand, and with this force he kept Navarre, Biscay, and Arragon in confusion; intercepted convoys, levied contributions, plundered the custom-houses, and harassed the enemy incessantly. The villages were obliged to furnish rations for his troops, and the French convoys supplied him with money and ammunition. His escapes were often marvellous. He swam flooded rivers deemed impassable, and climbed precipices hitherto untraversed by a human foot. Near Estella he was forced by numbers to take refuge on a lofty rock; the only accessible side he defended till nightfall, when lowering himself and followers by a rope, he brought his party off with scarcely the loss of a man.

This was among his last exploits; for when reconnoitering by moonlight, in the hope of capturing a valuable convoy, he fell unexpectedly into the hands of an enemy's patrol. Proscribed by the French as a bandit, it was surprising that his life was spared; but his loss to the Guerillas was considered as a great misfortune.

While disputing as to the choice of a leader, where so many aspired to a command to which each offered an equal claim, an adventurer worthy to succeed their lost chief was happily discovered in his uncle, the elder Mina. Educated as a husbandman, and scarcely able to read or write, the new leader had lived in great retirement, until the Junta's call to arms induced him to join his nephew's band. He reluctantly acceded to the general wish to become Xavier Mina's successor, but when he assumed the command, his firm and daring character was rapidly developed. Echeverria, with a strong following, had started as a rival chief; but Mina surprised him—had three of his subordinates shot with their leader—and united the remainder of the band with his own. Although he narrowly escaped from becoming a victim to the treachery of a comrade, the prompt and severe justice with which he visited the offender, effectually restrained other adventurers from making any similar attempt.

The traitor was a sergeant of his own, who, from the bad expression of his face, had received among his companions the *soubriquet* of Malcarado. Discontented with the new commander, he determined to betray him to the enemy, and concerted measures with Panetia, whose brigade was near the village of Robres, to surprise the Guerilla chieftain in his bed. Partial success attended the treacherous attempt; but Mina defended himself desperately with the bar of the

door, and kept the French at bay till Gastra, his chosen comrade, assisted him to escape. The Guerilla rallied his followers, repulsed the enemy, took Malcarado, and shot him instantly, while the village curé and three alcaldes implicated in the traitorous design, were hanged side by side upon a tree, and their houses razed to the ground.

An example of severity like this gave confidence to his own followers, and exacted submission from the peasantry. Every where Mina had a faithful spy—every movement of the enemy was reported—and if a village magistrate received a requisition from a French commandant, it was communicated to the Guerilla chief with due despatch, or wo to the alcalde that neglected it.

Nature had formed Mina for the service to which he had devoted himself. His constitution was equal to every privation and fatigue, and his courage was of that prompt and daring character, that no circumstance, however sudden and disheartening, could overcome. Careless as to dress or food, he depended for a change of linen on the capture of French baggage, or any accidental supply; and for days he would exist upon a few biscuits, or any thing which chance threw in his road. He guarded carefully against surprise—slept with a dagger and pistols in his girdle—and such were his active habits, that he rarely took more than two hours of repose. The mountain caverns were the depositories of his ammunition and plunder; and in a mountain fastness he established a hospital for his wounded, to which they were carried in litters across the heights, and placed in perfect safety until their cure could be completed. Gaming and plunder were prohibited, and even love forbidden, lest the Guerilla might be too communicative to the object of his affection, and any of his chieftain's secrets should transpire.

Of the minor chiefs many strange and chivalrous adventures are on record. The daring plans, often tried and generally successful, and the hairbreadth escapes of several, are almost beyond belief. No means, however repugnant to the laws of modern warfare, were unemployed; while the ingenuity with which intelligence of a hostile movement was transmitted—the artifice with which an enemy was delayed, until he was surrounded or surprised, appear incredible. Of individual ferocity a few instances will be sufficient. At the execution of an alcalde and his son at Mondragon, the old man boasted that two hundred French had perished by their hands; and the Chaleco, Francis Moreno, in a record of his services, boasts of his having waited for a cavalry patrol in a ravine, and, by the discharge of a huge blunderbuss loaded nearly to the muzzle, dislocated his own shoulder, and killed or wounded nine of the French. The same chief presented to Villafranca a rich booty of plate and quicksilver, but he added to the gift a parcel of ears cut from the prisoners whom on that occasion he had slaughtered.

Profiting by the anarchy that reigned in this afflicted country, wretches, under political excuses, committed murder and devastation on a scale of frightful magnitude. One, pretending to be a functionary of

the junta, made Ladrada a scene of bloodshed. By night his victims were despatched; and to the disgrace of woman, his wife was more sanguinary than himself. Castanos at length arrested their blood-stained career; and Pedrazuela was hanged and beheaded, and Maria, his infamous confederate, garroted.

Castile was overrun by banditti; and one gang, destroyed by a Guerilla chief named Juan Abril, had accumulated plunder, principally in specie, amounting in value to half a million reales. One of the band, when captured by the French, to save his life discovered the secret, and offered to lead a party to the place where the treasure was deposited. His proposal was accepted. An alguazil, with an escort of cavalry, proceeded to the wood of Villa Viciosa, and there booty was found worth more than the value affixed to it by the deserter. Returning in unsuspecting confidence, the party were drawn into an ambushade by the Medico, who had been acquainted with the expedition; and of the escort and officials, with the exception of five who managed to escape, every one was butchered without mercy.

Such were the wild and relentless foes to whom the invaders were exposed—such were the Spaniards, who had made themselves remarkable for patriotism and endurance—surpassing courage and unmitigated cruelty. In those around him, O'Connor looked upon men who, through the whole Peninsular struggle, had carried terror with their names, and in their leader, who was standing beside him apart from the band, he recognised a chieftain, in whose breast, if report were true, fear and compassion were alike extinguished.

"What think you of my band?" said the Guerilla leader to Major O'Connor, as he observed the soldier's eye examining the formidable troop, who were preparing their breakfast in the valley below the rock to which Moreno and his companion had removed. "Compared with your own beautiful and efficient regiment, what a wretched rabble my wild followers must appear!"

"Far from it, my friend," replied the soldier. "Their clothing and appointments are certainly irregular, and one who looked to dresses, and not the men who wore them, might hold your band in slight estimation. Your followers appear active and determined soldiers, and some of them are the finest fellows I have ever seen."

The Guerilla seemed pleased with the approbation his troop received from O'Connor.

"And yet," he said, "the youngest and the most powerful are not those who have shed most blood, or wreaked the deepest vengeance on our common enemy. The weakest arm is sometimes united to the strongest heart; and while our morning meal is in preparation, I will point out to you the most remarkable among my comrades."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said the soldier. "Many of their histories must be singular indeed."

"Yes," replied the Guerilla; "there are among my followers men who have met with strange adventures, and whose lives commenced very differently to the

manner in which it is now most probable they will close. Injury and outrage forced most of them to take up arms; and had not the oppressors crossed these mountains, they would have worn their lives away in their native vallies, as peaceful vinedressers or contented artisans. Mark you that old man leaning against a rock !”

“I do,” returned the soldier. “The gray hair and diminutive person would lead one to reckon him the least formidable of your companions.”

The chief smiled.

“Is there any thing beside, which strikes you in him as remarkable !”

“I observe,” returned the soldier, “that he is provided with a musket of unusual length.”

“And,” continued the Guerilla, “one arm is lame, from whence he has obtained the surname of El Manco. Many an enemy has perished by that old man’s hand—many a French heart the bullets from that gun have searched.”

“Indeed !”

“Yes,” said the chief. “El Manco was wantonly injured, but he was as desperately avenged. There was not a more peaceable peasant in Castile. He occupied the cottage where his parents had lived and died, and labored in the same farm which his forefathers had tilled for centuries. His home was in a sequestered valley among the hills, and its remoteness might have been expected to secure the humble owner from the insults of an invader. But no—where is the wood or dell so retired that it has escaped the cruelty and rapacity of the oppressors ?

“Late one evening a small party of French dragoons appeared unexpectedly among the mountains; and the secluded valley where El Manco dwelt was soon discovered by these marauders. They approached the old man’s cottage, were civilly received, accommodated with food and wine, their horses supplied with corn, and all that submissive peasants could do to propitiate their clemency was tried. How was El Manco’s hospitality returned ? He had no gold to tempt their cupidity, and in his peaceful occupation and feeble strength, there was no plea to excite suspicion or justify severity. But he was a husband and a father. His wife retained some portion of her former beauty ; and his daughters, only verging upon womanhood, were singularly handsome. Morning had just dawned—the order to march was given, and the unhappy family supposing that, pleased with the civility they had experienced through the night, the marauders would take a friendly leave, came forward to say farewell. Half the party mounted, when, on a signal from their officer, a dozen ruffians seized on the peasant’s daughters, and placed them before two dragoons. In vain the astonished mother clung wildly to one of her beloved ones—in vain the father rushed upon the horseman who held the other. He was maimed for life by a sword-cut, and his wife was savagely shot by the horseman, from whose ruffian grasp she had striven to extricate her child. Wounded and bewildered, El Manco leaned over the dying woman. In a few minutes she breathed her last, and her groans mingled with her daughters’

shrieks, as they came at intervals from the mountains, over which the ravishers were carrying them.

“For three months El Manco remained an idiot, and during that time no tidings of his children could be obtained. At length they returned to their once happy and innocent home ;—one only to die, the other to exist dishonored. The story of their wrongs seemed to rouse their wretched father—memory came back—he swore eternal, implacable revenge, and quitted his native valley for ever. His only arms were the gun you see, and the knife he carries in his bosom. Bred a hunter in his youth, he was an excellent marksman, and his intimate knowledge of the mountain district, facilitated his efforts at vengeance. Placing himself in ambush beside a pass, he would wait for days and nights with patient vigilance, until some straggling enemy came within range of his musket ; and an unerring bullet conveyed to the dying Frenchman the first intimation that danger was at hand. Numerous parties were constantly sent out to apprehend the dreaded brigand. Frequently they found El Manco in the forest, to all appearance peaceably employed in cutting wood ; and deceived by his age, the simplicity of his answers, and his feebleness, they were contented with seeking information, to enable them to apprehend the criminal. Accident at last betrayed El Manco’s secret ; but before the discovery was made, more than sixty Frenchmen had fallen by the hand of that maimed and powerless being. Of course, he was obliged to fly, and since that time he has attached himself to the party I command.”

“It is a strange tale, certainly,” said the soldier ; “and to look at El Manco, none could suppose him to be capable of such desperate retaliation.”

“It shows,” replied the Spaniard, “that the humblest individual when wantonly abused, has means sufficient for revenge, if he has only courage to make the essay. Did you know the private histories of this band, half the number of those who fill my ranks have been forced there by injury and oppression. War drove them from more peaceful vocations, and want obliged them to adopt a course of life, for which, under other circumstances, they had neither inclination nor ability. When the noble refused to submit to the thrall of a foreign despot, and was beggared by the spoiliations of the tyrant’s minions, those who depended on him as retainers shared in the ruin of their protector. The hidalgo was driven from his hereditary estate, the farmer had his crops cut down, and his vineyard and olive ground devastated. The laborer lacked his wonted occupation, and flung the implements of husbandry away, to take up knife and musket. Religious houses were suppressed—the monk was ejected from his seclusion—he entered at manhood upon a world he was unused to—death was the penalty of wearing his sacred habit—and the priest’s cassock was exchanged for the Guerilla cloak. Look over yonder troop, and there every calling will be found—every gradation of rank—from the ruined noble to the bankrupt tradesman. But here comes breakfast. Last night, Major, you and I were like

enough to prove the temper of the knife—this morning we'll employ it for friendlier purposes."

The Guerilla's meal was a strange melange. There was broiled mutton, an English ham, a flask of superior wine, French biscuits, rye bread, and two or three nameless culinary preparations. Every thing was served in plate; and dish, cup, and spoon were all of massive silver. The Spaniard smiled at O'Connor's astonishment.

"You see how we mountain soldiers live. England and France, Italy and Spain, have furnished materials for our breakfast; and these silver vessels but a short time since, were ranged upon a royal side-board. In truth, my friend, we are indebted for them all to El Rey Jose. I picked up a part of the baggage at Vittoria, and we made free with viands provided for the usurper, but which the chance of war gave to honest men—you and me. Drink—that wine is excellent. An hour hence we march; and if you please it, to fill up the interval, I will tell you some adventures of my own.

"I am the youngest son of an old soldier. My mother died when I was an infant; and my father, after serving in the Royal Guard for thirty years, quitted the corps from ill health—retired to his native village—and, on his pension and paternal estate, lived hospitably, until, at a good old age, he slipped away calmly from the world, respected and regretted by all who knew him.

"There were twenty years between Vicente, my elder brother, and myself. At our father's death, he was a man, and I but a school-boy. Although left an orphan, I had no destitution to complain of; Vicente was the best of brothers—he treated me with parental tenderness—watched over my education—directed my studies—and when I arrived at that time of life when a profession should be selected, he procured for me an appointment in the capital, and allotted me a liberal portion of his income to enable me to maintain myself as a gentleman, until, by routine of office, I should obtain some more lucrative post. Never was a man less adapted by nature for a life of rapine and bloodshed than I. My disposition was quiet and contemplative—books were my chief delight—I read much—and, not contented with the literature of Spain, applied myself to learn the languages of modern Europe, and acquired a sufficient knowledge of French and English, which enabled me to speak both with tolerable fluency. Such were my earlier habits and pursuits; and at twenty-two, none could have supposed it possible, that, in a few brief months, the peaceful student of Madrid should become the brigand chief of Ronda.

"The director of the office to which I was attached, was a man of noble descent and amiable character. He was called Don Jose Miranda. His place was very lucrative; and as he had a small estate, and was a widower with but one child, it was believed that the young Catalina would inherit, at her father's death, a very considerable fortune.

"The director appeared partial to me from the beginning—took pains in teaching me the duties of the office—showed me every civility in his power—and

frequently brought me to his house, a villa, pleasantly situated at about a league's distance from the city. There I passed many a happy hour—for there I first became acquainted with Catalina.

"I saw and loved her. I did not sue in vain. My mistress listened to my declaration of attachment, with evident pleasure—I was accepted, and the day was named on which she was to become my wife.

"The revolution broke out suddenly—events were hurried to a rapid crisis—the French occupied Madrid—and every department of the executive was thrown into confusion. In all the state offices persons suspected of attachment to their lawful king, became obnoxious to the usurper; they were unceremoniously discarded, and the minions of the invader substituted in their stead. I had no fancy for political intrigues, consequently I had never been a partisan, and it might have been supposed that I should have escaped the wrath of the despot; but, before I suspected danger, an event occurred which overturned all my hopes, and rendered me for ever a wretched and a ruined man.

"Driven to madness by foreign oppression, the peasantry of Andalusia had broken into insurrection, and declared deadly hostility to the invaders. Valdenebro appeared at their head—while my brother Vicente joined the mountaineers of Ronda as their leader. Before any intelligence reached me of these events, a great portion of my native province was in arms; and an enemy's detachment, which had imprudently advanced into the mountains, became entangled in a defile, and were cut off to a man, by a sudden attack made upon them by the Moreno.

"I was at the director's villa, and ignorant of this occurrence, was seated beside my beloved Catalina—my arm was around her waist, her head was resting on my bosom, and her dark and sparkling eyes turned upon mine, as, in playful railery, she taxed me with some fanciful offence. A bustle without, a tramping of feet and ringing of spurs, was heard along the paved corridor. Presently the door was thrown open, and a French officer of dragoons strode haughtily across the chamber, while his orderly remained standing in the doorway. I sprang up, placed myself between Catalina and the intruder, and demanded his name and business. He smiled ironically.

"'I am called Henri de Blondville,' he said, 'a captain of hussars; and you, if I am not misinformed, are Don Juan Moreno.'

"'I am Juan Moreno,' I replied.

"'Then I must interrupt your tête-à-tête, my friend. Here, Pierre—here is your prisoner.' Half-a-dozen hussars instantly came in. I remonstrated, but it was unavailing, and demanded to know the nature of my offence, and the authority by which I was treated like a malefactor.

"'This is my warrant,' replied the Frenchman, as he scornfully touched the handle of his sabre. 'Secure the gentleman,' he continued, addressing his myrmidons. I was instantly seized—hand-cuffed like a deserter—torn from the house, and not permitted to await the recovery of Catalina, who had fainted on the sofa, nor allowed to bid my affianced wife farewell.

"I was mounted on a dragoon horse, escorted by a troop of cavalry, and not permitted to procure a cloak or a change of linen. Transferred from troop to troop, without rest, without food, until I was completely worn down with suffering and fatigue, my journey terminated at Granada; there, without any colorable pretext, I was thrown into a damp and solitary dungeon, where none but desperate malefactors were confined.

"A long month wore heavily away. I lay pining in a loathsome cell, never seeing a human countenance except the keeper's who visited me at midnight with a supply of coarse food, barely sufficient to sustain life. My bodily sufferings were severe enough, but what were they compared to the mental agony I endured, when my deserted bride and her helpless parent were remembered. My offences, whatever they might be, would probably be visited on them; and when I thought of the licentious character of the invaders, I shuddered to think that Catalina was so beautiful and so unprotected.

"The thirtieth night of my melancholy captivity arrived, and the hour of the jailer's visit was at hand. I heard a sudden uproar in the prison, and, even remote as my dungeon was, the shouts of men, and the sharp discharge of small arms, reached it. The affray was short as it had been sudden—the noises died away—the conflict was over, or the combatants were engaged at a greater distance from my cell. It was a strange and unusual event, and I longed for the appearance of the keeper, to ask him what had caused this midnight tumult.

"At last the key grated in the dungeon lock, and my jailer entered. He looked like a person who had been engaged in a recent affray; and to judge from his torn clothes, and head bound up in a bloody handkerchief, he had suffered in the scuffle. When I asked what had occasioned the late confusion, he regarded me with a ferocious stare—left the loaf and pitcher down—and, as he turned to the door, muttered, 'I suspect, my friend, that *you* will know more about it in the morning!' and abruptly quitting the cell, left me to solitude and darkness.

"Day broke, and I waited impatiently to learn the meaning of the keeper's threat, nor was I long kept in uncertainty. The footsteps of several men sounded in the vaulted passage, my dungeon was unlocked, and the keeper entered, accompanied by a military guard with drawn bayonets, and desired me to rise and follow him. I obeyed; and, mounting by a flight of stone stairs, found myself in the prison-hall, where General Sebastiani, attended by a numerous staff and a few civilians, was sitting in judgment on a prisoner.

"That he was one was evident enough, for I remarked that both his hands and feet were strongly fettered. His back was turned to me as he confronted his judge; but from his hat and mantillo, I guessed him to be a Spaniard. The hall was encircled by a triple file of soldiers, and a death-like silence ensued, as the French general ceased speaking on my entrance with the guard.

"'Approach, young man,' he said, after a minute's pause.

"I did as I was ordered, and came forward to the table where my fellow-captive stood.

"'Look up,' continued the Frenchman, 'and tell me if you know the prisoner!'

"The captive remained regarding steadily the person on whose decision his fate rested. I raised my eyes to examine his face. Great God!—it was no strange countenance that met my glance—the prisoner was my brother!

"'Vicente!' I exclaimed. He started at the well-known voice, and next moment we were in each other's arms. Gently disengaging himself from my embrace, he held me at a little distance as he mournfully replied—

"'And is this wreck of manhood thou, my beloved brother? Alas, Juan—thy free spirit agrees but poorly with a tyrant's thrall. I need not ask how thou hast fared; that withered cheek and sunken eye tell plainly enough how well chains and captivity can work the wrath of the oppressor. I heard but two days since of thy arrest; and I would have delivered thee, but for the treachery of yonder miscreant,' and he pointed his finger scornfully towards a man who was standing at a distance, and whom I recognised at once to be the alguazil of my native village. This explained the cause of the midnight disturbance and the jailer's menace. My brother had made a desperate attempt to effect my liberation. He surprised and cut down my prison guard. His success would have been certain; but a traitor had betrayed him, and his own capture and certain death resulted.

"'Moreno!' said Sebastiani, 'you have two lives at your disposal. Save your brother's and your own. Accept my offers or you know the alternative.'

"'I know it, general; and I have made my decision from the moment I became your prisoner.'

"'Pause,' said the Frenchman. 'Remember, no hope but one remains. Your band cannot save—'

"'But,' said the Guerilla, with a smile, 'they can avenge me! I have a last request. Allow me a confessor, and a few minutes of private conversation with my brother.'

"'Both are granted. I have already despatched my aid-de-camp to his convent for the priest you named, and you may retire into the adjoining room with your brother until the monk arrives.'

"'I thank you, general, for this indulgence; nay, I feel convinced that in your own heart you loathe the duty which obliges you to visit the man who strikes for freedom, with the penalties traitors only should incur.'

"We were conducted into a small chamber which opened off the hall, and looked out upon the market. One close-barred window gave it light; and through the open lattice we saw the scaffold erected, on which, in another hour, Vicente was to seal his loyalty with his life.

"'Juan,' he said, 'thou knowest how tenderly I love thee; and, brief as my span of existence is, I would use it in preparing thee for death or life. If thou art to be another victim, bear thy doom manfully, and prove upon the scaffold how calmly a Spaniard can abide the tyrant's decree. If thou art spared devote thyself to avenge thy country's wrongs—thy

brother's slaughter. Now tax thy energies, for I have evil news to tell. Canst thou hear of ruined hopes?—of—'

"What!" I exclaimed, as he hesitated, 'what of Catalina? Have they wronged her? Have they—'

"Patience, my brother, and man thyself, none can wrong—'

"He stopped again.

"Go on, Vicente. Go on. All this is torture.'

"The dead," he added, solemnly.

"The dead! Is Catalina dead?'

"She is," he returned. 'Ten days after you had been torn away, while thy betrothed was lying in a fever, they seized the old man, and incarcerated him. The shock was fatal. She became delirious, and expired on the third day, without the consolation of knowing that a lover watched her couch, or a parent closed her eyes. Jose Miranda heard the tidings—he never raised his head afterwards, and in a week they laid him in the same cemetery where Catalina rests.'

"God of justice!" I exclaimed, 'can such villany and oppression escape unpunished?'

"Thou mayst yet have vengeance in thy power; and the last efforts of my life shall be used to save thine. Should I succeed, remember Vicente and avenge him. Here comes the priest. Farewell, a last farewell, my Juan. The monk will visit thee when the trial of my firmness is over, and tell thee how calmly thy brother died!'

"We embraced—were separated—I was conducted to my cell, and Vicente led to execution. In the presence of his wife and children they hanged him like a dog.

"The fading sunbeams penetrated the grated loophole of my dungeon, and it was resolved that I should never see them set again. Moreno's firmness on the scaffold had incensed the bloodhounds who had sent him there, while the deep sympathy exhibited by the spectators alarmed and exasperated Ciria and Fernandez, his renegade confederate, and the betrayer of my brother. They urged on Sebastiani the expediency of example, and exhorted him to check this popular display of pity and admiration. The French general yielded a reluctant consent, and the warrant for my execution next morning was officially prepared.

"It was an unusual hour for a visit, when I heard the keeper turn his key. He came accompanied by a monk, and showed me the fatal warrant. The death of my affianced bride—the murder of my gallant brother—the total wreck of worldly happiness had rendered life so valueless, that, but for the hope of revenge, I would have parted with existence, and felt that death was a relief.

"Art thou prepared to die, my son?" said the friar, after the jailer had read the fatal mandate.

"Better, I trust, father, than they who are spillers of innocent blood.'

"Art thou ready," continued the monk, 'to submit to thy fate with resignation; and like a Christian man, forgive thy enemies and persecutors?'

"I will meet my doom like a man," I replied, 'and my last exhortation to those who witness my end, will be vengeance on my murderers.'

"Hush! my son," replied the priest. 'As thou

hopest forgiveness, thou must render it. Leave us, good Pedro, alone. I would hear his confession; and for his soul's sake, persuade this youthful sinner to die in a holier mood.'

"The jailer bowed—laid down his light—withdrew—and, having secured the door, left me to the pious admonitions of my ghostly comforter.

"Before the sound of the keeper's steps was lost in the distant passage, the monk suddenly flung back his cowl, and displayed a dark and vindictive countenance.

"Juan Moreno, it is no shaveling who speaks to thee, but a devoted comrade to thy brother. I have planned thy escape: hear and attend to what I say. At the end of the stone corridor without the door there is a window that opens on the market-place. It is, to all appearance, strongly secured with iron stanchions; but several of the bars have been sawed through; and could you but quit this cell, the rest were easy. There is but one way—it is simple and sure—when the keeper comes here at midnight stab him to the heart, and hasten to the outlet I have described. There I, with some trusty companions, will be waiting. Whistle twice, and we will know thou art at the grate. Take these and hide them until they are wanted; and he gave me a dagger, a pistol, some food, and a flask of wine.

"Drink," he said, 'and when the time comes for action, think of Vicente Moreno, remember thy martyred brother, and strike home to the heart of one of his murderers. But I must free thee from thy fetters; and stooping, he unlocked the chains, and told me his plans again, and exhorted me to be prompt and resolute. I needed nothing to rouse my vengeance; and, hiding the weapons and the wine beneath the mattress, waited the jailer's coming, whose steps were heard advancing along the vaulted passage.

"Well," he said, 'holy father, hast thou made any progress in fitting this youth for death?'

"Alas! no," replied the false monk. 'For one so young, he appears desperately hardened. Wilt thou think on what I have said to thee, Juan? and by all you value, follow my advice, I conjure you.'

"I will do as the brother of Vicente Moreno should do; and to the latest hour of existence, I will remember his wrongs, and imprecate curses on his enemies.'

"Now, by St. Jerome," exclaimed the keeper, 'I will witness thy dying pangs upon the gallows, with as much pleasure as I looked upon those of the rebel whom you speak of. Come, holy father, leave the brigand to himself, and let him amuse himself with the prospect of a hempen necklace until to-night, when I will bring him the last loaf he will require at my hands.'

"He said—followed the disguised Guerilla, and I was left once more in solitude and darkness.

"Had I felt one sting of compunction in robbing a human, being of life so suddenly, the remarks of the truculent scoundrel, in allusion to my brother's death, would have removed it. I ate the food, drank the wine sparingly, concealed the weapons in my bosom, and coolly waited for the hour when the work of vengeance should commence.

"Midnight came—the deep-toned bell of Santa Margarita told the hour, and sounded the knell of my first victim. Pedro entered the cell as he usually did; and when he had laid down the loaf and pitcher, informed me that one hour after daybreak, I should be required to be ready.

"You, I presume, intend to witness the ceremony," I said, carelessly.

"I would not take a doubloon, and miss the sight," he replied. "Youngster, you have already cost me a broken head"—and he pointed to his bandages. "In his mad attempt to save you, I received this blow from Vicente Moreno."

"And this from Juan," I added, striking the dagger to the hilt in his bosom. Thrice I repeated the blow as he was falling. The jailer gave one hollow groan, and all was over.

"I took the light and hastened to the outlet, discovered it easily, and gave the appointed signal. Hands from without promptly removed the bars. I passed my body through the aperture, and found the comrade of my brother, and some trusty friends, waiting for me. By obscure streets we quitted Grenada, and evaded the French pickets; and at the hour appointed for my execution, when I was expected to exhibit on the scaffold, I was kneeling in the mountains of Ronda, in the centre of a Guerilla troop, swearing upon my brother's crucifix, eternal vengeance against his murderers.

"I mentioned the names of Ciria and Fernandez, as the villains who had betrayed my brother, and consigned me to the dungeons of Grenada. Before three months passed I surprised the former in Almagro, and hanged him over his own door. Fernandez, aware that the same fate awaited him, retired to France, and thus evaded for a time my vengeance. His treachery was rewarded by an appointment in the enemy's commissariat; and, as his duties lay beyond the Pyrenees, he fancied himself secure.

"Four days ago I found by an intercepted despatch, that the traitor was quartered within the French lines, and expected another villain, named Cardonna, to meet him on some secret business at the village of Espalette. A pass from General Foy was enclosed, to enable the latter to clear the outposts. There was a chance—a dangerous one no doubt—but the dead called for vengeance, and I resolved to obtain it, or perish in the attempt. I left my band in the mountain bivouacs, passed the French sentries unmolested, and at nightfall entered the village.

"To find out, without exciting any inquiries, the house where Fernandez lodged was difficult; but I tried and succeeded. His chamber was on one side of a cottage occupied by French soldiers; and through the window

I could observe him engaged with another man in overlooking military returns. Every word spoken I heard distinctly.

"You must fetch the muster-roll," said Fernandez. "Hasten back, that the business may be settled before Cardonna arrives."

"I shall be back in ten minutes," replied the other, as he rose and left the room.

"I waited for half that time, then passed into the cottage unobserved, and entered the chamber boldly. Fernandez continued writing at the table, his back was to the door; and, never doubting but it was his friend returning with the roll, he never raised his eyes from the returns. I marked the spot to strike, and with one blow divided the spine. The head dropped down upon the table, and not a sigh escaped his lips! With the point of my bloody knife I traced upon a slip of paper the name of "Juan Moreno," and glided from the cottage unquestioned and unnoticed. Was not that, my friend, brave revenge? To immolate, in the centre of an enemy's camp, the murderer of Vicente—the destroyer of Catalina.

"My subsequent escape was truly hazardous. I hid myself during the day in a hollow bank that overhung the river, and at night succeeded in reaching the bridge—the termination you know yourself.

"And now you have heard from my own lips the causes which have made my name so formidable to the invaders. Had I not been driven to the mountains by oppression, I should have dreamed my life peacefully away—and Juan Moreno would have lived, and died, and been forgotten. Cruelly turned my blood to gall, and changed my very nature. At manhood this hand was stainless as a schoolboy's—at thirty the blood of fifty victims reeks upon it. Human joys and pleasures are lost upon me. For me beauty has no charms, and gold is merely dross. Yonder mule is laden with Napoleons; and, by heaven, I would not take the burden beyond that rivulet, only that I employ it in furthering my revenge. Once I could hang over a harp, and feel its music at my heart—now the roar of cannon, the crash of battle, or, sweeter still, the death-groan of an enemy, is the only melody for me. Living, mine shall be "war to the knife!"—and when I die, whether it be on the scaffold or the field, my last breath shall be a curse upon the oppressor. Ho, Carlos! my horse. And now, farewell. You and I shall probably never meet again. May you be happy—and when you hear that Juan Moreno is no more, ask how he died."

He gave the word to march—sprang lightly to the saddle—and, at the sudden turning of an alpine pass, waved a last adieu to O'Connor, and disappeared.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE PRINCIPAL GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

- 861—*Feroe Islands*, discovered about this time by a Scandinavian vessel.
- 871—*Iceland*, discovered by some Norwegian chiefs, who were compelled to leave their native country. According to some accounts, it had been visited before this, by a Scandinavian pirate, Naddodd.
- 950—*Greenland*, discovered by the Icelanders about this period. The first colony established there was destroyed by a pestilence in the 14th century, and by the accumulation of ice, which prevented all communication between Iceland and Greenland.
- 1001—*Winenland*, a part of the continent of America, is supposed to have been discovered by the Icelanders. It was called *Winenland*, or *Vinland*, from the abundance of a species of vine found there. The Icelandic chronicles are full and minute respecting this discovery.
- 1344—*Madeira*. The discovery of this island is attributed to an Englishman, Robert Macham; it was revisited in 1419, by Juan Gonzalez and Tristan Vaz, Portuguese.
- 1345—*Cunary Isles*, discovered by some Genoese and Spanish seamen, having been known to the ancients.
- 1364—*Guinea*, the coast of, discovered by some seamen of Dieppe, about this period.
- 1418—*Porto Santo*, discovered by Vaz and Zarco, Portuguese.
- 1419—*Madeira*, discovered by the same navigators. It was first called *St. Lawrence*, after the Saint's day on which it was seen; and subsequently *Madeira*, on account of its woods.
- 1434—*Cape Bojador*, or *Nun*, doubled for the first time by the Portuguese.
- 1440-1445—*Senegal River*, discovered by the Portuguese.
- 1446—*Cape Verd*, discovered by Denis Fernandez, a Portuguese.
- 1448—*Azores Islands*, discovered by Gonzallo Vello, a Portuguese.
- 1449—*Cape Verd Islands*, discovered by Antonio de Noli, a Genoese in the service of Portugal.
- 1471—*Island of St. Thomas*, under the equator discovered.
- 1484—*Congo*, discovered by the Portuguese, under Diego Cam.
- 1486—*Cape of Good Hope*, discovered by Bartholomew Diaz. It was originally called "The Cape of Tempests," and was also named "The Lion of the Sea," and "The Head of Africa." The appellation was changed by John II., King of Portugal, who augured favorably of future discoveries from Diaz having reached the extremity of Africa.
- 1492—*Lucayos* (or *Bahama*) *Islands*. These were the first points of discovery by Columbus. *San Salvador*, one of these islands, was the first seen by this great navigator, on the night of the 11th or 12th of October, in this year.—*Cuba*, *Island of Hispaniola*, or *St. Domingo*, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage.
- 1493—*Jamaica*, *St. Christopher's*, *Dominica*, discovered by Columbus in his second voyage.
- 1497—*Cape of Good Hope*, doubled by Vasco di Gama, and the passage to India discovered.
- 1497—*Newfoundland*, discovered by John Cabot, who first called it *Prima Vista* and *Baccalaos*. The title of *Prima Vista* still belongs to one of its capes, and an adjacent island is still called *Baccalao*.
- 1498—*Continent of America*, discovered by Columbus—*Malabar*, *Coast of*, discovered by Vasco di Gama. *Mozambique*, *Island of*, discovered by Vasco di Gama.
- 1499—*America*, *Eastern Coasts of*, discovered by Ojéde and Amerigo Vespucci. (It is contended by some that this preceded by a year the discovery of the American Continent by Columbus.)
- 1500—*Brazil*, discovered 24th April, by Alvarez de Cabral, a Portuguese, who was driven on its coast by a tempest. He called it the Land of the Holy Cross. It was subsequently called *Brazil*, on account of its red wood; and was carefully explored by Amerigo Vespucci, from 1500 to 1504.
- 1501—*Labrador and River St. Lawrence*, discovered by Corterçal, who sailed from Lisbon on a voyage of discovery for the Portuguese.
- 1502—*Gulf of Mexico*. Some of the shores of this Gulf explored by Columbus on his last voyage.—*St. Helena*, the *Island of*, discovered by Jean de Nova, a Portuguese.
- 1506—*Ceylon*, discovered by the Portuguese. *Ceylon* was known to the Romans in the time of Claudius.
- 1506—*Madagascar*, *Island of*, discovered by Tristan de Cunha, and revisited by the Portuguese navigator Fernandez Pareira, in 1508. This island was first called *St. Lawrence*, having been discovered on the day of that Saint.
- 1508—*Canada*, visited by Thomas Aubert; known before to fishermen, who had been thrown there by a tempest.—*Ascension Isle*, discovered by Tristan da Cunha.—*Sumatra*, *Island of*, discovered by Siqueyra, a Portuguese.
- 1511—*Sumatra*, more accurately examined by the Portuguese.—*Molucca Isles*, discovered by the Portuguese.—*Sunda Isles*, discovered by Abrew, a Portuguese.
- 1512—*Maldives*. A Portuguese navigator wrecked on these islands, found them in occasional possession of the *Arabians*.—*Florida*, discovered by Ponce de Leon, a Spanish navigator.
- 1513—*Borneo and Java*. The Portuguese became acquainted with these islands.
- 1513—*South Sea*. The Great Ocean was discovered this year from the mountains of Darien, by Nugnez

de Balboa, and subsequently navigated by Magellan. The supposition of the New World being part of India now ceased.

1515—*Peru*, discovered by Perez de la Rúa.

1516—*Rio Janeiro*, discovered by Dias de Solis.

1516—*Rio de la Plata*, discovered by the same.

1517—*China*, discovery of, by sea, by Fernand Perez d'Andrada.

1517—*Bengal*, discovered by some Portuguese, thrown on the coast by a tempest.

1518—*Mexico*, discovered by the Spaniards. Conquered by Cortez in 1519.

1519—*Magellan, Straits of*, passed by Magellan with a fleet of discovery, fitted out by the Emperor Charles V. The first voyage round the world was undertaken by this navigator; and his vessel performed the enterprise, although the commander perished.

1520—*Terra del Fuego*, discovered by Magellan.

1521—*Ladrone Islands*, discovered by Magellan.

1521—*Philippines*. This archipelago was discovered by Magellan, who lost his life here in a skirmish.

1524—*New France*. The first voyage of discovery made by the French, under Francis I., one of whose ships, after reaching Florida, coasted along as far as 50 degrees north latitude, and gave to this part the name of New France.

1524—*North America*, travelled over from Florida to Newfoundland, by Verrazani, a Florentine, in the service of France.

1525—*New Holland*, discovered by the Portuguese about this time. This immense tract was for some time neglected by Europeans, but was visited by the Dutch, at various periods, from 1619 to 1644. This fine country is now colonized by the English, and every year adds something to our knowledge of its extent and its peculiarities.

1527—*New Guinea*, discovered by Saavedra, a Spaniard, sent from Mexico, by Cortez.

1530—*Guinea*, the first voyage to, made by an English ship, for elephants' teeth.

1534—*Canada*, visited by Cortier, of St. Malo; a settlement having previously been made in 1523, by Verrazani, who took possession in the name of Francis I., of France.

1535—*California*, discovered by Cortez.

1537—*Chili*, discovered by Diego de Almagro, one of the conquerors of Peru.

1541—*Labrador*, explored by a French engineer, Alphonze.

1541—*India*, the first English ship sailed to, for the purpose of attacking the Portuguese.

1542—*Japan*, discovered by the Portuguese, Antonio de Meta and Antonio de Peyxoto, who were cast by a tempest on its coasts.

1545—*Potosi, Mines of*, discovered by the Spaniards.

1552—*Spitzbergen*, observed by the English, but mistaken for part of Greenland. Visited by Barentz, a Dutch navigator, in search of a north-east passage, in 1696.

1553—*White Sea*. This sea, which had not been visited since the time of Alfred, was now supposed to be discovered by Chancellor, the English navigator.

Nova Zembla, discovered by Willoughby, an English seaman.

1575—*Solomon's Isles*, discovered by Mendana, a Spaniard, sent by the Governor of Peru.

1576—*Frobisher's Strait*, discovered by the English navigator whose name it bears.

Greenland, further explored by Frobisher, who also penetrated further between this country and Labrador.

1577—*New Albion*, discovered by Drake, who was the second to attempt a voyage round the world, which he performed in three years.

1580—*Siberia*, discovered by Yermak Timophéevitch, Chief of Cossacks.

1587—*Davis's Strait*, discovered by the English navigator whose name it bears, in his voyage for the discovery of a north-west passage.

1594—*Falkland Islands*, discovered by the English navigator Hawkins.

1595—*Marquesas*, discovered by Mendana, a Spaniard, on his voyage from Peru, to found a colony in the Solomon Isles.

Solitary Island, discovered by Mendana on the above-named voyage.

1606—*Archipelago del Espirito Santo*, discovered by Guiros, a Portuguese, sent from Peru. These islands are the Cyclades of Bougainville, and the New Hebrides of Cook.

Otaheite, supposed to be discovered by Guiros, who named it Sagittaria.

1607-1610—*Hudson's Bay*, discovered by the celebrated English navigator, Hudson, on his third voyage. Venturing to pass the winter in this Bay on his fourth voyage, he was, with four others, thrown by his sailors into a boat, and left to perish.

1607—*Chesapeake Bay*, discovered by John Smith.

1615—*Straits of Le Maire*, discovered, with the island of Staten on the east, by Le Maire, a merchant of Amsterdam, and Schouten, a merchant of Horn.

1616—*Cape Horn*, doubled by Le Maire and Schouten, Dutch navigators, who called it after the town of which Schouten was a native. These enterprising men performed a voyage round the world in about two years.

1616—*Van Dieman's Land*, discovered by the Dutch.

1616—*Baffin's Bay*, discovered by William Baffin, an Englishman. The nature and extent of this discovery were much doubted, till the expeditions of Ross and Parry proved that Baffin was substantially accurate in his statement.

1636—*Frozen Ocean*. In this year the Russians discovered that this ocean washed and bounded the north of Asia. The first Russian ship sailed down the Lena into this sea.

1642—*New Zealand*, with the southern part of Van Dieman's Land, discovered by Tasman, a Dutch navigator.

1654—*Bourbon*, Isle of, occupied by the French.

1673—*Louisiana*, discovered by the French. This country received its name from La Salle, a Frenchman, who explored the Mississippi, in 1682.

1686—*Easter Island*, discovered by Roggewein, a Dutch navigator.

1690—*Kamschatka*, the principal settlement of the Russians on the coast of Asia, discovered by a Cossack chief, Morosko. The country was taken possession of by the Russians in 1697.

1692—*Japan*. Carefully visited by Kemfer, a German.

1699—*New Britain*. This island, and the straits which separate it from New Guinea, discovered by Dampier. This enterprising seaman made a voyage round the world at the period of this discovery.

1711—*Kurile Isles*, occupied by the Russians. The people of these islands, which are twenty-one in number, still pay tribute to Russia. They are principally volcanic.

1728—*Behring's Strait*, explored and designated by a Danish navigator in the service of Russia, whose name it bears. Behring thus established that the continents of Asia and America are not united, but are distant from each other about thirty-nine miles.

1728—*Kamschatka*, ascertained by Behring to be a peninsula.

1741—*Aleutian Isles*, on the coast of North America, discovered by Behring. A more accurate survey of these islands was made under the Russian Government, by Captains Billing and Sarytchef, from 1781 to 1798.

1765—*Duke of York's Island*, discovered by Byron.

Isles of Danger, discovered by Byron.

1767—*Otaheite*, discovered by Wallis.

1768—*Cook's Strait*, discovered by Captain Cook on his first voyage round the world, which occupied him from 1768 to 1771.

1770—*New South Wales*, discovered by Captain Cook.

1772—*Island of Desolation*, the first land south of India, discovered by Kerguelen, and called by his name. Subsequently called the Island of Desolation by Captain Cook.

1774—*New Caledonia*, discovered by Cook in his second voyage, 1772-1775.

1778—*Icy Cape*, discovered by Captain Cook.

1778—*Sandwich Islands*, discovered by Cook, in his third voyage, which commenced in 1776. He lost his life in 1779.

1797—*Bass's Straits*. Mr. Bass, surgeon of H. M. S. *Reliance*, penetrated as far as Western Port, in a small open boat, from Port Jackson, and was of opinion that a Strait existed between New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. In 1799, Lieutenant Flinders circumnavigated Van Dieman's Land, and named the Strait after Mr. Bass.

1804, 5, 6—*Missouri* explored to its sources by Captains Lewis and Clarke, and the origin and source of the *Columbia* ascertained.

1819—*Barrow's Straits*, discovered by Lieut. Parry, who penetrated as far as Melville Island, in lat. 74 m. 26 s. N. and long. 113 m. 47 s. W. The Strait was entered on the 3d of August. The lowest state of the thermometer was 55 deg. below Zero of Fahr.

1819—*New South Shetland*, discovered by Mr. Smith, of the brig *William*, bound to Valparaiso.

1819-1822—*North America*, the northern limits of, determined by Captain Franklin, from the mouth of the Coppermine River to Cape Turnagain.

1821—*Asia*, the northern limits of, determined by Baron Wrangel.

1825, 6—*North America*, Franklin's second expedition, in which the coast between the mouths of the Coppermine and Mackenzie's rivers, and the coast from the mouth of the latter to 149 1-2 W. long. were discovered.

1827—*North America*. In August of this year, Captain Beechey, in H. M. S. *Blossom*, discovered the coast from Icy Cape to Point Barrow, leaving about 140 miles of coast unexplored between this Point and Point Beechey. Point Barrow is in 156 1-2 deg. W. lon.

STANZAS,

TO A LADY, ON BOARD THE STEAMBOAT FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 2, 1837.

FAIR Lady! though it may not be
My lot to see that face again,
Yet, oh! the thought, endeared by thee
Like sunlight on the stormy sea,
Shall soothe the throbs of grief and pain.

I may not love thee, and would not
Require from thee a single thought:
For this heart has not yet forgot
What was—what might have been its lot—
Love and joy to it are naught.

Yet there is something in thine air,
A magic in that dark black eye,
A beauty round thy form, so rare,

Thou seem'st to have thy home in air,
Where summer clouds bedeck the sky.

God bless thee! wheresoe'er thou art:
God grant thee peace, and hope, and love:
May care ne'er ruffle thy young heart,
And, living blest, may'st thou depart
Toauteous realms of bliss above.

Farewell! and though it may not be
Our lot on earth again to meet:
Yet the sweet feelings caused by thee
Shall vibrate on my memory,
And make thy recollection sweet.

W. H. M.

SCISSIBLES.

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

And as for me, though that I ken but lite
On books for to read, I me delight
And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have 'em in reverence
So heartily that there is game none
That fro' my books maketh me to gone.—Chaucer.

In the Garrick collection of old Plays and Tracts, was a very scarce black letter quarto, without date, entitled :

"Here Beginneth a merie jeste, of a man that was called Howleglas. And of many marvelous thynges that he dyd in his lyfe, in Eastland and in many other places. Imprinted at London in Tamestrete, at the Vintre on the Three Craned Wharfe by Wyllyam Copland."

In the preface Howleglas, it is said, died in 1450, but, at the end of the book, in 1350. It is supposed to have been a translation from a Dutch MS. in which the hero is termed Ulenspeigle. In the English version, the hero is a worthy who "served at all trades and cheated with great impunity, sometimes for profit, and sometimes for sport." One chapter tells us, "How he begyled a Doctor with his medicines;" another, "How Howleglas was a great deale of money with a poynt of foolishnesse;" a third, "How Howleglas, through his subtle disceytes deceyved a wyne drawer in Lubeke;" and his wanton frolics are equally numerous. 'We are told:—

How Howleglas made a woman that solde erthen potts to smyte them all in pieces.

How Howleglas brake the stayres that the munkes shulde come downe on the matyns, and how they fell downe into the yarde.

How Howleglas bought creme of the women of the countrey, that brought it for to sel at Maryandra. Within a while after or that he wyuld enter y^e abbey of Maryandra to be a munke, he went a wakyng on the market daye to Bremen, wher he sawe many women standing ther to sel creme. And then went Howleglas to the house where he was lodgd, and borrowed a tub of his Hostise, and went againe into y^e market; and when he was there, he set downe his tub, and came to a woman of the countrey, and he asked the pryce of her creme; and when they were both agreed, he made her for to put her creme into his tub. And then went he to another, and agreed wth her also, and made her to put her creme into his tub; and so went he fro the one to the other, tyll that he had made all the women that had the creme to put it into his tub. And when they had soo done then asked thei poore women theire money of Howleglas, for they woulde departe home. Then sayde Howleglas, to the women, "Ye must do so muche for me as to trust me these eight dayes, for I have no money at thys tyme." Than were the women of the countrey angry, and thei ran to the tub for to take every one their creme againe, for thei woulde not trust him. And as thei woulde have taken theyr creme again, than began thei to fal together by the eares and sayde, "Thou takest more than thou sholde have, and the other stode al wepyng, and said to them, shall I

loose my creme?" And other twayne were tumbling by the here in the middes of the canel. And thus they pulled and haled on the other, that at the last the tub fell downe, and arrayed the very foule, so that they were all disfigured, and wist not of whome they shoulde be avenged of. And than arose thei, and asked where is this false knave y^t hath bought our mylk, and hath deceived us so, for had we hym here amonge us, we shoulde chrysten him here in the creme that is in the cannell, and paint him therewith as well as we be, for he is a false begyler and a dyscever. But he was gone fro thence, for he cast before y^t such a thyng shulde folowe. And when the Burgeys of the towne saw that the cannels ran with creme, than went they to the market place for to se. And when y^t were ther they asked how the creme was spylt, and than it was tolde them, and when that thei knew it, than thei returned home laughynge, and praised greatli y^t falsenes and subtilte of Howleglas.

After many adventures, he comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping "a leman or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge, for revealing his rogueries to his master." The story thus proceeds:—

And than in the meane season, while Howleglas was paryshe clark, at Easter they shoulde play the resurrection of our lorde; and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not read, the priest took his leman, and put her in the grave for an Aungell; and this seing Howleglas, toke to him iij of the simplest persons that were in the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Person (i. e. Parson or Rector) played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the simple persons, When the Aungel asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman with one iye. Than it fortuneth that the tyme was come that they must playe, and the Angel asked them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the priests leman with one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan the priests leman herd that, she arose out of the grave, and woulde have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she missed him, and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave her another; and than take she him by the heare (hair); and that seing his wyfe came running hastily to smite the priestes leman; and than the priest seing this, caste down hys baner and went to help his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And than Howleglas seing them lyng together by the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and came no more there.

Grater, a German philosopher, and a pupil of Wieland's, published a work entitled "Scattered Leaves," at Ulm, in the kingdom of Wirtemberg, in the very early part of this century. A singular hypothesis is contained in its pages, affording "A VIEW OF A FUTURE LIFE FOR THE FIRST THIRTEEN THOUSAND YEARS AFTER DEATH," in the following words:—

The human mind is destined to advance progressively nearer and nearer to perfection in our Solar System. It passes from the smallest planet to the largest, from that nearest the sun, to the most remote, on which, at length, the coldest reason is attained, and pure from all the influences of the senses. Its planetary life, on Mercury and Venus, though it remembers nothing, or at the most, has but a kind of obscure notion of it, was already over, when it was produced and born on Earth, as a man with a new body. When he dies here, the next station after his death is Mars, then the broken planets Juno, Vesta, Pallas, and Ceres; after these Jupiter, then Saturn, and then the Georgium Sidus. Travelling with the rapidity of a ray of light, the soul, on its separation from this body, reaches the next planet Mars, in four minutes and fifteen seconds. Here it begins a new life, which (calculated analogically according to the maximum on Earth) will extend to two hundred years. After this it again separates, arrives in ten minutes, five seconds, at Pallas, and remains in that and the three other broken planets, five hundred years. Again departs, arrives in twenty minutes, forty-six seconds, at Jupiter; lives there twelve hundred years; reaches Saturn in fifty-six minutes thirty-nine seconds, where it lives no less than three thousand years, and completes its planetary existence, in our system, after a passage of one hour, eighteen minutes, thirty-five seconds, in the Georgium Sidus, with a life of five thousand years.

Grater says in his preface, that the extremely monotonous idea of Eternity in abstracto, is rendered interesting by this hypothesis, and the possibility that the soul, on its separation from this planetary body, may in a few minutes rise to heaven, that is to a more distant star, at least affords one, and perhaps the only positive and clear view, through the gate of death.

The author also justly observes, that the rapidity of lights' propulsion is positively necessary, "considering the prodigious distance of the planets from each other; the swiftness of a cannon ball, which travels only six hundred paces in a second, would be far too slow, since the soul at that rate would require, instead of four minutes, full thirteen years to reach the nearest planet, and such a passive and useless traversing the immensity of space is highly improbable."

It is much to be regretted that the fanciful author was unable to recollect the nature of his doings during his primeval life in Mercury and Venus—perhaps, he may allege that many dreams and floating notions that to us seem perfectly unintelligible, are in point of fact, reminiscences of a previous state of existence.

We extract the following curious *Dramatis Personæ* from a Latin play, by an Italian writer of the seventeenth century, on the exploits of Ignatius Loyola. We suppose the author acted on Don Quixote's recommendation, to act in a plain:—

The Church of Rome.

Europe, Asia, Africa, America—represented as persons.

The Archangel Michael.

The Good Genii of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Christ.

Lucifer.

Two Military Officers.

Moorish General, with army.

Moorish Officer.

Mendicant in the disguise of Ignatius.

Ignatius, with attendants.

Don Sebastian, captain of the ship Victory.

Messenger.

Oviedo, Patriarch of Abyssinia.

Adamas, Emperor of Abyssinia.

Son of the Emperor.

Evil Genii of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Evil Genius of Spain, alternately disguised as a soldier and a hermit.

Familiar Spirit of Martin Luther.

Trumpeter of Hell, with horn.

Welfare of the Empire.

Heresy.

Idolatry.

Atheism.

Ghost.

Adrian, Regent of Spain.

Duke of Navarre, with army.

Spanish Officer.

Agebed, with companions.

Soria, Chief of Buccaneers.

General of the Spaniards.

Neptune.

Prince of Castiglione.

Aleisio Gonzaga.

Messenger to the Prince.

Francis Xavier.

King of Travancore, with army.

Son of the King.

King of the Bagadæ.

Chorus of Youths, assembled from the four quarters of the globe.

Do. of Indian Youths.

Do. of Centaurs.

Troops of Nereids, sporting.

John Lightfoot, the divine, in his "ERUBHIM, or Miscellanies Christian and Judaical," printed in 1629, relates the following curious anecdote respecting the power of a murderer's conscience:—

"Crantzius, the Denmarke Historian, as he hath many delightful passages of storie, so this especially I could not but copy out at my reading of it, wherein I see God just, and murder heavy. One was hired for a summe of money to murder an innocent Dane. He does the bloody fact, and presently receives in a purse his wages of iniquity. A heavy purse of gold for a while makes a light heart; but where the guiltinesse grones heavy too, the gold is worth nothing. At last the murderer's conscience accuseth and condemnes him like both witnesse and judge for his bloody fact. His heart and eyes are both cast downe, the one as farre as hell, whither the fact had sunke, and the other to the earth, whither the blood. He is now weary of his own life, as erewhile he was of another's. He ties his purse of gold (which had hired him to kill the other) about his necke, and offers it to every one he meets as his reward, if he would kill him. At last hee is paid in his owne coine, and hires his own murderer with that price wherewith he himself was hired. And so perish all such, whose feet are swift to shed blood, and he, that strikes with an unlawful sword, be stricken with a lawfull one againe."

SERENADE.

Composed expressly for the Gentleman's Magazine, by Sydney Pearson—the Poetry by J. J. Adams.

Allegretto ma non Troppo.

Pia.

Oh! gent - ly o'er the

Pia.

ad lib.

tran - - quil wave, The spor - tive ze - - phyr glides, And proud - ly in the

colla voce.

vast concave, The moon sub - lime - ly rides, The moon sublime - ly

rides; And from yon fai - ry

mf

p Pia.

castle's height, Soft mu - sic greets the ear, But

lost to me is their de - - light, A - - me - - lia is not
loco.
mf

here, A - - - me - - lia is not here.
ad lib.
mf
colla voce.

Pia.

II.

I gaze upon the tranquil wave,
And feel the zephyr's play;
And mark, amid the gemm'd concave,
The moon's sublimer ray.
And from the fairy castle's height,
List to the strain so clear;
But lost to me is their delight,
Amelia is not here.

III.

Perchance upon yon orb, her look,
In rapture may be cast;
While musing by some babbling brook,
Which tells her of the past!—
The past! which, in an hour like this,
To me so painful proves;
Another now may share her bliss,
And read the heart that loves.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE PARLOR SCRAP BOOK, FOR 1838, comprising *Fourteen Engravings, with Poetical Illustrations.* Quarto. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

A beautiful arrangement of splendid pictures, tasteful binding, superior typography, and poetry of the highest order. The last article is principally furnished by our fair contributor, Miss Waterman, whose excellence, as truly observed in the preface to the Scrap Book, has recently attracted the attention of the English critics "by the purity of sentiment and *naïveté* of expression which characterise her pieces." The plates principally consist of East Indian subjects, and are deserving of considerable praise. "Calcutta, from the Garden Reach," is one of the most beautiful that ever graced an annual's page. "The View at Nujibabad," presents some fine effects of light and shade. "The Mausoleum at Lucknow," and "the Mosque in the Coimbatore," are well executed illustrations of interesting subjects. The female portraits are all good—the frontispiece of "The Sisters" is from one of Hayter's delicious crayon studies, and those acquainted with his style will be assured of its excellence. "Isa" is a countenance dangerous to look upon, lest we "fall in love with gazing, and so gaze for ever." "Medora" is painfully true, and the round, voluptuous face of "Beatrice" scarcely excuses the wretched drawing of the figure. "Caroline," a sunny girl with golden hair, is our especial favorite, and has drawn some beauteous lines from Miss Waterman, from whose illustration we shall extract a few random verses of more than usual tenderness and truth.

How doth the tones in woman's heart
Vibrate to each remember'd word,
Should memory, with its mystic art,
Strike but the hidden chord.

How linger they o'er every line
A loved and absent friend hath traced,
And find, within their bosom's shrine,
The image uneras'd.

Oh! like a string of silver bells,
Rung by the ever playful wind,

Does love's reciprocated spells
Make music in the mind.

How oft 'tis woman's lot to nurse
A wily serpent in her breast,
Turning life's blessings to a curse,
An adder to its rest.

Yet doth its clankless fetters clasp
That glittering thing of love; and trust,
Till broken by the light'ning grasp,
It mingles with the dust.

PIC NICS; OR, LEGENDS, TALES, AND STORIES OF IRELAND. Two Volumes. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. 1837.

An excellent collection of "ryghte merrye" tales—a lump of pure Milesian humor, redolent of Paddy's richest vein of fun and whim. The Pic Nics are by various authors, and first appeared in one of the Dublin Magazines; their collection was an admirable thought, for their worthiness deserves every possible method of publicity. It is an admirable book for travellers—a meal of light and pleasant reading may be found in every tale, and many of the stories will bear a second perusal. A portion of "Paddy Doyle's Trip to Cork" will present an average specimen of the Pic Nics.

"Is your name Paddy Doyle?" sis the talla-faced man.

"Yis," sis I, "what's yer will o' me? My name is Paddy Doyle of Shandangin, above board. Paddy Doyle that's neyther afear'd nor ashamed of no man." I spoke big, for I did'n't like the cast of the fellow's eye, an' thought he was wanting to throw the gawmogue over me.

"I don't at all doubt it," sis he, "for if you had fear or shame in your forred, you wouldn't be afther robbing that gentleman younder on the flags," an' he pointed with his finger across the street.

"None of yer thricks upon thravellers, my gay fellow," sis I; "I never put the two eyes of my head on him afore."

"That's Mr. Punch, the publican, from Mallalane," sis he, "an he has taken out a decree agin ye for a debt of four pounds, due for goods sowld and delivered, an' I must seize upon the whiskey."

I kept a stiff houl't o' the horse's head, an' Mr. Punch drew near—

"Are you Mr. Punch, sir," sis I; for I didn't know him, an' taking off my hat, "maybe your honor would have marcy on an unfortunate anghshore, that wouldn't intend to deasey you at all, at all, and I'll pray for marcy on your sowl, an' the sowsls o' the seven ginerations that left you."

Mr. Punch shook his head.

"For the sowsls of all ybur nearest and dearest relations, your gran' father, an' gran' mother, your uncle an' aunt, your brothers and sisters, the father that reared you, the mother that bore you, an' if there be blot or blame, pain or punishment, consequence o' confession, missing o' mass, pinnance unperformed, or freaks o' folly on their sowsls, the prayers o' the poor widdy, (widower) an' the blessing of the orphans, go to their comfort for ever an' ever, an' don't be the ruinashun of an industrious man, with a cabin full of femul grawls."

Another shake o' the head.

"The blissing o' the motherless children 'ithin an' 'ithout ye, above an' below ye, over an' undher ye, lying an' rising, sitting an' standing, sleeping and waking, eating an' dhrinking, late an' airly, dhrunken an' sober, an' let go the dhrup o' whiskey to Jillian Murphy's crathers."

Here Mr. Punch smiled, which made me think I softened him a thrife, an' thin I detarmined to stick a little longer to the blessed litany I was saying for him.

"The blessin' o' the twelve tribes, the twelve patriarchs, the twelve prophits, the twelve apostles, the twelve martyrs, an' the twelve heavenly signs of the zodiac on your seed an' breed, an' don't dhrive me on the belly o' the high road—Mr. Punch avourneen, (beloved,) by taking the support o' the heavy femul burthin from me."

Not a word from the Buddah.

"I'll take all the bavery's (breviaries) in Rome, all the books in Father Foley's house, the holy Batha Phadrig, an' the wondherful Ranigh O'Reefe that id twist the mouth o' the false swearer *wast*, where his pole should be, that I'll pay you yer money, an' don't take me short, an' that death mightn't take you short."

It was all to no use to butter Mr. Punch up; if I prached a sarmunt, and said a high mass for him, I couldn't soften his nayther, an' he beckon'd to the thief o' a bailiff, who wheeled about the horse an' car; an' my taste o' whiskey was taken before my face, and lodged in his consarns: but my poor baste was let go. I left Shaune at the ould place, and strolled into the city, jest to look at the Yalla House. I was quite down-hearted, an' looked for all the world like a motherless calf. I stood on Parliament-bridge, an' as I laned over the batlements, it ran into my head, some how or other, to dhrown myself, out an' out, but the height o' the bridge made me afraid of breaking my neck in the wather. At last, I turned about to dhrive away wicked thoughts, whin I saw a fine-looking gentleman coming up the bridge; I rec'lected that I seen him in the morning, whin I took out the *permit*.

"Now's the time!" sis I, "that's a gauger; if I live, an' I'll make Mr. Punch sup sorrow."

I up, an' off with my hat, "an'," sis I, "would it be the will of yer honor to let a poor man know where he'd be likely to meet a gentleman o' the oxrise, (excise.)"

"I'm shuperwiser, (supervisor.) myself," sis he, "put on yer hat, poor man."

"Sur," sis I, "don't suspect me for an informer, at all, at all; my seed, breed, and generation always scorned the like, but a scoundhrel in Malla lane, has played the puck with me, an' I want a little revenge on him."

"It's all naihral," sis he, "if he ill-used ye."

"He's the ruinashon of myself, an' nine motherless grawls; an' he has, at this blessed minit that I spake to ye, forty gallons o' whiskey, in his back house, unnont to the gauger."

The gentleman's eye glistered with delight.—"Come along," sis he, "an' if we make a sayshure, I'll give you a guinea to boot."

"Long life to your noble honor," sis I, "I knew yer honor looked liked some grand gentleman, an', p'rhaps, yer honor would want a baste to remove the whiskey, an' I have a snug horse an' car at yer honor's service."

My hand for ye, we let no grass grow undher us, till we come to the right place, an' I had Shaune an' the car ready in a jiffy.

The whiskey was saised an' conveyed into my car: an' as we came down towards the guard-house, the shuperwiser slipt the guinea into my fist.

"You deserve it," sis he, "an here's a crown to dhrink the king's health, besides."

"O, you're the jewel of a gentleman," sis I, "long life and good luck to your noble honor—wheep Shaune—" an' I turned up Blarney-lane. The gentleman turned on his heel—

"This is our way, over the bridge," sis he.

"But this is my way up the hill, Sur," sis I,— "wheep, Shaune."

The gentleman got into a high passion, an' collared me. "Fair and easy, ma boobil," sis I, "that's my whiskey, an' here's my permit; an, if I hear another word coming out o' your ugly mouth, I'll get a *posse* o' them thripe-women below, to cool your courage in the river."

But for all that, he throttled me still, an' flung a hawk's eye round for a constable. A crowd o' brogue-makers an' thripe-women now gathered around us.

"Jack Begly," sis a fat thripe-woman, to a big brogue-maker, "Jack Begly, have ye the spirit o' a man to stand on yer two pins there, an' see a black-guard gauger throttle any fellow-christian."

"Let us have at him, Poll Duoly, the squinting thief," sis another fierce virago, brandishing a large thripe, an' before ye could say Jack Robinson, he received a shower of thripes right in his face.

The sogers at the guard-house, hearing the row, rushed out to see the sport, an' while the thripe-women an' brogue-makers were busy amusing themselves wid the gauger, I slipt away the car as quietly as possible, an' whipt Shaune to the top of his speed, up Blarney-lane. Stopping for a minit to brathe the horse, I heard below, at the distance of half a mile, the roar o' the thripe-women—the clash o' the sogers' bagnits, an' the rattling o' the stones along the shthreet. While hundreds came rushing agin me to the bottom of Blarney-lane, I was clearing out at the top of it, an' laying all the fun behind me. From that day to this, I never inthered Cork—nor, if I can help it, will I ever again, till the day o' my death. An' wishing you long life an' prosperity,

I remain your humble sarvunt,

FOR PADDY DOYLE,

E. W.

POEMS. By I. C. Pray. Boston, Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837.

Mr. Pray possesses the usual quantity of versifying power, and has produced a few good and creditable poems. But there is occasionally a stiffness of expression and defection in the rhythmical arrangement that sadly mars the beauty, and exhibits a lack of polish necessary to poetical effect. This is more likely the result of carelessness than any deficiency in musical taste. We submit a couple of sonnets to the reader's judgment.

I.

FAIR girl, I love—yet should not speak the word,
For I have long been wedded to another:
My heart's deep feelings only may be stirred
To muse on thee as though I were thy brother.
May all thy thoughts arise from happiness—
Thy life flow on like some bright, sparkling river,
And every change be made thy soul to bless:—
May sunshine be around thy path-way ever.
Know that there is, in this wide world of care,
One who would hear that thou dost live in pleasure,
One who would deem thy friendship life's best treasure,
And gaining that would never know Despair.
Fair girl, farewell! The affections which I feel
Words cannot speak—nor dares my pen reveal.

II.

THE flower thou twinedst 'mid thy tresses, girl,
Has faded since the night's advance o'er earth,
And now, around thy brow, hangs each fair curl,
As it were wont to shade thine eyes of mirth,
Decked by no ornament save thine own bright face,
Which like the marble glows with light divine,
Gladdened by dimples which the blushes trace,
As shadows glide 'mid clusters of the vine.
Thy laughing eyes are ministers to me,
And as I gaze upon their midnight black,
The stars of love seem 'mid their gloom to be
Bringing my days of early lovehood back.
The flower may fade, but in my memory's well,
Thy face, dear girl, as now, for ever more shall dwell.

THE ARETHUSA. A Naval Story. By Capt. Chamier, R. N., Author of "*Ben Brace*," "*Life of a Sailor*," &c. Two Volumes. Carey & Hart.

Captain Chamier, if we are right in our recollections, was originally employed in modifying and improving the style of Captain Marryatt, in the very outset of the literary career of the author of "*Peter Simple*." A law suit was sustained for the half of the profits of the second edition of Marryatt's first novel, which, as Chamier asserted, was refused by the bookseller till it had passed through his purifying hands. He received half of the purchase-money of the first edition for his trouble, and obtained a verdict in a court of law for a moiety of the proceeds of the future sale. The pupil has long ago gone ahead of his master, and the preceptor has been proud to imitate the prowess of his pupil. "*Ben Brace*," and "*The Life of a Sailor*," are but poor comparisons to "*Jacob Faithful*" and the "*Naval Officer*," but Chamier has latterly improved. "*The Arethusa*" is a good nautical tale, well told, with more novelty and interest than we imagined could be crowded into any salt water history, after the numerous sea-sweepings of the last twenty years. The wreck of the *Tribune* is well related, and the situation of the survivors in the tops of the sunken vessel is well imagined and beautifully described. The affair with the pirate is graphically portrayed, and the horrible scenes at Jamaica, exhibiting the potency of "*Yellow Jack*," are depicted with a vividness and force that almost insure a belief of their reality. If the events connected with the *Shark* receiving ship, have any foundation in truth, the scoundrels practising them have an equal right to the halter of the executioner with the midnight assassin and the pirate of the lonely seas.

"*The Arethusa*" is a first-rate production, by a second-rate author. Captain Chamier has laid himself under heavy obligations to James's Naval History of England. The cutting-out of the *Hermione*, by Captain Hamilton; the sea fight between the *Arethusa* and the *Didon*, the affair with the *Flotilla*, and even the be-praised wreck of the *Tribune* are all borrowed, in detail, from the above work. The hero of the story is a human improbability; there is no cause developed to work the miraculous change in his character that ensues during his first voyage. There is not sufficient connexion between the first and second volume. We leave the hero a lying, thieving, money-loving midshipman, (an anomaly, we believe,) and then suddenly meet with him in the character of Captain of the crack frigate of the day.

It is laughable to observe the certainty of failure that attends the efforts of all Europeans to depict even the common place varieties of American character. Jonathan Corncob, a Virginian planter, is a strange compound of a Green Mountain boy and a Mississippi boatman; his good-heartedness and love of liberty somewhat reconcile us to the caricature, but the gallant Captain must know little of the Old Dominion if he

imagines that one of her sons could, under any circumstances, be caught by the puerilities of Weazel, and the stale and forced conceit of the horse marines.

The following extract is humorous, and worth perusal.

The captain of the craft was a rough, hard-featured, short, stout sailor—all open and above board; a man who never said a civil thing by accident, and never was known by any chance to coincide in opinion with those who exchanged a word with him. Corncob, who really loved his daughter with much affection, was now in exquisite spirits at the thought of again seeing her. The mate of the vessel had pronounced the wind as sure to last, and calculated that by sunset on the morrow the *Mary Henderson* would be safe enough at Portsmouth. The craft was under weigh, the sails set and trimmed, when Corncob, unable to restrain his feelings, said to the captain,

"Well, I calculate now all my cares are at an end, and to-morrow I shall see my daughter at Portsmouth."

"Then, old boy," said the captain, "you calculate wrong: you won't be at Portsmouth this week to come; and as for your cares, you'll have a cargo of them before you land."

"I expect, captain, you're one of Job's comforters," replied the American. "Why, your mate there, who seems to know as much of the clouds as if he made them, guesses this wind will last."

"I guess he's wrong now, for he never was right, and that we shall have the wind foul before long."

"Well," said the Yankee, "I expect one of these days I shall get to my journey's end."

"Just the contrary," said the captain; "for you'll never be there till you die—and then you have got a journey of eternity before you, so will never get to the end."

"Well, I expect you are a particular pleasant fellow," said Corncob, "and must know the gunner of the *Arethusa*."

"Wrong again—never heard of him."

"I think," said the mate, "we had better get a pull of the weather-braces, for the wind's coming further aft."

"Just the contrary," said the captain: "the wind's coming forwards, and the yards are too fine."

"I calculate, mate," said Corncob, "that your captain, there, is like a Maryland pig: if you want him to go one way, you must pull him the other."

"He won't agree to that, I'll be bound," replied the mate: "for ever since I've sailed with him he has never once agreed with me on any question. He fell overboard one day, and I got in the boat and picked him up; and when I thought I would say something to comfort him, by remarking that boats were blessed inventions, or else he must have been drowned,—'Just the contrary,' said he, 'for if it had not been for a boat, I never should have been on board the craft, and therefore never could have tumbled overboard.'"

"Well, then," said Jonathan, "I know my man, and I expect I'll get him to agree with me."

"Not you!" replied the mate. "I tell you, if you swore you saw a ghost as white as snow, he'd swear he saw it also, but that it was as black as the devil."

In the evening, the captain and Corncob were down in the cabin. The wary old American descanted upon the danger of smoking below: "Just the contrary," came out—and with it Jonathan's pipe. Rum was "tarnation rubbish;"—the captain had nothing else, swearing it was the best liquor of life; and Corncob, now finding himself quite at his ease, puffed away heartily and swallowed large potations, merely, as he said, to try and become a convert to the captain's opinion.

"There's a vessel standing after us, sir," said the mate; "she's right astern and under a crowd of sail: she looks very like a privateer."

"Privateer!" said the captain; "why it's a light collier bound to the northward."

"I think, said the mate, "we had better edge towards the shore, sir, and clap on a little more sail."

"Just the contrary," said the captain: "I shall shorten sail and let him come up, and then we can keep company together."

"I guess you will keep company with him longer than you like, captain," said Corncob.

"I calculate I sha'n't, Mr. Yankee," replied the bear; "for when I am tired of his company, I shall leave him to himself."

It was a moonlight night, the weather beautifully fine, and the four or five men who composed the crew of the *Mary Henderson* had not gone to bed. The mate asked them all their opinions, and every one seemed inclined to fear she might be a French privateer, who had stood across the Channel to pick up any vessel disposed to make a run of it, or which might have been separated from a homeward-bound convoy, and sneaked up along-shore to avoid such intruders upon commerce as those vessels were known to be. She came up fast, and the mate was about to make some remark, when Jonathan took him aside and said, "Now, mate, you may be a very good sailor, and know a horse-marine from a stuffed alligator; but I guess you don't know how to manage that man: what do you want done?"

"Why to edge in-shore, to be sure, and see if that vessel is chasing us or not. If she is, she will alter her course after us: if not, why all the better—she will go her course, and we ours."

"I calculate," said Corncob to the captain, "that the vessel astern would just sail round your clumper, for she's got a lighter breeze, but she's coming up fast."

"Just the contrary," replied the captain; for she's got a much stronger breeze, and does not gain an inch upon us."

"You will get a stronger breeze if you stand further out to sea: the wind is always scant along-shore."

"Keep her three or four points in shore," said the captain to the man at the helm: "it's blowing half a hurricane there, and we shall go along the quicker."

No sooner was this done, than the vessel astern seemed to alter her appearance. She was a lugger, with her sails on each side, going before the wind, and, with the main-top-sail set, seemed before a small sneaking brig: now she altered her course, trimmed her sails on the larboard tack, and steered three points nigher than the *Mary Henderson*, in order to cut her off.

"I think there's no doubt now what she is," said the mate. "If that's not a French privateer, and we are not prisoners before midnight, there's no canvass in a foretop-sail!"

"She is a Cawsand Bay fishing-boat," said the obstinate captain; "and before midnight we might have a dish of fish for supper."

"It will be a dish of French souls, then," said the mate.

"—Mixed up, I calculate," said Corncob, "with some fish-sauce from Dieppe."

The skipper soon became a little anxious: his obstinacy, however, did not give way as the privateer came up. A shot whizzed over his head.

"We had better," said the mate, "heave to at once: we can never escape, and we shall only get the men killed."

"Just the contrary," said the captain: "we will carry more sail, edge in-shore, and if we can, run the craft high and dry. He won't like getting too close to Plymouth; for he might find a man-of-war outside of him to-morrow, and the more he fires the greater risk will he himself run."

"Then he'll run alongside of us and board us," said the mate.

"Just the contrary," answered the captain; "for he'll try and sink us."

"Well," said Corncob, giving a sigh, "settle it amongst yourselves; I guess he dare not touch a hair on my head, or he'll have Congress at him in a moment;—he'll know me for an American."

"He'll know you for no such thing; and being an old man, he will make you sweep his decks until he gets into harbor; and then you will grin through the bars as well as the rest of us."

The old obstinate pig, as Corncob called the captain, was, with all his faults, a brave seaman. He saw the danger, and he made the best use of the Mary Henderson's sails to avoid a prison; he made a good calculation as to the probable behavior of the privateer;—firing guns would only alarm the coast, and getting too close in-shore might get the vessel becalmed;—and although he contradicted every thing which was said, he still did every thing a seaman could do to save his vessel. He had neared the land considerably; indeed, so much so, that a long point was now seen on the starboard bow: the privateer was at least a mile and a half distant, and appeared a little baffled by the wind. The breeze had died away considerably with the Mary Henderson; but for some few minutes she seemed to hold her own.

A light now appeared, which grew soon into a large fire, blazing beautifully in the clear night. Another was seen in another direction. The privateer almost immediately bore round up, and stood out to sea; whilst the Mary Henderson hove-to close in-shore, against which the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach was plainly discernible. There she remained until the privateer was out of sight, when she again made sail, and taking a fresh fair breeze, anchored in safety at the Motherbank.

FIELDING; OR, SOCIETY. *By the Author of Tremaine and De Vere.* Three Volumes. Carey & Hart.

SECOND NOTICE.

We have been so delighted by a second perusal of the above work, that we have resolved incontinently to inflict a second notice upon our readers. Yet our remarks must necessarily be short; the most extensive homily could not convey an honest notion of the merits of Mr. Ward's production—and we are compelled to admit that a few stray quotations afford no better guide to the glorious beauty of the whole than the sight of a few chips and splinters can depict the wonders of a line-of-battle ship. We confess a monstrous partiality to the style of the work—to the embodiment of the practical experiences of the worldling, with the spirituality of the sage. A steady perusal of our author's pages will do more to enlighten the mind of the *parvenu* than twelve months jostling amid the villainies of the world, or twelve years' study of the musty philosophies of the ancient schools. We subjoin a few more extracts, but again request our readers to observe that a knowledge of the beauties of the work can only be obtained by an attentive perusal of the whole.

At this moment a gentleman (if he was one) passed, who seemed the very personification of the shabby genteel. He was well made, but his coat, which had more dust than nap upon it, seemingly because to dust would certainly be to rent it, was buttoned close from the bottom to the chin, as if to leave in doubt the question, whether his shirt was clean, or whether he had any shirt at all. A much worn hat and trowsers completed the costume of a man seemingly abandoned by the world. Yet there was a fire in his eye which looked as if it could not be quenched. He walked with a firm step and an erect body, though, as he saw Gorewell, he turned his head away, not as in fear, but as if he himself wished to avoid being accosted. A tinge of red also mounted into his sallow cheek as he did it. We watched him out of sight, when Gorewell, with some compassion, exclaimed—"You will scarcely believe that that person was born to a handsome competence, and might even now be comfortable if he pleased. He has had an excellent education, and has the brightest parts. He was my schoolfellow; but I knew he would never forgive me if I had noticed him in company. He is now taking his solitary walk;—probably the only dinner he will have: yet if he had five guineas in his pocket, he would spend them in a hot supper and punch, in the garret he inhabits, with half a dozen vagabonds like himself."

"Is this your man of education and parts?" cried Etheredge.

"Even so," answered Gorewell; "he might have made his fortune over and over again by them. His conversation is so delightful, if he pleases; his mind teems with so many original and acquired ideas; his classical knowledge and taste are so good, and his mode of communicating himself so clear, that the rich Lord S. once gave him his table and 300*l.* a-year, not as tutor, but merely as a conversational companion to his son."

"What could have made him forfeit it?" was asked.

"Idleness!" replied Gorewell, "sheer and sensual idleness, or rather indolence; to say nothing of a hatred of the smallest restraint, amounting almost to insanity. The offer of Lord S. was, of all other things that could befall him, what he was most fit for, and we thought would most like. The moment he got it he drooped,

became impatient, restless, and jealous; a bore to himself and every body else, particularly his pupil. The table was excellent, the company good; yet would he so yield to his crapulency and love of licence, that he would treat low companions with cheese and porter at a neighboring public-house. Meantime he seemed to have forgotten the condition of his service—conversation; for his young charge scarcely ever got a word from him. Yet he rode and walked by himself a great deal. When remonstrated with upon this, he said he had not sold himself; and his indignation, of which he had a fair portion, kindling, he threw up his office,—and behold him here!”

“Did he take to nothing else?” asked Etheredge. “Did want drive him to nothing?”

“Yes! to enlist.”

“Enlist!”

“Even so, and it was then perhaps that he received the best lesson he ever had, from the restraints that were imposed upon him; and he would have deserted, and probably been shot, but for another extraordinary circumstance.”

“Pray let us have it.”

“He was sentry at an inn-door where his officers were quartered. They were literary, and their wine made them talk of Anacreon. There was a dispute about a passage which they could not settle. His captain said he would call up one who knew more about it than all of them put together; and, to their astonishment, he sent for the sentry, who explained it with ease. To end a long story, they asked his history, and though he did not deserve it, clubbed interest and purses to obtain his discharge.”

“Wonders will never cease,” we exclaimed.

“The greatest is to come,” replied Gorewell: “for expostulating with him as a friend, and willing to save him if I could, I proposed the fairest undertakings to him, all of which he eluded; till thinking it might arise from want of present relief, I named a sum, not inconsiderable for me, which I told him I would hold at his service. His answer was memorable: “Keep your money; I will not swindle you; which I should do if I took it, knowing that my grossness and folly are incurable, and it would therefore be thrown away.” How he has lived since, I know not; but it is not a bad maxim to let people, if they must go to the devil, do it in their own way.”

The practical Paley was right, when he said that a wife without power or disposition to differ with her husband “must be something very flat.”

Paley might have changed his opinion if his meek helpmate had been like the Countess of E., whose government of her husband, however, only proceeded from fondness: so at least it was said. Whether the Earl thought so, it is not for me to decide; it is certain it sometimes cost him dear; and when he professed, as among disputing divines he sometimes did, his disbelief of *Free Will*, all thought him sincere. My business, however, is with his married life, and the various lessons it afforded me as a candidate for marriage myself. My first was occasioned by a message sent him at a dinner, by her own footman, who delivered it aloud; “My lord, my lady desires you will not drink so much champagne, as it disagrees with you.” My next arose from another message in another place, requesting his Lordship would not lean his head against a wall, as it was cold, and he had so little hair. My third occurred on a race-ground, where the Earl, who sometimes liked to be without his hat, had purposely taken it off. A footman was immediately despatched, not only desiring my lord to put his hat on, but with orders to put it on for him if he refused. Whether all these things told with him, as indicative of the best of wives, as all her family called her, I know not; but when she died, his escape from thralldom manifested itself in a manner not to be mistaken. It seems there was a bed-chamber with yellow hangings, which he particularly wished to inhabit, and which she particularly resolved not to allow him. This went on for two years; and the first, indeed only words he uttered when her death was announced, were, “I will sleep in the yellow room to-night.”

One of his repartees I must relate, as it belongs to our subject. As a military man, twice wounded, our patriotic members had the grace actually, though in time of peace, to place him at the upper end of the table. But this gave great offence to a topping tradesman, a corn-merchant of the town, who was reckoned, and indeed published by himself, as a twenty-thousand-pound man. In short, there was a sort of rivalry between him and the Captain (as he was called, though only a Lieutenant.) The Captain, not unnaturally, did not object to hear of “the battles, sieges, fortunes he had passed,” and which his club, out of sheer kindness, were often fond of drawing from him. This displeased the corn-merchant, who used to say, brutally enough, “there were five hundred as good as he; and as he had been paid for his services, there was no merit.” “All in this room,” he once added, looking round for applause, “have contributed to your support by the taxes they have paid, and you have only done your duty.” The good feeling of most of the members was shocked; but the Captain, with great coolness, pulling out a farthing from some copper in his pocket, presented it to the corn-merchant. “There, sir,” said he, “you have said this so often, that I am resolved it shall no longer be a burthen to you; and as this is about the proportion of my reward (if, indeed, it is not a great deal more), that you have had to supply, I request that from henceforward we may be quits as to money, and that I may have the pleasure to think I have served you for nothing.”

“Sawney Bean,” said Mr. Campbell, “was a robber, and a murderer, (by many thought to be the devil himself) who lived several years in a cave on the opposite coast of Ireland.”

“When?” cried several voices.

“At the beginning of the sixteenth century,” replied Mr. Campbell; “but in what year I have forgotten. Certain it is, he was a cannibal as well as a murderer, and lived, himself and his wife and children, upon the bodies and blood of the unfortunate people who fell into their hands.”

“Heaven preserve us!” said all the company, while the rain beat louder and louder against the windows.

“His cave,” continued Mr. Campbell, “communicated with the sea, but was almost closed up with rocks on one side; and opened into the country through a subterranean passage, covered entirely with furze and briars, on the other. People perpetually disappeared from the fields, and were searched for, but always in vain. The land seemed under a curse, and the inhabitants began to abandon it. However, this horrible family were at length discovered; for the fewness of their victims began to tempt them farther than usual from their stronghold. A farmer, with his wife behind him, on horseback, being attacked by three of Bean’s sons,

in the scuffle the wife fell off, and immediately not only her throat was cut, but her blood drunk by one of these fiends, while the other two endeavored to do as much by her husband.

"The farmer, however, whose name was Campbell, wrought to madness by what he had seen, fought so stoutly with a loaded whip, that the wretches sought safety in flight; and the farmer pursuing them, saw the aperture through which they escaped under ground, and having marked it, immediately proceeded to the next town, where, being joined by a competent force, well armed, he returned to the spot he had marked, and heading his companions through the subterranean passage, they found this modern Cacus, with his four sons and four daughters—who, it seemed, to fill up the measure of their wickedness, had married, as they came to suitable ages. They all endeavored to make their escape through the opening towards the sea; but the previous night, probably such a one as this, had rolled shingle and loose fragments of rock into the nook, so as to close them up like a wall.

"They were all taken prisoners, bound hand and foot, and soon after hanged; but not till some of them made confession of their cannibalism; which was confirmed by the finding a number of hams strung round the cave, which had all the appearance of swine's flesh, but which they confessed to be human."

BULWER'S PLAY OF THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

A friend, on whose judgment we do not build "an absolute trust," but whose finely-cultivated mind and well-trained habits of observation, demand respectful notice, has forwarded us the following remarks upon Bulwer's first offering to the dramatic muse. We confess that there are many points wherein we differ with our friend; we have attentively perused and patiently witnessed the representation of the great novelist's play; and we are decidedly of opinion that it is, in many senses, unfit for stage performance. There is a want of general effect—excepting one or two glorious instances, the scenes are devoid of point, and the situations destitute of interest. The audience care not for the success or failure of the monarch's schemes—a grievous fault; and in the acting version of the play, the excisions of the stage manager have prevented the possibility of comprehending the minor, but still essential details of the plot. The beauty of the poetry cannot extirpate the morbid feeling engendered by the heroine's guilt; and the minute representation of the religious ceremonies of the Catholic church is an affair that cannot be tolerated on a decent stage. The solemn appeal to the Maker—the invocation of his blessing—the sacred chaunt—the holy prayer of his devoted servant at the altar of the Most High—are not fit subjects for dramatic scenes. God's worship is too often profaned by hiring officiators—let not the actor be compelled to mock the Almighty for his daily bread.

We agree with our friend in believing Bulwer capable of producing a superior play, and were the English stage in a more wholesome state, we should doubtless experience an increased ratio of dramatic effects from his industrious pen; but he is aware that the modern playwright has nothing to expect either in fame or gain. The translator of a vaudeville, or a melo-drame of the Hugo or Dumas school, or the adapter of a popular novel, may make a little money, but originality is a disused article in the scenic world, and the exhibition of the flesh-colored legs of a *danseuse* in the twirlings of a pirouette is the best card that a manager can produce.

But to our friend:—

The perusal of this play has led us involuntarily to a train of reflections on the drama, the dramatists, their representatives and slanderers—and brought us to conclusions most honorable to all but the latter. We have always regarded Bulwer's genius as essentially dramatic; and, with much anxiety, have anticipated the time, when he would leave his mere prose weaving machinery, and shrine, in immortal verse, his high and noble thoughts—his morals and his mind. He has not disappointed us, and in this, his first rich tribute to the English drama, has lent a powerful impulse to its lofty energies. We regard all literature as of indifferent value, which teaches nothing—which leaves the mind insensible to any deeper feeling than that of having been amused—but he who through the medium of amusement supplies us with the materials of reflection, awakens our minds to the infirmity of our hearts, instructs us in the treachery of impulses, in the selfish promptings of mere feelings; and in the fierce antagonism of passion and principle, proclaims aloud to whom should be the victory: such a teacher is beyond all price or praise.

La Valliere is the history of a young and erring heart—kindled in the spring tide of its passions—with an overwhelming instinct to the "god of its idolatry"—radiant with every physical endowment to captivate and crush its victim; yielding to temptation in the face of stern admonishment from a higher gifted though less attractive suitor, who warns her of "the maze on which she trembles,—one step more, and from all heaven the angels shall cry 'lost.'" La Valliere, however, is a creature of feeling—not of thought; the warning is unheeded, and follows then, the weakness and the wo of non-resistance to our emotions.

For the plot and conduct of his story, Mr. Bulwer is indebted to history and the novel of Madame de Genlis, but the gem and glory of his play is in the high wrought character of Bragelone—his own creation—a being in whom blighted feelings serve to sublimate his mind—who lives only to prove the selfishness of passion, and how contemptible is poor human nature, if it cannot rise superior to it—an incarnation of the spirit of benevolence either in the association or in the abstract—and in the pure devotion of the founder of Christianity,

sacrificing himself to redeem the heart the tempter had beguiled and broken. He has deviated from the beaten path of most dramatists—who, to “point a moral or adorn a tale,” depict the strife of passions, but leaves ourselves to apply the lesson, and comes forth boldly, and in the warm breathings of the heart’s best charities, speaks the moral he would have us learn.

We will not weaken, by extracts, the delight and profit our readers cannot fail to derive from communion with the mind of Bragelone, and the glorious and rich attire of language in which that mind is shown—the scene in the fourth act (enough to hallow the entire play) is in the sublimest vein of pathos, intellect, and virtue; and his dread rebuke of Louis and his vices—literally appalling. The situation of the parties here opposed to each other, brought forcibly to our minds Martin’s great picture of Belshazzar’s Feast—it were as if the poet had stood before it, and gazed on the figure of Daniel, till inspiration grew on rapture, and virtue’s passionate and holy numbers found enlargement in the fearful warnings of the prophet-priest.

The advantage, to the drama generally, contributed in this fine play, will be discovered in the quiet rebuke which it conveys to interested and narrow minded bigots, who have piled their sectarian slanders “Olympus high” upon the drama and its votaries, until society has been all but forced into the belief that the sweet wells of its amusement were poisoned springs for its destruction. La Valliere is not only a medium of morality in the abstract, before which all calumny must shrink abashed—but is made even the handmaid of religion itself.

In the auxiliary details it has great merit in the character of the wily, witty, and sarcastic De Lauzan—to us a scenic Rochefoucault—and the intellectual gladiatorship displayed in the foul game of intrigue—between him and Madame Montespar—is full of true although trite knowledge of the selfishness and heartless cunning of court, and indeed, the world’s manœuvres.

There is hope for the drama, now the genius of Bulwer is enlisted in its service—and he himself fraternized with such kindred spirits as Miss Mitford, Knowles, Willis, and Talfourd—and they again possessing such representatives as Macready, Vandenhoff, Forrest, and Charles Kean—all names implying moral worth, and deep sympathy with whatever is great and glorious in intellect—the priests worthy of the oracles who never fail to elevate the mind and purify the heart of every votary who seeks their shrines. H.

COOKE’S AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, *Philadelphia*.—In this age of general improvement, it is not to be expected but that our old friends, the delight of our boyish days, the horse-riders, would participate in the universal movement; yet few persons can enter this fairy-like pavilion without expressing surprise at the beauty and convenience of the structure erected for the accommodation of the public, the appropriateness of the devices and appointments, the gorgeousness of the candelabra, the variety of the amusements, the exceeding docility of the quadrupeds, and the surprising agility of the bipeds. There is “a fitness of things” pervading the whole establishment that evinces the presence of a master mind. The “*entrees*,” as they are termed, are no longer an unmeaning jumble of man and horse arrayed in every variety of strange apparel, but picturesque evolutions of a Turkish squadron with a troop of amazons, or the manœuvres of the Seven Champions in appropriate costume, with their squires and banner bearers. But we must confess that the sight we love to dwell upon is the performance of the juvenile troop—a band, exceeding twenty in number, of graceful and pretty children, from the dumpling of “two year old” to the graceful Miss Barlow of ten. The drama of “*Cinderella*,” played in dumb show by these little *artistes*, is a treat of no ordinary description: the quadrille is a sight worth the price of admission. In this act, as well as in “*The King and the Deserter*,” the *petites* display talents that might shame many children of a larger growth.

In some of the represented scenes, the equestrians use the old fashioned placards or printed scrolls containing the important sentences which they are unable to explain by pantomimic action. For instance, in *Alexander the Great*, the hero rises from his regal seat, and unfolds a white muslin scroll, somewhat about the size of a two-sheet map, and containing the words, in large capital letters, “Who was the greatest Hero?” The monarch kindly exhibits this to the right and the left, that the whole of the audience may peruse the important document. Old Clytus walks to the same table, and unfolds another scroll ready prepared for the occasion by the printer or painter to his most excellent majesty, and displays in answer, “Your father, Philip.” The effect is laughable in the extreme, and sadly militates against the general effect. It was excusable in the early age of melo drama and spectacle in England, where the law refused to allow the actors to speak upon the stages of the theatres that did not boast of a royal license. Here the custom is ridiculous, and ought to be exploded. An event that occurred at one of the English amphitheatres contributed materially to render the scroll exhibitions contemptible, and paved the way for their total abolition. In one of the terrifically-tearing blood-and-blue-fire pieces that used to delight the million, an African prince was confined in his enemy’s castle, but escaped to the outer-court in company with his faithful confidant. Unable to compass his final exit, he drew a scroll from a convenient hole in the wall, and exhibited “What is to be done?” His friend replied, per another scroll, “Try the Postern Gate.” A wag, who owed the principal actor a grudge,

prepared another scroll, the exact counterpart of the one hitherto used, but with different words; and watching an opportunity, slipped the fictitious placard, ready folded, into the appointed place. The negro prince, with his dingy countenance fixed at the proper tragedy screw, exhibited his inquiring piece of calico with great emphasis of action—his confidant unrolled the answering scroll with perfect confidence, but was astounded at the shouts of laughter that greeted its appearance. He looked at the prince, and he was equally convulsed—the prompter shouted—the call boy grinned, the carpenters hurra'd, and the fiddlers went into cachinnatory fits. He looked at the scroll, and instead of telling his sable majesty to "Try the Postern Gate," he was advising him, in very large letters, to "Try Day and Martin's Blacking."

Ducrow, who is undoubtedly the *chêf* of all equitationists, is an extraordinary compound of ignorance and talent, and vulgarity and grace, that ever met in a human form. His classical conceptions are wonderfully fine, and still more wonderfully executed—yet he is unable to speak three words of any language correctly. On horseback, or on the stage, his action is chaste and graceful, yet his manners are brutal in the extreme. During the rehearsal of a piece, he has been heard to say—"there's too much talkee-talkie, by a precious sight—cut out that there *dialect*, and make vay for the hanimals." When he was arranging the last scene of "The Cataract of the Ganges," he addressed one of the principal actresses, who was engaged in the business of the piece, "Hollo, marm, this von't do—vy, you're standing afore von of the horses!" Yet the man has his good qualities. One of his voltigeurs fell in the execution of some *tourbillon*, and pitching upon his neck, got his death hurt. The audience laughed, as the poor fellow fell from his horse and tumbled in the saw-dust of the ring; they thought that he had merely stumbled without being injured, and his companions joined in the grin. Ducrow was standing by, superintending the exertions of his troop; he saw that the unfortunate man was unable to rise; and, jumping from his station, he sprang into the ring, and loudly rebuked them for their unfeeling mirth. He lifted the sufferer (a full-grown man) from the ground, and carried him, without assistance, to the adjoining stable. The man knew that he was dying, and begged earnestly to see his wife. She came, and leaning over her ill-fated husband, as he was lying upon a truss of straw, received his last embrace. "Rub the paint from my cheeks, Mary. I know that I am dying—do not let me enter the presence of my God with the paint upon my face." His wish was complied with; he smiled—and died. Ducrow paid the funeral expences, and placed the widow on the establishment, assigning her the salary of the deceased.

BRAINS.—The brain of man being taken in the proportion to his body, is stated, by several writers, as 1 to 30 (it might more correctly be as 1 to 40); it is curious to observe that the proportions are in moles as 1 to 76; in the mouse, 1 to 43; in the field mouse, 1 to 31; in the elephant, 1 to 500; in the horse, 1 to 400; in the sparrow and cock, 1 to 25; in the goose 1 to 360; in the canary only 1 to 14.

AN AMERICAN POETESS IN LONDON.—The last number of the New Monthly Magazine contains the following beautiful lines, written by Mrs. Osgood, the wife of a young artist from Boston.

ON A CHILD AT PLAY WITH A WATCH.

Art thou laughing at Time in thy sweet baby glee?
Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?
Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,
That smile of bewilder'd and beaming surprise—
Bid him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,
Where dimples are playing "bo-peep" with the roses!
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,
And clasp his rough neck in thy soft wreathing arm!
Perhaps thy infantine and exquisite sweetness
May win him for once to delay in his fleetness.
Then—then, would I keep thee, my beautiful child;
Thy blue eyes unclouded, thy bloom undefiled,

With thy innocence only, to guard thee from ill
In life's sunny dawning—a lily-bud still!
Laugh on, my own Ellen. His voice, which to me
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy!
His smile is upon thee, my blessed, my own!
Long, long may it be ere thou feel'st his frown.
And oh! may his tread, as he wanders with thee,
Light and soft as thine own little fairy step be,
And still through all seasons, in storm and fair weather,
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together!

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THE COWPENS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAHAMA BANKS."

"BLOODY with spurring, fiery red with speed," see you yon horseman as he glances along like a bird, now seen, now hidden by the wild and waving foliage; listen to the crackle of the small dry twigs under his courser's feet; above all, notice the quick, yet steady and powerful action of that noble steed, and the erect, easy, and swaying carriage of the rider. You may easily distinguish his countenance, shaded though it be by the deep visor of his horseman's cap; you observe the keen quick glance of his rolling eye, but its expression is redeemed from the charge of mildness by a brow like that of Jove, very wide between the eyes, not high, but broad and ample, with thick and black eyebrows. The nose slightly curved, and remarkably sharp and thin about the nostril, which ever and anon expands, while the short lip curls with some proud thought, and the small sinewy hand contracts upon the sword hilt. His was a face to know again, to rise involuntarily in our memory and fix its lineaments deep in our recollection. One could not help noticing it, and yet it would have been difficult to say what was the predominant expression. When at rest there was a most winning openness and a lurking pleasantry about the mouth, while the eye beamed and melted with the various feelings which ran through the mind.

Speeding on, he has passed from our view, and the rolling sound of his horse's hoofs comes fainter and fainter on the ear.

That horseman is William Washington, the Murat of the Revolution, known for many a deed of desperate bravery, and not unworthy of his name and kindred.

He is bearing tidings of import to the retreating army of Morgan, and spares not horse nor man in his eager course.

Morn broke upon the retreating army. The long files of the Continentals, with the most perfect discipline and regularity, covered the worse armed and irregular, but daring body of mountaineers. Their picturesque dress, the rifle shirt fringed with green or brown, and the bucktail in their caps, contrasted with the formal and very ugly uniform of the Line; and though they did not move with the precision of vete-

rans, there was a steadiness and moral as well as physical force about that dark body of men, that bespoke a readiness to act boldly or endure sternly.

They made up the main body of the army, and small divisions acted as scouting parties in the advance and on the flanks. To most of them, or at least to many, the intricacies of their woodland path were familiar; to many the long swells of the hills, crowned with the spreading beech, had been the scene of many a youthful expedition, when they first began to raise the heavy and formidable rifle; with weak and unpractised arm, often had the woods echoed to the jocund shout of the young sportsman, when he at last succeeded in scalping, with steady ball, the active squirrel.

Here, too, with hasty hoof, brushing away the spangled and matin dew, the antlered buck, with ear reverted to catch the hoarse sound of the following chase, had bounded to his death; or, failing at length, had turned to bay in yonder rocky pool, with his spiked horns bent low, and his full, black, moist eye, watching the movements of his noisy and numerous assailants.

But now there were higher game and a nobler chase through that rich and verdant country. Morgan with his riflemen, and the Delaware and Maryland line, was in full retreat from the open country to join the army under Greene, while the fiery, daring, and impetuous Tarleton, with a greater force, and all tried men, was pressing on his traces.

The patriots had that morning crossed the Pacolet and were pursuing their course toward the boundary line of the state. They halted for a while, and when the line of march was again taken up, they advanced at a moderate speed.

At this moment one of the scouts rode in from the rear, and announced to the General that a single man was approaching at high speed. Scarce had the words parted from his lips, ere the horseman passed the rear company, and spurring on his foaming steed, suddenly checked him with a force that threw him on his haunches, and, springing from the saddle, raised his plumed cap and stood before the general.

"Welcome, Colonel Washington," said the warm hearted Morgan, as he eagerly gripped the stranger's

extended hand, "you are ever welcome—most of all now—and what news bring you?"

"Such as may make me less welcome, my dear sir. Tarleton will be with you before sunset; he brings his legion of devils, and infantry enough to outnumber us. We must either disperse among the mountains, or meet him—and it is fearful odds."

"This is the first time I ever heard Colonel Washington count the odds, when we had to meet the enemy," said Morgan; "but I did not think he was so near—let us do him justice: he is active enough, and has been so used to success by his preternatural rapidity, that he thinks to ride over us without any more ado. Well, if he be so eager, let him come in God's name; we will meet him, gentlemen. Col. Washington, you, of course, command our handful of cavalry, and had better lead to some place more suitable than this to await our hasty antagonists."

"With your permission, then, General, I will lead to a spot some mile hence, where we shall at least have a fair field."

The officers were called together and acquainted with the circumstances, and received the orders for their respective posts.

A few moments placed them on the field of the Cowpens, and a more beautiful spot could scarcely have been selected. Sloping in a long, gentle descent from the woody hill on which the patriots took their stand, to a rich and level plain of no great extent, it was covered in the rear by the forest, thick with underwood, and offered a smooth and verdant turf for the display of the troops. They took a hasty meal, standing, and were drawn up in battle array. The Continentals, in a line four deep, were arranged at some hundred and fifty yards distance from the grove in their rear. The mounted riflemen were placed behind them, to the right and left, so as to cover their flanks, while the mountaineers, on foot, filled the space between the openings of the regulars, and were disposed in front as skirmishers, with directions, upon the advance of the enemy, to fall back in the rear of the troops of the line. The small, but well-appointed band of cavalry, under Washington, their adored leader, hovered about the field, part as outposts, and part drawn up, upon the right of the line.

All was done, and as the files of motionless men, stood on that field, fresh with nature's choicest gems, who can tell the deep current of various feeling that flowed in the hearts of that warlike assemblage. There they stood, the cool and matured bravery of the veteran, side by side with the fair haired boy, on whose cheek the down of incipient manhood had just sprung—in whose young heart throbbed the daring blood; the sunburnt cheek and flashing eye of the South, by the Saxon form and features of the Northern states; all good men and true, and though hundreds of miles were between their native spots of earth, their hearts were brethren in that just and holy cause. There they stood: a low murmur passed along their ranks, like the rustle of the western wind in the dry and golden harvest field; friends were there, speaking what might be their last; the bravest, reflecting, felt their souls stirred with a solemn sadness which bore no kindred

to fear. War! thou art a fearful thing! Man raises his hand against his fellow, and as the dark spirits are evoked from his heart by the trumpet-call, the strife rouses all the fiercer energies of his nature. The bullet finds a home, and the sword a sheath in God's noblest handiwork; the blood which warms and gives impulse to that frame, the minister of a heavenly soul, wells unregarded out upon the foul and discolored earth; the war-steed's hoof tramples into an undistinguishable mass, the features which some short while since, beamed with the impress of the Creator. But the green earth blooms over them, and hides in beauty the ghastly relics of mortality. Yet fearful as war and death are to the reflecting mind, give man but a noble cause, and the rejoicing spirit thrusts its tenement into danger and ruin, and if need be, gladly pours out the gushing stream of life for the triumph of truth and justice. This it is that ennobles strife, this that makes man finally successful by drawing out the noblest and purest feelings of the human soul. Death has no hold on them, though dead they live—live in the memory of friends too proud almost to grieve—live in the hearts of the true—live wherever devotion is honored, or principle revered. This is not to die.

The afternoon advanced, when suddenly a dropping fire, irregular and quick, was heard, and the videttes came in with intelligence of the immediate approach of the British. The cavalry was collected around the standard, and in breathless expectation awaited the arrival of the assailants.

Soon the kettle drums and trumpets of the Legion sounded louder and louder, and, at a moderate pace, this hated body of cavalry advanced upon the plain. The bright beams of the sun fell upon their glittering arms, and, as Morgan had arranged his men, fronting the north east, the light was full in the faces of the enemy. In a little while, the long scarlet lines of the English infantry entered the battle-ground.

The music of the royal forces rang loud and clear as they were rapidly formed into columns of attack. The fiery Tarleton, confiding in the desperate rapidity of his charge, scarce waited till they were arranged, and without allowing his men time to rest and recover their breath, ordered the advance.

The cheers of the brave Englishmen pealed aloud as they rushed on in double quick time. The rapidity of their advance saved many a life, for though the scattered riflemen each in succession poured in his fatal fire, yet the speed of the enemy was such as to force them to retire without a second shot. They fell back in the rear of the Continentals, and through the openings of the line kept up a deadly discharge.

I need not, nor can I here, describe the course of the battle; the loud shouts of the combatants, the vivid flashes of musquetry through the dun cloud of smoke, and the masterly movement of Howard, when the advancing British, secure of the victory, were met by their own favorite weapon, and turned and driven back at the point of the bayonet. These are all well known.

At the head of a company of mounted riflemen, to the left of the line, was Charles Edwards, burning with impatience, but restrained by the express order

of the general, who was in person at the head of his favorite corps. The rush and meeting of enraged men went on, and just as the British infantry advanced to that charge, in which they were foiled by Howard, Tarleton ordered his legion cavalry to charge the mounted riflemen, disperse them, and wheel upon the flank of the Continentals.

Then the solid ground trembled under the rapid and stormy tread of the cavalry; waving blades gleamed amid the dark cloud of plumes, and they came on like the alpine avalanche. They were met withal; as the granite of Mont Blanc shivers the accumulated snow, so did the terrible fire of the riflemen shiver the ranks of the dragoons.

Morgan called aloud to his men to stand firm. "Do not fire till you see their eyes; and hark ye, do not waste a grain of powder—let all tell." On they came, careering on their managed horses, and high above the din of battle rang their shout. The mountaineers sat on their saddles, statue-like and stern; the fatal rifle resting with the breech upon the pommel. "Now!" shouted the clarion voice of Morgan—the whole line of deadly tubes fell in an instant, rested one moment level, then blazed the stream of living fire; and when the smoke cleared away, not a man of the front line of the troopers was in his saddle, while in the second and third many reeled upon their seats, and all instinctively drew up.

With a bullet fixed in his broad breast, and his left arm hanging useless by his side, yet waving aloft his glittering brand, Capt. G—— was borne by his excited steed, full into the ranks of the riflemen.

Death was busy with him, yet still in his glazing eye and stiffening features, glared the unquenchable fire of his malignant spirit. Charles Edwards saw and shouted to save him. Cruel and licentious though he had been, the determination which he evinced deserved and won respect. But he was in the hands of an unsparing antagonist, and mustering his strength for one last blow, the film of death passed over his eyes, and the motionless corpse fell heavily from the saddle.

This passed with the quickness of lightning, and before the British could recover, Washington and his brave band were upon them. Man to man, blade to blade, a dreadful conflict ensued, but the British were disheartened by their desperate loss, and a general rout ensued. The Legion troopers asked no quarter and received none—a long account of crime and injury was that day settled in blood.

Tarleton himself, and several of his officers who were well mounted, fled for their lives. The fiery Washington and Charles Edwards led the pursuit. The marks are still shown of the prodigious leap that Washington forced his horse to take, in order to cut Tarleton off. Almost alone, he dashed into the flying British, and as he struck at Tarleton, a blow of which he bore away the mark, the blade of a trooper would have passed through his body, but for the interference of Charles Edwards. Washington, finding that they were almost alone among the British, who were rallying upon them, turned bridle, and said to Edwards, "Come, my good friend, it is our turn to run," put his horse to speed, and sent his compliments to Colonel

T——, by a fugitive whom he spared, and bid him say he would be happy to see him at any other time. The Americans remained upon the battle-ground that night, and buried the ghastly relics of the fight.

It is a sad thing at any time to see the cold and crumbling form from which the moving spirit has departed; even when death has laid his hand calmly and quietly, it bears an awful impress; but when the glorious frame, lately proud in strength and beautiful in action, lies lopped, disfigured, convulsed; stained with the life blood clotted upon the writhed features, yet wearing the grim and fierce look which death has fixed there, or livid with incipient decay, gashed, pierced—Oh! all the comeliness, the sad beauty of death, is gone. It is a sight to rise up in one's dreams.

The battle of the Cowpens was the effectual ruin of the English domination at the South; after that the fabric of their power melted away in a series of partial actions, till at last the Southern states were free.

The fair, round moon shone bright and pure on that scene of violence and death, and her beams danced gaily on the ripples of Tyger river. The rapid rush of the stream over its rocky bed broke the deep silence of the midnight with its sweet music, and the shrill song of the katydid thrilled from the branches of the birch trees, that laved their pendent tassels in the limpid current. A horseman came at the full speed of his charger to the brink of the stream, and throwing himself from the saddle, raised the cap from his hot, red brow, and bathed his forehead in the water; a long, long draught he drew from the living stream, and raising his eyes to the calm heaven, spoke as it were musingly. "Thou art still the same fair stream as when I saw thee last, some twelvemonth since; thy unconquered current still flows from the free hills to the plain, and thy waves have washed away the pollution of foreign and conquering footsteps. Thou art an omen of my country: long, long has the invader dammed and paralyzed the current of her life into a stagnant pool, but now her new-born energy has burst the barrier, and she has rejoicingly commenced her course of freedom. But I must not delay." He rubbed with skilful hand the close joints of his steed, and leading him to the water's edge, permitted him to drink; then vaulting on his back, touched him with the spur. The noble animal reared, and springing forward, clave, with his broad breast, the mountain current; a few minutes of exertion placed them on the opposite bank, and again they sped upon their wild career. In the few villages through which they passed, the horseman drew bridle at some well-known house, and at the clatter of his horse's hoofs and the clear sound of his voice, the sleepers roused themselves and heard him proclaim, "Tarleton is defeated at the Cowpens by Morgan; spread the news, arm and join him." The cheers that burst from the hearts and lips of his auditors startled the echoes of the night, and again the fiery horseman spurred on his way. With the first dawn of day he dismounted from his foaming and weary horse, at the house of Mr. Edwards, and his loud call was answered by the appearance of several woolly heads from the offices, and their uncouth crier

of gratulation were perfectly astounding as they crowded around the steed and his rider.

"Berry glad for see you, my ung massa, eh! bless God, how he grow, mose big as he fader."

Charles extricated himself with some difficulty from the kind hearted creatures, and delivering his horse to one old gray headed fellow who delighted in the appellation of Uncle July, requested him to be well taken care of.

"To be sure, massa—ki! but he is a beauty, maybe he a'n't, look mose like de ole Tearcoat hoss—come along, sir, hab little corn, eh? aha! ole nigger gib you 'nuff."

Charles ran into the house, where the stir of his arrival had awakened the inmates, and bending low before the venerable and time-stricken form of his father, begged his blessing.

"Thou hast it, my brave and glorious boy, and may it ever rest upon thee. But tell me, my son, why do we see you here? have you failed?"

"No, no, my dear father, we are triumphantly successful; yesterday evening the vaunted Legion fled from the field of the Cowpens before our half armed ridemen. I saw Tarleton himself flying as fast as his noble black could carry him, and Washington in full pursuit."

The gray head of the patriot was raised in solemn thankfulness to heaven, and his thin lips murmured in joy.

"Charles! Charles! my own dear brother! thank God you are safe," and the young man was wreathed in his sister's embrace, and the fond pressure of her pure lips breathed the unutterable force of a sister's love.

"We are *all* safe, my own sweet sister, and one whom I suppose I need not name, is safe too. Nay, you need not crimon so deeply, I named no names. He bore him most gallantly, and bid me show you this—do you know it?" said he, holding up the sabre which he wore; "this was Capt. G——'s weapon—he fell in the desperate charge which the legion cavalry made on us."

"Take it away, Charles; never let me see any memorial of that bold bad man. He has gone then to his last account?"

"Aye, my sweet sister, he died soldier-like and manfully, fighting to the last. But let us talk of more pleasant things; and, by the way, I must see to my poor horse; he bore me gallantly home, and I would not lose him, for he is a gift from Washington."

On his return, the happy family gathered around, and the tale of the battle, with all its circumstances, was repeated to the unwearied audience. After a day or two of relaxation, Charles returned to camp with his new levies, and followed the standard of Washington in many an exploit and *ruse de guerre* of that brave and skilful leader.

Philadelphia,

A. H.

THE PEASANT BOY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I WOULD I were a peasant boy—
That merry son of careless joy;
Without a thought that smacks of care,
He whistles sorrow to the air,
Whilst jovially the wild wood rings
With tunes this merry peasant sings.
He wears a free, unclouded brow,
For youth's sunshine is with him now,
Gilding his thoughts with lines of light,
Making his life serene and bright.
Alas! he little recks that soon
After morn comes troubled noon.

Pass on, dear boy—in after life,
When mingling in the cares and strife
Of this most sordid, hated world,
When down by fate's rough hand thou'rt hurl'd,
When sorrow shall thy bosom seize,
When yields thy form to fell disease,

When Mammon all his hoards employs
To sting thy heart, and steal thy joys—
Then wilt thou think of former years,
Of former mirth, and former joy,
Ere that thine eyes were red with tears,
Ere that thy breast knew cares or fears,
When thou wert but a peasant boy.

I envy thee thy happy lot,—
Ay! though thy fate be cast thus low—
No sorrow does thy bosom know,
No envy enters in thy cot.
Thou canst not see, thou canst not taste,
The bitter waters of life's waste;
Ambition is not yet thy care,
Its very name to thee is air.
Without a thought to dim thine eye,
Without a shade to cloud thy sky,
And none of gloom to damp thy joy,
Thou happy, happy PEASANT-BOY.

Bockley, November, 1837.

THE NUN.

THE stars were out, and the crescent moon
Smiled on earth like the light of noon;
The breath of night, with a mournful swell,
Swept along thro' my lonely cell—
Warmly and solemnly on it went,
Like a tempest's voice when its force is spent,
And flutter'd the flame of my vigil light,
Like a clear eye dimm'd by sorrow's blight.

Long had the vesper hymn been sung,
And the whisper'd prayer rose high,
The *ave* hush'd on the fervent tongue,
And the penitent's fearful sigh.

The nuns were asleep, the lights were fled,
Stillness reigned like the hush of the dead,—
The fire of love flash'd thro' my soul,
And my burning thoughts brook'd no control,—
Fearful, yet joyful, I heard the bell
Speaking the solemn hour of "one"—
It summoned to joys I dare not tell—
Joys, delights, for ever gone!

The day-light joys of a world like this,
What are they to a stolen bliss?
While danger and fear our paths pursue,
And guiltiness our footsteps woo;
While pain and death tread darkly near us,
And fancy's dreaded visions scare us;
What are they to the high behest
Which young love speaks in her florid zest?
While innocence smiles brightly o'er us,
And wreathed mirth sports on before us?

My latticed casement soon I pass'd—
Heavily sigh'd the midnight blast,
It seem'd like the rush of a closing knell
Speaking to peace a long farewell;
But I heeded not, for the sportive train
Of love's bright visions wrapt my brain—
Nor the voice of the blast, nor the creaking tree,
One sound of terror had for me.

Soon entranc'd in love's warm arms,
Bound in captious thoughts I lay—
Lost to virtue's guarding charms—
Guilt proclaimed her wonted sway.

Ling'ring, dreary months went by—
Long I watch'd with a tearful eye;
And, oh, I fear'd that the cold world's scorn
Would rest on my child—my babe unborn!
The abbess smil'd, and the nuns look'd kind—
Kindness is pain to the guilty mind—
And the flush of shame would light my face
As I knelt and pray'd in the holy place;
For I felt that the light of heaven to me
Was but to my guilt a mockery;
But, oh, I pray'd with a heart sincere,
And gush'd from my eye the burning tear—
And I dared to think, in my tearful mood,
Tho' the world is cold, yet God is good!

* * * *

Morning smiled on the convent wall,
And the glad birds carol'd their matin call—
It seem'd like the song of youthful glee,
Deck'd out in the heart's light drapery;
Or an infant's laugh—its sweetest—first—
From nature's own rich treasury burst;
Or the silvery tones of praise to heaven
On beauty's tongue, for blessings given:
But, oh, the notes, to my guilty heart,
Were like the stings of a venom'd dart;
For well I knew that the melody
Of the joyous birds was not for me!
Time must pass, and its changes roll
With a fearful swell o'er the guilty soul:—
No longer now can the secret dwell,
And friends have turn'd with a magic spell,
And the hopes that held me up before
No longer now their influence pour;
My eyes grow dim at the scornful gaze,
And my cheek my secret thought betrays,
And my grief-torn heart with its madness aches,—
Can it bear the shock?—it burns—it breaks!

* * * *

The sun is low on Darro's dark blue hills,
On Darro's wave its lingering ray distils;
A voice is chanting, mournful, sweet and low,
Commingleing notes with Darro's murmur'ing flow.
A crazed mother madly wanders there,
A bright babe sporting with her flowing hair—
Sport on, fair boy, thy life is but begun,
Poor infant offspring of the fallen Nun!

ALF.

Columbia, Pa.

DON RICARDO.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH OF THE CELEBRATED CERVANTES.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, under two hundred and sixty years of Turkish dominion, the population of the once important island of Cyprus had dwindled, and its agriculture and commerce had declined into comparative insignificance. In many a field, once rich with cultivation, nature now rioted in untamed luxuriance; many a hill and plain, once enlivened by the cheerful voice of the husbandman, was now overrun by the wild thyme and the hyacinth—a fragrant and flowery desert. The city of Nicosia, so long the royal residence of the Lusignans, and afterwards one of the brightest jewels in the ample diadem of the once proud Venice, now presented a melancholy spectacle; the huts, inhabited by the slaves of Mahometan oppression and brutality, miserably contrasting with the superb relics of its former splendor—with its mosques, once Christian temples, and its palaces.

The year 1570 was fatal to the city of Nicosia, and shortly after to the whole kingdom. It was the period when the progress of the Turkish arms was the most formidable to the Christian powers, whose dissensions, nevertheless, the common and imminent peril of Christendom was insufficient to suspend, except very partially and desultorily. Rhodes, the great Christian bulwark of the Archipelago and the Levant, after a defence by the knights of St. John, unparalleled for heroic vigor, had, to the shame of Europe, fallen unsuccored a few years before. Malta, the next retreat of those noble champions, after emulating the resistance of Rhodes, had been but tardily relieved. Since the enterprising Barbarossa had extended the dominion of the Porte over the Moors of Tunis and Algiers, the Barbary coast sent forth its corsairs with increased numbers and bolder daring, to spread alarm around the western shores and islands of the Mediterranean, threatening their inhabitants and voyagers with the worst of outrage, the direst of captivity. And Selim the Second, who now ruled the Ottoman empire, projected the conquest of Cyprus. In the month of June of this year, Mustapha, the Turkish general, entered it at the head of a hundred thousand foot and ten thousand horse. The neighborhood of Nicosia was laid waste with fire and sword; and on the 26th of July a memorable siege was commenced, which lasted forty-five days. The inhabitants performed prodigies of valor, sustaining with astonishing intrepidity fifteen different assaults. Being at length reduced to the greatest extremity, the city was taken by a general assault, on Sunday, the 9th of September. Of fifty thousand people, who had retired within the walls for shelter, twenty thousand were massacred, and the rest led into slavery.

Our story opens within two or three years after this event, when our hero, a Sicilian captive in the power of a Turkish master, was contemplating, from a rising ground in the neighborhood of Nicosia, the shattered walls of the ill-fated city.

A youth of graceful figure, in a handsome Turkish costume, came out of a tent or pavilion, one of four which stood at a little distance, and approaching the Christian, said to him:

"No one who saw this rich and fruitful island of Cyprus two years ago, when its inhabitants were in the peaceful enjoyment of every thing which contributes to human happiness, and now beholds them either banished from their beautiful country, or captive and miserable in it, can help lamenting their calamities. Let us, however, think no more of them, since they are irremediable, and let us attend to your own; for I would fain know if there be not some remedy for them; and therefore I conjure you, by the good will which I have testified towards you, and by the sympathy which should spring from our being of the same country, and brought up in our infancy together, that you tell me the cause of this your excessive sadness. You already know, Ricardo, that my master is cadi of this city, which rank corresponds to that of bishop among the Christians. You also know the great power he possesses, and the great influence I have with him. Nor are you ignorant of the ardent desire which I feel not to die in this religion which I appear to profess, which is indeed so great, that should circumstances compel me, I would confess and proclaim the faith of Jesus Christ (which my weak age, and still weaker understanding, made me renounce), even though the confession were to cost me my life; for I should think the life of my body well exchanged for that of my immortal soul."

While the youth thus addressed him, Ricardo remained silent; but when he had concluded, he answered—

"First inform me why my master, Hassan Pacha, has made this encampment in the country, before his entry into Nicosia, of which he is appointed viceroy, or *pacha*, as the Turks call their viceroys."

"I will briefly inform you," answered Mahomet. "You must know, then, it is the custom among the Turks, that a new-appointed viceroy, of whatever province, shall not enter the town where his predecessor has resided, until the latter has previously quitted it, in order that an account of his government may be freely taken; and while this is doing by the new pacha, the old one remains in the country, waiting the result of the investigation; which takes place without his having the power to avail himself of subornation or

private partiality, unless indeed he have already done so by anticipation. When the account has been taken, it is given to the pacha who is quitting the government, inscribed upon parchment, folded and sealed; and with it he presents himself at the gate of the Grand Signior; that is to say, before the great council of the Sultan. When it has been examined by the vizier pacha, and the four lesser pachas, they reward or punish him according to the nature of its contents; his chastisement, when he has incurred any, being remitted for a sum of money. If, as most frequently happens, he is neither to be punished nor rewarded, then, by means of gifts and presents, he obtains whatever office he has most desire for, among those which are vacant: for all public employments are acquired there, not by merit, but by money; every thing is bought and sold.

"For the reason, then, which I have told you, your master, Hassan Pacha, has been for these four days here in the country; and the former pacha would already have quitted Nicosia, but that he has been very ill: he is now, however, much better; and will certainly come out either to-day or to-morrow, and make his temporary residence in some tents behind this hill, which you have not seen; upon which your master will immediately enter the city. And now, I believe, I have fully answered your inquiry."

"Listen, then," said Ricardo; "but I know not whether it will be in my power to fulfil the promise which I made you, of relating my misfortune in a few words; for such is its extent, that all I could use would be inadequate to express it; I will, however, tell you the melancholy story, as well as I am able, and as time will permit. In the first place, I must ask you whether you remember, in our city of Trapani, a young lady, who was reputed to be the most beautiful in all Sicily; one of whom the poets sang that her tresses were of gold—that her eyes were dazzling suns—that her cheeks were damask roses—that her teeth were pearls—that her lips were rubies—that her neck was alabaster; and that all her beauties combined formed such a harmonious and enchanting whole, that envy herself could not point out a fault in her face or form? And can it be, Mahomet, that thou hast not already recollected her, and bethought thee of her name? Surely thou either dost not hear me, or when thou wert in Trapani, thy senses were torpid!"

"Truly," returned Mahomet, "if she whom you have described as possessing such transcendent loveliness, be not Leonisa, the daughter of Rodolfo Florencio, I know not who she can be, for I never heard of any other so famed for beauty."

"You are right, Mahomet," resumed Ricardo; "she, my friend, has been the cause of my greatest happiness and my greatest misery. I not only loved, but adored and served her with such entire devotion, that I seemed to know no other divinity on earth or in heaven. Her parents and relatives knew my passion, and never expressed any disapprobation of it; since they knew that it tended only to a virtuous and honorable union; and so I know they often told Leonisa, to dispose her to receive me for her husband. But she had fixed her

eyes upon Cornelio, the son of Ascanio Rotulo, whom you well know; an effeminate fopling, with white hands and curly hair, soft voice and amorous words—richly perfumed and hung round with finery; so that she could look with no pleasure upon me, whose face was not so delicate as Cornelio's, but repaid my many and constant assiduities with the most cruel disdain. Leonisa's parents connived at the favors which she bestowed on Cornelio, thinking, as indeed they might well do, that the youth, attracted by her incomparable beauty, would ask her in marriage, and that so they should get a richer son-in-law than I should be.—While things were in this train, one day of the last spring, I happened to hear that Leonisa and her parents, together with Cornelio and his, were gone to take their pleasure in Ascanio's garden, which is near the sea-shore, on the way to the salt mines. The demon of jealousy agitated my soul with such violence, that my reason was overpowered, as you will judge from what I immediately did, which was to go straight to the garden, where I found the party I have enumerated; and a little apart from the rest, under a walnut-tree, were seated Cornelio and Leonisa. My anger speedily found words; for though my hands were restrained by the veneration which seemed to me to be due to the beautiful countenance before me, my tongue broke forth in some such terms as these:

"Thou doubtless feelest happy, fair enemy of my repose, in having in quiet and security before thine eyes him who is the cause that mine perpetually mourn! Approach, O cruel maid! approach yet a little nearer, and, like the woodbine, clasp that tender sapling—comb or curl those ringlets of thy Ganymede, who so tepidly solicits thee—surrender thyself entirely to the green age of that stripling upon whom thou art gazing—that despair may at once relieve me from the life which I loathe. And thou, effeminate youth, go, and amuse thyself among thy mother's maidens; there take care of thy dainty locks and thy delicate fingers, much fitter to wind silk than to grasp a sword."

"All this while, Cornelio never stirred from the place where I had found him sitting, but remained quite still, gazing at me as if in amazement: but the loud tone in which I had addressed him, brought together the persons who were scattered about the garden, to listen to the reproaches which I continued to heap upon Cornelio: and he, encouraged by their presence—for all or most of them were his relatives, servants, or friends—offered to rise: but before he got upon his feet, I had drawn my sword, and assailed not only him, but all the bystanders. Cornelio availed himself of the activity of his limbs; for he betook himself so nimbly to flight, that he escaped me.

"In this imminent danger—surrounded by my enemies, who were already preparing to revenge my aggression—fortune brought me succor; but it was of such a kind, that I had better have been deprived of my life, than have had it saved in so unexpected a manner, only to bewail my existence for ever more. The garden was suddenly entered by a considerable number of Turks from two corsair galleys, who had landed in a creek, at a little distance, without being perceived by the sentinels at the towers on the shore,

or discovered by the runners or scouts of the coast. As soon as my antagonists beheld them, they betook themselves to flight; so that of all that were in the garden, the Turks only succeeded in capturing three individuals, besides Leonisa, who had not yet recovered from her swoon. They took me with four ugly gashes upon me, which however were paid by the lives of four Turks, whom I laid dead upon the ground. This surprise, the Turks managed with their accustomed celerity; and, though not very well satisfied with the result, they immediately re-embarked, and, by force of sail and oar, arrived in a little time at the Island of Favignana.

"Here they reviewed their force, to see how many men they had lost; and, finding that the dead were four soldiers, and of their very best and finest men, they resolved to take vengeance on me; and accordingly, the captain of the principal galiot commanded the yard-arm to be lowered, in order to hang me. All this was beheld by Leonisa, who had at length recovered from her swoon, and finding herself in the power of the corsairs, was wringing her delicate hands, and shedding a flood of beautiful tears: however, she uttered not a word, but listened attentively, to discover if she could, what the Turks were saying. But one of the Christians at the oar told her in Italian, that the captain was ordering that Christian (pointing to me) to be hanged, for having killed, in her defence, four of his best soldiers; which being understood by Leonisa, she for the first time showed me some pity, desiring the captive to tell the Turks not to hang me, for that they would thereby lose a great ransom; and that she requested them to return to Trapani, where I should immediately be redeemed. This, I say, was the first tenderness—it will also be the last—that Leonisa ever showed me; and it did but serve to lengthen my misery. The Turks, on hearing what the captive told them, believed him; and their cupidity prevailed over their desire of revenge. The next morning, hoisting a flag of truce, they returned to Trapani; I had passed the intervening night in all the agony imaginable, not so much from the pain of my wounds, as on account of the peril in which I beheld my fair and cruel enemy, among those barbarians.

"Having, I say, returned to the town, one of the galiots entered the port, and the other remained in the offing; the harbor and the shore were soon thronged with Christians, and the pretty Cornelio was contemplating at a distance what was passing in the galiot. A steward of mine immediately came to treat for my ransom; but I ordered him peremptorily not to bargain for my liberty, but for that of Leonisa; and to give for her, if necessary, all that my property would produce. I farther commanded him to go to Leonisa's parents, and tell them to leave it to him to treat for their daughter's ransom, and not to give themselves any trouble or uneasiness on her account. This being done, the commander of the corsairs, a Greek renegade, named Yuzuf, asked six thousand crowns for Leonisa, and four thousand for me; adding, that he would not ransom the one without the other. He asked so large a sum because (as I afterwards learned) he was enamoured of Leonisa, and wished not to have her ran-

somed; but to give to the captain of the other galiot, with whom he was to share their prizes equally, myself valued at four thousand crowns, and one thousand in money, and to keep Leonisa for the other five thousand. For this reason it was that he valued the two at ten thousand crowns. Leonisa's parents offered nothing on their own part, trusting entirely to the promise which my steward had made them from me. Nor did Cornelio open his lips in her behalf: so that, after much bargaining, my steward at last concluded on giving five thousand crowns for Leonisa, and three thousand for me. To this Yuzuf agreed, overcome by the persuasions of his comrade and the unanimous prayer of his soldiers, eager to share so rich a ransom. But as my steward had not so much money in readiness, he asked three days' time to procure it, intending to dispose of as much of my property as should be necessary to produce the sum required. Yuzuf was rejoiced at this; thinking to find in the mean time some opportunity of preventing the fulfilment of the contract. He steered back to the island of Favignana, saying, that at the expiration of the three days, he would return for the money and surrender his captives.

"But my ill fortune, not yet weary of persecuting me, so ordered it, that a sentinel, placed by the Turks on the most elevated of the islands, discovered not far out at sea six lateen sails, which he rightly judged must be either the Maltese squadron or a Sicilian force. He came running down to give the alarm; and the Turks who were on shore, some washing their clothes, others preparing their victuals, embarked with the utmost haste, and instantly weighing anchor, they gave the oars to the water, the sails to the wind, and with the prows turned towards Barbary, in less than two hours they lost sight of the galleys; and so, being covered by the island and the night, which soon closed in, they recovered from the fear which had seized them.

"The next day, the two galiots having reached the island of Pantalaria, the Turks went ashore on the southern side of it; and I beheld the two captains also go on shore, and proceed to their partition of all the prizes which they had taken. When they came to the division of myself and Leonisa, Yuzuf gave to Fetallah (for so the captain of the other galiot was called) six Christians—four for the oar, and two very beautiful Corsican boys—and me along with them, to keep Leonisa for himself; with which Fetallah was satisfied. I was present all the while, but could not understand any thing they said, though I knew what they were engaged in; nor should I, at that time, have understood the mode of the partition, had not Fetallah come up to me, and said in Italian, 'Christian, thou now art mine; thou art given to me for the value of two thousand crowns of gold; if thou wouldst have thy liberty, thou must give four thousand, otherwise thou must die as thou art.' I asked him if the Christian maiden was also his; to which he answered, that she was not—that Yuzuf had kept her for himself, intending to make her turn Mahometan, and marry her. I told my new master, that if he could contrive so as to take the Christian damsel along with him, I would give him, for her ransom alone, ten thousand

crowns in solid gold. He answered me, that it was not possible; but that he would let Yuzuf know how large a sum was offered for the Christian woman, and perhaps the amount would tempt him to alter his purpose, and ransom her. He did so; and ordered all the men belonging to his galiôt to embark immediately, in order that he might go to Tripoli, to which place he belonged. Yuzuf, in like manner, determined to go to Biserta; and they embarked accordingly, with the same celerity which they are accustomed to use when they discover either gallies of which they are afraid, or vessels which they mean to plunder. But the occasion of their present haste was, that the sky appeared to be changing, and to threaten a storm.

"Leonisa was on shore, but not where I could see her, until, at the moment of embarking, we came together to the water's edge. Her new master and newest lover led her by the hand; and in stepping on the ladder, which was placed from the shore to the side of the galiôt, she turned her head to look at me: I was gazing intently upon her; and such was the violence of my mingled feelings, that they quite overcame me—a film overspread my eyes, and I fell senseless upon the ground.

"I was afterwards informed, that the same thing had happened to Leonisa; for that she had fallen from the ladder into the sea, and Yuzuf had thrown himself after her, and brought her up in his arms.

"The storm, which had been, apprehended, now came on; and the wind, which was blowing from the south right upon our prow, increased to such a degree, that it was necessary to turn the vessel, and let it drive before the gale. Our captain's design was to double the point of the island, and take shelter on the northern side of it; but he could not accomplish his purpose; for the wind blew with such fury, that in little more than fourteen hours we lost all the way we had made in two days, and found ourselves within six or seven miles of the same island of Pantalaria, upon which we were driving without any possibility of avoiding it, and that not upon any beach, but against some very high rocks which arose before us, threatening us with inevitable destruction. On one side of us we beheld the galiôt with which we had parted company, and saw all hands on board, both Turks and captives, laboring with all their might at the oar to prevent the vessel from drifting upon the rocks. Our own people did the same, and with greater success than those of the other galiôt, who, exhausted with fatigue, and overcome by the obstinacy of the storm, quitting hold of the oars, abandoned themselves to their fate, and we beheld them dashed against the rocks with such violence, that the galiôt quickly went to pieces.

"The morning came, but the tempest rather increased than abated; we found, however, that our vessel had gone a good way about, leaving the rocks at some distance, and had approached a point of the island, being so near doubling, Turks and Christians all gathered fresh hope and fresh strength, and in six hours we succeeded in doubling the point—after which we found the sea more calm, so that we could more easily avail ourselves of the oars; and, being now

sheltered by the island, the Turks were enabled to go ashore, to see if they could discover any remains of the galiôt which the night before had struck upon the rocks. But still heaven did not vouchsafe me the consolation which I had hoped for, of beholding in my arms the form of Leonisa, which, though lifeless, and mangled, I should joyfully have clasped. I could have gazed with melancholy rapture on the pallid wreck of her lately glowing beauty; and while I chid the tempest for deforming so fair a flower, I could almost, in the tumult of my heart, have blessed the ocean for floating to my embrace her faded and unconscious charms, exulting even thus to hold her, with only death for a rival! I asked a renegado, who was going to land, to search about and discover whether her body had been washed ashore. But, as I have already said, heaven denied me this satisfaction; for at that very moment, the wind rose again, with such violence, that the island no longer served as a shelter. Fetallah, perceiving this, resolved to contend no longer against the elements; so he ordered his men to hoist the foremast and spread a little sail; he turned the prow to the sea, and the stern to the wind; then himself taking charge of the helm, he let the vessel run before the gale into the open sea, in the security that there was no obstacle to impede his course; the oars were laid up in the gangway, and all the men seated on the benches or in the loop-holes, not one of them being visible on the whole galiôt, excepting the boatswain, who, for his greater security, had himself lashed to the stern-post.

"The vessel flew with such rapidity, that after three days and three nights, passing within sight of Trapani, Melazzo, and Palermo, it entered the strait within the light-house of Messina, to the infinite terror of those on board, and of those who beheld it from the land. But lest I should be as prolix in relating the storm, as it was obstinate in its fury, I must briefly tell you, that weary, famishing, and exhausted by so long a course as that of coasting nearly the whole of Sicily, we at length arrived at Tripoli, where my master, before he had time to settle with his Leventes the account of the spoil, and give them what belonged to them, and the customary fifth to the viceroy, was seized with a complaint in his side, of such a nature that in less than three days it carried him to everlasting perdition. All his property was immediately taken possession of by the pacha of Tripoli, and by the alcayde of the dead, appointed there by the Grand Signior, who, as you know, is heir to all who die intestate. These two took all that belonged to my master Fetallah; and I fell to the share of him who was then viceroy or pacha of Tripoli. In about a fortnight he received the appointment to the viceroyalty of Cyprus; and with him I am come hither, without any intention of ransoming myself. He has often told me to do so, since I am a man of fortune, as Fetallah's soldiers informed him—but I have never consented; I have rather given him to understand that they were mistaken who spoke so largely of my means."

Mahomet endeavored to console Ricardo, in the best terms he could devise. "You will always find in me," said he, "a true and constant friend, either to

assist or to advise you: for, although my youth, and the folly which I have committed in adopting this habit, may seem to declare that neither assistance nor advice is to be expected from me, I shall endeavor to prove the suspicion to be wrong. In all this city there is no one of more influence and importance than the *cadi*, my master; not even your own, who is coming to be governor of it, will be so powerful. Such being the case, I may say that I myself am one of the most influential persons in the city, since I can get my patron to do almost anything I please. This I say, because I can, perhaps, take measures with him to procure you to be his captive: and when we are together, time will show us what is to be done, both to console you, if you will or can receive consolation, and to remove me from this to a better way of life, or at least to some place where I may change it with greater security."

"I thank you, Mahomet," answered Ricardo, "for the friendship which you offer me, though I am certain, do what you may, that nothing can be of service to me. Let us, however, talk no more at present, but go to the tents; for I see a train of people issuing from the city; and it is no doubt the ex-viceroy coming to remain in the country while my master enters the town and takes the account of his government."

"It is so," said Mahomet: "come, then, Ricardo, and you'll see the ceremonies with which he is received, which I think will entertain you."

"Let us go then, with all my heart," returned Ricardo; "perhaps I shall want you to speak a word for me, in case the keeper of my master's captives should have perceived my absence: he is a Corsican renegade, and not very tender-hearted."

Here their conversation ended, and they approached the encampment.

Our two friends reached the tents just as the *ex-pacha* arrived, and his successor was coming out to receive him at the door of his pavilion. Ali Pacha (for that was the name of him who was quitting the government) came attended by all the janissaries composing the ordinary garrison of Nicosia, since the Turks had obtained possession of it, amounting to about five hundred. They came in two wings or files; some with muskets, others with drawn scimitars. They approached the entrance of the new Pacha's tent, and took their stations round it: then Ali Pacha, inclining his body, made a reverence to Hassan, and the latter, with a slighter inclination, returned the salute. Ali then entered Hassan's pavilion, and the Turks mounted Hassan upon a fine horse, richly caparisoned; they led him round the tents, and took a considerable circuit over the ground about them, crying out in their language—"Long live Sultan Soliman, and Hassan Pacha in his name!" They repeated this a number of times, shouting louder every time; and then they led him back to the tent, where Ali Pacha had remained; when he, the *cadi*, and Hassan, shut themselves up there for an hour, no other person being present. Mahomet told Ricardo that they had done this in order to consult about what should be done in the city, relative to the works which Ali had commenced.

At length the *cadi* came to the door of the tent, and

called out three several times, in Turkish, Arabic and Greek, that all who had justice to demand, or any complaint to make, against Ali Pacha, might enter freely, for that Hassan Pacha was there, whom the Grand Signior sent to be viceroy of Cyprus, who would do them all right and justice. This permission being given, the janissaries left the doorway of the tent unoccupied, and gave free passage to all who chose to enter. Mahomet took Ricardo in with him, for the latter was allowed to pass, as being a slave of Hassan. There entered to ask justice, some Greek Christians, and also several Turks; but all for matters of so little importance, that the *cadi* despatched the greater part of them without either pleadings or cross-examinations: for all causes, except matrimonial ones, are settled among them summarily, and at once, rather according to the good sense of the judge, than according to any written law. And among those barbarians (if, indeed, in the brevity of their legal proceedings they can be considered as such) the *cadi* was the competent judge of all causes, deciding them in a breath, without there being any appeal from his sentence to another tribunal.

At this time, there entered an *alguazil*, or *chautz*, as he was called in Turkish, to say that a Jew was waiting at the door of the tent, who had with him for sale a very beautiful Christian woman: the *cadi* ordered him to be admitted. The officer accordingly went out, and immediately returned with a venerable-looking Jew, who led by the hand a woman attired in a Barbary dress, so richly adorned, and so elegantly arrayed, that she could not have been equalled by the wealthiest Moorish woman of Fez or of Morocco, though they were thought to excel in dress all the other African ladies, not excepting the Algerines with their profusion of pearls. Her face was hidden by a veil of crimson taffety; upon her ancles, which were uncovered, there shone a pair of clasps, or *anclots*, apparently of pure gold; and upon her arms, which were visible through the sleeves of an undergarment of fine transparent silk, she had bracelets of gold, set with numerous pearls. In short, her attire was costly and elegant in the extreme.

Struck with admiration at this first view, the *cadi* and the two pachas, before making any inquiry, commanded the Jew to cause the Christian woman to unveil herself. He did so, and a face of radiant beauty beamed upon them, like the sun bursting from a cloud. All were astonished; but the sorrowing Ricardo gazed in breathless amazement, as if he thought he beheld a visitant from another world. Could it indeed be she—or was it some phantom, conjured up by his evil genius to torture him with cruel mockery?—had the demon of the tempest really spared that angel form? Surely it must be so—and she whose knell he thought he had heard in the wild howl of the winds and waters—she, whose damp cold relics he had longed to clasp, now stood before him in all the splendor of her living charms—his cruel and adored Leonisa!

The exceeding beauty of the fair Christian, so suddenly beheld, at once made a conquest of the hearts of Ali and Hassan; nor was the *cadi* unmoved by

the power of her charms; he was even more affected by them than the pachas, and was unable to take his eyes off Leonisa's lovely countenance. And—such is the force of this passion—all three conceived, at that very moment, what appeared to them to be a well-grounded hope of possessing and enjoying her; so that, without staying to inquire how, where, or when she came into the hands of the Jew, they asked him what price he set upon her. The covetous Israelite mentioned a sum equivalent to four thousand crowns of that period. But scarcely had he named his price, before Ali Pacha said that he would give it, and told him to go directly to his tent, and count over the money. But Hassan Pacha, resolving not to let her go thus, though it should be at the risk of his life, said, "I, too, will give for the damsel the sum which the Jew asks—which I would not offer to do, nor would I oppose myself to Ali in this matter, but for a reason which, as he himself will acknowledge, obliges me to do so—which is, that this beautiful slave cannot belong to either of us, but to the Grand Signior alone, in whose name I purchase her; let us see now who will be so bold as to attempt to take her from me." "That will I," replied Ali, "for I purchase her for the very same purpose; and surely it is rather for me, who am going direct to Constantinople, to make this present to the Grand Signior, and thereby gain his favor; since, being now left, as you know, Hassan, without any employment, it is necessary that I should seek to obtain one; whereas you are certain, for three years, of the government of this rich kingdom of Cyprus. For this reason, and because I was the first who offered the price for the captive, it is but right, Hassan, that thou shouldst leave her to me."

But Hassan was not to be thus argued out of his purpose. Love, in all its shapes, is an overmatch for reason. "Such a present to the Grand Signior," returned he, "will come with a better grace from me, who make it without any interested motive; and as for the opportunity of conveying her, I will man a galiot with my own crew and slaves for that especial purpose." Irritated at these words, Ali rose up, and laid his hand on his scimeter, saying—"My intention, Hassah, being the same as thine, namely, to make a present of this Christian woman to the Grand Signior, and I having been the first purchaser, I once more tell thee it is fit and just that thou shouldst leave her to me; and if thou persist in doing otherwise, this weapon which I grasp, shall vindicate my right, and chastise thy audacity."

The cadi, who heard all this, and who was no less inflamed with desire than the contending pachas, fearful lest the fair captive should not come into his hands, considered that he might allay the discord which had arisen, and at the same time obtain possession of the desired object, without giving cause to suspect his sinister intention. He accordingly rose from his seat, and placing himself between the two pachas, who were already standing, he said—"Hassan, compose thyself, and do thou, Ali, be tranquil; for I will contrive so to reconcile your differences that both of you shall fulfil your intention, and your duty to the Grand Signior shall be paid as you desire."

The cadi was instantly obeyed; as, indeed, he would have been had he commanded something more difficult—in such reverence did the Mussulmans hold his gray hairs. He proceeded thus:—"You say, Ali, that you want this Christian damsel for the Grand Signior, and Hassan says that he also wants to have her for the same purpose; you allege that because you were the first to offer the price, she ought to be yours; Hassan contradicts you; and though he himself has not clearly established his right, it appears to me to be the same as yours, consisting in the intention, which doubtless you must both have formed at the same time, of purchasing the slave for the same purpose; only you had the advantage of him in being the first to declare your wish; but that is no reason why his good intention should be altogether lost to him; and therefore, I think it will be well that you should agree to arrange the matter thus:—Let the slave belong to both of you; and since the use of her is to be left entirely to the Grand Signior, for whom she is purchased, it will be for him to dispose of her.—Meanwhile, you, Hassan, will pay one half the price; and you, Ali, will pay the other half; and the captive shall remain in my hands, that I may send her, in both your names, to Constantinople, and that so I may have some share in the compliment, if only for having been present at the occasion of it. I therefore promise to send her at my own cost, with all the state and attendance which her destination requires; writing at the same time to the Grand Signior the particulars of all that has passed, and the devotion which both of you have manifested to his service."

The two enamoured Turks neither would nor could say any thing against the cadi's proposal; for although they saw that they should not in that way obtain the fulfilment of their desires, yet they knew that they must at all events abide by his decision; and each of them still cherished a hope, which, though slightly founded, seemed to promise them in the end, the accomplishment of their wishes. Hassan, who was remaining as governor of Cyprus, thought of gaining over the cadi, by presents, to abandon his resolution, and give him the fair captive; Ali proposed to himself to strike a blow which should secure to him what he desired; and each of them being satisfied with his own scheme, they submitted with the less reluctance to the cadi's decision. With the full consent of both, she was surrendered into his hands, and they immediately paid the Jew two thousand crowns each. The Jew said he could not part with her for that money in the dress she then wore, for that it was worth another thousand crowns; and so it was; for in her hair, of which part hung loose upon her shoulders, and part was tied up and bound upon her forehead, there appeared several rows of pearls, very tastefully disposed. The bracelets and ankle-clasps were also full of large pearls. Her dress was a long robe of green satin, covered with gold embroidery. Indeed, it was the opinion of them all, that the Jew had not asked too much for the dress and ornaments; and the cadi, that he might not appear less liberal than the two pachas, said that he would pay it in order that the Christian slave might be presented to the Grand Sig-

nior in that attire. With this, the two competitors were perfectly satisfied, each of them thinking that the whole would come into his own possession.

It is needless to say what were the feelings of Ricardo, at beholding his soul's idol thus put up for sale like a beast of burden. He went up to his friend Mahomet, and said to him,

"Do you not know her, my friend?"

"No," answered Mahomet.

"It is Leonisa."

"Be silent, then, and keep it secret," rejoined his friend; "fortune seems at length to favor you, since your fair enemy is passing into the hands of my master."

"Do you think," said Ricardo, "it is fit that I should place myself where she may see me?"

"By no means," answered Mahomet, "lest you should surprise her, or be agitated yourself, and by your emotion show that you have seen and know her; which might be prejudicial to my design."

"I will follow your advice," replied Ricardo; and accordingly he was cautious that his eyes should not encounter those of Leonisa, who had all this time kept hers fixed upon the ground, shedding a few gentle tears. The *cadi* approached her, and, taking her hand, delivered her to Mahomet, commanding him to take her to the city, and give her into the care of his mistress Halima, and tell her to treat her as a slave of the Grand Signior. Mahomet obeyed, and left Ricardo alone, who gazed after the fair and wandering star of his hopes, until she disappeared behind the walls of Nicusia. He then went to the Jew, and asked him where he had bought that Christian captive, or how she had come into his possession. The Jew answered him, that he had bought her on the island of Pantalasia, of some Turks who had been wrecked there.

On the way from the tents to the city, Mahomet took occasion to ask Leonisa to what place she belonged; and she answered, "the city of Trapani."

Mahomet then asked her if she knew in the city a gentleman of rich and noble parentage, named Ricardo. On hearing which, Leonisa heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Yes, I do know him, to my misfortune."

"How to your misfortune?" inquired Mahomet.

"Because," returned Leonisa, "he knew me to his own, and to my unhappiness."

"And do you," asked Mahomet, "also know, in the same city, a young gentleman of elegant exterior, the son of wealthy parents, himself a person of great worth, generosity, and discretion, named Cornelio?"

"I know him too," answered Leonisa; "and, I may say, still more to my misfortune than I know Ricardo. But who are you, sir, that seem to know them, and put these questions to me about them?"

"I," said Mahomet, "am a native of Palermo, whom a variety of incidents have brought to wear this habit in which you now see me, so different from that which I wore formerly; and I know them, because within these few days they have both of them been in my hands. Cornelio was captured by some Moors of Tripoli, by whom he was sold to a Turk, who brought him to this island, to which he came

with merchandize, being a merchant of Rhodes, and he intrusted Cornelio with the care of all his property."

"He will know how to take care of it," said Leonisa, "for he can take very good care of his own. But tell me, sir, how, or with whom, did Ricardo come to this island?"

"He came," answered Mahomet, "with a corsair, who took him in a garden on the sea-shore at Trapani; and he said that a young lady was carried off at the same time, but he never would tell me her name. He remained here a few days with his master, who was going to visit the tomb of Mahomet at Medina; but when they were on the point of departure, Ricardo was taken very ill, so that his master left him with me, as being from the same place, to take care of him until he should recover, or, if he should not recover here, to send him to Constantinople, at which place he would duly advertise me of his arrival. But heaven ordained it otherwise; for the unfortunate Ricardo, though not afflicted with any corporeal malady, expired at the end of a few days, having constantly on his tongue, the name of one Leonisa, whom he told me he had loved more dearly than his life, and who had been drowned in the wreck of a galiot on the island of Pantalasia, whose death he was ever lamenting, until grief put a period to his existence; for I could discover no disease in his body, but only symptoms of great anguish in his soul."

"Tell me, sir," asked Leonisa, "did that youth whom you mentioned, in any of the conversations which passed between you, and which, as you were fellow countrymen, must have been numerous, ever speak of that Leonisa, and of the manner in which she and Ricardo were carried off?"

"Yes," replied Mahomet, "he mentioned her, and he asked me if a Christian damsel, of that name, and of such a description, which he gave, had been brought to this island; and in case her owner did not ask above three or four hundred crowns, he (Cornelio) would willingly give them for her, as he had once had some little partiality for her."

"It must indeed have been very little," said Leonisa, "since he thought me worth no more than four hundred crowns. Ricardo was more generous, more worthy, and more courteous. God forgive her who was the cause of his death, and whom you now see before you; for I am that unhappy maiden whom he wept as dead; and, heaven knows, I should rejoice were he yet living!"

The rest of their time upon the way, he spent in telling her what he thought it would be to her advantage to know; until he left her in the *cadi's* house, and in charge of Halima, to whom he delivered his master's message, and who, finding the fair stranger so beautiful, and so well adorned, gave her a gracious reception.

Mahomet returned to the tents, to tell Ricardo what had passed between himself and Leonisa, and finding him there, he related to him every particular. He told him how he had feigned the story of Cornelio's captivity, to try her feelings; and with what indifference and disregard she had spoken of Cornelio; all

which was balm to the afflicted heart of Ricardo: he said to his friend—

"Tell me what you think of doing in our affair. For, though I did not understand what passed between the pachas in the tent while you were gone with Leonisa, it was related to me by a Venetian renegade in my master's service, who was present, and is well acquainted with the Turkish language; and I am therefore aware, that what must be done first of all, is to seek some means of preventing Leonisa from coming into the hands of the Grand Signior."

"The first thing to be done," replied Mahomet, "is to get you into my master's possession; when that is accomplished, we will then consult about farther measures."

Their conversation was here broken off by the keeper of Hassan's Christian captives, who came and took away Ricardo.

The *cadi* returned to the city with Hassan, who in a few days took the account of Ali's government, and gave it to him, folded up and sealed, in order that he might depart for Constantinople, which he did immediately, earnestly recommending to the *cadi* to send the captive with as little delay as possible, and at the same time to write to the Grand Signior in such terms as should serve to advance his pretensions. The *cadi* promised him that he would do so—but with falsehood in his heart, for it was burning for the fair captive. Ali having departed filled with false hopes, and Hassan remaining not devoid of them, Mahomet so contrived matters that Ricardo came into his master's possession.

Time passed on; and the desire of seeing Leonisa so haunted Ricardo, that it left him not a moment's repose. He changed his name into Mario, that his own might not come to Leonisa's ears before he should see her; and to get to see her was very difficult; for the Turks were then, as now, extremely jealous.

One day the lady Halima beheld her slave Mario, and so beheld him that his image remained fixed in her memory and engraven on her heart. A criminal passion easily found its way into her breast; and she, with as little hesitation, imparted her secret to Leonisa. She told her that the *cadi* had brought to the house a Christian captive, so handsome and graceful, that she thought she had never seen so fine a man in all her life; that his name was Mario, and that on Friday, while the *cadi* was performing the service in the mosque, she would have the captive sent into Leonisa's presence, who was to acquaint him with Halima's passion in as prudent a manner as possible.

Within two hours after matters had been thus arranged between Halima and Leonisa, the *cadi* called to him Mahomet and Mario, and with as little reserve as Halima had unbosomed herself to Leonisa, the amorous old man opened his breast to his two slaves, asking them to counsel him how he should contrive to possess himself entirely of the fair Christian, without openly violating his duty to the Grand Signior. With so much ardor did the religious Turk speak of his passion, that he communicated some of his eagerness to his two slaves, who were meditating directly the con-

trary to what he supposed. It was settled among them that Mario, as being a native of the same place as Leonisa (though he had declared he did not know her) should take upon him to solicit her, and declare to her his master's wishes. And when this was done, the *cadi* might excuse himself from sending her to Constantinople, by giving out that she was dead. The *cadi* was quite delighted with the scheme which his slaves proposed; and in the joy of his heart at the prospect of a speedy fulfilment of his wishes, he immediately offered liberty to Mahomet, together with half his property at his decease: he also promised Mario, if he accomplished what he desired, his liberty, and money wherewith to return home in wealth, honor, and happiness.

Halima, with the promptitude and eagerness natural to woman when she has some passion or inclination to gratify, was the first to set about the accomplishment of her design. That same day the *cadi* told her, that she might go to recreate herself at the house of her parents as soon as ever she chose, and might remain there as many days as she pleased. But she, being full of the hopes with which Leonisa had inspired her, was so far from wishing to go and visit her parents, that she would not then have consented to go to the Mahometan paradise itself; and so she answered him, that at that time she had not any such desire; and that when she had, she would inform him of it.

To this the *cadi* made no reply, lest he should give her some cause to suspect his intention. The Friday came, and he repaired to the mosque, where his religious duty detained him four hours: and scarcely had Halima seen him safely beyond the threshold of his own house, before she ordered Mario to be called in; but a Corsican Christian, who served as porter at the inner door, refused to admit him, until Halima called out to him to do so. Ricardo then entered, embarrassed and trembling as if he had been going to fight against a host of enemies. Leonisa was attired in the same manner as when she entered the tent of the pachas, and seated at the foot of a great marble staircase which led to the corridors. Her head was resting on the palm of her right hand, and her arm upon her knee.

When their eyes met, the agitation of each was manifested in a different manner. Ricardo stood still, unable to advance another step. Leonisa, who, from the account which Mahomet had given her, believed Ricardo to be dead, was struck with fear and astonishment at thus unexpectedly beholding him; and rising up, but without turning round, she stared fixedly upon him, and retreated up four or five of the marble steps; then taking a small cross from her bosom, she kissed it a number of times, and crossed herself again and again, as if some ghost or apparition were standing before her. Ricardo, recovered from his confusion, and understanding by Leonisa's motions the cause of her fear, said to her—

"I sincerely regret, beautiful Leonisa, that the story which Mahomet told you of my death was not a true one; for I should then have escaped the anxiety which I now feel to know whether the cruelty which you ever showed me is still unabated; and if you will

venture to do what you have never before done, which is, voluntarily to approach me, do so, and you will find that I am no phantom, but the living Ricardo—he whose happiness or misery depends upon your pleasure.”

At that moment Leonisa laid her finger on her lip, which Ricardo understood to be a signal either that he should be silent, or speak in a lower tone; and gathering some degree of resolution, he approached her near enough to hear from her the following words:—

“Speak softly, Mario, (for so I believe you at present call yourself,) and about nothing but what I myself shall introduce; for you must know, that should we be overheard, it might prevent our ever meeting again. I believe that our mistress Halima is listening to us, who has told me that she is in love with you, and has employed me to acquaint you with her passion. If you will requite it, it may possibly assist your hopes of liberty; and if you will not, you must at least feign that you do, if only because I ask it of you, and because the rules of gallantry require it.”

Ricardo answered—“I never before thought, fair Leonisa, that I could hesitate to perform anything which you should ask of me; but I now find it to be otherwise. But tell me briefly how you escaped from the corsairs, and how you came into the hands of the Jew who sold you.”

“You must know, then, that at the end of one day after our separation, Yuzuf’s vessel was driven back by a violent wind to the same island of Pantalaria, where we saw your galiot, also; but as for our own, they could not prevent it from dashing upon the rocks. My master, seeing his destruction so imminent, emptied in great haste a couple of water-casks, stopped them well, and tied them together with cords, putting me between them; then, taking another cask in his arms, he fastened himself to it with a rope, and tied the end of the same rope to the casks to which I was attached. With great courage, he resolutely threw himself into the sea, intending to draw me after him. I myself had not resolution enough to plunge; but one of the Turks threw me after Yuzuf, and I fell senseless among the waves. When I began to recover, I found myself on shore, Yuzuf lying close to me with his head dreadfully shattered; occasioned, as I afterwards learned, by his being driven against the rocks in coming ashore, which had put an end to his existence.

“Only eight persons escaped from the wreck; we remained on the island for eight days, when there came to that coast a Moorish trading vessel, which being discovered by the Turks, they came out of their hiding-place, and made signs to the vessel, which was near enough to the land for those on board to perceive that they were Turks who made the signals. The latter related their disaster, and the Moors received them into their vessel, in which was also a very rich Jew merchant, who owned the whole or the greater part of the goods on board, consisting of barracans, Moorish cloths, and other articles, which he was conveying from the Barbary coast to the Le-

vant. In the same vessel the Turks went to Tripoli; and on the way they sold me to the Jew, who gave for me a thousand crowns, which he must have considered an exorbitant price, but for the passion which he afterwards discovered for me.

“Having landed the Turks at Tripoli, the vessel continued its voyage; the Jew then began openly to solicit me, and I received his advances in the manner they deserved; so that, despairing of the gratification of his wishes, he resolved to get rid of me the first opportunity that should offer. Knowing that the two pachas, Ali and Hassan, were in this island, where he could sell his merchandize as well as in Scio, whither he had meant to carry it, he came hither, intending to sell me to one of the two pachas; for which purpose he put me in the dress in which you now see me, the better to entice them to purchase me.

“I have learned that this cadi has bought me for the purpose of presenting me to the Grand Turk, about which I am not a little alarmed. I have been told the fictitious story of your death; and I can tell you, whether you will believe me or not, that I grieved to hear it; for if I be unloving, I am not ungrateful.”

“You say well, lady,” replied Ricardo; “but I have to inform you, that the cadi, into whose power I have come through a series of adventures not less varied than your own, has conceived the same passion for you which Halima entertains for me. He has chosen me as the ambassador of his wishes, and I have accepted the office, not for his gratification but for my own, in thus having an opportunity of meeting you.”

“I hardly know what to say to you, Ricardo,” answered Leonisa, “nor how to find our way out of this labyrinth into which our ill fate has led us. I can only say, that we are under the necessity of using that which is foreign to our natures, dissimulation and deceit; and so I tell you that I will give such an account of you to Halima, as shall rather give her cause to hope than to despair; and you may say of me to the cadi what you think the most convenient for the security of my honor, and for his deception; and since I place my honor in your hands, you may well believe that I have preserved it unsullied through all the perils which it has undergone. But now farewell, for I am afraid lest Halima should have been listening to us; she understands something of our Christian tongue, at least of that mixed language in which the Turks and Christians communicate with each other.”

“True, lady,” replied Ricardo; “and since we have met, a firm hope has sprung up in my breast that we shall ere long obtain our desired freedom. And now, adieu. Some other time I will relate to you the adventures through which fortune has brought me to my present situation, since I separated, or rather was separated, from you.”

They now took leave of each other: Leonisa well satisfied with the submissive deportment of Ricardo; and he, quite happy to have heard a kind word from the lips of Leonisa.

During this interview, Halima was in her chamber, praying the prophet to grant Leonisa success in the

commission which she had entrusted to her. The *cadi* was in the mosque, anxious to hear the answer which he expected from his slave, whom he had ordered to speak to Leonisa during his absence, as Mahomet, he said, would furnish him an opportunity of doing, although Halima was at home. Leonisa encouraged Halima's guilty passion, giving her reason to hope that Mario would comply with all her wishes, but telling her that two moons must elapse before he could grant that which he desired even more than she; which delay he requested, to fulfil a vow which he had made, of offering up prayers to God for his deliverance. Halima was satisfied with this account of her beloved Mario, and with his excuse, but she was quite willing to give him his liberty before the expiration of the term of his vow, if he would only requite her passion; and so she asked Leonisa to request that he would dispense with the delay, for that she would give him whatever the *cadi* should ask for his ransom.

Before Ricardo gave his master an answer, he consulted with Mahomet about what he should say to him, and it was agreed between them that they should give him no hopes, but advise him to set out with the fair captive as soon as possible for Constantinople; telling him, that on the way, either with her consent or against it, he might gratify his passion; and that, as for satisfying the Grand Signior, the best way would be, to buy another Christian slave; then, during the voyage, to feign or procure Leonisa's illness, and some night to throw the other Christian damsel overboard; pretending that it was Leonisa, the Grand Signior's captive, who had died of her sickness; that this might be done in such a manner that the truth would never be discovered, and that so he would ensure to himself the possession of the captive without incurring the displeasure of the sultan.

So infatuated was the wretched old man, that if they had told him a thousand extravagancies, he would have believed them, so that they did but tend to the fulfilment of his wishes: but their present advice seemed to him to be exceedingly wise and practicable; and so it might have proved, had not the intention of his two counsellors been to possess themselves of the vessel on the way, and to reward his insane project by putting him to death. Another difficulty, however, presented itself to the *cadi*, which seemed to him to be the greatest of all; it was, that his wife Halima would not be willing to let him go to Constantinople, unless he took her with him: but an expedient soon occurred to him; for he said, that in lieu of the Christian slave whom they meant to buy, and throw into the sea instead of Leonisa, Halima should serve their purpose, as he desired above all things to get rid of her. With the same readiness that he besought himself of this expedient, it was approved of by Mahomet and Ricardo.

In the course of twenty days he fitted out a brigantine of fifteen benches of oars, and manned it with good Moorish rowers and some Greek Christians. In this vessel he embarked all his riches, nor did Halima leave any of her valuables behind; she also asked her husband's permission to take her parents with her

that they might see Constantinople. Her intention was the same as Mahomet's, being to concert with him and Ricardo the seizure of the vessel on the way; but she would not acquaint them with it until they had embarked. Her design was to go to some Christian country, there to return to Christianity, which she had formerly quitted, and to marry Ricardo, since it was most likely that having so much riches with her, if she turned Christian, he would not fail to take her for his wife.

Ricardo, meanwhile, had another interview with Leonisa, in which he acquainted her with the whole of his design, and she told him of that which Halima had formed, and had communicated to her; each enjoined secrecy to the other; and both commending themselves to the care of providence, they awaited the day of departure. When it arrived, Hassan attended them to the sea-side with all his soldiers; nor did he quit them until they set sail, and even then he gazed after the brigantine, as it lessened to the view, until he could see it no longer.

He went immediately to put into execution a plan which, after mature deliberation, he had, some days previous to the *cadi's* departure, resolutely determined upon. In another port, he had armed and equipped a vessel of seventeen benches of oars; in this he put fifty soldiers, all attached to his person, and whom he had obliged by numerous gifts and promises, and ordered them to pursue and take the *cadi's* vessel and his riches, to put to the sword all that were in it, excepting the captive Leonisa, the only treasure which he desired to possess of the many which the brigantine carried, and to sink the vessel, so that no indication might be left of the fate of the passengers. The thirst for plunder made them get on board, and set out on their expedition with the utmost alacrity,—it put wings to their feet and courage in their hearts, though indeed they knew that those in the brigantine could make but little resistance, going, as they were, unarmed, and without suspicion of any such attack.

The first two days that the brigantine was at sea appeared to the *cadi* to be two ages, for he would fain have carried his determination into effect on the first of them; but his slaves told him that it was advisable first of all, to contrive that Leonisa should appear to fall sick, in order to give a coloring of probability to the story of her death, and that her illness must continue for several days; he, however, was for having it said that she had died suddenly, in order that he might accomplish his purpose at once and without delay, by despatching his wife, and gratifying the desire which burned within him; yet he was at least obliged to yield to the opinions of his two counsellors. Halima had already declared her intention to Mahomet and Ricardo; and they had resolved to execute it at a certain stage of their voyage, which they thought most convenient; but the *cadi* pressed them so eagerly, that they at length determined to do it the first opportunity. On the sixth day of their voyage, the *cadi*, thinking that Leonisa's feigned indisposition had lasted long enough, importuned his slaves that the next day they should despatch Halima, wrap her up in a shroud, and throw her

into the sea, saying that she was the Grand Signior's captive.

At the dawn of the next day, which, according to the intention of Ricardo and Mahomet, was to witness either the fulfilment of their design or their own destruction, they discovered a vessel which, with all the force of sail and oar, was giving them chase. They feared it was a Christian corsair, from which they were none of them likely to escape without ill-usage: the Turks expected to be made captive, and the Christians, although they would regain their liberty, to be stripped and robbed. Mahomet and Ricardo would indeed have been quite satisfied with obtaining Leonisa's liberty and their own; but they knew that evil was to be apprehended from the brutality of the pirates; the profession of piracy being one of those which render all who follow them, of whatever country or religion, cruel and brutal. All, therefore, prepared for defence, rowing at the same time with all their might; but, in a few hours, they found their pursuers gaining upon them so fast, that, in less than two hours more, they were within cannon shot. Seeing this, they struck sail, quitted the oars, took up their arms, and awaited the attack; although the *cadi* told them not to be in any fear, for that the vessel was Turkish, and would do them no harm whatever. He immediately ordered a white flag, in token of peace, to be displayed at the stern of his vessel, in order that it might be seen by those who, in their eagerness for plunder, were rushing at a furious rate upon the devoted and almost defenceless brigantine.

Willingly would the *cadi* at that moment have surrendered all his anticipated enjoyments to have found himself safe within the walls of Nicosia, so great was his perturbation; but his attention was quickly called to those in the pursuing vessel, who, without any regard to his flag of amity, or to the religion which they professed, boarded the *cadi's* ship with such violence that they had nearly sunk it. The *cadi* then discovered that his assailants were soldiers from Nicosia. He divined what was the object of their pursuit, and gave himself up for lost and murdered; and, indeed, had not the soldiers been more eager to plunder than to slay, neither the *cadi* nor any of his people would have been left alive. But at the time when they were most ardently engaged in the work of pillage, a Turk suddenly cried out, "Soldiers, to arms! a Christian vessel is bearing down upon us." And such appeared to be the case; for a vessel with Christian ensigns and colors, assailed Hassan's vessel as furiously as the latter had attacked that of the *cadi*; one at the prow asked, in the Turkish language, what vessel that was? and was answered that it belonged to Hassan Pacha, viceroy of Cyprus. "How comes, it, then," resumed the Turk, "that you, who are Mussulmans, attack, and plunder this vessel, which we know that the *cadi* of Nicosia is aboard of?" To this, Hassan's men answered, that they knew nothing more of the matter than that he had ordered them to take the vessel, and that they, as his soldiers, bound to obey him, had executed his command.

The captain of the vessel that came with Christian colors, having thus learned what he wanted to know

quitted Hassan's ship for that of the *cadi*, and at the first fire killed above half a score of the Turks who had entered it. He then proceeded to board it with great resolution; but scarcely had he and his men set foot on deck, before the *cadi* discovered that his new assailant, instead of being a Christian, was no other than Ali-Pacha, the enamoured of Leonisa, who had been lying in wait for him with the same intention with which Hassan had sent in pursuit of him, and who, in order that he might commit his theft with greater secrecy, had clothed his soldiers in the Christian costume. The *cadi* knowing the intentions of the enamoured and treacherous Pachas, raising his voice, began thus to denounce their wickedness:—"How is this, Ali Pacha, thou traitor, that, being a Mussulman, thouallest upon me in the disguise of a Christian?—and you, ye traitorous soldiers of Hassan, what demon hath instigated you to commit so vile an outrage? How comes it that, to gratify the loose desires of him who has sent you hither, you thus lift your hands against your natural superior?"

At these words the conflict was suspended—the soldiers on each side looking at and recognising each other, for they had all served under the same captain, and fought under the same banner; and being confounded by the remonstrance of the *cadi* and the consciousness of their crime, their resolution failed them, and they were disposed to sheath their scymitars. Ali alone shut his eyes and his ears to every thing; and, rushing upon the *cadi*, gave him such a cut on the head, that, had it not been defended by a hundred yards of muslin, which were wrapped round it, he would undoubtedly have cloven it in two. The *cadi* was, however, struck down between the benches; and as he fell he exclaimed, "Oh! cruel renegade, and enemy of the prophet, is there no one who will lift his hand to chastise thy enormous cruelty and insolence? How hast thou dared to lift thy hand and thy weapon against thy *cadi*—against a minister of Mahomet?"

This appeal of the *cadi* gave additional effect to his previous denunciation, and the soldiers of Hassan, fearing lest those of Ali should snatch from their hands the prize which they had already considered as their own, resolved to continue the conflict. One of them, setting the example, was followed by all the rest; and they fell upon Ali's men with such vigor and impetuosity, that the latter, though much superior in number, were soon reduced to a few. They who were left, however, attacking in their turn, amply revenged their comrades, not leaving more than four of Hassan's men alive, and those severely wounded. Ricardo and Mahomet were observing them by now and then putting their heads through the scuttle or hatchway of the after-cabin, to see in what all this clashing of arms was to end. Finding that nearly all the Turks were slain, and the survivors severely wounded, so that they might easily be despatched, they called to their assistance two cousins of Halima's, whom she had brought with her in order that they might assist in seizing the vessel; and, together with them and with her father, they leaped into the gangway, snatched up scimitars belonging to the slain,

shouted "Liberty! liberty!" and, aided by the stout Greek rowers, they succeeded, with safety to themselves, in despatching the exhausted Turks. Then passing into Ali's galiot, which was left without defence, they took possession of it and all that it contained. One of the first that fell in the second encounter was Ali Pacha himself, who was cut down by a Turk, in revenge of the *cadi*.

By the advice of Ricardo, they all immediately set to work to remove whatever was valuable in their own vessel, and in Hassan's, into Ali's galiot, which was larger, and adapted to any cargo or voyage. Its rowers, too, were Christians, who, being gratified with their liberty, and with many things which Ricardo distributed among them, offered to work the vessel to Trapani, or to the world's end, if he chose to order them. This being settled, Mahomet and Ricardo, rejoicing for the happy event, went to Halima, and told her that if she was disposed to return to Cyprus, they would man her own vessel with good rowers, and would give her half the treasures which she had embarked; but she having, through all the terrors which she had experienced, preserved her passion for Ricardo, said that she would go with them to a Christian land; and at this her parents were exceedingly rejoiced.

The *cadi*'s senses returned; they dressed his wound as well as the circumstances would admit of their doing, and then told him that he must choose one of two things; either to be taken to a Christian country, or to return in his own vessel to Nicosia. He answered, that since fortune had been so unkind to him, he thanked them for the liberty which they gave him, and he wished to go to Constantinople and complain to the Grand Signior of the wrong that had been done him by Hassan and Ali. But when he learned that Halima was leaving him, and meant to turn Christian, he was almost mad with rage and vexation. However, they fitted out his own vessel, provided him with every thing necessary for his voyage, and also gave him a few of the *zechins* which had lately been his own. Having now resolved to return to Nicosia, he took leave of them all; but entreated that before he set sail, Leonisa would embrace him; which single favor, he said, would suffice to chase from his mind the memory of his misfortune. They all asked Leonisa to grant him that indulgence, as she might do it without offence to her modesty. She consented; the *cadi* then asked her to lay her hands upon his head, that he might have hopes of the cure of his wound; and she satisfied him in that particular also. This being done, and having bored and sunk Hassan's vessel, being favored by a fresh breeze from the east, which seemed to court the sails, they gladly hoisted them, and in a very few hours they lost sight of the *cadi*'s vessel, who, with tears in his eyes, was gazing in the direction in which the winds were wafting from him his wife, his treasures, his enjoyment, and almost his existence.

Ricardo and Mahomet pursued their voyage, with very different reflections from those of the *cadi*: they resolved not to touch at any place on the way; so they passed within sight of Alexandria, and without slackening sail, or having occasion to use the oars, they ar-

rived at the island of Corfu, where they took in water: they proceeded immediately, passing by the Acroceraunian rocks; and on the second day they discovered at a distance the promontory of Passaro, the ancient Pachinus of the fertile *Trinacria*—one of the names given, on account of its triangular form, to the fruitful island of Sicily. The vessel flew on her prosperous course, within sight of that cape and of the then famed island of Malta, and in four days more, following the Sicilian coast, they discovered the island of Lampedosa, and soon after that on which the corsair galiot had been wrecked, at the sight of which Leonisa shuddered, recollecting the imminent peril in which she had there been. The next day they saw before them their long desired country.

In the galiot had been found a chest full of small silk flags and streamers of different colors, with which Ricardo had the vessel adorned. It was a little after day-break, when they found themselves within a league of the city; and, rowing by divisions, and raising at intervals a joyful shout, they were approaching the harbor, about which they soon saw an immense number of people assembled, who, having observed this gaily adorned vessel coming so leisurely to land, had hastened down to the shore to obtain a nearer view. Meanwhile Ricardo had asked as a favor of Leonisa, that she would put on the very same dress and ornaments in which she had entered the tent of the two pachas, as he had a mind to put a pleasant deception upon her parents, with a view to give them an agreeable surprise. She did so; adding decoration to decoration, and beauty to beauty, for her countenance brightened with joy as she approached her native shore; and after all, smiles enhance the charms of a lovely face no less than tears—as the rose which seems to triumph in bloom and gladness, is beheld with a more lively though less tender feeling of delight than the pale and drooping lily. Ricardo, likewise, put on a Turkish dress, as did also Mahomet, and all the Christians at the oar; the clothes of the Turks who had been slain, affording an ample supply.

When they reached the mouth of the harbor, it was about eight in the morning, which was so bright and serene, that the heavens seemed to smile upon their joyous arrival. Before they entered the harbor, Ricardo had the artillery of the galliot discharged, consisting of one piece of cannon and two falconets, which were answered from the city by the like number of guns. The people on shore were in suspense, awaiting the arrival of the gallant-looking vessel. But when they descried the white turbans of those on board, whom they consequently took for Turks, they began to suspect some stratagem; the militia of the town seized their arms and ran down to the port, and the horsemen spread themselves along the shore; all which was very entertaining to those on board the galiot; who, having entered the harbor, dropped anchor close to the shore; and immediately fixing the gang-board, all at once laying up their oars, they stepped ashore one by one, as in procession, and kissed the ground again and again, shedding tears of joy; a clear sign to those who stood gazing at them that they were Christians, who had made themselves masters of a

Turkish vessel. In the rear of the procession came Halima, with her father and mother and her two cousins, all in Turkish dresses: and last of all came the beautiful Leonisa, in the same splendid attire in which the Jew had sold her, having her face, as on that occasion, covered with a veil of crimson taffety. She walked between Ricardo and Mahomet; and the eyes of the assembled multitude were instantly fixed upon them: on stepping ashore, they, like the rest, prostrated themselves and kissed their native soil.

The governor of the city now approached them, as he clearly perceived that they were the most important persons of the party; but he had no sooner come near enough to observe their features, than he recognised Ricardo, and ran with open arms and with symptoms of great pleasure, to embrace him. With the governor came Cornelio and his father, and the parents and relatives of Leonisa, together with those of Ricardo; all of them being persons of the first consequence in the city. Ricardo embraced the governor and returned his gratulations. He then took Cornelio's hand, who, having discovered who he was, turned pale and almost trembled with fear at feeling his grasp. With his other hand at the same time holding Leonisa's, Ricardo said, "I pray you, my friends, of your courtesy, that before we enter into the city, and into the temple, to render due thanks to God for the great mercies he has vouchsafed to us in our misfortunes, that you listen to a few words which I am desirous of addressing to you.

"You must well remember, my friends, the misfortune which happened to me a few months ago, in the garden by the salt mines, together with the loss of Leonisa. Neither can you have forgotten how solicitous I was to procure her liberty; since, forgetting my own, I offered for her ransom all that I possessed; though, indeed, I can presume but little on the merit of this apparent generosity, since it was but to ransom my dearer self. All that has since happened to us both, requires more leisure, a fitter opportunity, and a more tranquil mind than I at this moment possess, to relate it. Suffice it for the present to say, that after various and extraordinary adventures, and after a thousand times despairing of any remedy for our misfortunes, heaven, in its infinite mercy, has at length restored us to our long-desired country, in happiness and wealth. I have risked my life, much more for the sake of Leonisa's liberty than for my own; and although to the mind of one more grateful, these might be obligations of some importance, yet I desire not that they should be so regarded; I only wish this one to be considered so, which I now confer."

So saying, he raised his hand, and with all gentleness and delicacy uncovered the face of Leonisa. He then continued—"Here, Cornelio, I deliver to you

the treasure which you ought to value above all valuable things; and you, beauteous Leonisa,—you see that I give you to him who has ever borne you in remembrance; this I do indeed wish to be considered as an act of generosity, compared with which, to part with wealth, life, and honor, is nothing. Receive her, too happy youth,—receive her,—and if thou art capable of appreciating such a treasure, thou art indeed the happiest upon earth. With her I will give thee all that falls to my share of the prize which heaven has given to us all."

Ricardo here ceased; upon which Leonisa answered him in these terms:—"If, Ricardo, you imagine that during the time when you were enamoured and jealous of me, I granted any favor to Cornelio, you may well believe that it did not exceed the bounds of decorum, since it was under the guidance of my parents, who permitted it because they were desirous of obtaining him for my husband. If you are satisfied on that point, you will not, I think, have been less so with the experience which you have had of the modesty and propriety of my deportment. I will now risk appearing forward, that I may not appear ungrateful; and so, worthy Ricardo, my choice, which has hitherto been reserved, hesitating, and doubtful, declares itself in your favor. Hence men may learn that women are not all ungrateful, since I hereby shew my gratitude at least; I am yours, Ricardo, and yours I will be until death,—unless indeed some worthier object induce you to deny me your hand."

At these words, so unexpected, Ricardo was transported with joy. So much was he affected, that he could not answer Leonisa otherwise than by falling on his knees before her, and taking her hands, which he kissed again and again, bathing them in tears of tenderness and love. Cornelio wept for vexation, the parents of Leonisa for joy, and the bystanders with admiration and sympathy.

The bishop or archbishop of the city was present, and took the betrothed pair, with his benediction and licence, to the great church, where, dispensing with the usual delay, he united them immediately. The rejoicing was general throughout the city, and was testified that night by a great number of illuminations, and for many days after by the games and entertainments given by the relatives of Ricardo and Leonisa. Mahomet and Halima returned to the bosom of the church; and the latter, finding it impossible for her to become the wife of Ricardo, consoled herself by espousing Mahomet, who, with the faith of his fathers, had resumed his Christian name of Francesco. Ricardo's generosity gave to her parents and her cousins, out of his share of the prize, an ample sufficiency for their maintenance. In short, they now were all free, happy, and contented.

THE DEAD SEA.

A POEM.

BY JOSEPH H. DUKES, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Delivered at the Princeton Commencement, September 27, 1837.

WHERE Jordan rolls his wild, impetuous stream,
 And shading willows catch the day's first beam;
 Where, mountain hid, the fruitful vale once stood,
 And drank with joy the fertilizing flood;
 High on those hills, which now no verdure yield,
 Once Siddim's pride, her glory, and her shield,
 Their stately palms aloft their branches threw,
 The rising sun's first kiss at morn to woo—
 To catch at eve the dying sun's last rays,
 When in the west his lingering beam delays,
 And, brightly gilt, that crest of living green,
 Lent a new tint of softness to the scene.
 There, too, at morn, the shepherd led his fold,
 By sun-lit streams that shone as molten gold,
 And while the tamarisk waved his head above,
 The lute awoke soft strains of hope and love.
 But now, how changed! Is this the happy vale,
 Whose spicy perfume filled the murmuring gale?
 Is this the land where once the happy throng
 Breathed in full choir to heav'n the heart-felt song?
 Is this the land where drooped the purple vine,
 And the prest cluster yielded forth its wine?
 Is this the land—these grass-deserted rocks—
 Where watchful shepherds led their wandering flocks?
 Alas, how changed!—no vestige now appears
 Of pomp and splendor in long faded years.
 No grazing herds, no verdant fields are here,
 No grateful fragrance fills her atmosphere.
 No shepherd now beneath the spreading shade,
 Weaves his gay dreams of pleasures—soon to fade:
 Born, like the brilliance of the sunset sky,
 To glow a moment, and as soon to die.
 Yet, why this change?—shall this weak voice aspire
 To tell the tale of God's avenging ire?
 Fears not this faltering tongue thy wrath to tell—
 How on our rebel race thy judgments fell;
 When seraph forms, that tune their harps of love,
 And fill with joy the boundless courts above,
 Pause, as with fear they view thy blighting path,
 When from high heaven descending in thy wrath?
 These lips were mute—were not those judgments
 given
 To warn the guilty and remind of heaven?
 Then, whilst devotion prompts the awful theme,
 Faith lifts her eye to catch th' inspiring gleam:
 Led on by thee—enlightened by thy ray,
 Its vastness sinks—its darkness turns to day.

Yes! once of yore, were Sodom's people blest,
 'Till wealth alone engrossed each craving breast;
 Then luxury came—attendant sure of power,
 And fatal charm of fortune's happier-hour.

No more her sons—as once when nature reigned,
 Nor sickening crimes the heart's pure waters stained—
 Loved in the quiet walks of life to stray,
 Where mild contentment smoothes the downy way:
 But led by gain, by wild ambition fired,
 No wealth sufficed—no countless honors tired.
 Crimes hideous sprung—her innocence defiled—
 Corruption foul stalked o'er the scene and smiled;
 Wide o'er the land the voice of brutal mirth
 And lawless revel filled each guilty hearth,
 And from on high brought down th' avenging blow
 That laid in dust her pomp and grandeur low.
 Forth his strong arm th' Almighty Ruler thrust,
 And the proud city dwindled into dust.
 His matchless power let bending forests sing,
 And the bowed heavens proclaim their God and King!
 He spreads the glorious canopy on high,
 He decks with gems the garment of the sky;
 He says to Judah, "from thy sleep arise!"
 And from the land its desert stillness flies.
 He bids the deeps from their foundations fly,
 And lo! the channels of the sea are dry.
 He smote the rock when Israel prayed athirst,
 And from its breast the trembling fountain burst.
 He bade the curse on Sodom's city fall,
 And one o'erwhelming ruin swallow'd all.
 Sing then his power, ye distant nations! sing,
 And bow with awe, submissive to your King!
 Let the glad song re-echo thro' the lands—
 "Lo! Israel's God a sure foundation stands!"

'Twas morn; the sun had scarcely beamed on high,
 Ere the dark folds invest the azure sky.
 A far low sounds were heard, as, thickly spread,
 The deep'ning clouds came rolling o'er the head.
 Above the vale there hung an awful form,
 Shapeless, like some vast genius of the storm.
 The saddening sun behind it veiled his head,
 Afraid to view his monarch's blighting tread.
 Now nature pauses—now, from all around,
 Burst the bright lightnings and the earthquake sound.
 Ope the black clouds—the skies asunder rend,
 And wasting flames from heaven's high arch descend.
 Hark! that wild cry, as cliff from cliff is riven,
 And dreadful thunders shake the vaulted heav'n.
 Ten thousand eyes their moistened lids upturn,
 Ten thousand hearts with deepest anguish burn.
 Pale, ghastly forms, and quivering limbs are there,
 And shrieks of terror pierce the heated air.
 Fast fall the flames! beneath the valleys shake!
 The streams are choked—the snow-capt mountains
 quake;

Now yawns the earth—girt with a smoky pall—
 Within her breast proud Sodom's glories fall.
 Lo! as the groaning city downward bends,
 The frightened wave its highest top ascends;
 Cast with fierce anger from the valley's breast,
 It boils with rage, till, sunk at last to rest,
 Its waters lie enwrapt in sullen gloom—
 A mighty waste—a glorious empire's tomb!
 Thus falls the mighty!—thus her splendor frown,
 No more beneath her rod shall nations groan;
 Exulting now, they raise the voice of scorn,
 And smile o'er her, degraded and forlorn.
 And is her glory sunk beneath the wave?
 Her pride brought down in mockery to the grave?
 Shall not the sea her faded pomp restore,
 And give to life her hidden form once more?
 Shall Arab tents no more adorn her plain,
 Nor shepherds seek her verdant meads again?
 "No more!" Methinks that awful voice I hear,
 Who swears the haughty head to bow with fear.
 Who brings proud empires, heedless of his trust,
 Low at his feet—forsaken—in the dust.
 "To till thy soil no more shall man repair,
 But the wild beast shall make his dwelling there:
 Within thy land the gloomy owl shall moan
 Thy vanquished beauty, and thy power o'erthrown.
 O'er thy bare fields, as ages still advance,
 Shall the lascivious satyr rudely dance.
 Thy burning glebe no verdure green shall yield,
 Nor tree nor shrub shall deck thy barren field,
 But ever thus, the victim of my rod,
 Let nations learn to quail before their God!"

Years have rolled by: unchanged the scene remains,
 And all is death and sadness o'er these plains.
 That lake, the same as when the sheeted flame
 Heav'n sent to earth with awful brightness came:
 Black and sulphureous, it's sepulchral wave
 Bears on it's face the impress of the grave;
 Whilst o'er its breast thick clouds of vapor stand,
 Like some huge column, linking sky and land.
 At summer's noon the heedless bird oft tries
 To plume his wings and mingle with the skies;
 But ere the centre of that lake he gains,
 His bosom racks with deep and rankling pains;
 From his light limbs their wonted vigor fled,
 He bows to earth his once aspiring head.

So fell the youth who waved his waxen plumes,
 And soared too near the source which all illumines.
 His molten wings at once forsake his side,
 And down he plunges headlong in the tide.
 Such is this spot;—no hideous monsters sweep
 O'er the calm bosom of it's glassy deep;
 No finny tribes awake it's sleeping tide,
 And thro' its depths with sudden transport glide;
 No Naiads fair their shining tresses lave,
 In the dark caverns of that briny wave;
 But lone, and sad, and tenantless, and drear,
 It stands, the breathing image of despair.
 Almighty God! from such a mournful grave,
 From such destruction, my loved country save!
 Let her, from this thy judgment, warning take,
 And from her soil each vile corruption shake;
 May every son who loves her sacred name,
 Nor fears to die to guard her spotless fame,
 Point with disdain to him whose menial soul
 Dares not aspire her vices to control.
 Like the vile wretch who once his country sold,
 And bartered freedom for a despot's gold,
 May not the land, that land which gave him birth,
 Receive the villain in its injured earth,
 But scorned in death, oh let the hated slave,
 With vilest miscreants meet a tearless grave;
 Whilst patriot hearts unceasingly to thee,
 Breathe forth their prayers, mete incense from the free;
 Withholding not from this, their land, thy rod,
 Be thou her sun and shield, Immortal God!
 Then shall her clime be blest with ceaseless peace,
 And the glad soil yield forth its sweet increase;
 Then shall her strength for ever firmly stand,
 As the high hills that gird thy chosen land.
 From where th' Atlantic rears its foamy crest,
 To the dark rocks that coast the savage west,
 Thro' this vast land shall the triumphant song,
 Rising aloft, be borne its shores along,
 And freeborn millions shall with joy proclaim
 The wondrous power and glory of thy name,
 Till robed with clouds the mighty angel stands,
 Proclaiming death to earth's remotest lands;
 When, like the voice of waters deep and loud,
 Swells the glad strain from heaven's unnumbered
 crowd,
 Her sons shall join in that bright realm above,
 To praise thy mercies, God of Truth and Love!

L I N E S .

Poor wavering bark, on passion's sea
 How madly art thou driven!
 Unheeding, where thy course may be,
 Without one heart to care for thee,
 Without one hope from heaven.
 I see in thee the semblance of
 Mine own deserted lot,

And yet my soul would rise above
 The thought that I'm forgot;
 And vainly struggling with the wave
 That swells o'er sorrow's sea,
 Whilst hoping for the hand to save,
 Shall fail, and sink, like thee.

W. H. M.

C U P B O A R D L O V E .

BY MICHAEL BURKE HONAN.

I HAVE the honor to be one of that class of amphibious animals called *sea-soldiers*; that is to say, I have the honor to hold a commission in the noble, ancient, and most jolly body of the Marines. I am by profession, therefore, as well as by nature, a miscellaneous individual; and circumstances have more than once thrown me into situations where the desire to support the credit of the cloth, added to my own stock of cheerful impudence, have carried me through, in spite of difficulties which would have appalled another man. I had the misfortune to be employed on board one of the ships of the inner squadron in the Douro during the siege of Oporto. I do not say misfortune out of any disrespect to the commodore, or to the captain under whose command I was immediately placed, or to my brother officers, for a more generous, convivial set of fellows could not be got together; but I speak of the place, and of the people, and of the few opportunities which were afforded me of showing off a handsome uniform, and, I must say, rather a well-made person, which it inclosed. Besides, I was kept on hard duty; and though there were some pretty women who appeared on Sunday during the cessations of the usual shower of shells from the Miguelite camp, yet there were so many competitors for their smiles, that I really could not take the trouble of making myself as amiable as I otherwise should, and, as I flatter myself, I could. Don Pedro, the emperor, who now sleeps with his fathers, and whose heart is deposited in the cathedral of Oporto, was then without the society of his imperial and beautiful wife; and whether it was to set a good example to his court, or to prevent his mind from dwelling on the absence of his true love, he was one of the most active of my rivals, and I protest there was not a pretty face in the whole town that he had not the pleasure of paying his addresses to. The Marquis of Loule, his brother-in-law, also separated from that most lovely and most generous of Portuguese princesses who now sits nightly at Lisbon, smiling on all the world from her box at the French theatre in the *Rua dos Condes*, was regularly employed in the same operations; and I never took a sly peep at a pair of dark and bewitching eyes that I did not find the emperor or the marquis also reconnoitering. The marquis is one of the handsomest men in Europe, but with the most vacant expression possible. He wins every heart at first sight, but he loses his conquests as fast as he makes them. Women may be caught by glare; and a man of high rank, an Adonis in face and person, must tell: but I'll be hanged if the dear creatures are such fools as we think them; and the marquis's wife first, and every other flame of his

after, have dismissed him, on finding that his good looks and brains were not measured by the same scale. Then there was the Count Villa Flor, and several other martial grandees; not to speak of the generals and colonels of regiments, and the well-built and well-whiskered officers of the British and French Legion, and the captains and first lieutenants of our squadron. I run over this list just to show what difficulties I had to contend with; and that, if I did not turn the head of the whole town, there was a numerous list of operative love-makers who shared the market with me.

About this time, the senior captain of the squadron determined to establish a signal station to communicate with the ships of his Britannic Majesty outside the bar; and, no fitting place being found on the Pedroite side of the river, an application was made to General San Martha, who commanded for the Miguelites, for permission to erect a post on the left bank, which permission was most liberally granted. A party was instantly set to work, and, in the course of a few days a flag-staff was hoisted; and a large house and court-yard given for the accommodation of the officer and men who were to work it. As luck would have it, I was selected for this service, in company with a wild lieutenant of the fleet, and we soon established ourselves in a comfortable quarter, having the permission to rove about among the Miguelite grounds where we pleased, and to cross as usual to Oporto, when leave of absence was to be procured.

We had not been long established at this fort, when the batteries which the Miguelites had established at the mouth of the river began to do their work in good earnest, and so effectually to close the bar, that not only was the usual supply of provisions cut off, but strong fears were entertained that the city would be reduced by famine to capitulate. There was an abundance of salt fish, or *bacalhao*, and a superfluity of port wine; but even the best fare will tire on repetition, and you may be assured that salt fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper, was not very acceptable to the officers or the men. Our commodore, with the foresight that distinguishes a British officer, had provided for the coming difficulty; and had arranged with the Miguelite general for an abundant supply of fresh provisions, meat, poultry, and vegetables, for all the ships' crews, on the distinct understanding that no part of it was to be passed over to the besieged city. The squadron therefore lived in abundance, while the garrison was half starved; and as we passed through the streets with our shining red faces and sleek sides, puffed out by the good cheer our commodore had provided, we formed a strong contrast to the lean and

shrivelled soldiers of glory, who were starving in honor of the charter. The private families of the town also began to suffer; and the beauty of many of the most admired, sensibly to diminish; salt fish and port wine did not in combination make a healthy chyle: and I could observe that the Oporto ladies, more carefully than before, wrapped their long dark cloaks about them, to hide the ravages which short commons were making in the plumpness of their persons.

It was at this moment that I conceived and executed the bold plan which forms the subject of this paper, and from which all learned communities may be informed that, for originality of thought and ability in the execution, no adventurer can compare to a jolly marine.

The most beautiful maiden at Oporto was a Spanish girl called Carolina. She was the daughter of the alcade of Ponte Vedra in Galicia, who had fled some time before from the retributive justice of the law, which he himself had so long administered; he had died months before the present period, leaving Carolina exposed to all the privations of a besieged town, and to the temptations of a profligate and military court. I never saw a more lovely creature: her eyes were as dark as night, and her cheeks glowed with a warmth unknown in the cold complexions of the north. Her person was faultless; her feet and her hands were small: one could span her waist; and she walked with that combination of majesty and grace which a Spanish woman can alone assume. Poor Carolina was as good as she was beautiful; and though the emperor, and his hopeful brother-in-law, and all the gay cavaliers of the camp, were ready to throw themselves at her feet, she behaved with a discretion which won her the good opinion of the whole army, not to speak of the fleet, where such remarkable virtue could be fully estimated. I among the rest of the inflammable multitude had been struck with the magic charms of the angelic Carolina, and devoted every moment of the occasional leave of absence which I procured, to promenading up and down before her window, in the hope of catching a glance of her beautiful eyes, and of attracting her regard to my own beloved person. I was as much in love with her as a marine could be, and my hopeless passion became so well known that it was a standing joke at the mess-table, and our wicked wag of a commodore, who I fancied was a little caught himself, never failed to inquire if I had taken my usual walk, and met with the same good fortune.

You can easily imagine my delight when I heard that a scarcity was making such rapid progress in the city, and when I found that even the emperor's table was limited to the ordinary rations of *bacalhao*, black bread, and port wine. I will own that my heart leaped for joy when I ascertained from an emissary employed to watch the house of Carolina that she too was experiencing the pangs of want, and that with her scanty means she was unable to procure the common necessities for her sustenance. Our ships were abundantly supplied, as I have before informed you; and the little signal station which I occupied was the abode of plenty. The Miguelites faithfully performed

their engagement; and day after day the regular supplies of beef, poultry, vegetables, and fruit came in. The commodore of course respected the contract that he had entered into; and though the emperor made several advances to his favor, and though he was openly solicited on his behalf by various officers of the staff, he refused to allow a pound of meat to be passed into the city. Several of the British residents represented their claims in a formal manner for his protection; but he did his duty like a man, and he resolutely determined not to break the engagement he had entered into with the general of Don Miguel, or compromise the safety of his own crews by giving way to his good nature. The value of a leg of fowl may therefore be estimated; and it immediately occurred to me that I could soften the obdurate heart of the beautiful Spaniard by secretly conveying to her some portion of the stock which was appropriated to our own table.

I therefore set about purloining a capital *gallina*; and when I had secured it, in defiance of the jealous watch of the steward, I crammed it into my pocket, and, asking leave to go on shore, started about the close of day to try whether hunger, which breaks through stone walls, would open the oak door of the charming Carolina. I soon found myself in the well-known quarter, and before the house that contained my love; and, after reconnoitering for an instant to see that the emperor or his staff were not in the way, ran up to the first landing, where she lived, and pulled the little bell-string which hung at the door. In an instant I heard the pretty feet tapping along the passage, and the soft voice of Carolina herself exclaiming "*Quien es?*" Who is there? "It is I, a marine officer, and a friend of yours," I replied; "I want particularly to speak to you."

"Sir," said Carolina, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"It is true, *senorita*; but I come to serve you, and my good intentions will excuse the absence of ceremony."

"Sir, I must wish you a good day: I cannot accept a service from strangers; I have not asked you for any."

"Stay, beautiful Carolina," I exclaimed; "I adore you."

"Sir, I have the honor to wish you good evening."

"Stay, angelic vision: I am an officer of Marines."

"What have I to do with the Marines?"

"I come to devote myself to you."

"Sir—really sir, you carry the joke too far; I must dispense with your unseasonable visit. I have again the honor to wish you good evening."

Carolina was about to close the little slide of the door through which this brief conversation was carried on, when, growing desperate with vexation, I held the slide open with one hand, while with the other I pulled the fowl from my pocket, and held it dangling before her face. Oh! if you had seen her look!—her eyes were fixed as Hamlet's when he sees his father's ghost, her mouth opened, and two little rivulets of water ran down at each side as when an alderman gets the first odor of a well-kept haunch.

"Senorita," said I, eager to take advantage of the favorable impression, the vision of the fowl had made on my beloved: "This bird is a proof of the warm interest which I take in your welfare. I have heard that you were suffering from the severe affliction that has fallen on this city; and, though I risk my character and the safety of his Britannic Majesty's fleet by bringing into Oporto any part of the provision allotted for the crews, I could not resist the impulse of stealing this bird, which I now have the honor to lay at your feet."

The senorita answered not; pride on the one hand, and hunger on the other, were struggling. The physical want prevailed over the moral feeling. "Senor," said she, "I will accept the fowl, and cannot but feel obliged by the interest you have taken in my welfare. Good night, senor; it is getting late. I am certain you are anxious to return to your ship." With these words she shut the little slide of the door, and I remained in the passage, gaping with astonishment, confounded with delight, and wondering at the new recipe I had invented for making love. I waited for some time, hoping that the little wicket would be again opened; but Carolina, I presume, was too much occupied with the present I had made her to think of returning to bid me a second farewell; and I descended the staircase, charmed beyond expression with the result of my stratagem.

I kept, of course, my recipe for making love a profound secret; but I did not venture to put it again into operation for two or three days. I made, however, the accustomed regular survey of the street in which Carolina resided, and watched with much interest for the reception given to my rivals. I cannot express the delight with which I witnessed them all, one after the other, refused admittance to her house. "She is picking the bones of the fowl," thought I; "that is a much better employment than listening to their stupid declarations. I must take care to keep my mistress in good humor, and to improve the favorable opinion she has already formed of me." I therefore watched my opportunity; secured a duck out of the next basket of poultry, and hastened on the wings of love to lay my treasure at her feet. No sooner did my trembling hand pull the bell-cord, and my eager voice announce my name, than I heard her gentle step in the passage, and soon the little slide of the door was opened, and I felt my heart leap to my mouth as I beheld her beautiful eye beaming on me with undisguised satisfaction. To ensure my welcome, and to save the dear creature from the pangs of expectation, I produced the duck, swinging it to and fro before the wicket, as a nurse does a pretty toy that she offers to the longing wishes of the child. Carolina smiled her sweetest smile; and when I pushed, in the prize, she returned me thanks in so endearing a manner that I lost all command of my reason, and poured out upon the staircase a volume of protestations of eternal love which might have served for the whole ship's company. From that hour my affair was done. Carolina could not resist the voice of truth, and the tender proofs of esteem which I alone had the power to offer. She refused to admit me then, but promised to consult her aunt on the pro-

priety of receiving my visits; and that, if the discreet matron permitted it, she would be too happy in my acquaintance. I entreated the dear girl not to delay my happiness, and I fixed the following Thursday for the formidable interview with the aunt.

I lay the whole of the next night awake, thinking over the present which would be the most acceptable to the old lady. I finally resolved to purloin a small leg of lamb, which I observed hung up in the steward's pantry; and, in order to make room for it in my pocket, I cut a great hole in the bottom, so that the handle of the leg would hang down, while the thicker part prevented it from slipping through. Armed with my leg, I asked leave to go to Oporto, and received with joy the accustomed friendly nod. I soon landed at the arsenal, and mounted the long hill which led into the town, holding myself as straight as possible, so that the exuberance of my pocket should not be perceived. Unfortunately for me, a score of hungry dogs, which infest all Portuguese towns, were holding a council of war at the quay when I stepped on shore; and one of them, getting scent of the end of the leg of mutton which hung through the hole in my pocket, gave a hint to the rest of the contraband which was going on, and I soon had the whole train after me, sniffing at my tail, and making snaps at the tempting morsel. I would have stooped to pick up a stone, which is the only way of frightening a Portuguese street dog; but I was afraid to disarrange the perpendicular, recollecting that, as I bent down, the end of the leg of lamb would be visible. I therefore bore the annoyance as well as I could, kicking out behind from time to time when my friends were most troublesome.

Carolina and her aunt were at the window, probably expecting my arrival, and enduring the grumbling recollections of an ill-digested dinner of *bacalhao*, in the hope of a more wholesome supper being provided for them through my care; but when they saw me turn the corner of the street, and at least two dozen dogs smelling and sniffing at my skirts, they both burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and roared and roared again in a paroxysm of mirth. A crowd of dandies were passing at the moment, watching the window of Carolina, each hoping to be the favored man; but when they heard the sudden burst of merriment which proceeded from her window, they looked round naturally for the cause, and they soon joined in the same chorus at my expense, on seeing me parade, with all the gravity of a drum-major, at the head of a legion of filthy curs.

To make my situation worse, I dared not enter the house of Carolina; her character would be compromised by a visit in the presence of so many admirers; and I had the additional mortification of being obliged to pass her door, and to walk a considerable distance until I escaped the impertinence of the sneering puppies, though I could not shake off the annoyance of those that followed at my heels. How gladly would I have drawn my sword, and challenged the whole party! how cheerfully would I have drawn the leg of lamb from my pocket, and stuffed it in the mouth of each impertinent dandy! but not only was my own

honor at stake, but that of the British fleet, and I bore all in the king's name, and for the credit of the service. I have been in many a hot engagement, but I never suffered more than I did that day. At length, after doubling through two or three by-streets, I got rid of my impudent macaroni, and traced my way back again to the house of my beloved. She, with the old lady, were watching me from the window; but, grown wiser by experience, and probably afraid of losing a good supper, they did not laugh again with the same violence. I observed, however, the wicked smile with which my fair one retired to receive me at the door, and the suppressed titter with which the maiden aunt pulled her head from the window.

The cursed dogs followed me up stairs, and it was with considerable difficulty I could prevent the most insolent from forcing their way with me into the presence of my mistress; but, after I got in, I heard them growling and barking on the stairs. The neighbors wondered what the deuce was the matter with the curs, or why they had come from their usual haunts to that unfrequented quarter.

The senorita presented me in due form to her aunt.

"Allow me," said she, "to introduce to you, dear aunt, this gallant English cavalier, Senor *Gallina*—I beg pardon, Senor *Marinero*—and permit me to present to you, senor, my respected aunt, Donna Francisca Azanares."

I made a low bow, but said nothing, seeing that my mistress thought more of the fowl than of me; such is the way of the world, and those who will win women must endure to have their pride occasionally mortified. The old lady, however, covered me with compliments; she was delighted to make my acquaintance; her niece had told her what an amiable and gentleman-like young man I was. I could observe, while the aunt was hard at work overloading me with compliments, that Carolina was taking a sly peep at the bulk of my pockets, and wondering what kind of commodity it was that produced so misplaced a swelling on so well-formed a young man as I flatter myself no one can deny I am; but, just at this moment, the bevy of hungry curs at the door set up such a howl in concert that my angel was fain to cram her handkerchief into her mouth to conceal her laughing, and I thought the old dame would go into a fit, so violent was her merriment. Finding the case going thus hard against me, I determined to strike a bold stroke for conquest; so, slipping out my penknife, I slit up the pocket where the treasure lay, and down fell the leg of lamb in all its natural beauty on the floor. I thought the aunt would have fainted, with delight, such an unexpected vision of glory dazzled her understanding and her sight. The bouquet of the meat, was, I suppose, conveyed through the keyhole to the canine multitude that still lined the stairs, and another universal howl proclaimed their despair that it was beyond their reach.

I soon took my leave, to the delight of Carolina and her aunt. I think I showed considerable tact in so doing, well knowing that a slice off the leg of lamb would be more acceptable to both than all the professions of admiration which I was prepared to make. I

ventured on two or three civil things, but I could see my beloved's eyes fixed upon the handle of the leg; and it was evident the aunt was carrying on an internal debate whether it should be boiled, broiled, roasted, or stewed, or served up, according to the fashion of the province, with a mass of garlic. The dogs were waiting for me in the passage, and they eagerly followed me as I went down stairs; even the smell of my pocket had its attraction for them, but they dropped off one by one when they found the reality was gone. One old savory rogue alone persecuted me to the riverside; and though I pelted him with stones, and kicked him when I could, he still hung on my rear with his tongue out, licking the shreds which dangled from my torn pocket.

The next day, when I went on board ship to make the usual report to the captain, I found that a court of inquiry was going on into the disappearance of the very leg of lamb which I had feloniously parloined. The steward had reported the accident to the purveyor of the mess, and he had called a council of war, who thought fit to make an official report to the skipper; so that the reader will readily imagine the agony of my feelings when I was asked to join the board, and to assist in the investigation. Fortunately for me, one of the aides-de-camp of the emperor had that morning come on board to request of the captain some provision for the imperial table, protesting that Don Pedro and his staff had nothing better than salt fish for rations; which request the captain was compelled, by a strict sense of duty, to refuse; and everybody set it down as certain, the instant the circumstance was brought to mind, that it was the aide-de-camp who stole the lamb. He had come wrapped up in his cloak, which was a circumstance fatal to his character; and it was agreed by the whole conclave that the gentleman with the gold-laced hat and large cloak had been the thief. I blushed up to the eyes at the consciousness of my guilt, and the dishonorable part I was playing in allowing an innocent person to be wronged for my misdeed; but I recollected that the young man was one of the party who ridiculed me the day before in the presence of Carolina, and wounded vanity made me disregard the twitchings of conscience.

In order to avoid suspicion, I lay quiet for a day or two, and allowed Carolina and her aunt to feel the value of such an acquaintance as I was, under existing circumstances. While engaged with the captain on some official duty, the following morning, in his cabin, a young officer was introduced who solicited an immediate audience. The young man appeared buried in grief, and every now and then applied a handkerchief to his eyes, to wipe off the unbidden tears which mocked the sword that hung at his side. His profound sorrow and gentlemanlike appearance interested the good heart of our excellent captain; he begged him to be seated, and wished to know what service he could render him. The young man could with difficulty master his emotion, and the only words that were heard from him were, "My aunt!—my aunt!"

"Pray, sir, be composed," said the captain, a little tired of the display.

"I will, sir," replied the young man, giving a great gulp, as if to swallow his misery, and applying his handkerchief to wipe off the tears from both his swimming eyes. "Oh! sir," he continued, "my poor aunt, she who reared me from a child, when I was left an unprotected orphan, and has placed me in the station which I now hold, is at the point of death, and the doctors all agree that nothing but *caldo di gallina* (fowl broth) can save her life. You know the state which we are in at Oporto, and that not a fowl is to be had if one offered a thousand milreas for it; I come to you, as a man and a Christian, to beg you will give me one single chicken from your larder."

"It is impossible," said the captain; "you know the convention we have made with Santa Martha."

"I know all that," resumed the young man; "but you must admit, my dear captain, that the convention is directed against the troops of Don Pedro, and the inhabitants at large who support him; but surely an old woman at the point of death was not contemplated by the treaty, and I entreat you to save the life of this most deserving and venerable of aunts." With these words the young officer again took out his handkerchief, and gave way to a flood of tears that would have moved the strictest disciplinarian that ever commanded a ship.

It was not to be wondered at that the soft heart of our benevolent skipper was affected. He took the young man by the hand, and said, "My dear fellow, I can do nothing for you; I have signed a convention, and I cannot break it, were it to save the emperor's life: but go you to my steward, and if you can manage to extract a fowl from what he has prepared for my table, you may do so; but take care, I am not to know any thing about it."

I fancied the young fellow smiled in the midst of his grief at the mention of the emperor; but he dried up his tears in double quick time, and soon made his way to the steward's room, where I suppose he contrived to settle his affair to his satisfaction. He called on the following day to return his grateful thanks; but the captain would not hear a word. I observed, however, that he went down to the steward's cabin, and took a hasty leave as he went over the ship's side on his return. He scarcely failed to pay us a daily visit, and made us all take a strong interest in him and the recovery of this favorite aunt to whom he was so devotedly attached.

This aunt, we found out afterwards, was the emperor; and so reduced was the imperial table for a short time, that Don Pedro must have starved, or lived on *bacalhao*, if this stratagem had not been adopted. The young fellow acted his part in a consummate manner, and I am told he boasts to this day of the trick he played the British squadron in the Douro. The captain, I am told, gave him a little of his mind, having met him last year near the Admiralty, dressed out in fine feathers, and swelling with the importance of new-born greatness. "How is your aunt, you d—d lying Portuguese?" said the skipper. "If I ever catch you on board my ship, I'll give you a rope's end, you dog!"

The more you beat one of the class of which this

hero was a specimen, the more he likes it. So our Pedroite friend shrugged up his shoulders, and vanished in double quick time, the captain vociferating after him, "How is your aunt, you lubber?"

Afraid of the consequences in case a discovery should take place, I kept quiet for nearly a week together, until a little note, written in a cramped hand, was brought for me to the signal-station, from which I found by the confession of the aunt that Carolina was in despair at not seeing me again, and that she was very ill from a salt-fish diet. I was conscience-stricken at the consequences of my neglect, and determined not to lose a moment in carrying provisions to my starving beauty; so, running to a basket that had just been brought in from the Miguelite market to be passed on board the commodore, I seized a turkey-poult, feathers and all, and thrust it into the same coat pocket which had been enlarged to hold the leg of lamb. I asked and received leave to go on shore, and pushed as fast as four oars could impel me to the usual landing-place near the old nunnery. I saw some of the idle dogs basking in the sun, but did not heed their presence, so filled was I with the idea of my Carolina; and, jumping out of the boat, I ran along the quay, totally unconscious of the sneers that my presence excited. At last, when I got to the open-rope-walk where the market is usually held, the number of my canine assailants became increased; and one of them, bolder than the rest, making a sudden snap at the head of the young turkey, which hung down through the fatal hole in my pocket, dragged its long neck to view, and exposed my shame to the assembled multitude. A crowd immediately gathered round me, and a score of other dogs began to contest the prize with him that held the head of the turkey in his mouth. I was in despair, and drew my sword to rid me of the cursed assailants; when, on the instant, as if to overwhelm me with disgrace, the captain of the ship to which I belonged forced his way through the crowd, and, laying his hand on my arm, told me to consider myself under arrest.

The turkey-poult had by this time been torn from my pocket by the perseverance of my tormentors. It was pulled from one to the other on the ground, while the hungry citizens endeavored to save its mangled remains, and a running fight was kept up between them and the dogs, which under other circumstances would have been highly amusing. My heart was heavy, and I was incapable of enjoying the most palpable joke. I walked slowly to the quay side, threw myself into the first boat that offered, went on board my ship, gave up my sword to the senior officer; was placed under a formal arrest, and told to prepare myself for a court of inquiry. I must say that I felt more for poor Carolina than I did for myself; and I could not help expressing my anxiety on her account to one of the brother officers who came in to console with me on my situation. The false friend, I was told afterwards, profited by the hint; and, instead of committing himself as I did, he hired a little cottage at the Miguelite side of the river, under cover of the guns of the fleet, where he placed Carolina and her aunt, and soon taught them to forget me. The worst of the

affair was, that General Santa Martha sent in a formal complaint to the consul and the commodore of the squadron, and threatened to stop the usual supply of provisions for the ships' use. A long correspondence took place on the subject, which may be found now in the records of the Foreign Office. I am glad to say, for the credit of the service, that the affair was hushed up in the end, and the Miguelites consented to give

the required number of rations. I was made the victim of that arrangement, and was glad to retire from the service on half-pay, to escape being ignominiously dismissed by a court-martial. I now live a miserable example of the doctrine of expediency. I entertain a horror of young turkeys and of dogs, and would be gladly informed of some land where neither of those odious creatures are to be met with.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND WINE.

AN ANACREONTIC.

AIR—*Alley Croaker.*

BY RICHARD HARRINGTON, PHILA.

In search of joy,
A glowing boy
Through Pleasure's garden wandered;
Compelled to muse
Which path to choose,
Temptations were so squandered.
First, Friendship tried
The youth to guide,
His lib'ral soul revealing,
Of pleasures won,
Of high deeds done,
He told by this great feeling—
Oh! sweetest Friendship,
Rare yet sacred Friendship!
First of pleasures,
First of treasures,
Heart-created Friendship.

Sweet Love then strove
The youth to move;
She pointed to her bower,
All breath and bloom,
With sweet perfume
Sent forth from every flower—
"Behold," said she,
"Prepared for thee
Yon fragrant bed of roses,
Approach and share,
'Tis only there
Untainted joy reposes."
Oh! Love, how happy those
Who thy solace borrow!
Deprived of thee,
This world would be
A wilderness of sorrow.

The boy seemed won,
When Jove's bright son,
With foaming goblet, 'tended,
"Pause, Youth," said he,
"In this you see
Both Love and Friendship blended.
Once freely quaff'd
This magic draught,
Joy gushes o'er the spirit
In such a sea
Of ecstasy,
As Gods alone inherit."
Wine, Wine, mighty Wine!
Oh! despise it never—
The spirit lave
In Bacchus' wave,
And joy is thine for ever.

The boy he plied
The purple tide,
And found each drop unsealing
Within his heart,
With magic art,
A font of gen'rous feeling.
In Bacchus' bowl
He found the soul
Of every dear emotion—
Then hail him here
With triple cheer,
And pledge him in an ocean.
Wine, Wine, mighty Wine!
Oh! despise it never—
The spirit lave
In Bacchus' wave,
And joy is thine for ever.

THE DEATH OF MARLOWE.

A TRAGEDY, IN ONE ACT.

BY R. H. HORNE.

[Christopher Marlowe, an eminent poet of the Elizabethan age, was not only a dramatist, but an actor at several of the fashionable theatres. The time and manner of his death are uncertain; but according to Antony Wood, it took place previously to 1593, and was owing to a wound received from the hand of a servant man, whom he had attacked on suspicion of being rivalled by him in the favors of a mistress.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Christopher Marlowe, }
 Thomas Heywood, } *Dramatists and Actors.*
 Thomas Middleton, }
 Cecilia, *A Courtesan.*
 Jaccenot, *alias Jack-o'-Night, A Tavern Pander.*
Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

SCENE I.

*Enter MARLOWE and HEYWOOD.**Hey.* Be sure of it.*Mar.* I am; but not by your light.*Hey.* I speak it not in malice, nor in envy
Of your good fortune with so bright a beauty;
But I have heard such things!*Mar.* Good Master Heywood,
I prithee plague me not with what thou'st heard;
I've seen, and I do love her—and, for hearing,
The music of her voice is in my soul,
And holds a rapturous jubilee 'midst dreams
That melt the day and night into one bliss.*Hey.* Beware the waking hour!*Mar.* In lovely glory,
Like all that's fabled of Olympus' queen,
She moves—as if the earth were undulant clouds,
And all its flowers her subject stars.*Hey.* Proceed.*Mar.* Smile not; for 'tis most true: the very air
With her sweet presence is impregnate richly;
As in a mead, that's fresh with youngest green,
Some fragrant shrub, some secret herb, exhales
Ambrosial odors; or in lonely bower,
Where one may find the musk-plant, heliotrope,
Geranium, or grape-hyacinth, confers
A ruling influence, charming present sense,
And sure of memory.*Hey.* Come, come, my friend—
Pygmalion and Prometheus dwell within you—
You poetize her rarely, and exalt
Most chaste and goddess-like: be not thus serious!
If for a passing paramour thou'dst love her,
Why so, it may be well; but never place
Thy full heart in her hand.*Mar.* I have—I do—
And I will lay it bleeding at her feet.*Reason* no more, for I do love this woman:
To me she's chaste, whatever thou hast heard.
Whatever I may hear, know, find, or fancy,
I must possess her constantly, or die.*Hey.* Nay, if 't be thus, I'll fret thine ear no more
With raven voice; but aid thee all I can.*Mar.* Cecilia!—go, dear friend—good Master Hey-
wood,

Leave me alone—I see her coming hither.

Hey. Bliss crown thy wooing; peace of mind its
end!*(Aside.)* His knees shake, and his face and hands are
wet,

As with a sudden fall of dew—God speed him!

This is a desperate fancy! *[Exit.]**Enter CECILIA.**Cec.* Thoughtful sir,
How fare you? thou'st been reading much of late
By the moon's light, I fear me?*Mar.* Why so, lady?*Cec.* The reflex of the page is on thy face.*Mar.* But in my heart the spirit of a shrine
Burns, with immortal radiation crown'd.*Cec.* Nay, primrose gentleman, think'st me a saint?*Mar.* I feel thy power.*Cec.* I exercise no art—
Whence is my influence?*Mar.* From heaven, I think.Madam, I love you—ere to-day you've seen it,
Although my lips ne'er breathed the word before;
And seldom as we've met, and briefly spoken,
There are such spiritual passings to and fro
'Twixt thee and me—tho' I alone may suffer—
As make me know this love blends with my life;
Must branch with it, bud, blossom, put forth fruit,
Nor end e'en when its last husks strew the grave,
Whence we together shall ascend to bliss.*Cec.* Continued from this world?

Mar. Thy hand—both hands;
I kiss them from my soul.

Cec. Nay, sir—you burn me—
Let loose my hands.

Mar. I loose them—half my life has thus gone from me—

That which is left can scarce sustain my heart,
Now grown too full with the high tide of joy,
Whose ebb, retiring, fills the caves of sorrow,
Where syrens sing beneath their dripping hair
And raise the mirror'd fate.

Cec. Then, gaze not in it,
Lest thou should'st see thy passing funeral.
I would not—I might chance to see far worse.

Mar. Thou art too beautiful ever to die!

I look upon thee, and can ne'er believe it.

Cec. O, sir—but passion, circumstance and fate
Can do far worse than kill—they can dig graves,
And make their future owners dance above them,
Well knowing how 'twill end. Why look you sad?
'Tis not your case: you are a man in love—
At least you say so—and should therefore feel
A constant sunshine wheresoe'er you tread,
Nor think of what's beneath. But speak no more;
I see a volume gathering in your eye
Which you would fain have printed in my heart,
But you were better cast it in the fire.
Enough you've said, and I enough have listened.

Mar. I have said naught.

Cec. You have spoken very plain—
So, Master Marlowe, please you break we off;
And, since your mind is now relieved—good day!

Mar. Leave me not thus!—forgive me!

Cec. For what offence?

Mar. The expression of my love.

Cec. Tut! that's a trifle.

Think'st thou I ne'er saw men in love before?
Unto the summer of beauty they are as common
As grasshoppers.

Mar. And to its winter, lady?

Cec. There is no winter in my thoughts—adieu!

[*Exit.*]

Mar. She's gone! How leafless is my life! My
strength
Seems melted—my breast vacant—and in my brain
I hear the sound of a retiring sea.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter HEYWOOD and MIDDLETON.

Mid. And yet it may end well, after his fit is over.

Hey. But he is earnest in it.

Mid. 'Tis his way; a little thunder clears the atmosphere. At present he is spell-bound, and smoulders in a hot cloud of passion; but when he once makes his way, he will soon again disperse his free spirit abroad over the inspired heavens.

Hey. I fear me she will sow a train of feverish fancies in his mind that may go near to drive him mad.

Mid. How so?—he knoweth her for a courtesan, and Master Marlowe hath too deep a reading i' the books of nature to nail his heart upon a gilded wea-

ther-cock. He is only desperate after the fashion of a pearl-diver. When he hath enough he will desist.

Hey. Nay, he persisteth in not knowing her for a courtesan—talks of her purity in burning words that seem to glow and enhance his love from his convictions of her virtue; then suddenly falls into silent abstraction, looking like a man whose eyes are filled with visions of paradise. No pains takes she to deceive him; for he supersedes the chance by deceiving himself beyond measure. He either listens not at all to intimation, or insists the contrary.

Mid. This is his passionate aggravation or self-will: he must know it.

Hey. 'Tis my belief; but her beauty blinds him with its beams, and drives his exiled reason into darkness.

Mid. Here comes one that could enlighten his perception, methinks.

Hey. Who's he? Oh, Jack-o'-night, the tavern-pimp.

Enter JACCONOT.

Jac. Save ye, my masters; lusty thoughts go with ye, and a jovial full cup wait on your steps: so shall your blood rise, and honest women pledge ye in their dreams!

Mid. Your weighty-pursed knowledge of women, balanced against your light-fingered knowledge of honesty, Master Jack-o'-night, would come down to earth, methinks, as rapid as a fall from a gallows-tree.

Jac. Well said, Master Middleton—a merry devil and a long-lived one run monkey-wise up your backbone! May your days be as happy as they're sober, and your nights full of applause! May no brawling mob pelt you when crowned, nor hoot down your plays when your soul's pinned like a cock-chaffer on public opinion! May no learned or unlearned calf write against your knowledge and wit, and no brother paper-stainer pilfer your pages, and then call you a general thief! Am I the only rogue and vagabond in the world?

Mid. I' faith, not: nay, an' thou wert, there would be no lack of them i' the next generation. Thou might'st be the father of the race, being now the bodily type of it.

Jac. That, for your type! [*Exit JACCONOT, hastily.*]

Mid. Look!—said I not so? See whom 'tis he meets;

And with a lounging, loose, familiar air,
Cocking his cap, and setting his hand on's hip,
Salutes with such free language as his action
And attitude explain!

Hey. I grieve for Marlowe:

The more, since 'tis as certain he must have
Full course of passion, as that its object's full
Of most unworthy elements.

Mid. Unworthy,

Indeed, of such a form, if all be base.
Nature, methinks, doth seldom so belie
The inward by the outward; seldom frame
A cheat so finish'd to ensnare the senses,
And break our faith in all substantial truth.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CECILIA, followed by JACCONOT.

Jac. Well, well, Mistress St. Cecil; the money is all well enough—I object nothing to the money.

Cec. Then, go your ways.

Jac. My ways are your ways—a murrain on your beauties!—has your brain shot forth sky-larks as your eyes do sparks?

Cec. Go!—here is my purse.

Jac. I'll no more of't!—I have a mind to fling back what thou'st already given me for my services.

Cec. Master Jacconot, I would have no further services from thee. If thou art not yet satisfied, fetch the weight and scales, and I will cast my gold into it, and my dross besides—so shall I be doubly relieved.

Jac. I say again, and the devil bear me fierce witness! it is not gold I want, but rightful favor; not silver, but sweet civility; not dross, but due respect to my nonpareil value! Bethink thee, Cecil—bethink thee of many things! Ay! am not I the true gallant of my time? the great glow-worm and Will-o'-the-wisp—the life, the fortune, and the favorite of the brightest among ye!

Cec. Go!

Jac. Go!—a death's-head crown your pillow! May you dream of love, and wake and see that!

Cec. I had rather see't than you.

Jac. What's i'th the wind?—nobleman, or gentleman, or a brain-fancy—am not I at hand? Are you mad?

Cec. I'd gladly believe I have been so.

Jac. Good. I'm content you see me aright once more, and acknowledge yourself wrong. And to me, too! Bethink thee, I say, when, last year, after the dance at Hampton, thou were enraged against the noble that slighted thee; and, flushed with wine, thou took'st me by the ear, and mad'st me hand thee into thy coach, and get in beside thee, with a drawn sword in my hand, and a dripping trencher on my head, singing such songs, until—

Cec. Earth-worms and stone walls!

Jac. Hey! what of them?

Cec. I would that as the corporal Past they cover, They could, at earnest bidding of the will, Entomb in walls of darkness and devour The hated retrospections of the mind.

Jac. (Aside.) Oho!—the lamps and saw-dust!—Here's foul play And mischief in the market. Preaching varlet! I'll find him out. [Exit.]

Cec. Self-disgust

Gnaws at the roots of being, and doth hang A heavy sickness on the beams of day, Making the atmosphere, which should exalt Our contemplations, press us down to earth, As though our breath had made it thick with plague. Cursed! accursed be the freaks of nature, That mar us from ourselves, and make our acts The scorn and loathing of our after-thoughts— The finger mark of Conscience, who, most treacherous, Wakes to accuse, but slumber'd o'er the sin.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in a Tavern: MARLOWE, HEYWOOD, MIDDLETON, and GENTLEMEN.

A Gent. I do rejoice to find myself among The choicest spirits of the age: health, sirs! I would commend your fame to future years, But that I know ere this ye must be old In the conviction, and that ye full oft With sure posterity have shaken hands Over the unstable bridge of present time.

Mar. Not so: we write from the full heart within, And leave posterity to find her own. Health, sir! may your good deeds crown you in heaven.

Mid. 'Twere best men left their fame to chance and fashion, As birds bequeath their eggs to the sun's hatching, Since genius can make no will.

Mar. Troth, can it! But, for the consequences of the deed, What fires of blind fatality may catch them! Say, you do love a woman—do adore her— You may embalm the memory of her worth And chronicle her beauty to all time, In words whereat great Jove himself might flush. And feel Olympus tremble at his thoughts; Yet where is your security? Some clerk Wanting a fool's-cap, or some boy a kite, Some housewife fuel, or some sportsman wadding To wrap a ball, (which hits the poet's brain By merest accident,) seizes your record, And to the winds thus scatters all your will, Or, rather, your will's object. Thus, our pride Swings like a planet by a single hair Obedient to God's breath. More wine! more wine! I preach—and I grow melancholy—wine!

Enter DRAWER, with a Tankard.

A Gent. (Rising.) We're wending homeward—gentlemen, good night!

Mar. Not yet—net yet—the night has scarce begun—

Nay, Master Heywood—Middleton, you'll stay! Bright skies to those who go—high thoughts go with ye, And constant youth!

Gent. We thank you, sir—good night!

[Exit GENTLEMEN.]

Hey. Let's follow—'tis near morning.

Mar. Do not go.

I'm ill at ease, touching a certain matter I have taken to heart—don't speak of't—and besides, I have a sort of horror of my bed. Last night a squadron charged me in a dream, With Isis and Osiris at the flanks, Towering and waving their colossal arms, While in the van a fiery chariot rolled, Wherein a woman stood—I knew her well— Who seem'd but newly risen from the grave, She whirl'd a javelin at me, and methought

I woke; when, slowly at the foot o' the bed
The mist-like curtains parted, and upon me
Did learned Faustus look. He shook his head
With grave reproof, but more of sympathy,
As though his past humanity came o'er him—
Then went away with a low, gushing sigh,
That startled e'en his own cold breast, and seem'd
As from a marble urn where passion's ashes
Their sleepless vigil keep.

Hey. Pray you, no more.

Mar. Lived he not greatly! think what was his power!

All knowledge at his beck—the very devil
His common slave. And, oh! brought he not back,
Through the thick-million'd catacombs of ages,
Helen's unsullied loveliness to his arms!

Mid. Well—let us have more wine, then!

Hey. Spirit enough

Spings from thee, Master Marlowe: what need more?

Mar. Drawer! lift up thy slumberous poppy-head!
Up, man!—where art?

Hey. I hear his steps approach.

JACCONOT, singing outside.

Ram up the link, boys: ho, boys!*

There's day-light in the sky!

While the trenchers strew the floor,

And the worn-out gray-beards snore,

Jolly throats continue dry!

Ram up the link, boys, &c.

Enter JACCONOT, with a full tankard.

Jac. Ever awake and shining, my masters; and here am I, your twin lustre, always ready to herald and anoint your pleasures like a true Master of the Revels. I ha' just stepped over the drawer's body, laid nose and heels together on the door-mat asleep, and here's wherewith to continue the glory.

Mid. We need not your help.

Hey. We thank you, Jack-o'-night, we would be alone.

Jac. What say you, Master Marlowe? you look as grim as a sign-painter's first sketch on a tavern-bill after his ninth tankard.

Mid. Cease your death-rattle, night-hawk!

Mar. That's well said.

Jac. Is it! so 'tis, my gallants—a night-bird, like yourselves, am I.

Mar. Beast!—we know you.

Jac. Your merry health, Master Kit Marlowe! I'll bring a loud pair of palms to cheer your soul the next time you strut in red paint with a wooden weapon at your thigh.

Mar. Who sent for you, dorr-hawk?—go!

Jac. Go! aha!—I remember the word—same tone, same gesture—or as like as the two profiles of a mon-

key, or as two squeaks for one pinch. Go!—not I—here's to all your healths! One pull more! There, I've done—take it, Master Marlowe; and pledge me as the true knight of London's rarest beauties!

Mar. I will! [*Dashes the tankard at his head.*]

Jac. [*Stooping quickly.*] A miss, 'fore-gad!—the wall has got it! See, where it trickles down like the long robe of some dainty fair one. And look you here—and there again, look you—what make you of the picture he hath presented?

Mar. O subtle nature! who hath so compounded Our senses, playing into each other's wheels, That feeling oft acts substitute for sight, As sight becomes obedient to the thought— How can'st thou place such wonders at the mercy Of every wretch that crawls! I feel—I see!

Jac. [*Singing.*]

Ram up the link, boys: ho, boys!

The blear-eyed morning's here;

Let us wander through the streets,

And kiss whoe'er one meets;

St. Cecil is my dear!

Ram up the link, boys, &c.

Mar. [*Drawing.*] Lightning come up from hell and strangle thee!

Mid. and Hey. Nay, Marlowe! Marlowe!

[*They hold him back.*]

Mid. Away, thou bestial villain

Jac. [*Singing.*] St. Cecil is my dear!

Mar. [*furiously.*] Blast! blast and scatter

Thy body to ashes! Off! I'll have his ghost!

[*Rushes at JACCONOT. They fight. MARLOWE disarms him; but JACCONOT wrests MARLOWE'S own sword from his hand, and stabs him. MARLOWE falls.*]

Mid. See! see!

Mar. Who's down?—answer me, friends—Is't I?—Or in the maze of some delirious trance, Some realm unknown, or passion newly born— Ne'er felt before—am I transported thus?

My fingers paddle, too, in blood—is't mine?

Jac. Oh, content you, Master Marplot; it's you that's down, drunk or sober; and that's your own blood on your fingers, running from a three-inch groove in your ribs for the devil's imps to slide into. Ugh! cry grammar! for it's all over with your rhyming!

Hey. Oh, heartless mischief!

Mid. Hence, thou rabid cur!

Mar. What demon in the air with unseen arm Hath turn'd my unchain'd fury against myself! Recoiling dragon, thy resistless force Scatters thy mortal master in his pride, To teach him, with self knowledge, to fear thee. Forgetful of all corporal conditions, My passion hath destroy'd me!

Jac. No such matter; it was my doing. You shouldn't ha' ran at me in that fashion with a real sword—I thought it had been one o' your sham ones.

Mid. Away!

Hey. See! his face changes—lift him up.

[*They raise and support him.*]

* The inverted iron horns or tubes, a few of which still remain on very old lamp-posts and gates were formerly used as extinguishers to the torches, which were thrust into them.

Here—place your hand upon his side,
Close over mine, and stanch the flowing wound.

Mar. Bright is the day—the air with glory teems—
And eagles wanton in the smile of Jove :
Can these things be, and Marlowe live no more ?
Oh, Heywood ! Heywood ! I had a world of hopes
About that woman—now in my heart they rise,
Confused, as one would burn a color'd map.
I see her form—I feel thy breath, my love ;
And know thee for a sweet saint come to save me !
Save !—is it death I feel—it cannot be death ?

Jac. (*Half aside.*) Marry, but it can !—or else your sword's a foolish dog that dar'n't bite his owner.

Mar. Oh, friends—dear friends—this is a sorry end—
A most unworthy end ! To think—oh, God !
To think that I should fall by the hand of one
Whose office, like his nature, is all baseness,
Gives death ten thousand stings, and to the grave
A damning victory ! Fame sinks with life !
A galling—shameful—ignominious end ! [*Sinks down.*]
Oh, mighty heart ! Oh, full and orb'd heart,
Flee to thy kindred sun, rolling on high !

Or let the hoary and eternal sea,
Father of many worthy thoughts and hopes,
Sweep me away, and swallow body and soul !

Jac. There'll be no encore to either, I wot ; for
thou'st led an ill life, Master Marlowe ; and so the
sweet saint thou spok'st of, will remain my fair game—
behind the scenes.

Mar. Liar ! slave ! sla—Kind Master Heywood,
You will not see me die thus !—thus by the hand
And maddening tongue of such a beast as that !
Haste if you love me—fetch a leech to help me—
Here—Middleton—sweet friend—a bandage here—
I cannot die by such a hand—I will not—
I say I will not die by that vile hand !
Go, bring Cecilia to me—bring the leech—
Close—close this wound—you know I did it myself—
Bring sweet Cecilia—haste—haste—instantly—
Bring life and time—bring heaven—oh, I am dying—
Some water—stay beside me—maddening death,
By such a hand ! Oh, villain ! from the grave
I constantly will rise to curse ! curse ! curse thee !

[*Rises—and falls dead.*]

Mid. Terrible end !

Hey. Oh, God !—he is quite gone !

Jac. 'Twas dreadful—'twas. I stand up for mine
own nature none the less. What noise was that ?

Enter OFFICERS.

Chief Off. This is our man—ha ! murder has been
here !

You are our prisoner—the gallows waits you.

Jac. What have I done to be hung up like a pear ?
The hemp's not sown, nor the ladder-wood grown, that
shall help fools to finish me ! He did it himself ! He
said so with his last words !—there stand his friends
and brother-players—put them to their Testament if
he said not he did it himself.

Ch. Off. Who is it lies here ?—methinks that I
should know him,
But for the fierce distortion of his face !

Mid. He who erewhile wrote with a brand of fire,
Now, in his passionate blood, floats tow'rd's the grave !
The present time is ever ignorant—

We lack clear vision in our self-love's maze ;
But Marlowe in the future will stand great,
Whom this—the lowest caitiff in the world—
A nothing, save in grossness, hath destroy'd.

Jac. "Caitiff" back again in your throat ! and
"gross nothing" to boot—may you have it to live upon
for a month, and die mad and starving ! Would'st
swear my life away so lightly ? Tut ! who was he ?
I could always find the soundings of a quart tankard,
or empty a pasty in half his time, and swear as rare
oaths between whiles—who was he ? I too ha' writ
my deeds with the twinkling of a bed-post ; and as to
sword and dagger-play, I've got the trick o' the eye
and wrist—who was he ? What's all his gods, and
goddesses, and lies ?—the first a'n't worth a word ; and
for the latter, I was always a prince of both ! Caitiff !
and beast ! and nothing !—who was he ?

Ch. Off. You're ours, for sundry villainies commit-
ted,

Sufficient each to bring your vice to an end :
The law hath got you safely in its grasp.

Jac. Then let Vice and Me sit crown'd in heaven—
while Law and Honesty stalk damned through hell !
Now do I see the thing very plain—treachery—treachery,
my masters ! I know the jade that hath betray-
ed me—I know her. 'Slud ! who cares ? She was a
fine woman, too—a rare person—and a good spirit
but there's an end of all now—she's turned foolish
and virtuous, and a tell-tale, and I am to be turned to
dust through it—long, long before my time ; and these
princely limbs must go make a dirt-pie—build up a
mud-hut—or fatten an alderman's garden ! There
calf-heads—there's a lemon for your mouths ! Heard'st
ever such a last dying speech and confession ? Write
it in red ochre on a sheet of Irish, and send it to Mil-
tress Cecily for a death-winder. I know what you've
got against me—and I know you all deserve just the
same yourselves—but lead on, my masters !

[*Exeunt JACCONOT and OFFICERS.*]

Mid. Oh, Marlowe ! can'st thou rise with power no
more ?

Can greatness die thus ?

Hey. Miserable night !

(*A shriek outside the house.*)

Mid. That cry !—what may that mean ?

Hey. I hear no cry !

Mid. What is't comes hither, like a gust of wind ?

CECILIA rushes in.

Cec. Where—where ? Oh, then, 'tis true—and he
is dead !

All's over now—there's nothing in the world—
For he who raised my heart up from the dust,
And show'd me noble lights in mine own soul,
Has fled my gratitude and growing love—
I never knew how deep it was till now !

Through me, too!—do not curse me!—I was the cause—

Yet do not curse me—No! no! not the cause,
But that it happen'd so. This the reward
Of Marlowe's love!—why, why did I delay?
Oh, gentlemen, pray for me! I have been
Lifted in heavenly air—and suddenly
The arm that placed me and with strength sustain'd
me,
Is snatch'd up, star-ward: I can neither follow,

Nor can I touch the gross earth any more!
Pray for me, gentlemen!—but breathe no blessings—
Let not a blessing sweeten your dread prayers—
I wish no blessings—nor could bear their weight;
For I am left I know not where or how:
But pray for me—my soul is buried here.

[Sinks down upon the body.]

Mid. "Cut is the branch that might have grown
full straight,
"And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough!"

THE HOME RECALL.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

Come to us, come,—we have waited long
For thy footstep's echo—thy voices song,
And we have outwatch'd the stars of night,
For the welcome ray of thine eyes' glad light.

We've wing'd our thoughts o'er the dark blue sea,
Like messenger doves to commune with thee,
Thro' the calm of thy midnight dreams to roam,
With the music tones of thy distant home.

They have gone to thee with the morning ray,
In the sorrowing strains of a plaintive lay,
And still, as the twilight dew drops fall,
They breathe in thine ear the home recall.

Come to us, come,—the leaves look pale,
Hurried away by the autumn gale,

And the howl of the wintry storm is nigh,
For the summer dirge is sighing by.

And we mourn, alas! for the stricken bough,
As it bends in its lonely sorrow now,
For it tells of the wintry storms to come,—
To the lonely ones in thy distant home.

Come to us, come,—ere the birds are still,
Or the voice of the stream is hush'd and chill,—
Ere the Ice God comes on the shrieking wind,
With his snowy wreaths round the hills to bind.

Then dark may the frown of tempests be,
If its angry storms are shared with thee,
For no frown, or storm, round the hearth shall fall,
If thy smiles but answer the home recall.

CHAUNT OF THE BACCHANALS.

WINE! wine! fill up
The sparkling cup
With champagne hissing to the brim;
For wit, and joy, and rapture swim
In bumpers. The grape's blood is mine;
I'll steep my heart in it till it shine
With the warm flush,
The purple blush
Of wine!

Wine! wine! the frown
Of Care we'll drown
In deep libations to the God
Who planted first on Nysa's sod
The branches of the illustrious vine.
Bacchus, we worship at thy shrine!
In Pleasure's bowers
Swift fly the hours
Whose wings are wash'd with wine!

Wine! wine! the brow
Is mantling now;
The eye is flashing with "the flow
Of soul," the cheek has caught its glow;
The lips are breathing words divine,
While wreaths of song around them twine
In glorious lays,
Chaunting the praise
Of racy wine!

Wine! wine! fill up
And quaff the cup
To lovely woman! Drink again
To all bold festive souls who drain
The crystal bowl, and wear the sign
Of bacchanals. Hurrah! we're there,
Thou soul of joy!
Immortal boy!
God of immortal wine!

EXPERIENCES OF

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

"Dans les petites boîtes les bons onguens."

LESSON THE FIFTH.

XXXV. THE use of perfumes is every way unfitting a gentleman. The ladies despise "a sweet-scented nice man," and he must be a poor animal that wishes to be distinguished, like the skunk, by his smell. A little eau de cologne, sprinkled on a handkerchief, may be tolerated in a crowded ball room, but beware how you exceed. Perfumery is essentially a feminine propriety; we have no objection to *be led by the nose* by a pretty girl, although we dislike a huge he-monster to meddle with our Slawkenbergian promontory. The ladies are rapidly declining the use of scents, and it is right: a clean skin and a sweet breath are more delicious than the aroma of the choicest Eastern gum. There are a few ladies who use animal perfumes, such as musk, civet, &c., the secretions of foxy, feline, mammalia—such an outrage upon good taste can only be excused by the charitable supposition that they have strong natural effluvia to conquer, and are compelled to wear a ranker and more violent scent. Vegetable perfumes are comparatively correct, although I should not like any little "darling of my heart" to be "nosed in the lobby" by the potency of her floral extracts. But necessity can alone furnish a plea for the use of musk.

XXXVI. Not one man in a hundred can dress a salad decently, although every one pretends to the art. A good salad mixer must have the poetry of nature in his bosom—a keen eye to the beauty and the fitness of the materials; a steady hand and delicate touch; a discrimination of the quantities, and a perception of apposite effects. These phrases are not mere verbiage in salad dressing—an affair of great importance. Some author has said that it was as difficult to mix a good glass of punch, or dress an eatable salad, as it was to write a good epic poem—and he is right. What is more disgusting than a bowl full of greasy vegetables, with the unincorporated egg and the affronted mustard hanging in nasty clots upon the dabby flabby leaves, while the sprightly self-willed acid runs trickling over the conglomeration, but refuses to mix with his abused comates?—perhaps some ignorant, self-conceited parvenu is knocking about the non-mixing mass with a metal knife and fork! Culinary chemistry cannot achieve a higher triumph than a correct salad, in which the ingredients kindly coalesce, and the plants are covered with a cream-like liquid, possessing every possible quality without any preponderating taste. The French always keep salad dressing ready mixed, and it saves much annoyance at little impromptu suppers, when a good lobster or chicken salad is a serviceable and effective dish.

v 2

XXXVII. A woman, like a horse, who has been once down, can never again be depended upon. She may wish, like the poor beast, to stand firm, and may, perhaps, succeed; but the effects of the first stumble generally render her walk unsteady in the paths of life.

XXXVIII. It is generally considered orthodox to malt after raw oysters; this may do in the damp climate of England, where the porter and stout are allowed to attain a proper degree of age before they are given out for libation; but in our climate, always in extremes, it is safer to swallow a little brandy, for the malt liquor here is ever new and thin, and certain to ferment. After oysters that have been sufficiently well cooked, you may take any thing you please, with impunity—but after a dozen of our rich, fat, salt delicacies, fresh from the shell, the stomach requires an extra stimulation.

XXXIX. "Good wine," says Shakspeare, "is a good familiar creature, if it be well used," and the abuse of it by the practised drunkard or hydropote teetotaler is no proof of its inefficacy. Dr. Hooper, an authority of considerable importance, says in his Medical Dictionary, "The general effects of wines are to stimulate the stomach, exhilarate the spirits, warm the habit, quicken the circulation, promote perspiration, and, in large quantities, to prove intoxicating and powerfully sedative. In many disorders, wine is universally admitted to be of important service, and especially in fevers of the typhus kind, or of a putrid tendency, in which it is found to raise the pulse, support the strength, promote a diaphoresis (excessive perspiration), and to resist putrefaction—and, in many cases, it proves of more immediate advantage than the Peruvian bark. Delirium, which is the consequence of excessive irritability, and a defective state of nervous energy, is often entirely removed by the free use of wine. It is also a well-founded observation that those who indulge in the free use of wine are less subject to fevers of the malignant and intermittent kind. In the putrid sore throat, in the small pox, when attended with great debility, and symptoms of putridity, and gangrenes, and in the plague, wine is to be considered as a principal remedy; and in almost all cases of languor, and of great prostration of strength, wine is experienced to be a more grateful and efficacious cordial than can be furnished from a whole class of aromatics."

Observe, that the doctor's meaning of a *free use* of wine, merely amounts to a daily indulgence in a moderate but regular allowance. Large quantities ex

aggrate the effects to a dangerous degree. Due allowance must also be made for the comparative strength of the constitution. Some persons can manage a pint of wine per day, with the same ease that another can dispose of a glass—in short, the vinous extract must be taken medicinally.

Champaigne is the most wholesome of all wines; and is serviceable in the cure of hypochondriacal and nervous affections. It is generally drank too new, and is then a dangerous tippie for gouty people, although that disease is almost unknown in the province where the genuine wine is made. Claret is the next best, and is decidedly the safest and lightest wine for daily use. Port is occasionally serviceable in disorders of the alimentary canal, where a gentle tonic is required; but the prevalence of gallic acid in all the Oporto wines, and the potency of the brandy with which they are more or less adulterated, render them too astringent for weak stomachs. Burgundy, from its powerful aroma, possesses more heating qualities than other wines that are stronger in alcohol. It is a stimulant and sub-astringent tonic, and very grateful in disorders where such a medicine is required. Sherry

is to be valued for its almost total absence of acidity, and may be given to weak and languid patients. Madeira is recommended to persons of dyspeptic habits, and has been thought useful in cases of gout, (see No. XV. Lesson the Second.) The light wines of the Rhine and the Moselle are refrigerant and diuretic, and of invaluable use in low nervous fevers. They contain a large proportion of free acids, and are frequently drank to diminish obese propensities.

XL. Many a fine horse has been spoiled by improper gearing. A good horseman should personally attend to the way in which the groom puts the animal into his harness, whether for riding or driving. An inequality in the length of the traces will gail his shoulders; a horse cannot work well if the shafts are too high—he is lifted off his feet. Accustom your eye to the correct positions of the belly band, the collar, the bearing rein and tugs, and the head strap of the bridle, which, if too tight, will cause your horse to rear. Make it a practice also to inspect the linchpins, wheel-tires, and springs of your vehicle—you may prevent a dangerous accident by this simple habit.

B.

THE PARTED LOVERS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

A MAIDEN stood beside the moaning sea,
Her raven tresses o'er her neck were flung,
And wildest tones of nature's minstrelsy
Came forth in silver accents from her tongue;
But melancholy was the strain she sung—
Tho' bright her eye, yet sadness marked its glow—
It looked as when the stormy clouds among
One silver planet deigns its light to show,
Making the gloom around a shade of deeper woe.

Yet youth was hers, and once her days were bright
And gladness woke her face to smiles of glee—
She knew not then that desolation's blight,
Which now had brought her to the moaning sea.
Moonlight was on the waters brilliantly—
It was a night when nature seemed to sleep
In all her tranquil beauty:—O! that we
Could know the quiet of the moonlight deep,
Nor feel those mental storms which wake us but to weep.

But why at midnight's hour went forth the maid,
Along the unfrequented shores to stray?
It was that he on whom her heart was stayed,
Had wandered o'er the seas and far away.
The rose upon his cheek had known decay,

And health no longer dwelt upon his brow—
He sought those milder climes whose treasures lay
Nearer the sun, to gather from the bough
Of orange groves and vines his former ruddy glow.

Her lover's bark was on the moaning sea—
And therefore did she tread its wind-beat shore,
Looking abroad, as if her eye could see
His pennon floating in the breeze once more.
Haply that face she almost could adore,
May never, never meet her view again—
Haply that tongue, which fondly used to pour
Love's accents on her ear, now greets the main
With eloquent sounds, which she may hope to hear in vain!

"Adieu! adieu!" 'twas thus she sang, "adieu!
Beloved too early, and resigned too soon—
My spirit hails thee o'er the ocean blue,
Beneath the radiance of the autumn moon.
Alas! for those sweet days, so blithe and boon,
When first I knew thee—days too sweet to tell!—
Hark! the wind sings the melancholy tune
Of thy death-dirge, my love!—in louder swell,
The mournful notes sweep by—I breathe my last
farewell!"

* A CHAPTER ON LAUGHING.

"And laughter holding both his sides,"—*Milton*.

If you were to ask a learned physician to explain to you the peculiar sensation termed laughter, it is more than likely he would astonish you with an amazing profundity of erudition, ending in the sage conclusion that he knows nothing more about the matter than that it is a very natural emotion of the senses, generally originating with a good joke, and not unfrequently terminating in a fit of indigestion. If he happened to be (as there are many) a priggish quack, it is not unlikely he would add as a sequel, that it was a most injurious and unmannerly indulgence, particularly favoring a determination of blood to the head, and decidedly calculated to injure the fine nerves of the facial organ! If, on the contrary, he should be a good, honest follower of Galen, he would not fail to pronounce it the most fearful enemy to his profession, as being altogether incompatible with physic and the blues, and, by way of illustration, he might go so far as to read a chapter of the *Pickwick Papers*, in order to prove the strength of his position.

Laughter—good, hearty, cheerful-hearted laughter, is the echo of a happy spirit, the attribute of a cloudless mind. Life without it were without hope, for it is the exuberance of hope. It is an emotion possessed by man alone—the happy light that relieves the dark picture of life.

We laugh most, when we are young; the thoughts are then free and unfettered; there is nothing to bind their fierce impulse, and we sport with the passions with the bold daring of ignorance. Smiles and tears, it has been observed, follow each other like gloom and sunshine; so the childish note of mirth treads on the heels of sorrow. It was but yesterday we noticed a little urchin writhing apparently in the agony of anguish; he had been punished for some trivial delinquency, and his little spirit resented it most gloriously. How the young dog roared! His little chest heaved up and down; and every blue vein on his pure forehead was apparent—bursting with passion. Anon, a conciliatory word was addressed to him by the offended *gouvernante*; a smile passed over the boy's face; his little eyes, sparkling through a cloud of tears, were thrown upwards; a short struggle between pride and some other powerful feeling ensued; and then there burst forth such a peal of laughter, so clear, so full, so round, it would have touched the heart of a stoic!

Our natural passions and emotions become subdued, or altogether changed, as we enter the world. The laugh of the schoolboy is checked by the frown of the master. He is acquiring wisdom, and wisdom (ye Gods, how dearly bought!) is incompatible with laughter. But still, at times, when loosened from his shackles, the pining student will burst forth as in days gone by; but he has no longer the cue and action fo

passion he then had; the cares of the world have already mingled themselves in his cup, and his young spirit is drooping beneath their influence. The laughter of boyhood is a merry carol; but the first rich blush has already passed away. The boy enters the world, full of the gay buoyancy of youth. He looks upon those he meets as the playmates of other hours. But experience teaches him her lessons; the natural feelings of his heart are checked; he may laugh and talk as formerly, but the spell, the dreams that cast such a halo round his young days, are dissipated and broken.

There are fifty different classes of laughers. There is your smooth-faced politic laugher, your laugher by rule. These beings are generally found within the precincts of a court, at the heels of some great man, to whose conduct they shape their passions as a model. Does the great man say a *bon mot*, it is caught up and grinned at in every possible manner till, the powers of grimace expended, the great man is pleased to change the subject, and strike a different chord. And it is not astonishing. Who would refuse to laugh for a pension of a thousand a year? Common gratitude demands it.

There is, then, your habitual laugher, men who laugh by habit, without rhyme or reason. They are generally stout, piggy-faced gentlemen, who eat hearty suppers, and patronise free-and-easys. They will meet you with a grin on their countenance, which, before you have said three sentences, will resolve itself into a simper, and terminate finally in a stentorian laugh. These men may truly be said to go through life laughing; but habit has blunted the finer edges of their sympathies, and their mirth is but the unmeaning effusion of a weak spirit. These personages generally go off in fits of apoplexy, brought on by excessive laughter on a full stomach!

There is, then, your discontented cynical laugher, who makes a mask of mirth to conceal the venom of his mind. It is a dead fraud that ought not to be pardoned. Speak to one of these men of happiness, virtue, &c. he meets you with a sneer, or a bottle-imp kind of chuckle; talk to him of any felicitous circumstance, he checks you with a sardonic grin, that freezes your best intentions. He is a type of the death's head the Egyptians placed at their feasts to check exuberant gayety.

There is, then, your fashionable simperer, your laugher *à-la-mode*, your inward digester of small jokes and tittle-tattle. He never laughs—it is a vulgar habit; the only wonder is, that he eats. People, he will tell you, should overcome these vulgar propensities; they are abominable. A young man of this class is generally consumptive, his lungs have no play;

he is always weak and narrow-chested; he vegetates till fifty, and then goes off, overcome with a puff of *eau de rose*, or *millefleur*, he has encountered accidentally from the pocket-handkerchief of a cheesemonger's wife.

Last of all, there is your real, good, honest laughter; the man who has a heart to feel and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of others; who has gone through life superior to its follies, and has learnt to gather wisdom even from laughter. Such are the men who do honor to society, who have learnt to be temperate in prosperity, patient in adversity; and, who, having gathered experience from years, are content to drink the cup of life mingled as it is, to enjoy calmly the sweeter portion, and laugh at the bitter.

There is a strange affinity in our passions. The

heart will frequently reply to the saddest intelligence by a burst of the most unruly laughter, the effigy of mirth. It seems as though the passion, like a rude torrent, were too strong to pursue its ordinary course; but, breaking forth from the narrow channel that confined it, rushed forth in one broad impetuous stream. It is the voice of anguish that has chosen a different garb, and would cheat the sympathies. But we have ourselves been demonstrating the truth of our last proposition; for we have been writing on laughter till we have grown sad. But what says the old song?

"To-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober."

So sadness, after all, is but joy deferred.

M.

AN ORIENTAL RHAPSODY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF THE CELEBRATED POET, HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show,
A stream so clear as Roccnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, whose living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:

'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

THE Isthmus of Darien is a well-known neck of land joining the two continents of America to each other, and separating the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It was in the situation of this isthmus that Columbus, in his latter voyages, ardently expected to find a passage leading into the southern seas, and, consequently, opening a new and expeditious road to the commerce of the East. The great inroad made on the continents of the New World in this quarter, by the waters of the Mexican Gulf, favored much this hope of the immortal navigator; and though it terminated in disappointment, the very expectation exalts our idea of his foresight and genius; seeing that, as his biographer observes, "if he was disappointed in finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed, for she appears to have attempted to make one, and to have attempted it in vain." The Isthmus is composed of the provinces of Panama and Veragua, which now belong to the republic of Colombia. It lies in the form of a crescent, about the great bay of Panama on the south, and having the gulf of Mexico on the north. It is three hundred miles long, and generally about sixty wide, but the narrowest part is between the ports of Porto Bello and Panama, where the distance from sea to sea is scarcely thirty-seven miles. Here, the country is composed chiefly of stupendous mountains which seem to be placed as eternal barriers between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which can be distinctly seen at the same time from the summits. These mountains forbid the grand desideratum of a canal, but by going to lat. 12 deg. N., the lake Nicaragua, a freshwater sea, one hundred and twenty miles long by forty broad, enters that portion of the Atlantic ocean called the Caribbean sea—the inlet is termed the river St. Juan, and is upwards of sixty miles in length. Both river and lake are of sufficient depth to be navigable by the largest vessels. Ten miles to the north-west, the lake receives the waters of lake St. Leon, by a navigable river, and the Leon is but thirteen miles from the Pacific, and but five from the river Tosta which runs into that ocean. By means of these channels, or by a canal, direct from Nicaragua, of about thirty miles in length, through a low and level country, a communication between the Pacific and Atlantic assumes a practicable shape.

On the world in general, the non-existence of a strait through the isthmus has been attended with important consequences, as, had it existed, all those attempts to discover a passage to the Eastern Indies in other directions, on which the nations of Western Europe have expended so much labor, time, and cost, would never have been entered into. Darien would have been the road to the commerce of Asia, with all her rich and spicy isles.

The narrow neck of land, which was the only barrier in the way of this great result, at last attracted the eye of a daring and enterprising man, who con-

ceived that the obstacle in question might be overcome, and that the Isthmus of Darien might still be, what nature had so nearly made it, the key to the commerce of the world. This man was William Paterson. He was a Scotsman by birth, and was educated for the church; but being of an adventurous disposition, and eager to see new countries, he made his profession the instrument of indulging this propensity, and spent many years in the West Indies, ostensibly with the view of converting the natives of the islands to the Christian faith. It is supposed, however, that his real occupation in these regions was of a very different character, and that he actually united himself with the Buccaneers who then infested the Spanish Main. That the information which induced him ultimately to engage in the scheme which we are about to describe, was chiefly derived from these roving plunderers, is at least certain, though there is no ground but conjecture for the assertion that this knowledge was acquired by associating with them in lawless rapine. However this might be, Paterson, at this period of his life, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the natural character and capabilities of the Darien Isthmus. He satisfied himself that there was a tract of land upon it, over which neither the Spaniards, who possessed the adjoining territory, nor any other European nation, had ever obtained any right, a tribe of natives having been always its independent masters. This tract lay between Portobello and Carthagena, and, at the mouth of the river Darien, about fifty leagues from each of the places mentioned, had an excellent natural harbor, capable of receiving the largest fleets, and strongly defended, by its position, either from storms or enemies. Such was the character of the coast on the Atlantic side, while on the Pacific lay several natural harbors, equally capacious and secure. The country between the seas at this point was composed of high ground, which rendered the climate temperate even in those hot latitudes, and the soil was of a rich black mould, several feet deep, and producing spontaneously every kind of tropical fruit. The ridge, moreover, was so adapted for the construction of roads, that beasts of burden and even carriages might have travelled easily from sea to sea in one day.

Such were the observations stored up in the mind of William Paterson, in his early years, respecting the Isthmus of Darien. Gold was likewise perceived by him in some parts of the country, and many other circumstances were noted down in his memory, all tending to establish the probable success of a settlement in the spot. With the two Americas close at hand, penetrable to their very centres by means of their immense rivers—with the whole range of the rich West Indian islands within almost a day's sail—with the broad Pacific on one side, opening upon all the wealth of the East, and on the other the Atlantic, incessantly traversed by the fleets of the Old World—certainly, as

an able author observes, "Darien seemed to be pointed out, by the finger of nature, as a common centre to connect together the trade and intercourse of the universe."

Though it is probable that the project for establishing a colony with these magnificent views was early matured in the mind of Paterson, yet his obscurity and want of means and friends deferred for a time its promulgation to the world. His mind, however, was not so entirely absorbed in his favourite scheme, that he could not direct it to other enterprises. About the year 1694, we find him in London, actively employed in modelling a plan for the establishment of the Bank of England; and to him this great institution, now the most important of the kind in the world, chiefly owes its successful origin. For some time he was a director of the bank, and received the consideration to which his merits entitled him. But those who had made use of his abilities in the time of need, afterwards neglected him, and the friendless Scot was intrigued out of the post, and even the honors he had earned.

After receiving discouraging answers from the few persons in London to whom he communicated his scheme for colonizing Darien, Paterson went over to the European Continent, and offered his project to the Dutch, the Hamburgers, and the Elector of Brandenburg. The two former heard him with cold indifference, and the elector, after bestowing some countenance upon him, ultimately withdrew it, in consequence of false reports and some court enemies.

On his return to London, Paterson became acquainted with the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun, who fell eagerly into the scheme for a settlement at Darien. Fletcher believed that he saw in it the means of raising Scotland to the rank of a high commercial nation; and, accordingly, he carried the projector down to that country, having prevailed upon him to give the Scotch the advantage of the offer. Having recently obtained a settlement of the religious questions which for a century had absorbed the national energies, the people of Scotland were now disposed to turn their attention to commerce, in which almost every other nation of Europe was their superior. The Marquis of Tweeddale, then Minister for Scotland, and Lord Stair and Mr. Johnston, secretaries of state, warmly patronised the scheme, and, in June, 1695, procured a statute from parliament, and afterwards a charter from the crown in terms of that statute, for creating "A trading Company to Africa and the New World, with power to plant colonies and build forts, with consent of the inhabitants, in any places not possessed by other European nations."

Here was the first great step gained, and Paterson immediately threw his project boldly upon the public, opening at the same time subscriptions for a company. "The phrenzy," says Sir John Dalrymple, "of the Scotch nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, never exceeded the rapidity with which they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentry, the merchants, the people, the royal burghs without the exception of one, and most of the other public bodies, subscribed. Young women threw their little fortunes into the stock; widows sold their join-

tures to get the command of money for the same purpose. Almost in an instant £400,000 were subscribed in Scotland, although it is now known that there was not at that time above £800,000 of cash in the kingdom." Nor was the success of the subscriptions confined to Scotland. In nine days £300,000 were subscribed in England; and the Dutch and Hamburgers, who had contemned the scheme when proposed by an unknown individual, contributed now £200,000. The conduct of Paterson in the midst of this success was noble and honorable. In the original articles of the company it had been stipulated that he should be rewarded with two per cent. on the stock, and three per cent. on the profits. On seeing the vastness of the sums subscribed, however, he came forward, and gave a discharge of his claims to the company.

In the December of the same year, these flattering prospects were clouded by the first of those reverses which rendered this magnificent plan eventually one of the heaviest calamities that ever befell a nation. The East India company, alarmed at the sudden rise of what seemed likely to prove a formidable rival, assembled their numerous friends, and entered upon active measures to suppress the new company. An address against it was sent up to King William from the English House of Commons, which wrought so strongly upon the monarch, that he not only withdrew at once his favor from the company to which he had so lately granted a charter, but became its bitterest enemy. He dismissed the Scottish ministers who had (to use his own words) advised him so ill, and directed his resident at Hamburg to memorialize the merchants of that city, to the effect that he disowned the Darien Company, and warned them against it. The senate of the city answered the king spiritedly, "that they were free to trade with whom they pleased, and marvelled especially that he should endeavor to prevent their intercourse with a body of his own subjects, to which, by a solemn act, he had so lately given large privileges." But the king's influence in the end prevailed, and Hamburg withdrew her subscriptions. The Dutch and English subscribers did the same, and the Scots were left to pursue their object alone. This they did vigorously; they built six ships on the Continent, and engaged as colonists twelve hundred men, many of them members of the best families of Scotland. The parliament of the nation, besides, continued to support the scheme.

On the 26th of July, 1698, the colonists set sail from the harbor of Leith, bearing with them the prayers, the hopes, and, alas! great part of the wealth of Scotland. Strong in body, and hardy in habits, the crews of the Darien ships accomplished their voyage in two months, with the loss of only fifteen men. Anxious that their character and purposes should not be misunderstood, they purchased from the natives, immediately on landing, the tract of country which their leader had fixed upon, and sent messages of amity to every Spanish governor in the neighboring countries. Their buildings were then commenced, and to the station they gave the name of New St. Andrew, while the beloved name of Caledonia was assigned to the country itself. Defences were also

erected, and mounted with fifty pieces of cannon. The first public act of the colony was also issued, and it was one worthy of the liberal mind of the projector, Paterson. It was a declaration of freedom of trade and religion to all nations.

The colony thus located fell rapidly into decay. Trusting to the support of the British settlements in the Mexican Gulf, the Scots had brought out an insufficient stock of provisions with them; and on making application, they found that orders had been sent from England to the governors of the West Indian and American colonies, to hold no correspondence, much less to give any assistance to the colonists of Darien. Those who extenuate King William's conduct in issuing these cruel orders, say that Spain had protested against the colony, on the ground that the land belonged to the Spanish monarch. True it is, that such a protest was made, but the date of the orders is prior to that of the protest. Indeed, it is probable that the orders, by showing King William's disfavor, were the cause of the Spanish claim being made. The truth is, that William's whole reign evinced, if not a dislike to Scotland, at least a disposition to regard it as a paltry, and to him inimical, appendage of England. The alarm of the English and Dutch India Companies, loudly expressed and unweariedly acted upon, was the real cause of the king's conduct, if worse motives had not their influence.

The natives, during the eight months that the first Darien colony existed, were more kind to the settlers than their civilized brethren and countrymen. The poor Indians hunted and fished for the new-comers, and gave every assistance in their power. But at the end of the time mentioned, having received no news from Scotland, every one of the colonists, almost, had either died or quitted the settlement.

Meanwhile, the Scottish nation, ignorant of the state of matters abroad, though aware of the Spanish protest, sent out another band of thirteen hundred men to the assistance of the settlement. The second expedition had a most unfortunate passage; one ship was lost, and great numbers of the men died on shipboard in the other vessels. The survivors arrived one after another in a straggling manner, and, instead of finding comfort and plenty, were shocked to behold a miserable, famished remnant of their predecessors at Darien. The fear of the Spaniards was now added to their other distresses; and the arrival, three months after the landing of the second band of settlers, of Captain Campbell with a shipful of men from his own estate in the Highlands, confirmed these boding anticipations. He brought intelligence to New St. Andrew that a Spanish force of fifteen hundred men lay encamped at a place called Subucantee, waiting for the arrival of eleven ships of war, in order to attack and destroy the new colony. The Scots had still enough of spirit remaining, amid their disasters, to attempt a vigorous plan of resistance. Captain Campbell, with a force of only two hundred men, marched upon Subucantee, stormed the enemy's camp by night, and scattered them

after a terrible slaughter. But on his return to New St. Andrew, the gallant Highlander found the Spanish ships before the harbor, and their troops landed. He threw his small force into the place, and made a brave defence for the space of six weeks. At the end of this time the colonists were obliged to capitulate. The conditions, however, were most favorable; they obtained not only the common honors of war, but security also for the property of the company. Captain Campbell, whose exclusion at his own desire from the capitulation was the chief cause of these favorable terms, contrived to escape from his enemies, and returned in safety to Scotland, where the home company paid him the honors he so well merited.

The Spaniards, enemies as they were, seem to have felt pity for the wretched remnant of the colony of Darien. They assisted the settlers to embark in the ships that were left, and behaved generously to them in every respect. Indeed, every nation in Europe seems to have felt shame for the cruel desertion and persecution of the poor colonists. The leaky state of the ships forced them to touch at several places on their return home; by foreigners they were kindly used, and at English stations barbarously: one of the ships was even seized and detained by an English governor. Of all the men who embarked in this great undertaking, about thirty only saw their native land again. Paterson was seized with fever on his return, and for a time was deprived of reason by the unhappy issue of his scheme. He recovered, however, the use of his faculties, and showed that the spirit of enterprise in his breast was undying, by the memorials which he presented to the king and the government for the renewal of his stupendous project upon a wider and more stable basis. His representations were never attended to.

How deeply Scotland felt this great blow, may be conceived from the amount of her capital, and the number of her sons, destroyed by its failure. In one or other of these respects, almost every family participated more or less in the calamity. Added to the recollection of the Glencoe Massacre, the Darien Expedition excited a deep feeling of resentment in the breasts of the Scottish people against both the English and their sovereign, which two succeeding ages did not see entirely obliterated. It may safely be assumed, that, if the cause of the Stuarts had afterwards any favor among the Lowland Scotch, it was owing almost solely to the memory of these two atrocious transactions. Nevertheless, good may be said to have flowed from the calamity, for it was probably in consequence of the cruel selfishness of the English on the occasion of the expedition to Darien, that the Scotch in 1703 assumed so determined an attitude of hostile threat against England, and wrung from her fears that equality of commercial rights, which could never have been obtained from her justice, and which, perfected now by the Union, was the basis of all the prosperity enjoyed by Scotland.

C.

A NEW MEDICINE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS IN THE WEST."

If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.—*Shakespeare.*

AH! God be with you, old Trinity. Green is your memory, and fondly do I recall the merry days and jovial nights I passed within your honored precincts. You were then a seat of learning fit for a prince, and take you all in all, a pattern for colleges at large. In many a stiff hurling match and heavy drink have I shared with as true Corinthians, as ever slept upon the guard-bed of watch-house, or tossed a bailiff in a blanket. Companions of my youth—where are they now? Stretched beneath the sword of some half-forgotten field, or gone to their account by the certain, though less sudden maladies, to which the flesh is heir.

My father was a true Milesian. He had a long pedigree and a light purse, for hounds and horses were "the spoil" of him. He lived as a gentleman should live; and died after a grand-jury dinner, drinking Baron Botherem to a stand still, although the worthy justice could carry off his fourth bottle, and sentence a malefactor next morning, as steadily as a Christian judge should do.

Two sons blessed my father's bed, of whom the younger was my unworthy self. We were both destined for professions, and Father Prendergast was our preceptor. Tom, as my brother was named, progressed marvellously in learning; while I, alas! was but a sorry disciple, although the honest churchman followed Solomon's directions to the letter, and whatever timber might be wanting at Killbrannagher, upon my conscience there was no scarcity of birch. Notwithstanding unfavorable reports, my father fancied I had talents, and it was his pleasure to destine me for the bar. The bar, Michael Prendergast opined I would in good time reach, and that, too, by a less expensive road than the one proposed by my sire—concluding his observations with, "Never mind; push him, the devil, into college any how. Bigger boobies have cut a figure there before now."

Well! the point was carried; Tom and I entered the university, and we were consigned to the care of Doctor Blundell, as dry a professor as ever produced a thesis. Our Gamaliel was a short, stout, bullet-headed dwarf, his face so fat, and cheeks so flaccid, that *en profile*, no nose was visible, and it was necessary for him to give, at least, "a quarter front," before the organ of smell could be discovered. His figure was in good keeping; the body resembled a portier-butt on a reduced scale, and was mounted on two thick props, whose extreme curvature obtained for the professor the *sobriquet* of "parenthesis." Such was the learned Theban, to whom the fopes of the O'Briens were intrusted.

Tom from the very start, promised to be a genius of the first order; while my career, I lament to say, was rather bustling than brilliant. Indeed, Dr. Blundell declared we were, in every respect, opposite as the Antipodes. I never could comprehend the beauty of a "sorites;" mathematics were altogether beyond my reach; astronomy, in my opinion, only fitted for a fortune-teller; while as to mechanic powers, the only one I ever meddled with was the screw, or an occasional exercise of the lever on the person of a dun or watchman.

Indeed, the honest professor's estimate of character was correct, for no brothers were ever more dissimilar; Tom would lose his rest to prove that crab-apples did not grow upon a cherry-tree, and fret himself into a fever, to discover the parallax of a star. No wonder he was a first-class premium-man, and bore college "honors thick upon him." Yet there were people in the world who considered him little better than a fool—forgetting, that to be a philosopher a man must be dirty and eccentric. Certainly Tom had been frequently encountered in the streets with a consequential garment missing; and he puzzled a country postmaster, by requiring letters after forgetting his own name. As to his meals, they were at times totally forgotten; and in his annual migrations to and from the university, he was usually consigned to the custody of a fellow-traveller, or handed with a half crown to the guard, and a request that he should be delivered as addressed.

It was fortunate that Tom's virtues and acquirements acted as a set-off against my delinquency. Yet my career was not unnoticed, and I contrived to obtain the marked attention of my superiors. More than once I was admitted to a conference with the board, and on account, I suppose, of the insalubrity of the city, was recommended by those worthy personages country air for a term of six months; and that too so pressing, that no demurrer on my part would be listened to.

Three years passed over, when one evening, returning from a tavern dinner, a row was kicked up at the gate, and a desperate assault and battery ensued. A stupid citizen knocked his head against a blackthorn stick, and the accident was so awkward as to occasion a fracture of the occiput, and give the coroner the trouble of empannelling a jury, to inquire into the cause of the same. The affair occasioned a sensation, and a score of us unfortunates were summoned before the board. As the defunct was unhappily a common-councilman, the authorities were loud in their denunciations. The newspapers called us Mohawks and

murderers; some said we should be hanged, while others more mercifully declared that the punishment should be mitigated to transportation. In this dilemma, Dr. Blundell, when transmitting the quarter note, apprised my father of the occurrence, "assured him that all hope of my ever doing good was desperate, and to evade the gallows, which he proved to a demonstration must be my end, he recommended that I should be permitted to follow my own bent, and enter the cut-throat profession, for which it was a *scquitur* that nature had intended me." Next post a letter from my father was received. He "concurred with the learned professor; affectionately informed me that I was at liberty to go to the devil as I pleased, sent me some money, and intimated that he had applied for a commission in the militia." This was as it should be; his application was successful, and in a few days, I was one of the fraternity of the sword, and duly gazetted to the — regiment.

The corps I was attached to, was at that time encamped at Leighlinstown, four or five miles from the capital; and, as in duty bound, I set out next morning to visit my commanding officer in proper form.

My father had an old acquaintance in the corps, to whose protection I was, by the letter, regularly committed. Of course it was to him that I applied for an introduction to Colonel Mahony. I was graciously received by my patron, presented in due form to the commander, and until I could obtain accommodations, hospitably invited, *pro tem.*, to take up my quarters in a corner of the hovel, which Peter Fogarty—as my patron was called—had constructed for his abiding-place while remaining in the field.

Peter was a singular personage, a strange, shrewd sort of oddity, and, in his own way, an excellent fellow. He had been bred an apothecary, married a woman who ran away, failed in business, found favor in the colonel's sight, and, through his interest, when the militia was embodied, obtained the surgeoncy of the regiment to which I had just been gazetted.

Peter Fogarty's outward man was not remarkably attractive. He was short and corpulent, with a bull-neck and square shoulders, a small and twinkling gray eye, and nose snubbed and efflorescent, as the nose of a man delighting in whiskey punch should be. Peter was fond of a race or cock-fight, would go twenty miles to be present at a duel, loved a rubber of whist dearly, but cribbage was his delight: cribbage was the road to his affections, and I soon discovered it.

I mentioned that my regiment was under canvass when I joined, and formed a part of some six or seven thousand men, who, pending the explosion of "ninety-eight," were encamped in the vicinity of the metropolis. The officers were generally provided with tents, but some of them had erected temporary habitations, and among the number were Colonel Mahony and his medical adviser. Indeed it was absolutely necessary that Peter's domicile should be contiguous to the commander's. From conjugal regard the lady had accompanied the colonel to the field, although her health was but indifferent; and the extreme delicacy of her constitution rendered the frequent attendance of Dr. Fogarty indispensable.

Peter's habitation was a wooden hut; one end, screened from vulgar gaze by an old blanket, formed his dormitory, while the other corner was curtained off for me. The centre was used for all the purposes of the body politic. There our *déjeuné* was laid; there, if a sick officer applied, the prescription was written; there, when dinner ended and we left the mess-tent, on a small deal-table the cribbage-board was found—and better still, an abundant supply of the material for fabricating that pleasant beverage, which Peter averred to be both safe and wholesome, to wit—whiskey punch—was duly paraded for our refreshment.

As the world went, Peter Fogarty should have been a happy man. His means were equal to his expenditure, his wife had run away, and his professional cares were trifling. "The villains," as he termed his "charge of foot," were healthy; their principal infirmity being corns; a disease to which they were obnoxious, from a majority of the corps, prior to their enlistment, having considered shoes a superfluity. Yet Peter had his own troubles; for below, as schoolmen declare, there is no happiness without alloy. Woman, that source of evil, was his bane: and, as in the fulness of his heart he would acknowledge after his sixth tumbler—"but for Mrs. Mahony, he would be as happy as the day was long."

Mrs. Mahony had been for many years a wife, but, unhappily, as yet had never been made a mother. The colonel was anxious for an heir. Hopes were frequently excited, and they were as often deferred, until the heart was sick. Yet why should Mrs. Mahony despair? her grandmother had a son at fifty-two; she was but forty-seven, and why should she despair?

All this, however, was ruinous to the peace of Dr. Fogarty. The least alarm in the day, the slightest movement after night, agitated his interesting patient. Ether had often failed; and even a teaspoonful of brandy at times would hardly prove a sedative. These unfortunate attacks generally took place at an advanced period of the evening, and of course Peter was required. Then the ill-starred practitioner was invariably at whist or cribbage—the colonel's bat-man, a foster-brother of the lady, would be despatched to our wooden habitation, and, with nine scored, and the odd trick actually in his hand, the unhappy doctor has been obliged to abandon his own fortunes, for the desperate chance of endeavoring to continue the ancient lineage of the Mahonys.

Had success crowned his efforts, Peter was not the man to repine. In the triumph of his art, his toils and labors would have found their reward. But, alas! matters daily became more unpromising; and, like the wolfcry, Mrs. Mahony's ceased to interest or alarm. Peter Fogarty, though a good Catholic, was nearly driven to desperation—and before he cut his first honor, he usually prayed from the bottom of his soul for Mrs. Mahony's repose temporal and eternal, and the sooner her beatitude was completed, he as a Christian man opined would be all the better.

It was for the season a dark and blusterous night. More than one tent-pole had given way—pegs and

cards were tried and found wanting, and in the joy of his heart my host congratulated himself and me on the stability of our wooden dwelling. The last batch of whiskey was inimitable; and so said the doctor, after submitting the liquor to a fair test of six tumblers. The cards were decidedly in his favor,—fortune smiled upon him at every cut—and since the night his wife had bolted, he never had been so happy. It was just ten—the deal was mine—but Peter's cards were beautiful. Suddenly a hurried foot approached the door. Peter remarked it. "It's the lobsters after all—I knew the devil would not fail me." Knock—knock—"Come in." It was not the lobsters, but Murty Currihan, the colonel's bat-man. The doctor looked dark as Erebus,—the bat-man as if he had been running for his life. The former coughed to conceal his vexation. "Ha, ha—hum;—any thing wrong?"

"Wrong! You may say that—the mistress is dying," responded Murty.

"Dying? What the devil would make her die?" said the doctor.

"Sorrah one o' me knows," returned the bat-man.

Now Murty Currihan being deaf, save when Peter Fogarty elevated his voice to an extraordinary pitch, his remarks touching the diagnostics of his mistress's disease, were lost upon the bothered* bat-man.

"What's the matter with her now?"

"It's a kind of pain about her heart."

"Fish!" said the doctor testily, "That's a Connaught symptom for a sprained ankle. Any thing else?"

"Her head's dizzy; and she's at times astray," replied the lady's foster-brother.

"Humph! so should mine be after a pint of brandy."

"She's as wake as a cat!"—quoth the envoy. "She can't move without help."

"Seldom people can when they're regularly smothered"—said the leech.

"She has a sort of a twisting in her stomach," added the fosterer.

The doctor's patience gave way. "Arrah, badahust, ye ommadawn! Would you give her as many ailments as would kill a priest! Off with ye, Murty. Tell them to keep her quiet, and come back in half an hour, and tell me how she is." The bat-man vanished. "She'll be fast asleep then, and we'll not be troubled with her capers. Come—I lead. Fifteen two—fifteen four—a pair make six—and a pair make eight;" and on he went with the jargon of the game.

Now, though the honest doctor counted with some confidence on sleep, that "sweet mediciner," abating the complicated diseases with which Mrs. Mahony was afflicted, still he had sore misgivings to disturb him, and these could occasionally be detected, from his confused allusions to the patient and the game.

"Stop, Pat; let me cut. I couldn't have made more of that hand, unless we played the double flush. Your father and I always flushed. Jasus! I wonder

what's come over the woman! Every night smothered; and then me tattered out, wet or dry. Any, Pat—you're pegging too fast; let me see what I have got. Lord! if it was once or twice a week—but every night nothing bät, 'Run for Doctor Fogarty!' I wish she was safe in heaven, or in the county Clare, for my heart's fairly broke. Shuffle them, man—I cut. Give me the bottle; devil a drop of spirits I put in my tumbler, that woman, bad luck to her, bothered me so."

All this time I observed that no preparatory steps were taken for the composition of the healing draught, for which the fosterer had been directed to return; and I hinted, that as the hospital tent was at some distance, the sooner Peter started for his "galenicals" the better. My remark appeared to astonish the worthy man, for he laid down his cards, and looked at me with a broad stare.

"The hospital tent! Is it to go a long half mile, and a storm raging that would blow the buttons off my jacket! Arrah, what a *gammouge** ye take me for, Pat! And yet, blessed Virgin! if Murty comes again, what am I to do with him? Was there ever a decent practitioner so teased by an ould besom as myself, Peter Fogarty? If I had but some simple for her. Oh, murder! not a squig of physic in the house, unless you have it."

I shook my head.

"Death and nouns! have ye nothing—salts, *seams*, cinnamon—rhubarb, scamony, magnesia?"

I nodded a negative.

"Have you no neglected draught; nothing in the shape of powder?"

"Nothing," I replied, "but tooth-powder."

"Phew!" and Peter whistled—"Beautiful! and by the best of luck I have a bottle."

Up he rose, bolted for a moment behind the blanket, and speedily reappeared with a small phial. In it he deposited a spoonful of my dentrifice, filled it from the kettle, and shook it, as he said, "*Secundum artem*." The infusion produced a liquid of bright pink, with an aromatic odor: and Peter having submitted the mixture to the double test of taste and smell, was loud in his admiration.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "I have spent a winter's morning over the mortar, and not produced a more palatable anodyne. Don't cut yet—I'll just label the bottle, and then for the flats." Accordingly, he inscribed upon a slip of paper, the following directions for the use of his new-invented julep, and affixed them carefully to the potion. "*A teaspoonful of this mixture to be taken every half hour until the patient is relieved—shaking the bottle. For Mrs. Mahony.*"

It was fortunate for Peter that his nostrum was in readiness. Before he had dealt a second hand, a loud tap at the door announced the return of the fosterer; and bad as Murty's first report was, his second bulletin was infinitely more alarming.

"Well—is she better?"

"Better?"—repeated the fosterer, with a wild stare.

* *Anglice*, deaf.

† *Anglice*, "Silence, you idiot!"

* *Anglice*, a simpleton.

"Ay—better!" returned the physician in a tone of voice that mimicked Murty's like an echo.

"Arrah! she never was bad till now," said the fosterer. "Ye can't tell a word she says, good or bad, and she wouldn't know her own maid from the black drummer."

"Ah! regularly sewed up. Here," and he handed him the bottle, "mind the directions; can ye read?"

"If I can't, sure Biddy Tool can."

"Away with ye then, every moment ye lose may be fatal; bathe her feet and shake the bottle, and be sure ye tell me how she is—early in the morning."

"Any thing else, doctor?"

"Nothing—only don't let her get cold, if ye can help it, and now run, ye devil!"

Murty made his salaam and vanished; and soon after, Peter and I retired to our respective cribs.

Betimes next morning, the bothered bat-man reported that his lady was convalescent; and after breakfast, the doctor departed to his hospital, and I to attend a garrison parade.

On my return, as captain of the day, it was necessary for me to call upon my commanding officer, and accordingly I repaired to the wooden erection, in which Colonel Mahony had deposited his household gods. After being paraded through a sort of ante-room, I found the commander inditing an epistle upon a three legged table, before a port-hole which it was his pleasure to call a window, while divers cloths and coverlets were suspended from a line stretched across the apartment, and excluded from the gaze of vulgar eyes "the lady of his love." The commander having duly apologised for detaining me a few moments while he concluded his letter, pointed to a camp-stool—and I seated myself and took up the Evening Post. But the newspaper was unheeded—voices behind the curtain told that there were others in the chamber of state; and in the speakers I easily recognised Peter and his patient, Mrs. Mahony, while a feeble piano in a flat key, thus continued:

"Yes, doctor, I will ever acknowledge that under Providence, I owe my life to you. The first spoonful gave relief, and the second acted like a charm."

"Indeed! Ha!—hem!—hem! Allow me: pulse full—a *leetle* feverish—must keep very quiet."

"But, dear Mr. Fogarty, I must, you say, be very careful to avoid cold. No doubt the medicine I took last night with such happy effect was very powerful?"

"Most powerful, madam," replied the leech, with unblushing effrontery. "The arcana of pharmacutics could not afford a more effective combination."

"God bless me!" ejaculated the lady, "but for it, I should have been dead."

"As Julius Cæsar, madam," responded the doctor, with a solemn cough.

"I have been reflecting on your advice, doctor. These constant alarms are too much for my nervous sensibility. Would you believe it, ether and a desert spoonful of brandy had no effect upon me last night!"

"Indeed!—Hem!—hem!"

"Ay, doctor, you may well shake your head, I would not fret the poor dear colonel; but—"

"I know your feelings, and they do honor to your heart, madam."

"Well, as I was saying, doctor, to leave Colonel Mahony—"

"Madam," returned the false physician, "I can appreciate the strength of your attachment; but there are other and important considerations:" and Peter dropped his voice to a half-whisper, that prevented me from hearing any thing beyond detached words. "Delicate situation—hopes of an honorable house—colonel's partiality for children—native air—happy result—bark and sea bathing." And before the commander had finished his despatch, the villain Peter, under false hopes, had persuaded the colonel's helpmate to bundle off to Clare, "by easy stages." Whether she carried a bottle of the pink tincture in the carriage, I forget; but, I presume, that she would hardly, when there was balm in Gilead, depart without an extensive supply.

Time passed—and four years after I had left the militia, and volunteered in the line, I had occasion to run up to London, and there encountered my old commander in the Strand. He was a friendly little fellow, and expressed great pleasure at our meeting. I remarked that he was habited in deep mourning: and when I inquired for Mrs. Mahony, he sighed heavily, shook his head, and informed me that he had buried her a month before in Cheltenham.

"Ah! my dear O'Brien. It was a black day when I was persuaded to leave home. Fogarty was the only man that understood poor dear Mrs. Mahony's constitution. You may remember when we lay in Leighlinstown camp, the desperate attack she had. You and Peter were huddled together at the time." I nodded an affirmative. "Just such another fit carried her off at Cheltenham. Had Peter Fogarty been near us, I should not now be a disconsolate widower as I am, for Biddy Mahony would have been alive."

We dined together at the Blue Posts in Cork-street. "Sorrow is dry," and the commander was in trouble. At twelve I conveyed him to his lodgings in a hackney-coach; and on our way home, as well as I could understand him—for there was "a ripple" in his delivery—he did nothing but lament, in poor dear Mrs. Mahony's last attack, the absence of Peter and his "pink tincture."

REFLECTIONS OF A DEAD BODY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SCENE.—A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquises.

WHAT change is this! What joy! What depth of rest!
What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain
Into all bliss? into a balm so perfect
I do not even smile! I tried but now,
With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face
That watches me—and lo! all in an instant,
Instead of toil and a weak, weltering tear,
I am all peace, all happiness, all power,
Laid on some throne in space—Great God! I am
dead.

(A pause.)

Dear God! thy love is perfect: thy truth known.

(Another.)

And He,—and they:—How simple and strange! How
beautiful!

But I may whisper it not—even to thought;
Lest strong imagination, hearing it,
Speak, and the world be shattered.

(Soul again pauses.)

O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile
Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty
Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,
Encourag'd to be wilful;—to delay
Even its wings for heav'n; and thus to rest
Here, here, ev'n here—'twixt heaven and earth awhile,
A-bed in the morn of endless happiness.

I feel warm drops falling upon my face:
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.
—My wife! my love!—'tis for the best thou canst
not

Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond
A kiss meets thine in those unowning lips.
Ah, truly was my love what thou didst hope it,
And more; and so was thine—I read it all—
And our small feuds were but impatiences
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest
Memory on memory of imagin'd wrong,
As I should have done too—as all who live;—
And yet I cannot pity thee:—so well
I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

She speaks my name at last, as though she fear'd
The terrible, familiar sound: and sinks
In sobs upon my bosom. Hold me fast,
Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm—
Me, cruelly unmov'd, and yet how loving!

How wrong I was to quarrel with poor James!
And how dear Francis mistook me! That pride,
How without ground it was! Those arguments,
Which I suppos'd so final, oh how foolish!
Yet gentlest Death will not permit rebuke,
Ev'n of one's-self. They'll know all as I know,
When they lie thus.

Colder I grow and happier.
Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,
Ere they depart;—myself quitting myself.
The soul gathers its wings, upon the edge
Of the new world, yet how assuredly!
Oh! how in balm I change! actively will'd,
Yet passive, quite; and feeling opposites mingle
In exquisitest peace! Those fleshly clothes,
Which late I thought myself, lie more and more
Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,
Who am as a hand, withdrawing from a glove.

So lay my mother: so my father: so
My children; yet I pitied them. I wept,
And fancied them in graves, and call'd them "poor!"

O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time,
And fear and hopes! what petty terms of earth
Were ye! yet how I love ye, as of earth,
The planet's household words; and how postpone,
Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable
Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal!
Ah, not excluding these, nor aught that's past,
Nor aught that's present, nor that's yet to come,
Well waited for. I would not stir a finger
Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;
Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;
Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

That was my eldest boy's—that kiss. And that
The baby with its little unweening mouth;
And those—and those—Dear hearts! they have all
come,
And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living,
The vitallest creature in this fleshly room.
I part; and with my spirit's eyes, full open'd
Will look upon them.

(Spirit parts from the body, and kisses them all round.)

Patient be these tears,
Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay moulds
Of souls, made of myself,—made of us both
In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but
To meet again, and will revisit soon
In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh.

(Spirit looks at the body.)

And was that me?—that hollow-cheek'd pale thing,
Shatter'd with passions, worn with cares; now placid

With my divine departure. And must love
Think of thee painfully? of stifling boards
'Gainst the free face, and of the irreverent worm?
To dust with thee, poor corpse! To dust and grass,
And the glad innocent worm, that does its duty,
As thou dost thine in changing. I, thy life,
Life of thy life, bird of the bird, ah ha!
Turn my face forth to heav'n—ah ha! ah ha!
Oh the infinitude and the eternity!
The dimpled air! the measureless conscious heaven;

The endless possession! the sweet, mad, fawning planets.
Sleeking, like necks, round the beatitudes of the ubi-
quitous sun-god
With bee-music of innumerable organ-thunders,
And the travelling crowds this way, like a life-tem-
pest,
With rapid angelical faces, two in one,
Ah ha! ah ha! and the stillness beyond the stars—
My Friend! my Mother!—I mingle through the roar.
(Spirit vanishes.)

CHRISTMAS.

ADDRESSED TO THE PHILADELPHIANS BY A FELLOW-CITIZEN.

It was even time on Judea's plains: and nigh unto Bethlehem, certain shepherds tended their flocks, and guarded them from the robber and the beast of prey. Beautiful, indeed, was the scene; in the foreground reposed the herds of the watchers, and near by on a slight eminence lay stretched out on the green sward their owners, talking of and wondering at the decree of Caesar that the peasants of an obscure territory, in a vast empire, should be taxed "to make a Roman holiday," and minister to the pleasures of the scorned Gentiles. Off to the left rose the hill tops that begirt the city of David, and nearer to the right was the road leading from the city to Jerusalem. The setting sun still tinged with its rays the western horizon, although the orb itself had sunk beneath the line of vision; the deep azure of the sky invited the eye to rest in "luxurious dimness," while afar off, rose the evening star, just showing its trembling head; and around it, slowly ushered into being, came forth another and yet another "infant birth of light," while the moon, as if ambitious of her charms, slowly swept on through the still heavens like a barque of pearl, and mellowed by its presence the face of heaven and of earth.

The shepherds looked up and gazed upon the beauty of the firmament; often had the same scene greeted their vision in that starry clime; frequently had they laid down to muse and talk of him

"Who rounded in his hand these spacious orbs,
And bowled them flaming thro' the dark profound;"

but on that night there was something that calmed their feelings, and seemed to compose them into some holier mood than usual.

"The earth was still, but knew not why:
The world was listening unawares!"

"And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men!'"

Such, reader, was the *first* Christmas eve on earth! standing as it does, the leader of a long train of days, which, despite of the afflictions of persecution, the enervations of luxury, the darkness of bigotry, the

seductions of paganism, and even the erasive touch of time, has come down to these our times hallowed by the hoar of centuries, begirt with the reminiscences of our grandaiores, and established as a day when throughout the broad realm of Christendom, strifes being buried, cares dismissed, and joys predominant, old and young shall meet around the table crowned with the fruits of heaven's beneficence, and mindful of the spirit of the angelic anthem, wish each other—as the writer does his reader—a merry Christmas.

Those then who "keep Christmas," not only aid in preserving one of the most ancient and time-hallowed festive days, but actually fulfil a positive Christian duty, one of the few matters of religious observance, concerning which, as the writer humbly opines, there can be no room for cavil or dogmatism. But we are penning a homily on a cheerful strain, and so proceed forthwith to change our note.

"BIBENDUM EST" on Christmas, which freely rendered into Saxon, meaneth "drink," but not "drunk" on Christmas, the day when venerable spinsters *will* hold their noses over a glass of "perfect love," and quaff to the memory of one John Smith, obiit anno etatis XXXV—said spinster confessing to L. "LUDENDUM EST" on Christmas; it is a day when "wee responsibilities" rejoice in "Christkingle" visits, and display the products of vast stockings duly forked up over the chimney the preceding Christmas eve. How the little bodies hop about, and jump, and exult in their treasures! How they tempt each other's envy by displays of "horses," and "whips," and "whistles," and "cornucopias of sugar plums," and "marbles and tops!" Shades of our boyhood, you come back to us while we write! Shall we not recreate in the memory of those days, when we held Christmas a time delectable to dwell upon; and as we stood guard over the remnant of mince pie—

"All its companions having faded and gone,"—

from the depths of our heart sighed forth a wish "that a Christmas dinner came every day." It is a period too when "presents" are frequent, and Souvenirs and Annuals much abound; when the mother tenders to her daughter a Keepsake, perhaps destined,

after the donor has slept that sleep that knows no waking, to bring into the eye a tearful tribute to maternal fondness, and wring out from the overcharged heart the sigh of sorrow. "JOCUNDUM EST" on Christmas; a man that will not, on that day, take and give a joke, or laugh at a merry tale, and let his jocular propensities—if it has pleased heaven to possess him—well out in kindness towards his fellow creatures,—deserves to be boarded with Dr. Bran Bread Graham, to read his book on chastity, and to be dieted on white wine vinegar! Such as go about on that day with long faces, and long sighs, and pursed-up lips, and promenade into a merry groupe, like an animated cenotaph, should be kicked out "extempore;" and this brings us to the pith and substance of our present article—the way that Christmas is kept in Philadelphia, or rather the way it is *not* kept.

This is a city of Brotherly Love, by name at least and of all days in the year for exhibiting the affection, Christmas is the best, and yet, "*horresco referens*," we scarcely heed it in this city! When this is asserted, it is meant that there is none of that *abandon*, that general and universal giving up of soul and body to the innocent recreations of the day, that so much distinguishes other cities at home and abroad. True it is that the institution is rather of northern origin, and that with Christmas comes the idea of good fires, and snow and ice, and bleak winds, and sleighing, and red noses, and cold toes, and the et cetera of severe weather. Yet there is enough in the day, independent of the season, to rouse all the feelings of the heart, and induce a general visitation; in other cities, many a husband remembers his Christmas visit as the era of his attachment, and many a quarrel reconciled, and many a friendship formed evince the value of an observance of that day whose heavenly legend is "peace on earth." This matter must be altered among us Philadelphians. Last year, some of our "quality,"—"lucus a non lucendo"—tossed up their noses, and refused to open their doors. "My carpets shall not be dirtied," said a parvenu to the writer; "And mine shall," said a lady in reply—ah! that lady! some other time, we may perhaps, brighten a page with her virtues. "Mine shall; bring in your friends, and we will keep open house, and let the girls stay at home, and the beaux do the visiting." Other ladies followed her example, and although the Brussels and the Wiltons suffered, by so much did the value of those who owned them rise; a beginning was made then, let us follow it up, until in this city, Christmas comes as it does in other climes and places, "a thing to bless," a time when the chink of money is drowned in the hum of welcome, when pelf is laid up, and generosity comes forth; when the houseless and forlorn can count on something else than a slam of the house door, and when those on whom the horn of plenty has shed its contents, shall not forget that the advent was a gift of God to man. Yes, there is a value in the day we write of, if it were only to check our nation in its mad race after gain. We are putting out one after the other, those festive fires which should burn on the altar of memory; we are absorbing yearly into the vortex of business, those days which should be *nationally* devoted to keeping up the

recollections of the past, for a *rejoicing* nation is a pitch of moral sublimity seldom reached. In this incessant hurry after rolling dollars we forget God and Man, and sail down life's current, without plucking a flower from the bank, or casting a chaplet on the waters.

And now, kind reader, what say you? "Will you keep Christmas?" Yes, you will!—then to you we send this hymn, not our own, for no Parnassian flight did we ever take, but culled from, "*Ebony*" the sweepings of some mighty lyre, whose potent master soul, fraught with the glories of his theme, has broke out into a measure, that bids the blood check in its career, and transports the inwrought soul to the ancient time,

"In the solemn midnight, centuries ago."

A. G.

It was a calm and silent night;

Seven hundred years and fifty-three

Had Rome been growing up to might,

And now was queen of land and sea!

No sound was heard of clashing wars:

Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain;

Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,

Held undisturb'd their ancient reign—

In the solemn midnight, centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!

The senator of haughty Rome

Impatient urg'd his chariot's flight

From lordly revel, rolling home!

Triumphant arches gleaming swell

His breast, with thoughts of boundless sway;

What reck'd the Roman what befel

A paltry province far away,

In the solemn midnight, centuries ago!

Within that province, far away,

Went plodding home, a weary boor;

A streak of light before him lay,

Fall'n through a half-shut stable door,

Across his path. He pass'd, for naught

Told *what was going on within*.

How keen the stars, his only thought,

The air how calm, and cold and thin,

In the solemn midnight, centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high

Drowsed o'er common joys and cares;

The earth was still—but *knew not why*,

The world was listening—*unawares!*

How calm a moment may precede

One that shall thrill the world forever!

To that still moment none would heed

Man's doom was link'd, no more to sever—

In the solemn midnight, centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out, and throw

Their joyous peals around, and smite

The darkness—charm'd and holy *now!*

The night, that erst no name had worn,

Henceforth a happy name is given;

For in that stable lay, new born,

The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,

In the solemn midnight, centuries ago!

THE MAN IN THE BIG BOOTS.

A ROAD-SIDE MARVEL.

BY WM. E. BURTON.

THE following sketch was penned several years since, but never printed. I have lately introduced the major portion of the incidents into a farce, which has been acted a considerable number of nights. I mention this circumstance to obviate the chance of an accusation of plagiarism, even from myself. W. E. B.

ONE rainy evening, in the month of November, not many years ago, a stage coach, drawn by a pair of horses, was slowly wending its way along a narrow lane that threaded the borders of the fenny counties of old England. The wind blew coldly, and in fitful gusts, from the fog-covered swamps and dyke-bound marshes that extended on either side of the roadway; pools of water filled the ruts and hollow places of the lane, through which the horses tramped with lazy but constant splash, nor heeded the persuasions of the whip and voice of the driver, who could scarcely perceive the hanging ears of his Rosinantes through the steamy cloud that rose from their well-soaked hides. The darkness of night was fast approaching; it was impossible to say that "the sun had set," because he had not thought it worth while to make his appearance during the whole of the day. The wind seemed endued with fresh vigor, and rattled the window panes of the old coach, as if determined to crack a joke at their expense, and see who were the inmates of the crazy and old-fashioned "leathern conveyency."

This cumbrous vehicle travelled three times a week from an obscure country town in the heart of the Bedford Level, to an humble hostelry, or hedge ale-house, by the side of the London road; thus affording the Fen Farmers a means of communication with the different vehicles that journeyed between the great metropolis and the many wealthy cities that stud the eastern counties.

The driver of this forlorn "set-out" was a different being to the aristocratic whips of the swell drags upon the London stages—he was a strange mixture of cockney and clown; with a confused idea of the dignity of his situation, with which he endeavored to impress the few passengers who were compelled to place themselves under his guidance.

"I'm rayther dubus as to vether the vater of the next run, as ve're to cross in two minits, is high enough to vet the legs of the insiders, or vether it bea'nt. This here rain rises the runs like vinkin—von time you're all right, and the next you're more t'other,—and vorser, too."

This remark was addressed to his companion on the box seat—a young man enveloped in a large cloth cloak with an India rubber cape.

"Are there not water-marks or depth-guages fixed by the side of these brooks or runs that cross the roads?" inquired the traveller.

"Vy, there be, and there be'ant—but vere's the use on 'em in a dark night—except, indeed, the prop-

perrioters vos to contract with a large allowance of Vill-o'-the-Visps and Jacky Lanterns, to dance about there, and 'luminate the hatmosphere of tha writing postesses."

"Any lives ever lost in crossing these runs?"

"Not often. Ve loses a hodd 'un now and then—and last vinter I capsize'd the concern in a unaccountable deep hole, and nearly drownded the whole biling;—'tvor all their faults—they kept a quarrelling vich vos to crawl out o' the vinder first. The near mare here be'ant got rid on her cough yet, vot she cotch that night, poor cretur, and Mrs. Scouse, the butcher's wife o' Bilston Gap, contracted a uncommon strong haguey, with a small trifle o' rumatis! I'm never afeerd, and yet I never looks arter no guide-postesses. If the vater comes up to my feet, vy I know that it aint more than over the knees o' them inside, and that's nothing, perwising you're used to it. If it's deeper nor that, vy ve floats or capsizes, and the postes can't tell us no more, with all their figuring. That vor a sensible 'scription as vos clapped on a post near the Long Cut down Tadling Mash, 'Don't cross ven the vater's over this here board.' Perwising a stranger as had never crossed afore, vos to come along—vy, in course, he couldn't see the board if the vater vos over it; in he goes, sousé—Dab, says Daniel, and where is he? He'd a been all right, you see, if there'd been no board, as there ought to have been, 'cos then you're obligated to look out for squalls. My eye! how this vind whistles into you. I vonder how the old chap in the big boots likes it?—he's got it all to himself there behind."

At the back part of the stage sat a human being, the only outside passenger, excepting the smart traveller beside the driver.

The gentleman in the dickey was well wrapped up, and might have been taken for a piece of still life, but for his occasional fights with the weather, wherein he wielded a small silk umbrella with much dexterity, and poked it from side to side, in the very face of the wind, as the eddying powers of the marsh gusts drove the rain in his face. He had evidently travelled far, for his garments were soiled and road-stained; and, during occasional lulls in the storm, the nods and bobs of his noddle evinced the force of "gentle sleep."

The run was safely crossed, a few more miles were crawled over, and the "Slow and Dirty," as it was called by the regular whips, drew up at its place of destination. "The Blue Lion" was like all second-rate

road-side hotels; the parlor was dark and comfortless, the bar dirty, and redolent of cheese and porter—the landlord was sleek-headed, beer-visaged, and pot-bellied; and the fat landlady rejoiced in a showy head-dress, and a gaudy gown. The waiters looked like discarded members of the swell mob, or the walking gentlemen of a country company of comedians; the chambermaids, if “about their work,” were the impersonations of scullions’ journeywomen, and if “dressed,” they resembled sailors’ ladies on a spree. This description will serve for all road-side inns not in the immediate neighborhood of a town—experienced travellers never think of stopping at these houses, even for a night, unless compelled by fortuitous events; this is perfectly understood, and every member of the establishment considers civility an unprofitable commodity, and makes the most of the few chances thrown in his way. And yet, there are persons who prefer encountering the bad fare and worse attendance that is ever to be met with at these “refuges for the destitute,” from a dread of the high charges at the respectable hotels in the line of travel, where they are certain to meet with every possible comfort and attention, and generally at a less expense.

The house in question, “The Blue Lion,” stood most desirably at the corner of the great road between London and Norwich, and the cross-way to the towns of the Fen district—opposite which, another road led by the borders of the agricultural county of Suffolk to the heart of Essex, famous for its calves. There was not another house, public or private, within a mile; but several cross-country stages stopped at the inn door; the Norwich night-coach called there for way-passengers, and the royal mail occasionally watered its horses at the capacious trough beneath the sign-post. The ostler, Chilly Charley, so called from his perpetual *ague*, was a gentleman of large connexions among the waggoners and teamsters; a crowd of these gentry were generally circled round “The Tap,” while their horses were regaling themselves over some “green meat” from the Fens, or a sprinkle of upland hay, which the industrious Charley had stolen from the tail of an unconscious wagon.

“Now, then, here you are,” said the stage driver, as he pulled up at the door of “The Blue Lion.” The young gentleman on the box quickly descended, and giving the coachman his customary fee, entered the house. Chilly Charley forsook the side of the blazing fire in the tap room, and braved the rain and fog for the sake of a minute’s chatter with his friend the driver. If any philanthropic being had remonstrated with the shivering ostler for thus exposing himself, his answer would most likely have been—“Oive had this agney vor better nor noine year—and if oi wur to get shut on him noow, oi shu’dnt be happy wi’out my shakes. Gin won’t touch ‘un, nor doctor’s stuff neither, nor beer, nor nothing. The sun kearnt dry ‘un up, nor rain kearnt driv ‘un in. Oi drinks cold gin and water without sugar when the vever’s thickish, and I loikes rum, hot, with sugar, and meade pratty stiffish, when oi be a wobbling wi’ shakes—so, as oi beant veverish now, and sheant shake vor a matter e’ vour hours, oi’ll teake a bite out o’ a point o’ beer

wi’ thee—made waam by sticking red hot poker into un, wi’ a leetle ginger and a hegg.”

“Thee’st gotten a tidyish load, Measter Stodd,” said Charley. “Three insides, vun on the box, and vun in the dicky.” The chilly ostler ungearred the shivering beasts, and led them to the stable. The driver unfastened the coach door to let out his insiders—an old gentleman and two middle-aged ladies emerged from the vehicle, and stepped quickly into the house, followed by the driver. “Coachman, sir,” said Stodd, touching his hat—the old gentleman understood him, and gave him half a crown. The occupier of the box seat had tipped him a shilling. “Vun more to come,” said the driver; “where’s the man in the big boots?”

The person in question had crawled down from the dickey of the stage, and deposited his saturated carcase by the side of a roaring fire in the kitchen. The wet fell in little streams from his oil-skin hat, and travelled over the red pimples on his blue nose, or down the seams and wrinkles of his yellow cheeks. Finding the warmth of the fire pretty grateful, he commenced removing his travelling costume—the hat was swung dry, and placed upon a peg; a well-soaked sack was removed from his shoulders—he had borrowed it from the driver, when the rain began to penetrate his threadbare camelot cloak. This precious article was also removed, and hung over the back of a chair that was placed before the fire. A rusty brown coat, of antique cut, fitted closely to a long ungainly body; a pair of greasy galligaskins, which had once been gray, ran down into the capacious jaws of a long and large pair of rusty boots; these noticeable articles, from their make, must once have cased the nether extremities of a horseman in Rupert’s troop, or have defended the pedalties of some old smuggler for many a long year. Their gaping mouths had received the many drippings from the well-soaked hat and cloak, and as the stranger stumped about in his boots, the sound of the water splashing up and down was plainly heard—“all squashy and slushy” as Chilly Charley truly observed.

The man in the big boots was about fifty years of age; his face was long and thin, and his person seemed the perfection of tenuity—“a voine size to go adown the insoide of a pump,” as the agueish ostler said to the chambermaid. A pair of small gray eyes twinkled in their deep-set sockets; a few lank hairs escaped from beneath a dirty Welch wig, and a pair of huge flabby lips lapped over the discolored teeth. He sat down in the corner of the wide chimney, and held forth a pair of large and skinny hands to experience the effects of the cheerful blaze.

“Coachman, sir,” said Stodd, with the customary salute.

The man in the big boots turned his cold gray eyes upon the driver, and said, with some asperity, “I paid my fare at the booking office.”

“Vell, I knows that—remember the coachman—it’s a regglar thing.”

“I never give to servants who are paid for doing their duty,” said the man in the big boots.

Stobbs retreated, and vented his indignation loudly in the yard—talked of the disgrace of dragging such

muck as the man in the big boots about the country, and concluded his oration by desiring Chilly Charley to charge the stingy passenger half a crown for the carriage of his luggage. Charley made the attempt, but failed to extract the precious metal from the pockets of the traveller—his luggage consisted of a small box in a carpet bag, and as he had never put it off his lap, there could be no charge for its carriage.

"What time does the London coach pass here in the night, my pretty dear?" said the man in the big boots to the maid of the inn, who had just entered the kitchen for an extra candle. The girl turned her head at the end of the speech, but when she saw the shrivelled article it proceeded from, her smile turned into a sneer, and she muttered something about twelve o'clock.

"And it is now eight—four hours to kill, eh? I feel hungry and sleepy; no wonder, when I've had no dinner, and have been riding all the night. I made a good breakfast this morning, though; I determined to have enough for the eighteen pence they charged me. What extortion! however, by not eating any dinner, I have made it pretty much the same; nay, I think I can afford to treat myself with a snack now, for I shan't reach London till a late hour for breakfast."

The waiter, a tall, cadaverous, frightened-looking wretch, sneaked into the kitchen to warm his thin legs, which were frozen while running up and down the cold passage between the parlors and the bar.

"Can I have a little bread and cheese for supper, waiter?" said the traveller.

"Certainly, sir. Won't you walk into the parlor? Nice bit of cold beef and pickles—Welsh rabbit—cold fowl, and ham—"

"No, no, no. Merely a snack, that's all. A small roll of bread and a pennyworth of cheese—and d'ye hear, bring me half a pint of porter, and be particular that the roll has not been picked by any of the boys."

The man stared, and without condescending to answer, told Charley to take in the articles to the man in the big boots. "Oi 'zpose thee'd loike they could bewts cleaned up, eh?" said Charley. The man declined. Charley seemed to claim the job as his perquisite. "Let them be," said the man; "fetch a salt-cellar, and see if you can't borrow me a cucumber or an onion."

Charley was about to utter some strange reply, when the mistress of the inn entered the kitchen for the purpose of broiling a chicken for the supper of some folks in the parlors. She ordered the ostler to get out, and after staring rudely at the stranger in the chimney corner, began her culinary operations.

The man in the big boots, busily employed over his "snack" of bread and cheese, sniffed the fragrance of the grill, and the waters of covetousness trickled from the corners of his mouth.

"You are waiting for the London coach, sir, I believe," said the landlady, rather coolly, as she hung over the big fire.

"Yes, ma'am. Were you ever in London? do you remember the house of Tadling and Tibbitts, needle

makers, Whitechapel? I am Tibbitts, ma'am. We're a large firm, and do a deal of business in the nine-times-polished, patent-pointed, never-rusting, steel-bar needles, with flat heads, and warranted not to cut in the eye. Our traveller and collector used to charge us a guinea a day for travelling expenses, beside his salary—an alarming outlay, indeed. I am now doing our own travelling for orders, and collecting, and I can do it for three shillings a day beside coach fare. By the way, let me pay you my little bill—you may not be here when the coach comes up. Bread, a penny—rather stale roll that. Cheese, a penny—Suffolk bang, hard enough to sole a boot. Porter, a penny—sourish. Three-pence, ma'am. There's six-pence—I'll trouble you for three-pence out."

The landlady took the small silver coin, snatched up her dish of chicken, and quitted the room in a huff. "Jenny, take these coppers into the kitchen, for the man in the big boots." The traveller lifted up the frying-pan, in which the fowls had been scorched brown, and dipping a piece of his penny roll in the remainder gravy, devoured it with excessive relish. A portion of his cheese remained upon his plate; he wrapped it up, with the crust of his roll, in an old letter, and consigned the parcel to his coat pocket. The girl came in with his small change; she expected that he would tell her to keep it, but the pennies were carefully consigned to his fob.

The man yawned frequently; he had been up all the previous night, and the hot fire rendered him drowsy. In a few minutes, he was fast asleep. The girl roused him up—"You cannot sleep here, sir—you are in my way."

"Yaw! I am quite overcome; and there's three hours and a half to fill up yet. I shall never keep awake."

"Shall I order you a bed, sir?"

"How much do you charge?"

"Two shillings, sir."

"Horrible! I don't mean the *best* bed—or even the second best—any bed will do for me."

"All our beds are two shillings, sir."

"What extortion! I merely want to snooze for about half an hour or so—you would not charge two shillings for half an hour, would you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! four shillings an hour for snoring? why, it's a prime minister's wages! no wonder the collector spent his guinea a day."

The girl retired, and the old needle-maker sat by the fire, and saw faces, and houses, and little children, in the outlines of the burning coals. Frequent yawns interrupted his cogitations—in fact, he found it difficult to keep his mouth shut or his eyes open. But his aversion to part with his dear money, prohibited the idea of paying the full price for a bed, when he was only able to enjoy half the usual time devoted to a night's sleep. By way of enlivening himself, he took out his order-book and journal; but the evidences which they afforded of the failure of his mission, made his face longer, and his yawns more frequent. "No fresh orders—no money. Jones (the old traveller) underselling us all over the country—Brown's bolt-

ed—Smith's sewed up. Pleasant news for my partner—our stock sticks on hand, yaw—aw! how sleepy I am—if I yawn so, I shall have a lock-jaw—aw—aw. I must go to bed. They seem pretty quiet; I'll sneak up these back stairs, and hunt about for a sofa or a servant's bed in a garret—or any thing where I can lay down and steal a snooze, without being compelled to pay such a ruination sum. I shall hear the horn when the coach comes, I dare say—yaw—aw—aw.” Stealing a candle from the table, he sneaked up stairs into a large dismal room over the kitchen, and quietly took possession of a small truck bed that stood in one corner of the room. His boots and coat, the only articles of dress that he doffed for the occasion, were placed within reach; and the candle was kept alight, as he was afraid of ghosts, and, as he observed, in such an old house, it was not unlikely but that he might see something in the dark.

Leaving Mr. Tobias Tibbitts to the enjoyment of his stolen nap—a nap, alas! how soon to be broken—we must turn our attention to the parlors of the inn, and narrate a few circumstances connected with the occupants thereof—the only occupants of the Blue Lion, excepting the man in the big boots, and the landlord and his family; for the gentleman in the roquelaire, who had shared the box seat of the “slow and dirty” with the driver Stobbs, was *in statu pupillari* at Trin. Coll. Cam., and having been sentenced to a few months' rustication for a row at Barnwell, was wending his way home. His venerable father, a country gentleman of the old school, despatched his carriage and the long-tailed horses to the Blue Lion Inn, for the accommodation of his house's hope, under the charge of a powdered-headed butler in a tight suit of black; the faithful domestic was standing uncovered in the rain, holding the carriage door in his right hand, when his young master, a “regular varmint” man, as they say at college, jumped up the steps, and flopped his soaked body on the rich seats of the well appointed coach. “You can't come in here, Saker, for I want to put my feet up on the opposite seat; jump up with Sam coachman, or hang on behind. Shut the door, and be d—d to you, for the rain drives into the coach, and I'm wet enough already.”

Stobbs's “insides” had engaged a post-chase from mine host of the Cerulean Leo, and a couple of spavined hacks had trotted them off down the Essex road. Stobbs, after seeing that Chilly Charley had attended to his cattle, swallowed a goose's leg, half of a rabbit pie, and a platefull of cold potatoes. He washed down his repast with a quart of Cambridge ale, and retired to his bed in the loft over his horses' stable.

In the back parlor, an elderly gentleman with a pleasant rotundity of face and figure, was talking seriously to a pretty hoydenish-looking lady of petite frame and juvenile appearance. A young man, very decidedly cockneyish in his looks, was reclining upon a sofa, and wondering why the supper was not ready. A couple of wax candles, an expensive luxury at the Blue Lion, dimly shadowed forth the size of the cold and cheerless room. In the front parlor, “a robustious perriwig-pated fellow” sat fronting the fire-place, with a foot lodged upon each hob; “the latter end of

a sea-coal fire” gleamed from between the bars; a glass of hot brandy-and-water steamed on the mantel-piece, and as the gentleman puffed out the aromatic clouds of smoke that he had sucked from a well-rolled Havana, a smile of strange and doubtful meaning played upon his capacious mouth, and raised the corners of his fine moustache. Having thus mentioned the situation of the parlor occupants to our readers, we must now beg leave to introduce them in due form.

Virginus Fitzdoo, Esq., the gentleman with the moustache, and the hot grog, and the cigar, had long been “a man about town;” but having been detected in various acts of petty roguery, he was discarded by his acquaintances, and supported himself for some time by picking up little pigeons that had unconsciously gone astray. Business grew dull—the birds were scarce—and Mr. Fitzdoo resolved to turn music master, and instruct the human mind in a more pleasing version of flats and sharps. He had picked up a tolerable knowledge of the science of sweet sounds, and could play passably on the piano, and thumb on the guitar a sort of accompaniment to his round-toned pleasant voice. But pupils were as rare as pigeons, and the “Professor of Music” was compelled to resort to other methods for the means of making his bachelor's pot to boil.

A tradesman, who had no music in his soul, was romantic enough to accuse Fitzdoo of swindling, because he had borrowed a set of brilliants for a few days, and was unable to say exactly where he had put them when the stupid tradesman called for his trinketry. The judge before whom the professor was carried, saw at once that it was an oppressive thing upon poor Fitzdoo, and, to keep him out of his enemies' way, kindly ordered him to be locked indoors for three months. While in security, the unhappy musician contracted a habit of walking about with his hands in his pockets—as many idle and thoughtless people do—but to such a pitch did he carry this propensity, that, when the judge considered it safe for him to be about, he always had his hands either in his own pockets, or in those of the standers by.

Still he did not resign his musical practice; and so nice had become his touch, and so accurate was his time, and so scientific was his fingering, that he elicited many a note of unequalled beauty from the most unpromising themes. One unlucky night, at a concert, he made a slight mistake in a movement of peculiar delicacy; he endeavored to plead ignorance, but being detected with the notes in his possession, he was immediately placed several bars behind—a degradation that affected his sensitive mind so sincerely, that he did not leave his apartment for a twelve-month; indeed, he was in such a baf way, that several good judges of his case thought that it would be as well if he went abroad for seven or fourteen years; but a twelvemonth's care and attention satisfied his friends, and he came forth again, an older, but not a better man.

Virginus resolved to marry. A gentleman, who, for some little peculiarity of constitution, had been advised to share Fitzdoo's retirement for a few weeks, imparted a scheme that seemed feasible, and promised

a glorious harvest at a little risk. His friend had been in the employ of an old gentleman named Higginbotham, a retired sugar-refiner, immensely rich; "one fair daughter, and no more," formed the family of old Higginbotham; but this young lady gave him as much trouble as half-a-dozen moderately-noisy infants. She was an incorrigible flirt—a hoyden of sixteen, impatient of control, and ready to run away with any fellow who would pop the question. The old gentleman felt the difficulties attending the care of a young heiress so constituted, and endeavored, by all the means in his power, to keep her from the possibility of harm.

Fitzdoo's friend had been struck with his appearance and abilities, and conceived a scheme that might terminate in wondrous luck. Providing, therefore, that Virginus should guarantee him the sum of a thousand pounds if the issue proved successful, he imparted his notions, which met with the cordial approval of his colleague. Although his misdemeanors had exiled him from the house of Higginbotham, he still maintained an influence over the heart of the young lady's maid, who was his sheet anchor in the projected plot. Fitzdoo was to watch the house, and waylay Flora Higginbotham; he was to use the eye artillery with the utmost freedom, and directly the giddy girl mentioned his assiduities to her maid Susan, a letter, full of the most ardent protestations, was to be intrusted to her charge. The plan succeeded; the romantic girl, tired of her monotonous life, and fond of admiration, received the clandestine visits of the scamp Fitzdoo, and after a short but burning courtship, confessed her love, and referred him to her papa.

This arrangement was not exactly the termination that Fitzdoo & Co. desired. The old gentleman was a shrewd fellow, and not likely to bestow his only daughter and his hard-earned wealth upon a man like Virginus, unable to answer the common-place questions respecting his family and fortune. He had imposed upon the pretty Flora by representing himself as the son of some German potentate, with the chance of a dukedom in reversion; he resolved, therefore, to sue for a private marriage, and allege the impossibility of obtaining his father's consent as a potential cause for the required secrecy. This worn-out scheme met with implicit belief from the unsuspecting Flora, and a blushing consent was given to the impudent request that she would elope at night from her father's house, and journey to Scotland for the purpose of instant marriage.

The father of the heiress unconsciously assisted the adventurer in his plot; he was anxious to see his rantipole girl comfortably married, and, without duly weighing the chances of success, intimated to her his desire that his nephew, Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham, should be received as her husband elect. Flora hated the name of Higginbotham, and, to do the girl justice, one quarter of her immoderate desire to be married, arose solely from the wish to be rid of such a vulgar appellation. Besides, Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham was a muffin-faced, saucer-eyed, oven-mouthed, beetle-browed, over-grown cockney, with an arrogant strut and a vacant stare; the last person in the world for a pretty young lady to fall in love with.

Pa's proposition, vehemently enforced, determined Miss Flora to accede to the request of the insinuating Virginus. Every particular was settled: and Fitzdoo and his companion carefully estimated the expense of the Gretna trip; it was a sore trial, that same furnishing of the funds for the flight. Fitzdoo borrowed of every body who would lend him a pound, but was unable to complete the required amount; his Pylades suggested feeling for it in the pockets of the unwary, but Virginus declined the attempt; he was too near the completion of a master-stroke, which, successfully achieved, would prevent the necessity of future conveyancing; and he resolved not to risk the failure of his plans, by running a chance of detection in any other roguery. His friend volunteered his services, rather than see the thing fail; and was fortunate enough to find in the pit of the opera-house, a couple of watches, and a pocket-book with a good supply of the needful. Dividing the spoil, Fitzdoo found himself in possession of sufficient cash for the journey to Scotland; and, once married, he meant to trust to the power of Flora to raise the wind for the return voyage.

But Virginus encountered an adverse gale that almost upset his craft; when he went to the place of rendezvous, with a chaise and pair, he was met, not by the timid bride elect, but by the shivering Susan, who told him that her master had "whisked off" her mistress at a minute's notice, to some outlandish place in Essex—by the sea side, she believed—near a watering-place, with a wind-mill in it. The vagueness of this description bothered Virginus; he discovered that Mr. Higginbotham had lately purchased a country-seat, and had taken his daughter and his nephew down by the stage, intending to celebrate the marriage in the course of the ensuing week. The chaise was paid for and sent home; the various coach offices visited, and the track of the Higginbothams discovered. Virginus was soon established in the neighborhood, but many days elapsed before he was able to encounter the object of his solicitude, and a fresh maid-servant was to be bribed, and a heavy bill at the tavern to be paid, before he could procure horses for the next appointed flight. All these things cost a lot of money; and when Fitzdoo did obtain possession of the person of Miss H., he found that he had barely sufficient money to carry him into the line of the great northern road much less to Scotland, the haven of his hopes.

Early in the evening, a hack chaise deposited the lovers at the door of the Blue Lion Inn, on their way to Gretna Green. Fitzdoo believed himself safe from pursuit—his purse was almost exhausted, and he determined to look about him for a victim, while the fresh horses were being put to, and Miss Flora was resting herself after her morning's ride. Calling the landlady into the front parlor, he desired her to treat the young lady with all possible respect, for she was heiress to immense wealth; spoke of the necessity of a private wedding—of his own noble family—of the indignation of the duke—of the unexpectedness of the elopement—of the absence of his man Figgs, who was at the family estate in Devonshire—of leaving his pocket-book behind—of his partiality to the Blue Lion—intention to patronise—"bring the duke and stop

a month"—ending with "Cursed awkward—could you lead me a fifty or so to proceed on my journey, till I write to Figgs, and tell him to meet me on my return, when I can pay you that and my bill at the same time?"

The landlady of the Blue Lion (by the way, we may as well say that her name was Smith,) had not lived by the road-side for many years without attaining her portion of worldly prudence. She saw through Mr. Fitzdoo's gentility in a moment, and not only refused to lend him any money, but declined permitting the horses to leave the yard, unless they were paid for before hand. Virginus handed her his last five pound note, and, with an air of offended dignity, desired her to take her demand. When the landlady left the room to procure the change, Fitzdoo proceeded to the apartment of his lady love, and resolved to ascertain whether she had brought any money or moveables with her. He entered the room with a theatrical swagger, and as he embraced the confiding girl, the mercenary scoundrel grasped the little flower-worked reticule that dangled from her arm, but he felt nothing solid in his clutched hand.

"Dearest Flora," said the disappointed vagabond, "how happily we shall spend our days! no selfish envious feeling! no separate allowances—settlements—pin money—and nonsenses. Whatever property we may possess will be shared in common between us; whatever you may have is mine, and all that I have is yours. By-the-by, my dear girl, I came away in such a hurry, that I quite forgot to—a—visit my banker—really—a—and now I find—a—that I have not quite so much—a—cash in my purse as I shall want—it's excessively ridiculous, ha! ha! Just oblige me with a little something till I write to my steward."

"Why, my dear Ginny, I haven't a farthing; Pa stopped all my pocket-money when he caught me buying valentines."

"D—him. Did you not bring jewels or other valuables with you, my love?"

"Nothing but a cloak and bonnet."

"Outrageously provoking! but I hope my charming girl will not suspect that the purity of my love is affected with a mercenary taint."

"Certainly not—for what can you get by marrying me. My pa won't give me a shilling unless I marry cousin Ham, for I've heard him say so fifty times."

"What?"

"If he forgives us, I can't have his money, because he's bound himself down to cousin Ham, in a large penalty; so, you can't be mercenary, you know."

The knowledge of the facts almost killed Virginus; he had sold every thing, and borrowed of every body, for the purpose of carrying off a rich heiress, and now that he had got her, at a ruinous expense, she was not worth the price of her gown. His plan was soon formed, and he rejoiced that he had discovered the truth before the indissoluble knot was tied. Throwing off all disguise, he recommended the young lady to return home, and regretted that he had inconvenienced her to journey so far, and assured her that

he had no intention of proceeding any farther. Miss Flora saw through his motives with the instinctive penetration of the sex, and burst into tears.

The runaways had been closely pursued by the indignant father and the cockney nephew. The sign-board of the Blue Lion attracted their attention: and inquiry was made of Mrs. Smith, who readily gave the desired information, and conducted the old gentleman to the door of the apartment that contained the erratic Flora, at the very moment of Fitzdoo's renunciation of her hand. The father was astonished to find his child in tears; he scarcely dared to suppose that Virginus was the favored lover, for his back was turned towards his daughter, and he evinced no surprise at the abrupt entrance of the lady's father.

"Is your name Fitzdoo?" said the old gentleman.

"I have no claim to that appellation," said Fitzdoo, in his blandest tone; with a low bow, he turned to the window, and looked out.

"Oh, you naughty puss! where's the man that inveigled you from your home? tell me, that I may kill him. Is he about here?"

Flora was ashamed of the conduct of Virginus, and determined to disown him. "He is not in the house, father; but do not scold me, and I will joyfully return home."

"So, so; your sweetheart has exhibited himself in his true colors already, eh? What could you expect from a ruffian who could rob a father of his child for the sake of a little gold? No man would link himself to such a childish chit as you are, unless the chain were well gilt. Here, landlady, take this girl under your care, and tell Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham that I want him. You will find him in the bar, I dare say."

The indignant Flora flounced out of the room without even looking at her *ci-devant* swain. The landlady followed her, and, as she passed the bar, delivered her message to the interesting cockney, who was busily employed with his second tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

Virginus knew that Flora had not betrayed him. He was aware that the father knew him not, and boldly advancing, with a commiserating cast of countenance and a deprecatory tone of voice, he said, "I trust that my remonstrances with the young lady have had the desired effect. You stare! I am a traveller, staying at this house. I observed that lady alight from a chaise with a remarkably good-looking young man. I knew at once that it was a runaway affair—I watched my opportunity, and endeavored, by working upon the filial love of the misguided girl, to induce her to return to her duty. Her lover interrupted me—but I had said enough to induce her to waver—she required time for reflection—your arrival confounded the lover, who quitted the room as you entered it."

"My dear sir, I am under a thousand obligations. I wondered what the devil made her so anxious to return. Now, I see, that it is owing to your remonstrances. What fatherly conduct! You are a parent, I presume?"

"I—I believe—oh, yes, to be sure."

"I know it; I saw it. We must be friends. Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"Brown, sir, in the iron trade—travelling for orders."

"My name, sir, is Higginbotham—hope to have the pleasure of your future acquaintance. How shall I be able to repay the very essential service you have rendered me?"

"Why, sir, I have exerted myself in your behalf, and, as a man of the world, am not above receiving a favor in return. I am here, cash-bound; a thing that may happen to any gentleman—but it is cursedly provoking. I am expecting a remittance from our house every hour, but the landlord is suspicious and insulting. If you can spare me a ten pound note for a few hours, I will give you a draft for the amount on our house in London—Tuzzy, Muzzy & Co."

The warm-hearted father, grateful for the supposed influence with his child, drew out his pocket-book, and handed the required sum to the impudent swindler, declining all note or acknowledgment in return. Fitzdoo received the money with much apparent delicacy; and insisted, in return, that Higginbotham, and all his charming family, should sup with him that very night. He begged leave to retire for the purpose of settling his bill with the insulting landlord. He walked into the other parlor, and desired that the landlady might be sent to him—he wished to regain the five pound note which he had given her for the non-required chaise, and then he intended to hide about the house till the London coach passed by. Mr. Higginbotham sent for his daughter and his nephew, and while the latter person rested his weary bones upon the sofa, the father bestowed a lengthy lecture upon his runaway child.

In this posture we found the occupants of the parlor, and in this posture, with our reader's leave, we will allow them to remain for a short time, while we return to our friend Tibbitts, who had ensconced himself in a small flock bed, in a large dismal room, over the kitchen. His little candle seemed afraid to throw its tiny light about the gloomy void; the old fashioned strange shaped pieces of furniture appeared even more uncouth in the flickering gleam; and when the sleepy miser crept into bed, the creaking of the old joints of the bedstead were either answered by some ancient brother of mahogany construction, or were echoed from the distant recesses of the room. Tibbitts started: a long cloak hung against the farther wall, and, in the shade, assumed somewhat of a human shape. Tibbitts knew it was a cloak, but he was compelled to crawl out of bed, and lift the drapery from the wall to convince himself that no one was concealed within its folds. He had scarcely nestled once more in the coarse but clean sheets, ere the sounds of a man's footsteps were heard upon the stairs. Tibbitts sat up right—Chilly Charley appeared at the door.

"Oi zay—bee'st thee the mon wi' the big bewts? ees, ees, oi zeas 'em. Dan't disturb theesel', mun, if thee bean't awake. Oi zeed thee cumming abed, zo oi thowt oi'd fetch the bewts and gi' 'em a polliash."

Tibbitts desired him to let the boots alone, fearful of the customary sixpence; but Charley declared that

every man who took a bed had his boots cleaned, and therefore he would not be done out of his perquisite; he quitted the room with his prize, promising to call Tibbitts when the London coach came up. The poor fellow almost swore when he saw the bumpkin depart with his precious leg cases; but scarcely had he snoozed himself into oblivion when the door was again opened, and the fat, red face of the landlady was thrust into the room.

"As I was told—the ugly wretch has got into bed; I don't see his clothes—surely the brute is not spoiling my sheets with his big boots?"

"Eh? what! big boots, did you say? They are mine," muttered Tibbitts. "Put them down, and shut the door, you carrotty-headed scoundrel."

"We can't find beds for such as you—so, turn out."

"I did not ask you to find it, I found it myself; and as for turning out, I have but just turned in. Shut the door, ma'am, for the wind comes in as sharp as one of our never-rusting, patent-pointed, nine-times polished Whitechapellers."

"I shall charge you two shillings for the bed."

"I won't pay a farthing."

"Then I shall seize your cloak till you pay your bill." And the woman of business entered the room, took up the traveller's cloak and candle, and bounced out of the chamber.

Poor Tibbitts roared for the light; his fears overcame his prudence, for he promised to pay if furnished with a light; but the indignant landlady kept on her way, and left him in the depths of a Cimmerian darkness. His usual horror of ghosts was much increased by the recollection of the size and dreariness of the room; without daring, therefore, to look around, he thrust his head beneath the sheets, and from fright and weariness soon went fast asleep.

When the landlady had secured Tibbitts' cloak, she attended the summons of Fitzdoo, but refused to return the five pound note. She declared that she had given her husband the money, as usual, and he had gone to bed; besides, there were supper expenses to pay for, and various extras, and it was impossible to make out a bill at that time of night. The experienced dame saw that Fitzdoo wished to leave the unpleasant vicinity, and avoid another rencontre with the Higginbothams; and, by thus delaying, she expected the foiled swindler would walk off without his change, which, in such a case, she would have considered a legitimate waif or stray. But she had an experienced hand to deal with; Virginus took her speech in good part; he seemingly resolved to stay till morning; ordered supper and a bed-room, to which he required to be immediately shown. The landlady was foiled at her own weapons, but whispered the chambermaid to put the Duke's relative in the little room adjoining the man in the big boots. Fitzdoo had not long been in his room ere the strong and rushing sound of Tibbitts' snore fell upon his ears. The landlady had said that her husband was asleep; he had seen no other guests; the natural conclusion was that the snorer in the next room was the host of the Blue Lion. Fitzdoo resolved to wake him and demand the five pound note; and then to leave the house instantan. Carefully extinguishing

his light that his motions might not be observed from below, he crept softly into Tibbitts' room, and began poking at him with his cane. The unfortunate needle-maker was dreaming of Whitechapel; but, disturbed by Fitzdoo, he turned in his bed, and thinking himself worried by cats, boldly sat upright to drive away the intruders. A straggling moonbeam rested on the window, and afforded a sufficiency of light to exhibit the form of the swindler, standing at the foot of the bed, and dressed in a white great coat. Tibbitts was half asleep, and sore afraid; his superstition converted the unknown and unexpected Fitzdoo into a positive ghost; and, with a fit of trembling that would not have disgraced the proficiency of Chilly Charley, he fell back on the bed, and grunted out, "Lord have mercy upon me."

"Don't make a noise, old boy. *I shall vanish in a minute*," said the swindler, in a mysterious whisper. "You have been expected *below* for a long time—so I thought I would *come up* and look for you. *The old gentleman* has been asking for you."

"What old gentleman?" said the dismal Tibbitts.

"*That infernal old devil with the tail!* he has been asking for something to grill; I left him with the fork in his fist, searching every where for you."

The needle-dealer's mind was full of diabolical fancies; and he imagined that his last hour was come; that the enemy of mankind, with a ten-foot tail and a three-pronged fork, six feet long, was looking for him to toast him in the flames of Pandemonium. The swindler proceeded.

"He is in a hell of a rage, and has roasted me nicely."

Tibbitts thought that he smelt brimstone.

"He stands treat for the supper, and the chaise will not be wanted till the morning, when he will pay for it—so hand me over the five pound note that your wife got from me this afternoon."

This was unintelligible to poor Tibbitts. What connexion could there be between the ghost and Mrs. Tibb? what was meant by the five pound note? He stared with his lack-lustre eyes, and gaped with open mouth, at the figure in white, who, with increased energy, exclaimed, "The five pound note! no nonsense, or I'll beat your brains out."

Tibbitts found himself forcibly seized. His fears of supernatural effects instantly vanished, but the cowardly cockney trembled in the gripe of his assailant, and begged piteously for his life. Fitzdoo reiterated his demand, but was suddenly stopped by the sound of a heavy footstep upon the stairs, and the glimmering of a light beneath the door. Retreating to the door of his own apartment, he said as he retired, "Send me the money by your wife, or I'll burn your house about your ears." The trembling needle-maker thought of his dear Mrs. T., and although he dreaded the threat of the incendiary, wished that his better half had been within call, to have protected him from the attacks of the marauder.

The stairs door or house entrance of the apartment opened, and Mr. Higginbotham, senior, stalked into the room. His puffed cheeks emulated the color and size of a thanksgiving-day pumpkin, and his eyes

glistened with a portentous brilliancy, and his pigtail stood horizontally stiff! His dexter hand grasped a horsewhip, and a long-bodied exiguous strip of spermaceti trembled in the candlestick that was sustained in his sinister digits. It was evident that some mighty passion swayed the feelings of the man, for he talked loudly to himself, and shook the whip with threatening violence as he entered the room. The needle-maker was sitting upright in his bed; he had not yet recovered from the effects of Fitzdoo's shaking, when the appearance of old Higginbotham struck terror to his affrighted soul. The statement of the swindler was partially correct; the old gentleman had been walking about with a fork in his fist, anxious to fall foul of the spread-eagled chicken broiled by the landlady, and inquiring of every body for the gay and gallant Brown, by whom he had been invited to partake of the supper that was getting cold in the back parlor. In the course of his ramble, he met with the landlady as she was descending from Tibbitts' room, and in answer to his questions about Brown, ascertained that the handsome gentlemanly man in the white top coat was positively the swindler Fitzdoo, who had carried off his daughter, had deserted her when he discovered her actual want of wealth, and had succeeded in humbugging her father into an offer of his friendship and a loan of a ten pound note. The ci-devant refiner became suddenly irate; and, borrowing a horsewhip from Chilly Charley, he ascertained the locality of the self-named Brown, and mounted the stairs with passionate stamp and rapid stride, resolved to wreak instant vengeance on the gentleman in the little bedroom, next to the one over head. But Mr. Higginbotham was too hasty to recollect the particulars of the direction, and when he saw a man in bed in the room at the head of the stairs, he concluded that he had met with the object of his search, but a sudden puff of wind from the open door extinguished his taper, and increased the flame of his anger. Dashing the candlestick upon the ground, he advanced towards the supposed catiff, and addressed the wondering Tibbitts in terms of awful vituperation. He stigmatised the needle-maker as a swindling fortune-hunter, a dastardly, sneaking father-robber, a seducer of youth and innocence, a miscreant and a coward; ending the catalogue of his qualities with demanding the immediate restoration of the ten pound note, which had been cajoled from him that evening.

Tibbitts trembled: he stuttered out something about a mistake, and positively assured his vilifier that he had never seduced any youth nor robbed his father—that he was a respectable dealer in the celebrated nine-times polished, patent-pointed, steel-bar, Whitechapel needles, with flat heads, warranted not to cut in the eye—that he was travelling to save the expenses of the bagman—and had never cajoled any body out of a ten pound note, much less the honorable gentleman in the dark, who must have mistaken the person or the room.

"No, it's no mistake, you swindling vagabond; you have deceived me once with your specious lies, but I am not to be done a second time. Restore the note this instant, or I'll horsewhip you round the room, in

spite of your disguises and your change of name, Mr. Brown."

"Brown? my name is not Brown."

"I know it's not—it's Fitzdoo—but you told me it was Brown, and unless you restore my note, I'll make you confess that you are a seducer, a swindler, and that your name is Brown. There is light enough to enable me to give you the punishment you deserve. Now, will you refund that ten pound note?"

"I know not what you mean by a ten pound note. Just now, I had another fellow trying to bully me out of a five pound note, but he went away as wise as he came."

"Bully, you villain! dare you apply that word to me? confess that you are a swindler?" and before the astonished cockney had time to reply, the angry refiner struck him several tolerably hard cuts across the shoulders with Chilly Charley's whip. Every remonstratory exclamation was answered by a cut, till the bewildered Tibbitts stayed the hand of the castigator, by confessing that he was a swindler and a fortune-hunter.

"Are you a seducer?" exclaimed Mr. Higginbotham.

"No—I am a married man, with five juvenile Tibbittses, and a—" but his tormentor redoubled his cuts, and the Whitechapper made a painful confession of his seductive propensities.

"Are you Brown?" said Higginbotham, with uplifted hand.

"Brown? I must be black and blue!"

"Enough. Now, sir, consider yourself horsewhipped," exclaimed the satisfied father as he felt his way to the door. Tibbitts did consider himself horsewhipped, and well horsewhipped too, for the cut-and-come again talents of the refiner had scored his back with a sufficiency of *wales* to satisfy a greasy skipper from Behring's Straits. Higginbotham had not bestowed his favors all in one place; the dimness of the light, and the bobbing and dodging of the whippee had compelled him to grace the head and face of his victim with a few blows, and Tibbitts found that his assailer was quite as sharp as his patent-pointed needles, although he was not like them, "warranted not to cut in the eye."

Smarting with pain, the enraged Tibbitts jumped out of bed, and feeling for his coat, determined to leave the house. He felt certain that he had been brought to a madhouse, and had suffered from the insane fury of the tenants. He squeezed on his rain-soaked coat, tied his travelling cap under his chin, and prepared to sally forth in quest of his boots and cloak. But his heart failed him when he gained the head of the stairs—he dreaded another meeting with the ten pound lunatic whipper, or the insane five pound spectre in white. He turned to the window, and throwing open the casement, whispered for the ostler, but in vain—Chilly Charley was busy "with his shakes" over a glass of rum and water, warm, with sugar, and had he heard the still small voice of Tibbitts, was unlikely to leave the fireside and the hot grog to "wobble" in the cold.

A trellis or vine frame ran up the side of the house,

and passed beneath the window. Tibbitts knew that it could not be high from the ground, for he had mounted but one flight of stairs from the kitchen; he determined, therefore, to venture down the trellis work into the yard, and, finding out the ostler or the maid servant, give him or her a shilling for fetching down his portmanteau, (too heavy to carry out of window,) and for procuring his stray articles of wearing apparel. He sighed at the thought of the expenditure which fell necessity alone compelled him to adopt. Tucking his small silk umbrella under his arm, he turned himself out of the window, and, with cautious grasp and trembling feet, descended the trellis. He was just on the point of stepping upon the solid ground, the contiguity of which was intimated by the top of a water-butt and the fastening of a clothes line to the framework, when a large watch dog jumped from the other side of the yard, and with a loud and angry bark made ferociously at the descending Tibbitts; with a spring upwards, the needle-maker escaped the fangs of the animal, which fastened in the spider-web-like cloth of the tails of the coat, and with many a vicious snarl, tore them into various shreds and tatters. Tibbitts hastily scratched up the trellis, dropping his umbrella in his fright; and, clambering in at the window again, heard his canine foe mumberling over his trophies with awful malignity of mouth.

While Tibbitts had been busy at the window, Virginius Fitzdoo, having made up a bundle of the sheets of the bed in the little room, with a pair of pillow-cases, and one or two more "unconsidered trifles," taken in part payment of his five pound note, sneaked across the needlemaker's room, and down the stairs; finding Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham's cloth cloak, with fur collar and velvet lining, on one of the pegs in one of the parlors, he took it in lieu of the little balance in his favor, and quietly quitted the house. His star was in the ascendant, for about two minutes afterwards, Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham came out of the other parlor, with a brace of huge pistols in his hand, and wended his way to the room of the unfortunate gentleman from Whitechapel. He found the frightened Tibbitts sitting on the bedside, with open mouth and wide stretched eyes; the furious onslaught of the dog had seriously terrified him, and the loss of his coat tails and the silk umbrella sunk deep into his heart. The sight of the pistols acted as a reviver; Tibbitts never could abide fire-arms; his wife's god-mother's second husband had once been seriously shot by a friend when out sporting in the vicinity of London, and had been unable to sit down for a month.

Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham has already been introduced to the reader's notice as a swaggering, strutting, thick-headed, ugly Londoner; he had heard his uncle's description of the cowardice of the supposed Fitzdoo, and he resolved to have a little sport to himself, and frighten his would-be rival by the sight of his pistols. But he over-acted his part, for, presuming upon Tibbitts' quiescence, he deposited the pistols upon the table, and proceeded to pull the needle-maker's nose. Tibbitts, worked up to desperation, seized the young bully by the hair of his head with one hand, and with his clenched fist struck him several unplea-

sant knocks upon the well-cherished members of his round, unpleasant face; then, kicking him out of the room, he threw his pistols after him, and desired him to go to the devil! One of the pistols exploded as it fell, and a general scream of alarm resounded through the house.

The needle-seller was now alarmed at the effects of his fit of bravery, and snatching up his portmanteau, rushed into the adjoining room, in fulfilment of that true but trite remark about "two evils" which every body knows. To his surprise, he found the room empty; the position of the window showed that it opened into another part of the yard, or perhaps faced the road itself. He was desperate; he resolved to throw his portmanteau out of the window, and then to drop after it himself; and if unable to make a friend of the ostler, to wait about the house for the arrival of the London coach—at any rate, to save his valuable life, even if he lost his property. With this resolve, he held his leathern trunk, small but weighty, at the end of his down-stretched arm, and, letting it fall, expected to hear it drop upon the ground. But a crash of broken glass convinced him that he had sent his portmanteau of needle-samples through a skylight; and the barking of the dog, and the renewed shrieking of the females, and the angry tones of a man's voice, "high in oath," satisfied him that his security depended upon his immediate concealment. He ran to the head of the stairs, but the sight of the formidable array of the besieging party drove him back again, and he resolved to hide himself in the chimney till the fire of their anger had its vent or evaporated in smoke. He had scarcely concealed himself behind the fire-board, ere the landlord of the Blue Lion appeared at the room door, ensconced behind a huge musket, which, with industrious rapidity, he presented at every thing in the room. Closely following her husband, the landlady appeared in her night dress; she grasped the large kitchen poker in one hand, and held a candle in the other. The maid servant, with her ringlets in papers, flourished a spit with considerable vigor, and almost induced the landlord to discharge his musket in the sudden start he was compelled to make by one of her prods from behind. The lanky, miserable-looking waiter, stood in the door-way, with a carving knife in one hand, and Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham's undischarged pistol in the other.

"There's no one here," said the landlady. "Polly, poke your spit under the bed. Mr. Smith, look in the little room."

The loss of the sheets, pillow cases, &c., was soon discovered, and Tibbitts had the pleasure of hearing himself denounced as the robber. "Depend upon it, ma'am," said the chambermaid, "that man in the big boots is the thief—he had a gallows look with him. He has shot some body, thrown the murdered body out of the window, and robbed the house."

"I am afraid it must be so," said the landlady, "for I saw him in bed here in this room, and now, he is not to be found. But where is Miss's lover got to? perhaps they both belong to the same gang."

"Dick, run down stairs, and bring up the mastiff. Take care he don't bite you, for he's real savage.

He will soon smell the thieves out, if there are any concealed," said the landlord.

In a few minutes, the dog had smelt out his old acquaintance, and was baying at the fire board with alarming energy. The girl displaced the board with her spit, but nothing was to be seen. The dog rushed into the vacant fire place, and rearing against the wall, barked up the chimney with renewed vigor; the landlord proposed firing up the flue, but the landlady objected to killing any body, because it made a mess about the house, and coroner's inquests never did any good to an inn. The chambermaid was desired to poke her spit up the chimney; she did so, and Tibbitts uttered a deprecatory cry, to which the hunting party responded with a shout of triumph.

The girl repeated her successful pokery—"Leave prodding," said Tibbitts in the chimney. "Take away the dog, and I will come down." His stipulations were acceded to, and the needle-maker, with a sooty face, and torn coat, crept from the fire place, and was immediately collared by the landlord and the melancholy waiter. Explanation was considered superogatory; he was caught concealed in a room close to the place of the robbery, and dragged down stairs for the purpose of being deposited in an underground cellar for the night, with a threatened certainty of being sent to a distant gaol early in the ensuing day.

As the cavalcade halted in the passage, Mr. Hamilton Higginbotham returned the kick he had received from Tibbitts, and with interest. The man in the big boots was about being thrust down the cellar stairs, when a noise at the inner door attracted the attention of the landlord. We have said that when Virginius Fitzdoo escaped from the house with his plunder that his star was in the ascendant—it was so, but his star proved a mere passing meteor—an evanescent coruscation that dazzled for a time, and then faded into utter darkness. Our old friend, Chilly Charley, was nursing his shakes by the side of the kitchen fire when Fitzdoo borrowed the cockney's cloak from the parlor, and covered, not only his own carcass, but a large parcel in a white cloth with the ample folds of the cloak. Charley, who witnessed the egress of the swindler, remembered that the young couple had not brought the slightest particle of baggage in the chaise with them, and he knew that the cloak belonged to the other gentleman—"the vun as kim vi' the hold un arterwards." Apprising Mr. Higginbotham, senior, of his suspicions, for Mr. Hammy, as Flora called him, was upstairs with Tibbitts, he requested the old gentleman to see if the young man's cloak was gone, and if it was, to accompany him in pursuit. The swindler was arrested in the Essex Road, and after a short tussle, brought back to the Blue Lion, just in time to save the needle seller from the beer cellar. The sight of Fitzdoo's bundle convinced the landlord of Tibbitt's innocence, and Chilly Charley was despatched to the wash-house for the erratic portmanteau. The melancholy waiter tried to smile his satisfaction at the result, but it was a failure—for young Hamilton, who suddenly espoused Tibbitt's cause, struck the thin serving man a blow in

his breadbasket for *sneering* at the unfortunate gentleman's case.

The elder Higginbotham brought forward the pretty Flora to plead his excuses with the astonished Tibbitts, who, at first, felt inclined to be grand, and sulk over the annoyances he had received. But the old gentleman knew his man, and requesting him to accept a new coat from a London tailor, begged also to have permission to pay the whole of the expenses of the night and the journey up to London, as a proof of forgiveness having been granted. This was touching Tibbitts on his weak place—he kindly assented, and agreed to wash his face, and sit down with the party to coffee and a steak.

Fitzdoo was deposited among the kilderkins till the morning, when he was consigned to the care of a provincial officer, and, in course of time, received permission to retire from the country for a few years. The judge was kind enough to name the place of his sojourn, and the government sent him over at the national expense. Chilly Charley warmed his blood in the race after Fitzdoo, and by that means lost his shakes—but he never meets with a friend, over a pint of beer, a glass of grog, or trough of water, without relating the marvels attending the visit of

THE MAN IN THE BIG BOOTS.

W. E. B.

VESUVIUS. *

BY J. HOUSTON MIFFLIN, PHILADELPHIA.

I saw thine awful summit rise—
In other lands I dream'd of thee—
Thy bosom bursting to the skies,
Thy sides all flaming to the sea!
I saw the clouds above thy head
Blacken the city's light at noon—
Thy lurid glare, o'er ocean shed,
Make sickly pale the midnight moon!

When fierce convulsions tore thy breast,
And melted mountains down thy side,
O'er fertile plains, in billows press'd,
To 'whelm the city's statelier pride—
The peasant fled the quaking field,
Deserted was the tottering dome,
And boiling ocean then could yield
To hasty flight securer home!

But now, serenely rising—Lo!
The dread volcano I behold:
Thy sloping sides are clothed in snow,
And e'en thy very crater cold!
Seeming—while vapors round thee wreath,
That dare not cloud thy summit free,
But throw their quiet shade beneath—
A temple to tranquillity!

No more thy peaceful bosom roeks,
Thy waves of fire are stayed in stone;
And in the gulf of former shocks
Are snows and icicles alone!
Yet through thy lava's broken mass,
Tho' icy cold the fissure be,
Tells rumbling sound and sulph'rous gas,
Of conflicts past—and yet to be!

*The cold of the day, March 9, 1837, and the snow on the mountain, made our journey up Vesuvius more like an ascension of Mount Blanc than a visit to a volcano.—J. H. M.

TO A METEOR.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, BLOCKLEY, PENN.

Thou transitory orb! whose brighten'd path
Is high within the space ethereal cast,
Whose form coruscant flies upon the blast,
Fiery, though transient, like an infant's wrath—
Art thou a flaming dart which o'er the world
Aerial genii in their sport have hurled?
I oft have watched thy fellows when careering

Madly and wildly through the ether vast,
Now looming into sight, now disappearing,
Gleaming athwart the jewel-studded sky,
Swiftly and brightly as love's signals fly,
And thought ye spirits damn'd, that high in air,
Condemn'd by heaven, must always wander there,
Beholding light and joy, yet doom'd to black despair!

WHEN ALL IS PAST THAT MADE LIFE DEAR.

THE WORDS BY

CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

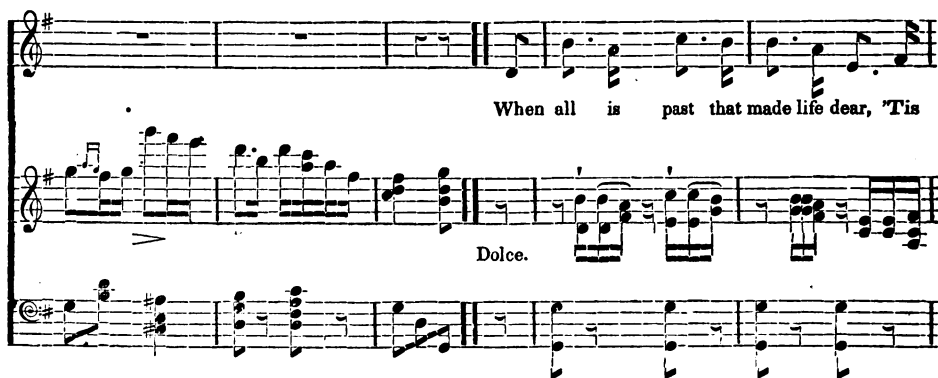
(See page 185.)

THE MUSIC BY

CARL MUELLER.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AFFETUOSO



When all is past that made life dear, 'Tis
Dolce.



time for man to die; Ere he be - comes like foliage sear, Be-



neath a win - ter sky. Ere storm and tem - pest rack his heart, And

wi - ther all his joy, And leave him nothing but the smart. E'en

hope can not de - stroy.

SECOND VERSE.

I've liv'd long e - nough, my bright And sunny hours are o'er, The

beams that gave my morning light, Will shine on me no more; The

hap - py days when calm re - pose Spread heav'n be - - fore my eye, The

bliss - ful dreams from which I rose, Are gone for - - - e - - - ver by.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

RORY O'MORE: A NATIONAL ROMANCE. *By Samuel Lover, Esq. Two Volumes.* Philadelphia; Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, 1837.

Mr. Samuel Lover is one of the new lights of the world. He is an admirable story-teller; indeed, he has almost denuded poor Ranim of his bays, and is confessedly superior to Crofton Croker in the delineation of Irish whim and humor. He writes better poetry than one half of the Parnassians of the day, and composes original and characteristic music for the expression of his ideas. He is also an excellent instrumentalist, and accompanies himself in the execution of songs, with much success. His claims as an artist are beyond dispute—the generality of his paintings evincing a delicacy of taste and wonderful power of execution. With all these positive accomplishments, it is to be expected that Mr. Samuel Lover is excessively popular—in short, he is a very decided Lion, and the work now under notice is supposed to be the last of his roarings.

Rory O'More is a warm-hearted peasant, witty and brave—devotedly attached to his country, his family, and friends. We have perused many gifted delineations of Irish character, by various authors of high repute among the talented sons of Hibernia, but we have never before experienced a satisfactory elucidation of the apparently contradictory statements respecting the elements of “the sons of the sod.” Rory is a rebel, but he is not a hero of romance, although many of his adventures partake of the mysterious character connected with the events described. He is quick-witted, and safely conducts himself in scenes of perilous enterprise, yet he is not a compound of blackguard slang and low, vulgar cunning—an amalgamation that various popular delineators of Irish characteristics seem determined to thrust upon the public.

There is one fault, and it is a grievous one, in the construction of the tale, that sadly militates against its general interest. The historical detail of the episode, for Rory is indubitably the hero, is wearisome and flat; the vividness of description with which the author has narrated the sayings and doings of the O'More family, is fatal to the chapters devoted to the love affairs of De Lacy, and the explanations of the various foreign connexions with the Irish nation.

The concluding scene of the novel is affecting and characteristic. De Lacy has written a ballad, “The Land of the West,” which the sister of Rory sings with much natural effect. This artless peasant-girl has awakened a thought of affectionate esteem in the bosom of the high-born scholar, who is unable to silence the throb of his heart by the pleadings of his prejudice and his pride. We quote the last page of the work—when the whole of the O'More family, with their benefactor, Lacy, are bidding farewell to the land of their birth,—extracting, first, the ballad mentioned above.

Oh, come to the west, love,—oh, come there with me;

'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne;—
Oh, come to the west, and I'll make thee my own!
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the west!

The south has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's changeful hue—
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best;—
Oh! what is the south to the beautiful west!
Then come to the west, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south!

The north has its snow-towers of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day:
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in the west.
Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow!

The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night
When he riseth, refresh'd, in his glory and might!
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
Oh! doth he not haste to the beautiful west!
Then come there with me; 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires!—'tis my own darling west.

The sails were shaken out, and swelling to the breeze, bore the vessel from the lovely harbor of Cove. The ship was soon cleaving the waters of the Atlantic, and the tearful eyes of many an emigrant were turned towards the shore they should never see again.

In one close group stood Rory and those who were dear to him. De Lacy was not of their party, but paced up and down the deck alone, and felt a keener pang at quitting his country than he could have imagined; and as her cliffs were lessening to his view, the more they became endeared to his imagination, and associations to which he did not think his heart was open, asserted their influence over the exile. In an hour the deck was clearer; many had gone below, for the evening was closing fast; but still Rory and his group stood in the same spot, and looked towards the land; and still De Lacy paced the deck alone, and felt most solitary.

The wide ocean was before him, and the free wind sweeping him from all he had known, to the land where he knew none. He was a stranger on the sea; he was lonely, and he felt his loneliness. He looked at Rory O'More, the centre of a group whom he loved, and who loved him, and he envied the resignation which sat on the faces of Kathleen and Mary, as they looked towards their lost country, while their arms were entwined round the husband and brother. He approached them, for his solitude became painful, and he spoke.

"We shall soon see the last of old Ireland, Rory."

"Yes, sir," answered Rory, in a tone implying tender regret.

"But you have all those with you, who are dear to you, and the parting is less sad."

"Thank God, I have," said Rory, fervently.

"And you, Mary, are a brave and sensible girl. I am glad to see you have dried your tears."

"The heart may be sad, sir, without the eye being wet."

The words entered De Lacy's very soul; and as he looked at the sweet face of the girl, whose beauty became more touching from the tinge of gentle sadness upon it, he thought how many a lovely cheek had withered under the blight of silent grief.

"How faint the shore is looking now, sir!" said Mary.

"Yes, Mary," and De Lacy approached her more nearly as he spoke. After a few minutes' silence, while they still kept their looks upon the rapidly-sinking cliffs, De Lacy asked Mary if she thought it would not be too much for her feelings,—would she oblige him by—"

"What, sir?" said Mary, timidly.

"Will you sing me 'The Land of the West?' It is the last time any of us shall ever hear it in sight of its shores."

A blush suffused Mary's cheek, and a slight quiver passed across her lip at the request.

"Perhaps 'tis too much for you, Mary; if so, do not sing; but I own I am weak at this moment,—I did not know how much I loved poor Ireland."

"I'll sing it for you, sir: and sure I would sing the song for the dear country itself,—the dear country! and though I may cry, may be 'twill be a pleasure to my heart."

Summoning all her resolution, she essayed to sing; and after the first few words, which were faltered in a tremulous tone, her voice became firmer, and the enthusiasm which love of country supplied, supporting her through the effort, she gave an expression to the song intensely touching. As she was concluding the final stanza, the last beams of sunset, splendidly bright, burst through the purple clouds of the horizon, and shed a golden glow on 'The Land of the West,' as the inspired singer apostrophized it. De Lacy looked upon her, and thought of his dream: it was the sunset, and the song, and the same lovely face which beamed through his vision; and when the touching voice of the girl sank in its final cadence into silence, she could support her emotion no longer—she burst into tears, and held out her clasped hands towards the scarcely visible shore.

De Lacy put his arm gently round her waist, and the unresisting girl wept as he supported her. "Don't weep, Mary, don't weep," whispered De Lacy, in a gentler tone than she had ever heard him speak before: "we shall see many a lovely sunset together in the woods of America, and you shall often sing me there 'The Land of the West.'"

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR; OR, STOLEN VIGILS. One Volume. Grigg and Elliott, 1837.

The author of this well-written pleasant *nouvelleté* has not thought it worth while to attach his name to his welcome production. We have many scribblers who are proud to exhibit the whole of their sponsorial and patronymic appellations on the face of volumes of inferior merit. We are not usually in the habit of encouraging predatory habits, but if our anonymous bachelor can steal a few more hours from the god of the night-cap, and employ his "vigils" in the fabrication of "adventures" equally interesting and as agreeably narrated, we think that the public will willingly share the guilt, and enact the part of the receiver. We profess ourselves to be much pleased with the unpretending, yet humorous and anecdotal style of the writer, and desire a more intimate acquaintance with such a keen observer of life's vagaries. We append a random extract, but confidently recommend the little volume to our readers.

Whilst my fancy was indulging those scenes of savage warfare which such a place is apt to beget, I perceived a horseman with a gun thrown horizontally on the saddle before him, habited in the buckskin hunting shirt so common to a new country, trotting briskly onward with a desire I thought to overtake me. My impression was that he belonged to some of the Indian tribes, whom I had conjured up in my imagination; and my first impulse was to try the speed of my Spanish pony. But when I considered the proverbial hospitality of these people in the far west, whether civilised or savage, I slackened the rein which was convulsively grasped, and concluded to abide the event, be it what it might.

As he approached, I discovered him to be an old man with silver locks, whose sunburnt face, though deeply marked with many cares, was yet cheerful; and, in spite of the many trials of fourscore years, exhibited a jovial smile, instead of a frown. His frame was almost gigantic, showing now but the remnant of what was once athletic and powerful. When arrived within a few paces of me, with a deep and tremulous voice he thus accosted me:

"Stranger, are you going to ———?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we will be company; I am going the same road. I suppose you heard there was a beef to be shot for?"

"No, sir; how is it to be shot for?"

"Why, one Mr. Gray, who bought a drove to take to Ohio, got one of his steers' legs broke, and he puts it up to be shot for."

"But in what manner do they shoot for it?"

"Why, there is twenty shots, at fifty cents a piece. The best shot takes the first choice of quarters; the next best; the next choice, and so on till all five are won. I'm a going to take a chance, just to try my old eyes, and old Bob again," showing his old time-worn rifle.

"How many quarters did you say would be won?"

"Five."

"Five quarters?" I inquired with a smile."

"Certainly," said he, laughing in turn; "there is a quarter to each leg; and the fifth is the hide, which is the best, and that I'm a going to try for. It would be a good joke on the boys, if I should beat them yet. Once," he said, sighing deeply, "I was able to shoot with the best man in the country. I wish he was yet living, that we old jolly fellows could have a match now and then, to remind us of old times."

"Who was that man?"

"Daniel Boone, as true hearted a man as ever cocked a gun. Do you see that old walnut tree standing alone out yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just ride out there with me."

I mechanically followed in silence, not being able to conjecture what the old gentleman was driving at.

"You see this scar?" pointing to a place giving signs that the axe had once been busy there, but which was now closed up, a small dark hole remaining.

"Daniel Boone cut that notch with his own hand. We had been shooting one day at a mark to keep our hands in, and after we were done, he cut the bullets out, as lead was scarce those times."

"A little piece ahead," he observed, "is where our fort was built. Here you may see two holes, where the gate posts were planted, the whole being enclosed with piquetting; this is where we entered the fort. There was a black boy named Adam (who is yet living,) once drove through the gate at a wonderful rate; I'll tell you how it was. Adam," he proceeded, "one sunshiny morning in the spring, geared up his team to haul a load of wood; he was accompanied only by one Mr. Bradford, as no Indians had been seen about for several days. Some of the men and women had also ventured out to hoe the young corn that grew at no great distance, and through which the road led from the gate to the woods. When they drove in amongst the timber, (just over yonder by the hill,) they turned the horses round with their heads towards the fort, leaving the wagon in the road, about fifty yards from a fallen ash that had been thrown down by the wind. Bradford cut, whilst Adam carried the wood and loaded it in the wagon. When they were nearly done, and as each bore a log on his shoulder, which were to be the last, they heard a stick break not far off between them and the fort. Bradford dropt his log and said, 'Did you hear that?' Adam laughed, saying it was only a squirrel. Presently they heard it again much louder than before, and they saw the half of an Indian's red face, peeping behind a cotton-wood tree. 'Let's run,' said Bradford, making a motion to go deeper into the woods. 'Dam if I go that way,' said Adam: 'they'll be sure to git our scalps before we ever git back to the fort, and we aint got a bit of wood to cook the vitels with; dam if I'm a going to leave Jimmy and Snip here, nother!' Bradford then started off, right away from the wagon, and several Indians jumped from behind the trees, and fired at him. Adam seeing them nearly all after Bradford, ran like lightning for the wagon; but just before he reached it, one ran at him, and threw his tomahawk at his head: he dodged it, and leapt on Snip; but before he got fairly under way, two more Indians came up, one took hold of the reins, and the other took aim with his rifle; but as the gun made long fire, Adam laid flat down on the horse, and it missed him. Then with the but of his whip, he knocked the other down, and drove off in a gallop; the savages running after him, whooping with all their might. Hearing the noise in the field, all ran off instead of going to help. Presently here came Adam in full speed—you could see the white of his eyes a hundred yards off, and hear him thrashing away on the horses, like he was running a race. And it was a race, too; neck or nothing. He came like one of the steam cars they talk so much about, and took a strait shoot for this very gate, the Indians at his heels, shooting as fast as they could load, and him laying flat on the back of Snip. Two or three were at the gate, ready to open and shut it after him, fearing all the time he could not get in. But when he came up, without halting a second, the horses at full speed shot in, without the wheels touching either post, which were only one inch further apart than the wagon was wide! Adam boasts of it to this day, and says it was a hair breadth escape. Poor Bradford was killed.

"But I will tell you something worse still."

Here the old man wiped away a tear, and bowed down his head for some moments in sorrow.

"Just there," he continued, pointing to a small pile, where I could see particles of charcoal and old broken ware, "my brother and I built a log cabin for ourselves and families. All the rest of the people in the neighborhood, when they heard of any Indians about, came into the fort, and lived together in the large house which stood where you see that heap of stones. One dark night when I had gone to bed, but was awake, listening to the rain pattering on the boards, and the loud wind whistling through the cracks, I thought I heard some one every now and then, pulling away the chinking between the logs on the outside. Mrs. Fennel, (a little old woman, and the happiest in the world,) who was sitting up with Captain Cummings, my brother, singing psalms by the fire-light, laughed, saying it was only the old cow licking the wall, where some salt was thrown.

"My brother continued to smoke his pipe without opening his eyes, listening to Mrs. Fennel's song. You ought to see this old woman—and if you go to the camp meeting next week, you will see her, for she goes to all in fifty miles round. She is a little dried-up old body, as active as a young girl, and always laughing. You will know her by her long white hair, and broad brimmed hat, which she always wears in place of a bonnet. That night she continued to sing, and brother kept smoking, although I was constantly turning about in bed, and saying I could not sleep as long as I heard that noise, like some person pulling the clay from the wall. Mrs. Fennel said, go to sleep, Ben, and let the old cow alone. I said it was impossible to sleep, and that I would go out and be certain it was Judy, as the cow was called. Just as I got up, a small piece of lime

fell inside from a crevice, and the next moment a gun went off, and my brother fell down dead! I caught my rifle, (this same one,) and ran out; but it was so dark I couldn't see my hand before me. I heard the Indian as he ran, and fired at the noise, but he got over the piquet and made his escape. The next morning I found his ear in the yard, which had been shot off close to his head—and then I swore, and swear it still, (and I have still got his ear,) if ever I come across him he shall die!"

THE GOOD FELLOW. BY PAUL DE KOCK. *Translated from the French, by a Philadelphian.* Philadelphia, E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have evinced an anxiety to gratify the reading community that merits its warmest approbation. Paul de Kock is a popular French novelist; his works, "Andrew the Savoyard," and the "Modern Cymon," have attracted attention in their English guise, and the publishers have employed very able hands to furnish them with translations of various other works by the same writer. "The Good Fellow" has been rendered into English by a Philadelphian, or rather by more than one, for the varieties of style betray the work of many hands. We have no fault to find with the version, excepting an occasional rusticity in the use of the preterit, and several anachronisms in the transplantation of gin toddies, juleps, rowdies, cents and dollars to the habitudes of the *badauds* or cockneys of Paris.

"The Good Fellow" is not one of the happiest of Kock's efforts; Charles is so essentially a fool that we cannot feel an interest in his welfare, and the sameness of Mongerand's bullying qualities create a powerful idea of satiety that approximates to disgust. The plot, if so the simple story may be termed, is evidently procrastinated; there is sufficient material for a story, but not for a novel; and the poverty of the coloring cannot conceal the ineffectiveness of the design. There are some good scenes in the volumes—the marriage where Charles is engaged to play to the dancers—the orchestra at the public gardens—and the opening chapter, descriptive of a Parisian omnibus and its contents, is by far the best in the book. Paul de Kock has outwritten himself in the opinion of the French *savans*. His popularity has considerably deteriorated during the last four years, and it is no longer fashionable to praise his delineations of life upon the *boulevards* or scenes in the cockney *quartiers* of the Gallic metropolis and its environs. His best work, the Barber of Paris, has never been translated.

THE CLOCK MAKER; OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK, OF SLICKVILLE. *One Volume.* Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

We received a copy of this work just as our last form was going to press, and find that its merits deserve a longer notice than we have time or room to spare. Mr. Slick is a curiosity, and demands a special introduction: he has a curious way of telling some pertinent truths, and spares neither the Yankees, the Colonists, nor the sons of the Mother-land. He delivers his strictures in the genuine Downing style, and may claim equal rank with the Major, if he does not "go ahead" of his satirical prototype. We cannot give a better opinion of the book than Mr. Slick's own account, quoted from the preface.

"It wipes up the blue noses (Nova Scotians) considerably hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy, neither, but its generally allowed to be about the prettiest book ever writ in this country; and although it aint altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartain; for there are some queer stories in it that no soul could help larfin' at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever see'd."

We append a characteristic extract, wherein the clock maker, as usual, cuts at all within his reach.

I never liked the last war; I thought it unnatural, and that we hadn't ought to have taken hold of it at all, and so most of our New England folks thought; and I wasn't sorry to hear General Dearborne was beat, seein we had no call to go into Canada. But when the Guerriere was captivated by our old Ironsides, the Constitution, I did feel lifted up amost as high as a stalk of Virginy corn among Connecticut middlins; I grew two inches taller, I vow, the night I heard that news. Brag, says I, is a good dog, but hold fast is better. The British navals had been braggin and a hectorin so long, that when they landed in our cities, they swaggered e'en amost as much as Uncle Peleg (big Peleg as he was called,) and when he walked up the centre of one of our narrow Boston streets, he used to swing his arms on each side of him, so that folks had to clear out of both foot paths; he's cut afore now, the fingers of both hands again the shop window on each side of the street. Many the poor feller's crupper bone he's smashed, with his great thick boots, a throwin out his feet afore him e'en amost out of sight, when he was in full rig a swiggin away at the top of his gait. Well, they cut as many shins as Uncle Peleg. One frigate they guessed would captivate, sink, or burn our whole navy. Says a naval one day, to the skipper of a fishing boat that he took, says he, Is it true, Commodore Decatur's sword is made of an old iron hoop? Well, says the skipper, I'm not quite certified as to that, seein as I never sot eyes on it; but I guess if he gets a chance he'll show you the temper of it some of these days any how.

I mind once a British man-o'-war took one of our Boston vessels, and ordered all hands on board, and sent a party to skuttle her; well, they skuttled the fowls and the old particular genuine rum, but they obliterated their errand and left her. Well, the next day another frigate (for they were as thick as toads arter a rain) comes near her, and fires a shot for her to bring to. No answer made, there bein no livin soul on board, and another shot fired, still no answer. Why, what on airth is the meanin of this, said the Captain? why don't they haul down that damn goose and gridiron? (that's what he called our eagle and stars on the flag.) Why, says the first lieutenant, I guess they are all dead men, that shot frightened them to death. They are afraid to show their noses, says another, lest they should be shaved off by our shots. They are all down below a 'calculatin' their loss, I guess, says a third. I'll take my davy, says the Captain, it's some Yankee trick; a torpedo in her bottom, or some such trap—we'll let her be, and sure enough, next day, back she came to shore of herself. I'll give you a quarter of an hour, says the Captain of the *Guerriere* to his men, to take that are Yankee frigate, the *Constitution*. I guess he found his mistake where he didn't expect it, without any great search for it either. Yes, (to eventuate my story) it did me good. I felt dreadful nice, I promise you. It was as lovely as bitters of a cold mornin. Our folks beat 'em arter that so often, they got a grain too much conceit also. They got their heels too high for their boots, and began to walk like uncle Peleg too, so that when the Chesapeake got whipped I warnt sorry. We could spare that one, and it made our navals look around, like a feller who gets a hoist, to see who's larfin at him. It made 'em brush the dust off, and walk on rather sheepish. I cut their combs, that's a fact. The war did us a plaguy sight of good in more ways than one; and it did the British some good, too. It taught 'em not to carry their chins too high, for fear they shouldn't see the gutters—a mistake that's spoiled many a bran new coat and trowsers afore now.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By J. G. Lockhart. Part Fifth. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

We had achieved a long article upon the merits of Lockhart's execution of the Life of Scott, with some potent questionings respecting the *honesty* of publishing the private correspondence of any popular defunct, with other relative matters, but, upon presenting our copy to the compositor, found that the requisite number of pages were in type, and that we were unable to obtain an exhibition of our reasonings, till the next number of the Magazine. The work improves in general interest; a splendid engraving accompanies this volume; and the punctuality of its issue, and the beauty of its typographical execution, with the cheapness of its price, evince the business-like qualities of the publishers, and deserve the patronage of the lovers of literature.

THE second number of THE MAGNOLIA, an octavo Periodical, edited by N. Greene North, New Orleans, and intended for the use of the Ladies of the South, has been received. It is very neatly printed, as all Ladies' works ought to be, and the contents are superior in quality to the usual run of publications devoted to the amusement of "the angels of the earth." A few poetic dew drops gem the leaves of the Magnolia, and we hope that the Southern charmers, with their sunny smiles, will ripen the young flower, and gather pleasure from the fragrance of its full blown beauty. We would remark, *en passant*, that the style of "The Green Room Critic" is any thing but likely to please the Ladies, and if the editor wishes to prove the truth of his motto, he must entirely alter the conduct of that department. We are unable to say how frequently the Magnolia will appear, but from its size and price, twenty pages at eight dollars per annum, we presume its publication to be hebdomadal.

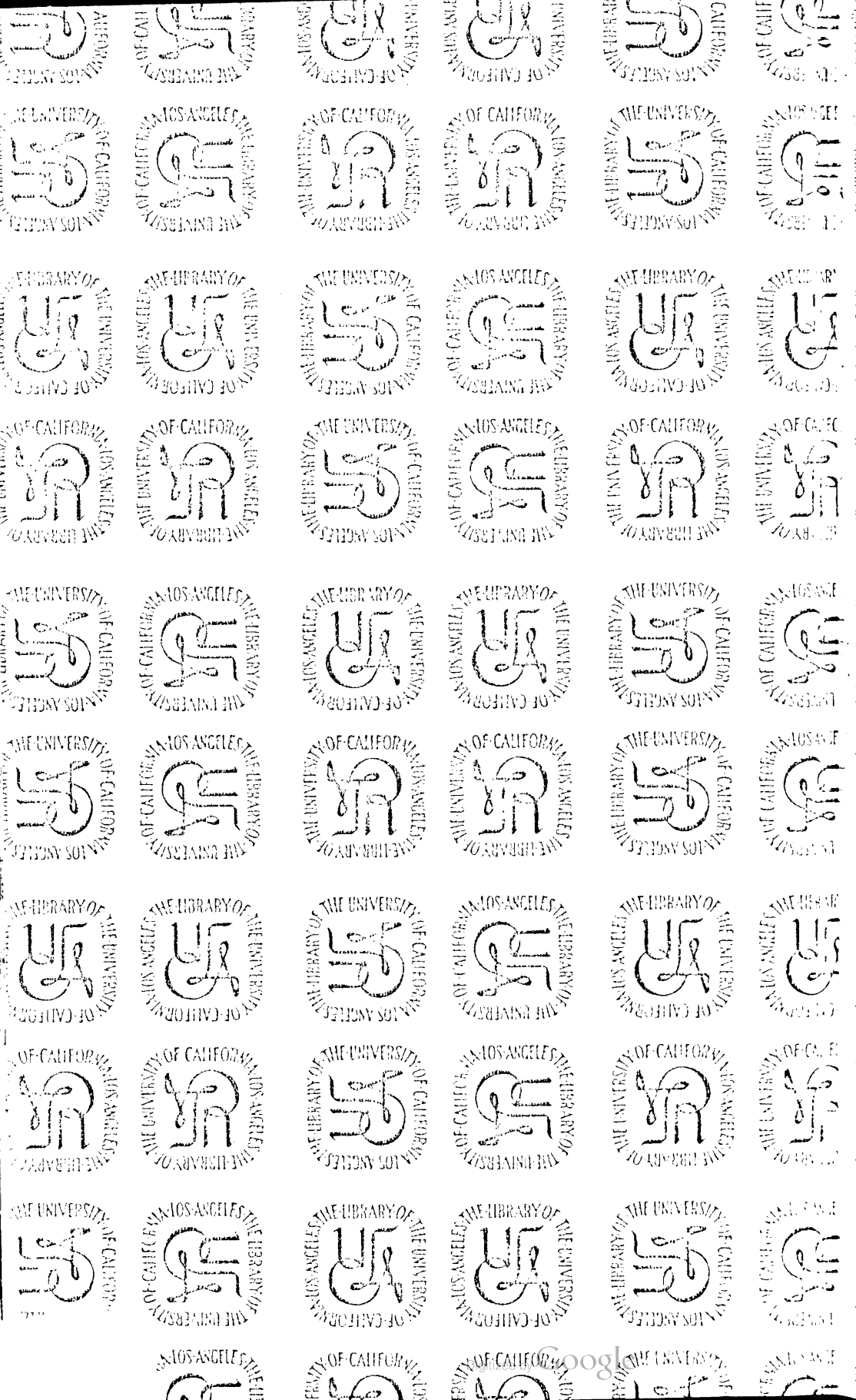
Captain Marryatt's literary career in this country has not been attended with much originality or success. All his articles that have appeared here about "How to write Novels, Romances, &c.," were published in London several years ago, and were considered woefully flat and pointless. His dramatic piece, which was announced as written expressly for Mr. J. R. Scott, was refused at the London Theatres about four years ago, and was originally written for Mr. T. P. Cooke, the London representative of sailors, but that gentleman declined attempting its performance, being assured of its unfitness for representation. The result here has justified his opinion. We hope that the Captain is not compelled to devote the whole of his time to the collection of material for his promised work upon America.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

ERRATA.

In page 314, credit the lines on Napoleon's Grave to the Reverend J. Pierpoint, instead of to J. H. Mifflin. In page 327, last line, first column,—read *Frankish* for *Turkish*.

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